





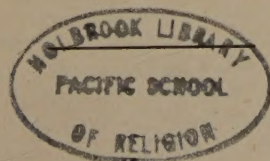
THE CHAUTAUQUAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

APRIL 1890, TO SEPTEMBER 1890

Volume XI.—New Series, Volume II.

Dr. THEODORE L. FLOOD, Editor



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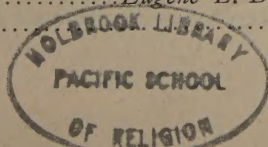
TO

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

VOL. XI.

APRIL, 1890.

No. 1.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL CLUB IN ITALY.

BY JAMES A. HARRISON, LL. D., LIT. D.

Of Washington and Lee University.

V.—THE THREE-FOLD ARTISTIC TRANSFORMATION OF ANCIENT ROME INTO MODERN ITALY; ARCHITECTURE TO THE RENAISSANCE.

THE transformation of Ancient Rome into Modern Italy runs, for artistic purposes, along the three meandering lines of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. These lines waver, meander, become here and there indistinct, disappear altogether now and then, but ultimately emerge (like a sunken river) and clinch the Rome of the past to the Italy of the present. Everywhere Roman antiquity throws forward its prophecy like the mighty fan-like radii of sunset; its roots are in the ground slumbering for a season, but ready to quicken at the breath of the Renaissance; its ruins are alive with suggestion for the intelligent architect, the studious sculptor, the dreaming painter; and the soil that has lain fallow for a thousand years, from the time (A. D. 532) when the great dome of Justinian* began to overshadow Constantinople to the time when its twin was tossed into the air by Michael Angelo, to crown St. Peter's at Rome, swarmed with innumerable art-germs that budded and blossomed into glorious churches, beautiful palaces, galleries of paintings, many colored as the dream of Kubla Khan†, and multifarious

sculpture recalling the chisels of Phidias and Praxitiles.*

Italy had a wonderful soil intellectually "phosphated" by streams from over the Alps, in the Lombard cities, by warm radiations from Greece and Byzantium at Venice and Naples, by strange Arabian influence at Palermo, superimposed upon an original psychological mosaic of Etruscan and Roman with their compounds of unknown and undivided tribes and nations. Out of this intellectual conglomerate grew the Italy of the Renaissance, that Mount of Transfiguration whence we descend slowly but surely to the levels and flats of the nineteenth century.

In pursuing this journey of fifteen hundred years it will be necessary to divide the itinerary and turn our steps over a three-fold route. It is our purpose to accentuate only the salient features of these vast subjects.

It has well been said that Roman architecture, as we know it, dates from the Christian era, and the rapidity of its spread over early

in it were seen by him when asleep. "In consequence of a slight indisposition," he says, speaking of himself in the third person, "an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence from Purchas' 'Pilgrimage,' 'Here the Kahn Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall.'" When he awoke he instantly wrote the lines that form the poem, but being interrupted, he was unable ever afterward to recall the remainder of the vision so as to finish the work.

* (Prax-it'i-lēs.) One of the greatest of Greek sculptors; he lived during the fourth century B. C.

* The dome on the cathedral of St. Sophia.

† (Ku'bla Kan.) The founder of the Mongol dynasty of Chinese emperors; he lived in the thirteenth century. The "dream" refers to the poetical fragment written by Coleridge, entitled "Kubla Kahn; or a Vision in a Dream." The author affirms that the scenes and incidents described

Pagandom and growing Christendom was marvelous. Whatever might be the individuality of Asia Minor, of Sicily, of Britain, France, Syria, Africa, in other respects, architecturally they all (Egypt excepted) copied Rome. So full of life were the majestic utilitarian discoveries of Rome—who herself had copied from Greece—that they seemed to grow spontaneously on Syrian soil and on Gaulish alike as soon as Roman colonization had spread a knowledge of them to the ends of the world.

The copying Roman was also the transforming Roman. To the elementary forms gathered from Hellas*—which were also in a high sense *alimentary*—he added others to which modern architecture owes most of what it contains that is remarkable or grandiose,—the apse, in churches; the circle on plan; the dome as it towers into a baptistery at Pisa or over St. Paul's at London, or over Ste. Maria at Florence, or St. Sophia at Constantinople; and the arch in elevation. These were some of the things ingrafted by fertile Rome on monumental Greece; and out of some of these germinated the principles and adaptations that flowered into new and lovely architectural growths, such as the pointed Gothic and it may be the mosques and tomb-temples of the Arabians.

But nearly seven hundred years passed away without a new forum or a public bath, a theater or a temple rising in gradually Christianizing Rome. They had served their day and generation.

For seven hundred years, until the times when Norman castles sprang up picturesquely on the cliffs and mountain-sides of the peninsula, one architectural form, and one alone—that which sprang from the cross of Christ in every imaginable variation of cruciform, or rectangular, or circular beauty—prevailed as the universal architectural language. The gallows on which Christ hung, as the old Anglo-Saxon poet expressed it,—mean, vile, fraught with abhorrent associations—was to lift itself aloft and loom before the devout architect as the one thing worthy of imitation in his art,—a pillar of fire changed to stone, tunneled into aisle,† and nave, and

apse, paneled with rarest mosaics, lighted by mellowest windows, accentuated by finger-like *campaniles** pointing to heaven.

At Rome, Ravenna, and Constantinople the new architecture, the new adaptation of the old begins.

Just as the modern Romance languages,—Italian, Spanish, French,—developed from the Roman tongue, so the ancient Roman basilica-architecture, the model of the earlier Italian ecclesiastical style, passed into the *Romanesque*. The Romanesque was a modification of the classical Roman form which was introduced between the reigns of Constantine (A. D. 312–337) and Justinian (A. D. 527–564) and was an attempt to adapt classical forms to Christian purposes. It remained unmixed with foreign or extraneous influences down to the age of Gregory the Great, about A. D. 600. In the East it raised its mightiest monument in the St. Sophia of Constantinople, and hence was christened the “Byzantine” style, which five hundred years later insinuated itself into Italy at Venice where the Cathedral of St. Mark dyed with all the heraldries and poetries of color and radiant mosaic and chalice-like dome is its passionate adumbration,† and poetic transmitter of the style to the Lombard cities, and thence to France. Russia drew her church-basilicas from the same inexhaustible source, till Peter the Great introduced the Western styles into the empire.

Three architectural germs of Roman antiquity proved singularly prolific in the generation of the Romanesque: the Roman *basilica*, the Roman *temple*, and the Roman *tomb*. These themselves had been evolutions out of purely pagan or Grecian elements, as the pagandom of Augustus and of imperial times had passed into the Christendom of Constantine and the popes. For three hundred years Rome had been “molting”—shedding an old growth and putting on a new, rejuvenating herself like some ancient serpent into forms of eternal youth, surcharging herself with new thoughts, new faiths, new institutions. From Judæa a new air had blown,* charged with new electricities, new vital currents, an ozone of the soul that

* The Greek name for Greece.

† The term *aisle* is applied to the interior side portions or wings of a cathedral; the *nave* to middle or main body exclusive of the wings; the *apse* to the semi-circular termination of the altar extremity; the *choir*, to that part between the nave and the apse which is reserved for canons,

priests, monks, and choristers; the *crypt*, to the space under a building or hidden from view, especially a subterranean chapel.

* (Kam-pa-nē'las.) Bell towers.

† (Ad-um-brā'tion.) A foreshadowing; something that suggests by resembling.

steeled thousands to a joyous martyrdom, and penetrated the torpid empire with its quickening energies. Ultimately the conversion of Constantine hangs over the mephitic mists of expiring heathendom like some superb luminous spot, the center of all eyes, the gathering ground of all believers. Rome, the mightiest convert to Christianity, was, in him, at the foot of the cross. The city was full of magnificent buildings—basilicas, temples, tombs; why not convert them to Christianity too?

Accordingly, after hiding in the Catacombs* during the Ten Persecutions, Christianity emerged to the light; the Christian commonwealth settled peacefully in the existing buildings; and these buildings when they had been arched and vaulted over were so perfectly adapted to Christian worship that little or no essential change has taken place in their general style from the fifth to the nineteenth century. The forms and ceremonies of the Christian ritual fitted to a T in the broad basilicas where prætors, assessors, and quæstors had sat in the administration of justice. The basilica of the heathen passed into the *ecclesia*, the church assembly, of the Christian; bishops and presbyters sat in the places once occupied by publicans and prætors; the libation-sacrifice of the heathen litigant was succeeded by a Christian altar in the same place; and in the apse, or semi-circular end of the building, were placed pulpit and reading-desk, chancel-rails, communion-table, and as the republicanism of earlier times vanished, and clergy and laity came to be separated as ministrants from recipients, uninstructed and unordained multitudes from ordained and ministering saints. Thus enriched, the basilica gradually absorbed into itself new and ornamental ingredients of an artistic and helpful kind: a low enclosed choir in the center of the nave gradually arose; then the bodies of saints and martyrs came to be deposited in a confessional, or crypt, under the high altar; and the baptistery was merged in the basilica, and took the form of a font within the western doors. Thus expanding and throwing out artistic arms about itself, the basilica grew from a plain law-court murmurous of plaintiff and defendant, and resonant with the jargon of Roman law, into a noble encyclopedic structure combining all the offices of

the Roman church, an assembly-place of clergy and congregation where every step of the Christian life could be reverentially accentuated, from font to winding-sheet.

The earliest and most important type of the thirty-one basilican churches of Rome that extend from the fourth to the fourteenth century is the celebrated San Clemente, built in the fourth or fifth century, and consisting of three churches one above the other. Three out of thirty of these structures have five aisles, all the rest three; several have two-storied side-aisles in some of which (modern) the aisles are vaulted and in most of which there was originally a flat wooden ceiling. The finest of them all was the great basilica of St. Peter erected in Constantine's time over the spot where St. Peter suffered martyrdom under Nero. It was later entirely destroyed to make room for the present St. Peter's begun in the sixteenth century. Other very noble ones are St. Paul's fuori delle Mura, Ste. Maria Maggiore (mad-jo'ra), and San Lorenzo, all differing in detail and ornamentation with that Shakspeare-like versatility in which the Italian architects delighted.

Ravenna, too, possesses a wonderfully noble collection of these old basilican and other churches fairly resplendent with gold mosaics across which sweep shimmering lines of white-robed martyrs.

But the rectangle was not the only figure out of which Italians wrought the airy geometrics of their churches. The circle, the polygon, the star, the cross, suggested to them other and more charming art-forms to develop—forms that sprang living from dead Roman mausoleums or Christian emblems. The "chambered tumuli"* of Cæcilia Metella, of Augustus, of Hadrian, and of Tossia, no less than the brilliant dome of the Pantheon, suggested an imitation of these architectural remains as a variation on the theme of the monotonous rectangular basilica.

The circular Roman temples originally had a peristyle of encircling pillars outside like that at Tivoli and the Temple of Vesta at Rome. Gradually these pillars were absorbed internally and became a decorative feature of the interior of the Pantheon. The circular scheme developed transitionally equally with the basilica scheme until from the pillarless tomb of the Empress Helena,

* For description of the Catacombs see the October number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for 1889, p. 89.

* See reference to these *tumuli*, or tombs, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for January, p. 390.

the baptistery of Constantine, and the tomb of Constantine's daughter, was evolved a series of rotunda-churches interesting in the extreme, such as San Stephano at Rome, Ste. Angeli at Perugia, the beautiful circle-shaped church of Nocera dei Pagani between Rome and Naples, and the elegant and complicated San Vitale (ve-tā'lä) at Ravenna, and San Lorenzo at Milan.

The babies of Florence were baptized in the great octagonal baptistery that stands near the cathedral of the city overshadowed by Giotto's fairy campanile, and it is reckoned that nearly one-half of the early Italian churches were circular or polygonal, in imitation of the sepulchral tomb churches of earlier times.

The tomb-church of Galla Placidia, at Ravenna (now Ste. Nazario and Celso), abandoned this for the cruciform plan, while the Byzantine artists clung to the circle and produced multitudinous graceful effects with it. At Pisa the bell-shaped baptistery of white marble is one of the most delicate and gracious creations of architectural fancy; and the Leaning Tower over against it shows that ravishing harmony of Byzantine Romanesque basilica, baptismal building, and belfry, separate yet in unison, in which many Italian architects excelled.

Of secular Romanesque structures of this period only the mutilated palace of Theodor at Ravenna and the Palace of the Tower at Turin remain. At this point of time (A. D. 603) the Romanesque style with its great round arches passes on the one hand into the Gothic, and the Gothic after five hundred years of experimentation and doubt, blossoms into the incomparable pointed churches of France, England, and Germany; on the other, touched into poetry and loveliness by contact with the Orient, it passes into the Byzantine-Romanesque and erects such marble epics and elegies as San Marco at Venice, the cloister of San Giovanni Laterano (zhovan'ne lat-e-rä'no), San Antonio at Padua, the cathedrals of many south-Italian towns, and the glorious group of Pisa Cathedral.

Thus three militant styles contended for the mastery in the long drawn-out luxurious land of the emperors,—the Gothic geographically acclimatized under the ices and snows of the north and in the fair plain of Lombardy; the statuesque and unchangeable *Romanesque* of Rome and Ravenna; and the quaint and ornate Byzantine.

The Romanesque is the characteristic ecclesiastical style of Italy, and passed thence to Spain, Mexico, and South America. All the development it underwent is included under the terms *Roman*, *Romanesque*, and *Renaissance*. Its fountain-head was Rome, from which flowed two great and picturesque rivers of architectural derivation—the Rhine and the Rhone of art—Gothic in its Lombard round-arched form and its pointed Italian variety, and the Italian Byzantine.

That mighty piece of natural Gothic architecture—the peaked and pointed Alps—proved but a slight barrier to the barbarian hordes of Goths. When settled and christianized they built churches with an energy that in a few centuries evolved out of the plain basilican and circular church forms the singular and bizarre, the poetic and imaginative *Gothic* style. Friuli, Piacenza, Asti, Novara, Pavia, Milan, Verona, Parma, Modena, are albums of this round-arched Gothic brimful of monumental work that sprang from wedded Roman and Longobardic imaginations, after the two races (like French and Anglo-Saxon in England) became thoroughly fused in the eleventh century. The eleventh and twelfth centuries, indeed, were the first great building centuries of the Gothic nations.

A unique feature of these busy and boisterous centuries is the campanile, or bell-tower, that sentinels so many Lombard churches and has become etherealized in Germany, France, and England into the lace-like spires of Cologne, and Antwerp, and Salisbury. Whether the idea of the campanile sprang from the monumental pillars of Trajan and Antoninus or from the memorial Buddha-towers of the East, or grew up with Muslim minarets in the dark, the Romanesque and Gothic Italian towers, whether round like that of Pisa (183 ft. high) or square like that of Ste. Maria in Cosmedin, or great civic monuments like that of San Marco at Venice (300 years in building), or octagonal lantern-crowned like that of Verona, or gracefully individual like those of Siena, Modena, or Lucca; towers, campaniles, belfries like these, always detached in Italy from their *alma mater*, the nourishing cathedral, and catching most radiant lights and shadows, from one of the most beautiful features of Lombard landscape.

In the three hundred years that preceded the Renaissance (A. D. 1112–A. D. 1434) noble

examples of pointed Italian Gothic rose in Italy and exist to-day as evidences of what fire might be struck out of clashing and colliding styles. Such are the magnificent cathedrals of Bologna, Florence (A. D. 1298), Milan (A. D. 1385), Orvieto (A. D. 1290), and Siena (A. D. 1243), the last one of these "tiger striped cathedrals" whose banded black-and-white marble stripes struck Mrs. Browning, as Giotto's campanile lives in the verse of Longfellow. Many of these matchless edifices are cross-shaped—vast monumental crucifixes wherein lies the outstretched worshiped form of the Redeemer resting amid priceless frescoes and carvings, sculpture and mosaic, each a museum worth the ransom of a kingdom, each a crown-jewel in the glorious architectural *regalia* of Italy; for, though all are confused and commingled in styles and none reaches the perpendicular perfection and perfect gloriousness of wrought-out Gothic paragons like Spires and Worms and Notre Dame and York, yet each is a pope's golden rose in itself, a gift to the faithful of inestimable value, a joy to the whole world, a wonder to the architect.

Along with these ran a gay cavalcade of pillars and campaniles and stalk-like towers as elegant as a stalk of blooming hyacinth, like the brilliant footmen of a carnival parade; and dainty and delightful baptisteries; and porches with trefoiled* arches and pagoda-pavilions for the Virgin, delicate as incrustations of snow: all offspring of the Italian-Gothic espousals. It was in this age that Venice rose on Italy marvelous as a vision, hued with all the colors of an *abalone*† shell, tumbling to pieces on her two hundred fifty delicious islands, severed yet blended into one whole by a paved water-floor of many colors. The Doge's Palace (A. D. 1354), the Bridge of Paradise, those charming Venetian windows that overhang the water in multi-fold diversity, the carved screens and fantastic façades pale and strange as the Arabian Nights, the House of Gold, all the eccentricities and piquancies and poetries of Venetian Gothic remain to record that period.

* Ornamented with three cusps in a circle, like a three-leaved clover in a circle.

† The name of a marine shell belonging to the family *Haliotidæ* (ear-shells), having "an oval form with a very wide aperture, a narrow, flattened ledge, or columella, and a subspiral row of perforations extending from the apex to the distal margin of the shell." They are used for ornamental purposes, such as inlaying, and for the manufacture of buttons and other articles.

In this age rose many other magnificent civic buildings,—the Palazzo Vecchia (pālāt'so vek'kyo), or municipal palace of Florence, the great arcaded halls of Padua and Vicenza, the Broletto, or town-hall of Como, the palace of the jurisconsults at Cremona (famous for its "fiddles"**), the hospital of Milan with its beautiful busts and masks and cupids and flower-garlands of terra-cotta running round the mullioned windows.† Verona, with its memories of Romeo and Juliet, is full of delightful windows, and so is nearly every city of Lombardy where German blood mingled with native

Of the great Italian pointed cathedrals, that of Milan is largest and most gorgeous in its inner tracteries, white marble ornamentation, pinnacles, spires, and statuary. It covers over 100,000 feet and was finished by Brunelleschi‡ about 1440. The most perfect example of the style is the cathedral of Florence, the child of the great architect Arnolfo,|| and a building contemporary with its noble Gothic twin of Cologne. It covers over 80,000 feet and is crowned by Brunelleschi's great dome. The most weird and wonderful are the cathedral of Siena and the Certosa at Pavia with their façades emblazoned with fancies of carver and builder (A. D. 1396).

Such are some of the glories of the Mediæval Italian Gothic.

The Renaissance came on,—the period when revived learning and rediscovered Greek and Latin MSS. and the scattering of Greek exiles from Constantinople all over the world (A. D. 1453), awoke such mental and artistic activity as the world had not seen for eighteen hundred years. Of the new and mighty churches projected and completed; of the special and unique glory of the Italian Renaissance, its marvelous School of Painting, developed from babe to archangel, from Cimabue and Giotto to Raphael and Michael Angelo; of St. Peter's; of all this and kindred things a word must be said in the following papers on Sculpture and Painting.

* The Cremona violins possessed great excellence. For many years they were manufactured there by makers who had gained a world-wide notoriety. The place has now lost its reputation.

† Windows having their lights, or panes, divided by slender bars or piers.

‡ (Broo-nel-les'kee.) Filippo. (1377-1444.) An Italian architect and sculptor.

|| Arnolfo di Lapo. (1232-1300 (?).) Also an Italian architect and sculptor.

LIFE IN MODERN ITALY.

BY BELLA H. STILLMAN.

I. THE PEASANT.

THE conditions of life in modern Italy probably approach more nearly to those of the mediæval times than those of any modern state of whose mediæval life we have any idea. The Italian in general is intensely conservative. In the great cities, which are strongly affected by modern civilization, life has undergone more or less modification, owing to the large foreign element which exists in them, side by side with, and almost counterbalancing, the native. Not only the visitors from other countries are responsible for these changes, but also, and chiefly, the interchange of population between the northern provinces of Italy, and especially Piedmont, into central and southern Italy, and *vice versa*, consequent on the development of Italian unity, has brought out a spirit of enterprise and innovation hitherto undreamed of. All the speculations and important public works in the south are set on foot by the new-comers, for the southerners are conservative men of business and lacking in initiative. But if they have not the virtues, neither have they the vices of the northerners, who for the most part are wanting in taste, and unnecessarily revolutionary in their improvements.

The political life of Italy has followed the general movement of our day, which tends to weaken the monarchic privileges, and to increase the popular share in the government. Social life, however, out of the cities, has not changed very much these three hundred years. The occupations and amusements as well as the characteristics of all classes now are very like what they were then. The nobility maintains its ancient supremacy, and in the country the relations between proprietor and peasant are much what they were three centuries ago, except that the growth of law and a central authority has restricted the authority of the great proprietors, especially in the northern and central provinces.

It is naturally in the country and among the peasants that we find the old ways of thinking and living most unchanged—in fact, the conservatism of the Italian peasant is incredible. Within fifty miles of Rome you

may see a man ploughing his field with the plough of Hesiod,* a forked tree, to one branch of which the oxen—or may be, the woman and ox—are harnessed, while the other, roughly pointed, and not even shod with iron, scratches up the earth.

It is impossible, as a matter of fact, to speak of "the Italian peasant" as a class, or of his habits, for the inhabitants of each province are as unlike the inhabitants of all the others as though they were of different nations. And, indeed, there is little community, even of blood between the Piedmontese, the Venetian, the Tuscan, the Roman, the Neapolitan, and the Sicilian. Their histories have been separated for centuries, they have different ancestry, habits, and institutions, they cannot understand each other's speech. They call each other "foreigners" outright. As a general rule the northern provinces are both more civilized and more prosperous than the southern, but there are many local exceptions to the rule. The most happily situated portions of Italy seem to be among the Romagna † and Tuscany, where the system of agriculture is a favorable one for the peasantry. By the *mezzadria*, ‡ as it is called, the tenant farms the land and renders to the owner the half of the yearly produce. In this way the scarcity of a bad year oppresses the peasant less. The laborers live in the most patriarchal manner, in great farm-houses where the whole family lodges, the father being the undisputed master over his sons and their wives and families. These farm-houses are roomy and comfortable, though certainly not luxurious. The peasants live in their great kitchens, congregating around the hearth at night and for meals. The well-to-do among them have fine old furniture and handsome linen and pottery—for the same family will live in the

* A Greek poet who lived about 800 B. C. His most famous production is called "Works and Days" in which appears a great knowledge of agricultural pursuits. Like Homer, with whom it is thought he may have been contemporary, but little is told of his life and that is of a conjectural nature.

† (Ro-mān'ya.) This district, included within the Papal States, comprised the provinces of Ferrara, Bologna, Ravenna, and Forlì.

‡ (Med-za'dri-a.) An Italian word derived from *mezzo* (med'zo) meaning middle or half.

same house generation after generation, and each bride brings with her a substantial trousseau. In the little farm-houses, as in the huts of the peasantry of other provinces, the man and the beast live in closer harmony and contiguity than the man and the master.

These peasants generally, north or south, are of hardy and frugal habits. Up before dawn, they start off for their work in the fields or to tend the live stock, leaving the mother of the family to prepare the great mess of *polenta* (our hasty pudding), which is the principal article of diet of the agricultural population in the greater part of Italy. Between ten and midday the laborers return to eat their *polenta*, or, if their work has taken them far afield, they sit down and eat a great cold slice they have taken with them. At sunset they assemble in the kitchen, where the prosperous families have a soup of many vegetables, with slices of bread soaked in it—a dish which it takes about three hours to cook to the satisfaction of a Tuscan peasant, and which few cooks with us have the patience to prepare; savory and nourishing, it is their one idea of good eating. They seldom touch meat, however well off they may be. The poorer peasants eat only *polenta* on week days, and soup on Sundays, if they can afford it. Dried chestnuts are another very general but comparatively innutritious form of food; they are either boiled and eaten whole or ground up and made into cakes, a large supply being made by each family at the beginning of the winter; in the mountain districts of Tuscany these are the chief nutriment of the poorest people.

This patriarchal system is the ideal form of the Italian peasant life. In the south—in the Neapolitan, Calabrian, and Sicilian provinces—there is unfortunately a very different state of things. The poverty of the peasants is terrible, and it is endured stolidly, with no effort on their part to remove it. Indeed, their ignorance is so great that they are hardly capable of doing more than imitate their fathers and their forefathers, laboring all day at the work that comes under their hand to do, living from hand to mouth, and aiming only at keeping body and soul together. In every branch of agriculture the most curious backwardness prevails, so that the earth produces as little as such fertile soil can do. Men plough and sow, reap and thresh the corn as though no machinery were as yet in-

vented. They make their wines according to the manner of Noah, casting their grapes into the vats without any sort of cleansing or sorting, rotten fruit and all, stamping them with bare feet, and putting the juice into barrels, often uncleaned from the soured wine of the year before. They generally have so few barrels, out of economy, that if any of the last year's vintage is left over they have to throw it away, or turn it into vinegar, to empty out the casks. However, as the wines are so badly made that they rarely keep over the year, that is not so great a waste as it sounds. There is nothing to prevent them from equaling any ordinary French wines, but the obstinate clinging of the generality of wine-growers to the antiquated system they follow, and their inability to lay out a dollar more than is absolutely necessary for the exigency of the moment.

It is the same with the cultivation of fruits. The peasant rarely takes the trouble to graft his trees, but lets the figs, pears, etc., come as nature sends them. No new and perfected varieties are introduced; even the proprietors of the land who are not living from hand to mouth like the peasants, say that they do not care to invest in trees which yield no profit for five years. The peasants in many cases cultivate the crops which take the least care, not those which yield most. Thus in Sicily, the almond is superseding the olive in most parts of the island, simply because it needs less attention. The olives, which have stood there since the invasion of the island by the Saracens,* a thousand years ago, are giving out at last. The peasants have not the patience to replace them by new olive slips, which are slow of growth, but fill up their ground with less troublesome almonds, which grow quickly, need no attention, and yield small profits.

This short-sightedness naturally closes all paths of gain, and keeps the agricultural classes of these backward districts at starvation level, whether they are cultivating their own land or that of an owner with whom they share the profits, or, worse still, to whom they have to pay rent. I have seen the in-

* (Sar'a-sens.) A name applied to the followers of Mohammed and to the Moors who invaded Europe. It originally belonged to a single Arab tribe, and there is some authority for tracing its rise back to Sarah, the wife of Abraham. It is said that a tribe wishing to escape the stigma of being descendants of Hagar, claimed Sarah as their ancestress and adopted her name.

habitants of a whole village looking forward with terror to the approach of winter, unable to sell a single pound of the tomato preserve which was their only produce and means of livelihood, because the crop of tomatoes the year before had been so plentiful that none of the stores which they were in the habit of supplying needed a fresh stock. Thus by the very fruitfulness of the earth they are often brought to distress, for want of enterprise; for this preserve, which is an excellent substitute for fresh tomato in cooking and much used in Italy when the fresh fruit is gone, seems not to be known out of Italy.

The poverty at home being so great, many of the peasants are driven to labor emigration, and hire themselves out as day or job laborers. They work in those great unpopulated, because pestilential, tracts which are so remarkable and dreary a feature of Italy. The Maremma* of Tuscany, the Campagna† of Rome, the Pontine Marshes between Rome and Naples, Sardinia, the rice fields of Venetia and Lombardy are almost entirely cultivated by these emigrants of agriculture. The mountaineers from the Italian Alps and all down the range of the Apennines, whose own little patches of ground on the hill-side are too small and bare to support them and their families; the young peasants from every part of Italy, whose home has become too crowded to hold another family,—all these go out singly or in gangs to sow and reap in the plains or to labor in the cities. In the mountain districts the emigration is so general that hardly half a dozen able-bodied men remain behind in the villages, which are tenanted half the year by only women, old folk, and children. These cultivate the little patches of Indian corn and take the goats or the cow to graze, and dry the figs or the chestnuts, according to the district they are in, which are to serve for half their winter's food, and occupy themselves in any way they can until the men come home with their wages.

Down in the plains one sees no scattered farm-houses. The people live in villages or towns on the heights, and great stretches of the plain-country remain absolutely uninhabited. This is due mainly to the malarial character of the soil, the emanations from which are so malefic that the land is unin-

habitable. The only means to conquer the evil would be to plant trees and populate the ground as thickly as possible, winning it back, foot by foot, from the pestilence, which occupies every part man abandons. It is true that it would be a great undertaking, even for a more prosperous country than Italy. In certain sections the power of the malaria seems to widen year by year, and the peasants retreat more and more into the hill villages; and the circle of uninhabitable land grows in proportion. The ruins of palaces on the Campagna show that it was once fit to be lived in by princes, while now the miasma reaches to the very walls of Rome.

The fringes of these plains are cultivated by the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, who retreat at night to their homes. During the harvest, when time is precious and the crops might be robbed, the men build themselves little cage-like huts, on props some six feet high, so as to be a little lifted out of the exhalations, and made as air-tight as possible. In spite of these precautions, and even when they return to their villages at night, it is rare that in the autumn any of the inhabitants should have escaped entirely the fever. As to the shepherds and the laborers who work in the heart of the plains, they sleep packed together in curious tent-like huts of cane, mud, straw—any thing that comes to hand—built without windows, and the door-hole of which is shut up as hermetically as possible with a sheep-skin; for they are not only threatened by the ague but by the "pernicious fever," which kills them in a few days. Many a poor fellow is carried home to his mountains half dead, to revive in the keen air, and as many leave their bones in the plains. It is said that the rate of mortality in some sections around the *Agro Romano** is so high that women are often engaged contingently for the next marriage, when the more favored candidate shall be dead.

A very interesting class is the Roman shepherds, who lead a nomadic life, driving their flocks into the mountains when the grass on the Campagna withers, and back again when the autumn rains have revived it. One comes across them continually while making excursions around Rome, and they are known in all the Roman studios. Their

* (Ma-rem'ma.) A marshy district.

† (Cam-pan'ya.) A plain surrounding Rome.

* Latin words meaning Roman fields, the open country as distinguished from the city. Here applied especially to the plains or lowlands.

long, curly hair and beards, their breeches of shaggy goat-skin, the pipes on which they play by the hour, are just such as were worn and used by Pan* and his satyrs. These shepherds are a fierce enough set in their natural condition, living alone with their sheep and their dogs—savage brutes that attack any one who comes within a stone's throw of the flock, and that have been known to devour a defenseless traveler. Their owners hardly can be induced to interfere with or punish them, for fear of breaking their spirit and spoiling them as watch-dogs; and if the stranger who is attacked, attempts to use a revolver in self-defense the shepherd is capable of stabbing him to revenge his dog. These men live in little huts such as are used by the reapers, which are left like the shanties in the backwoods of America for the use of any one who needs them. They move from one to another as their flocks eat up the pasture. A heap of maize-stalks and skins in one corner forms their bed; a loaf of bread and a flask of oil, supplied weekly by the owner of the flock, and the milk of the ewes are their food. They receive fifteen francs a month as wages. I suppose they must have wives and children, but these do not accompany them on their wanderings. It is a curious, lonely life for any one to lead within sight of the railways and telegraph wires of our bustling generation.

The general tone of the peasant's life in Italy seems melancholy, and yet, in spite of their hard lives, on a holiday one sees nothing but fun and rejoicing on all sides. Very little is needed to constitute a holiday, for Italian peasants are always happy to lounge about in the sun. If to that supreme bliss you add a crowd of friends and acquaintances engaged in the same way, with smoking and gambling for the men, gossip for the women, unlimited ringing of church-bells for the little boys, and a procession with a life-size saint in gorgeous garments, you have the groundwork of a little village *festa* which will be

looked forward to for six months before, and remembered for six months afterward. Each village has one or two such festivals every year, at which the inhabitants of the neighboring hamlets assist. In the larger villages, or where there is an important patron saint, or a miraculous image, there are often fairs, at which the entertainments and the goods offered for sale are delightfully primeval; and all sorts of eatables are sold in the streets, such as roast pig stuffed with herbs and garlic, the dealer sitting on the carcass while he cuts the slices, to get a better purchase on it. There is generally a lottery and some races and a theatrical representation at night, if the town boasts of a theater. But the principal ingredient of a *festa* in the country is the ringing of bells. They begin before dawn, to usher in the sun, and continue at irregular intervals as long as there is one of his rays lingering in the sky.

The religion of the peasant is almost that of the Dark Ages. Many of the rites are reminiscences of the old pagan ceremonies, such, for instance, as the carrying of the miraculous images of the Madonna* from one village to another, which reminds one of the journey which the statue of Athena used to make every year from its shrine on the Acropolis to the city of Eleusis,† where it would remain a week, and then be carried back again. The peasants believe most sincerely in the miracle-working images, in ghosts, visions, and all things supernatural. Statues of saints are reported to have turned aside in horror at sacriligious deeds, and the accounts are seriously printed in the local papers. The people are completely priest ridden. A pretty girl who sat for her portrait to an artist friend of mine was obliged by her confessor to walk to a shrine sixty miles distant as a penance for the crime. In the more remote parts of the country it is really dangerous to try to photograph peasants, as they think you are stealing their faces to work an incantation on them,

* The name is the Greek word for all, and was given to the god of the woods and fields, of flocks and shepherds, because he was often looked upon as the god of all nature. He lived in grottoes, and wandered over mountains and through valleys, engaging in the chase or joining in the dances of the nymphs. He was fond of music and invented the shepherd's pipe, an instrument made of reeds, on which he delighted to play.—The satyrs were demigods of the woods and fields represented as "covered with bristly hair, their heads decorated with short sprouting horns, and their feet like goat's feet." Their lives were one continuous season of riotous merriment.

* An Italian word meaning simply madame, but now applied almost exclusively to the Virgin Mary. It is also given to pictures in which she is the only or leading object.

† The Eleusinian festival was celebrated yearly by the Greeks at Eleusis and Athens, and lasted through a period of nine days. Processions passed from one place to the other and back again. The statue of Minerva (Athena) formed one of the chief ornaments on the Acropolis, the celebrated rock citadel of Athens. On the Acropolis stood the Parthenon, the magnificent temple erected in honor of Minerva the chief goddess of the Greeks.

The conscription* is a very heavy burden to the peasants. The young men are taken away from their farms for three years. They are forbidden by law to marry until they have served their time. Only the only sons of widows or people incapacitated by some bodily defect are exempt. Nevertheless, there is much to be said in favor of the conscription; it is a great educational factor, and does more than any thing else toward civilizing the rural populations. Every soldier must learn to read and write; and, more important still, the incredibly narrow point of view of the peasant is enlarged by seeing new provinces and by mixing for so considerable a length of time with inhabitants of other parts of Italy. He learns to speak Italian as well as his own unintelligible *patois*, and to look upon all Italians as countrymen. If any thing could bind together the many elements of which Italy is formed, this will be the means.

It is not surprising that with so much want and ignorance a certain amount of brigandage should still exist, but it is not of the picturesque and Fra Diavolo* type. Bands of marau-

ders, consisting chiefly of men who have tried to escape conscription or who have committed some crime and are fleeing from justice, live in the caves which abound in the hills of southern Italy; and these levy blackmail on the land-owners of the neighborhood. If the latter will not submit to their extortions or if they denounce them to the police, the robbers plunder their property and even threaten their lives. But the sums they extort are so small, and they adhere so faithfully to their part of the bargain, by not only not molesting the land-owners who pay them but even by allowing no one else to do so, that the proprietors invariably submit.

It is not that the government is not active in the suppression of this outrage. Bands of carbineers are constantly at work hunting the brigands down. But either the people are afraid to denounce the culprits, for fear of a vendetta,* or they have a secret sympathy for them. It is certain that, though some brigands are yearly caught and sent to the prison islands, they are so often defiant of detection that they come into the villages for the *festas*, join in the processions under the very eyes of the police; one renowned robber even carried the great cross at one festival which I saw, and walked all through the town, the most conspicuous figure in the show, and no one had the courage to whisper to the *gens d'armes** standing about, that this was the man they had been seeking for months.

* A compulsory enrollment of men for military service.

* (Frà Di-av'o-lo.) (1760-1806.) A renegade monk of Calabria, Italy, who became a famous brigand. In order to avoid a soldier's life he became a monk, but his conduct was so notorious that he was expelled from the order. He then withdrew to the mountains and headed a band of desperadoes, evading the pursuit of justice for years. It was on resorting to this life that he adopted the name by which he is known, his proper name being Michele Pezza. When the French became masters of Italy, Fra Diavolo and his band having espoused their cause, were pardoned and reinstated in civil rights, the leader even being promoted to the position of colonel in the army. But shortly after, for trying to incite the natives against the French, Fra Diavolo was executed. He serves as the hero in many wild tales of the brigands.

* "The blood-feud, or duty of the nearest kin of a murdered man [and applying among brigands in the same way to a man killed or imprisoned by the law] to kill the murderer. It prevails in Corsica, and exists in Sicily, Sardinia, and Calabria."—Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable."

* (Zhong darm.) Literally men of arms. Armed police

THE INDEBTEDNESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE TO THE LATIN.

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THE history of the English race is marked by some characteristic and, in the end, uncommonly fortunate events. When, after the collapse of the great Roman Empire, southern and western Europe was suddenly run over by *gentes novæ*, new nations, from the North, this is the remarkable fact that took place everywhere, namely, the nations that conquered and settled in a Roman province gradually forgot their own

language and took up the language of the invaded country. Goths and Franks took up the dialects which from Latin evolved into Spanish and French; the Longobards, dismissing their Teutonic speech, learned to speak Latin.

A highly important exception to this rule we find with the Anglo-Saxons; these followed in the footsteps of the Romans, who, wherever they went, carried along, together

with their victorious eagles, their own speech and made it no less victorious over the strong but rude and yet barbarous tongues of these conquered lands. The Anglo-Saxons entirely preserved within the British shores the dialect they were wont to speak in the wooden houses and the marshy plains of their German abode. It is true the preservation of their native speech was helped by exceptionally favorable circumstances; but that preservation testifies, nevertheless, to a native strength, not unworthy of the Romans.

Many centuries later we meet in English history with another extremely remarkable and weighty event. When some intellectual light began to pierce the thick mediæval darkness, then the human mind began to stir and strive to regain its ancient strength and freedom; then gradually the way was paved for that marvelous period of culture, which shone, at its highest bloom, in the Italian Renaissance.*

The free proceeding of the human mind brought about by the Renaissance gave origin and impulse though mediately and indirectly to the Reformation. These two great conquests of the human mind had one common root in the need of freeing the mind from mediæval ignorance and superstition, and the conscience from the enslaving yoke of Rome; yet one easily might have foreseen that they would not go long hand in hand. The Renaissance above all, first and last, the worshiper of beauty in art and life, could not feel itself entirely at harmony with the Reformation, whose spirit was all given to the intuition, interpretation, and enforcement of the religious and moral law; hence quarrels and wars which for many a year made Europe sad and bloody. When the storm was over and the skies began to clear, the Latin nations found they were left with no trace of the Reformation and only a few

débris of the Renaissance spirit soon to be shattered and quenched by the Catholic reaction. The Reformation triumphed with the Germanic nations, but for a long time still they were denied the broad-minded and humanizing spirit of the Renaissance.

Amid those strifes England was the only really lucky one of all the nations. The Renaissance spirit already had made its way into the English minds, when Henry VIII. urged his people toward the Reformation. Nor did the advent of the Reformation disturb and agitate so much the people's minds as to shake off or stifle the Renaissance spirit. These two spirits, which everywhere else waged against each other a deadly war, went here hand in hand. The communion of these two, the free, spontaneous, and jocund humaneness of the Renaissance, and the stern, ethical intuition of the Reformation, is plainly to be seen in that which is the highest achievement of English culture at that epoch—the Elizabethan drama.

A similar amalgamation, which shows the inborn strength as well as the great assimilating capacity of the English mind, had taken place a long time before in the language field.

The Normans, led by William the Conqueror, invaded and conquered the island. As far as political and social matters are concerned, they behaved as conquerors usually behave; they divided among themselves the land and public offices. As to the language, however, an entirely exceptional fact emerged; neither did they learn the language of the conquered, nor did the latter forget their own to take up that of their conquerors. It was believed until recently that the Normans resorted to all means, violence not excluded, to force the English to learn their dialect; but this belief is gainsaid in the most positive way by facts recently ascertained. Far from enforcing the use of his own speech, we know that William himself took to learning the language of the conquered in order better to administer justice. The two languages cohered and amalgamated as a natural and gradual result of the continuous contact of the two peoples. In this way the modern English tongue arose out of Germanic elements contributed by the Anglo-Saxons, and Latin elements brought by the Normans.

The speech of the Angles already had received and adopted some Latin words, like street, port, chester (*castrum*, camp) at the time

* The name applied to the period beginning with the fourteenth and ending with the first half of the sixteenth century "which witnessed the revival of classical literature and the fine arts in southern Europe." Dr. Fisher in his "Outlines of Universal History" defines it as follows: "The term *Renaissance* is frequently applied at present not only to the 'new birth' of art and letters, but to all the characteristics, taken together, of the period of transition from the Middle Ages to modern life. The transformation in the structure and the policy of states, the passion for discovery, the dawn of a more scientific method of observing man and nature, the movement toward more freedom of intellect and of conscience, are part and parcel of one comprehensive change,—a change which even now has not reached its goal."

of the Roman conquest, and some other words, especially belonging to ecclesiastical matters, by the introduction of Christianity. These inroads, however, do not amount to any thing compared with the broad channel of Latinity which made its way into the English tongue by the Norman conquest.

What have been the results of this fusion of Latin and Germanic elements? Mr. Freeman* in his "History of the Norman Conquest of England" (Vol. V., p. 546-7) passes a very severe judgment upon it; he calls it a corruption of *our* language, and thinks it is the only result of the Norman invasion which has proved "purely evil." We must frankly acknowledge it is difficult to subscribe to such a sentence; in fact, it is not easy to account for it at all, unless, perhaps, we take into consideration that insular feeling which is so strong as often to make its way, unnoticed, even into the best of British minds. It is not to be denied that when a language derives its own materials from two entirely distinct sources, such a twofold genesis cannot help bringing into its growth a certain irregularity and lack of symmetry. Even this, however, becomes a very slight harm, a mere trifle, when we take into consideration the great advantages that thereby have flowed into the English language. Particularly if we lay aside merely esthetical considerations and view language as the means to express one's thoughts, and as a political organ to display, assert, and increase the influence of a people or a race, the advantages accruing to the English language from this Latino-Germanic amalgamation are above reckoning and will make themselves felt as long as will last the strength, the expansive power, the very life of the glorious Anglo-Saxon race.

The Latin influence upon the English language is to be seen in its grammar, its vocabulary, and its syntax. It is very slight, though, on grammatical forms; in this respect the introduction of Latin elements by the Normans did nothing more than hasten the loss, the wearing out of suffixes, both of declension and conjugation—their wearing out already being much advanced at the time of the Norman invasion. To this Latino-French influence we owe the formation of nearly all plurals in *s*; the plurals in *n* (*-en*) being eliminated which are so common in Anglo-Saxon as well as in other Germanic dialects. Outside of this, the Latin influence

upon grammatical forms is of no account; the English morphology* has remained, as to the scanty elements which constitute it, entirely Teutonic.

Quite different is the case with Latin influence upon the English vocabulary. Two-thirds of the latter, at least, are mediately or immediately connected with Latin. These Latin elements can be divided into two great classes:

1. Latin words, for which there is no exact equivalent in Anglo-Saxon. These words generally refer to social life, to the morals or religion of the people, or to the domain of science. Such are, constitution, administration, parliament, senator, ministry, franchise, vote, suffrage, magistrate, committee, arbitrate, representation; morals, equity, charity, probity, virtue, humbleness, cruelty, sacrifice; prayer, hymn, altar, penitence, confession, grace, church, temple, sacrament, miracle; science, scientist, doctrine, speculation, abstraction, induction, deduction, intuition, apprehension, meditation, contemplation, observation, conjecture, medicine, etc.

2. Latin words and roots, for which there is a corresponding word in Anglo-Saxon. The number of such words is, indeed, a very large one, and although they apparently may cause some confusion, in reality they supply the English language with an inexhaustible wealth of synonyms, or nearly synonyms, by means of which we easily can express in English many shades or *nuances* of thought which it is very difficult, often impossible, to express in other tongues. For instance, to express the idea of *love* in all its aspects, the Germanic languages have but one root (*lub*, *lieb*) and its derivations; the Neo-Latin languages have also only one root (*am*); whereas the English tongue has both roots at its command. Thus we have, for instance, lovely on one side from the Germanic root, and amiable on the other side from the Latin root, lovely and amiable expressing two diverse shades of the same idea, which it is not easy to express in any of those languages that have only one of these roots. For the idea of *reading* the German language has only the verb *lesen* and its derivations; likewise the Neo-Latin languages have but *leg-ere*†;

* (Mor-phol'o-gy.) "That branch of science which treats of the laws that regulate the forms assumed by plants and animals; the science of form in the organic kingdoms."

† In the Latin words every vowel is pronounced, as *leg'e-re*, *por-tá-re*, *da're*, etc.

* Edward A. (1823 —.) An English Historian.

whereas the English can resort to at least two distinct roots, *ræd* and *leg*, from which we have readable as well as legible, these words expressing two very closely allied, but yet different, ideas, both of which the Germanic as well as the Neo-Latin languages are compelled to crowd into one word alone.

Without entering into details which are obvious to every body, the same may be said of the relations between *lead* and *duc-ere*, bring or bear and *jer-re* or *port-are*, see and *vid-ere*, full and *cad-ere*, shine and *splend-ere*, give and *d-are*, bind and *lig-are*, bid and *mand-are*, take or hold and *cap-ere*, turn and *vert-ere*, die and *mor-i*, hold and *ten-ere*, show and *monstr-are*, sing and *can-ere*, wrath and *ira*, speak and *loqu-i*, say and *dic-ere*, breathe and *spir-are*, buy and *em-ere* (redeem, redemption) plough and *ar-are*, burn and *ard-ere*, throw and *jac-ere* (reject, -inject), own and *possid-ere*, swell and *tum-ere*, seek and *quaer-ere*, (inquire, acquire), laugh and *rid-ere*, hide and *cel-are*, make and *fac-ere*, stir and *excit-are*, come and *ven-ire*, live and *viv-ere*, pour and *fund-ere* (confuse, diffuse), bind and *jung-ere*, gather and *leg-ere* (*collig-ere*), work and *labor-are*, grow and *cresc-ere*, wish and *desider-are* (desire), wash and *lav-are*, clothe and *vest-ire*, stream and *flu-ere*, etc.

In each of these cases we have two series of words running parallel with *nearly* but not *entirely* the same meaning. One of those series is derived from a Germanic source, the other from Latin. English is the only language that is possessed of both series, the German and the Neo-Latin languages possessing each, only either series. No need to spend words on the advantages accruing to the English tongue from such a twofold constituency.

We must take also into consideration the important fact that another large source of words we have in the mixing and crossing of those two series, when to Latin words are added Anglo-Saxon suffixes, and *vice versâ*. Thus we have, for instance, power and powerful, grace and graceful, noble and nobleness, consul and consulship, prudent and prudently, cautious and cautiously, etc.

Finally we must not forget that the Latin, and therewith the French, syntax certainly has contributed to give that simplicity, straightforwardness, and compactness, for which the English language is so justly envied and praised. Certainly the Latin influence has helped to save the English tongue from the risk of adopting such a stiff, clumsy, and illogical structure as all students deplore in the German sentence.

Through the large influx of Latin elements the English tongue has come into an exceptionally fortunate position. Leaving aside the Slavonic races, whose future still lies hidden in darkness, the power of the world is now divided between the Teutonic and the Latin races. English finds itself, so to say, astraddle of these two great families; on one side it holds out its hand to the Teutons, on the other to the Latins. Both find in it, more than in any other language except their own, linguistic elements conformable to their mental needs and constitution. Thus, by virtue of its intrinsic formation alone, the English tongue is fitter than any other to become, for civilized Europe, an *international* tongue; the unparalleled strength, alertness, and expressive power of the great race that speaks it, stand good sponsors to its becoming one day an *universal* language.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

BY PROFESSOR ADOLFO BARTOLI.

PART I.

ORIGIN, THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ITALIAN Literature belongs to that class to which the name of Neo-Latin,* or Romance, has been given, and which comprises the French, Provençal, Spanish, Portuguese, and other lesser branches. This

name of Neo-Latin has been bestowed on them because the various languages in which they are written are all derived from the Latin as it was spoken by the Roman plebians and, by conquest or by colonization, forced upon Gaul, Spain, and other European nations. The Italian language in its various forms or dialects seems to have been already in use in the eighth century, but its first literary monuments make their appearance

*New-Latin, the prefix "neo" being derived from the Greek word for new.

much later, toward the end of the thirteenth century.

In its origin, Italian Literature is closely connected with the Provençal and French, which had been in existence for some centuries previous. Many Provençal troubadours* had come to Italy even in the twelfth century. Many Italian poets wrote in the Provençal dialect. Other Italians imitated *Chansons de Geste*, in a language which is a mixture of Italian and French. The most ancient Italian lyrical poetry, which had its origin in Sicily at the court of the Emperor Frederick II. of Hohenstaufen is a frank imitation of the amatory poetry of the Provençals. This poetical school of Sicily owned Frederick himself, his son, Enzo, and his prime minister, Pietro delle Vigne (vên-ya) as disciples, and afterward it spread over Tuscany and other parts of Italy. Side by side with it, there grew up another class of lyrical poetry independent of the Provençal school, more genuine in its expression, simpler in its outward form, but of which very few examples are now extant. In northern Italy literary productions, during this first period, were more varied, for besides amorous poetry, there existed other kinds of a religious and political bearing, and some of a humoristic turn. Some of these compositions are extremely noteworthy. Meanwhile in the school of love-lyrics, imitated from the Provençals, a first evolution was taking place. Toward the end of the thirteenth century the empty and monotonous love-songs were superseded by a new style of poetry, intended to teach the "art of loving," as it was understood in the Middle Ages, and thus, a philosophical element was introduced into lyrical poetry. The heads of this school were Guittone d'Arezzo (gwê'tone dă ret'so), a Tuscan. Guido Guinicelli (gwe-ne-chel'le), a Bolognese.

At the same period a rich school of religious lyrics had been developed in Umbria. In Tuscany, satirical and comic poets began to write; some of whom, like Angiaineri (an-zhe-a-lê're) of Siena may be compared to the humorists of modern times. And other poets appeared who wrote short allegorical poems of a moral tendency.

From the poetical reformation of Guittone d'Arezzo and Guido Guinicelli arose, later on, that style of poetry known as the *Dolce stil nuovo*,* which is in reality the first manifestation of art in Italian poetry. The poets of this school, at the head of which stand Dante Alighieri (dan'ta al-ê-gya'ra) and his friend Guido Cavalcanti (cav-al-can'ti), have a theory, indeed, about love, but they have also deep and earnest throbs of affection in their verse. Their art though still hampered by traditional forms, has already the gift of originality. They sing what they feel, and express their feelings with the highest beauty of diction.

THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, DANTE, PETRARCA, BOCCACCIO.

Dante Alighieri was born in Florence in 1265. Italy was then divided into two political parties, the Guefts, or partisans of the pope, and the Ghibellines, or partisans of the emperors. In Florence, later on, the Guelf party was subdivided into two factions of the Neri (blacks) and Bianchi (byan'ke) (whites) both contending for the supremacy. The Neri supported the papal claims and the Bianchi were more favorable to the Ghibelline party.

But little is known of the life of Dante. Born of a Guelf family, he took part in the government of his native town, and in 1300, was one of the Priori, or magistrates, of the city. In the bitter struggle between Florence and Pope Boniface VIII., who wished to gain possession of Tuscany, Dante vigorously resisted papal violence and for this, in 1302, upon the victory of the Neri, or papal faction, he was condemned to exile. He wandered through many parts of Italy, stopping at Verona, at Padua, in Lunigiana, the guest sometimes of the Scaligeri (skal'i-jă-rê) and sometimes of the Malespina families. Late in life, he lived at Ravenna the guest of Guido Novello da Polenta. He died in 1321 without having revisited Florence.

Among the works of Dante, one, the *Vita Nuova*,† undoubtedly was written before his exile. This is a work of marvelous sweetness in which, partly in prose and partly in verse, he tells of his love for a woman whom he calls Beatrice, and who is believed generally

* A school of poets who flourished from the eleventh to the thirteenth century. They often wandered from place to place singing their productions. These bards were called troubadours in the south and trouvères in the north; with the latter originated the *chansons de geste* (shanson de jest), songs of action, epic poems.

* Sweet new style.

† The translation of the words is New Life. Of the other works mentioned *De Monarchia* means Concerning Monarchy, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, Concerning Vulgar (Common) Eloquence.

to have been Beatrice Portinari (ba-a-tre'cha por-te-na're) of Florence. The poems of the *Vita Nuova* are the most beautiful, for their depth of feeling and exquisite delicacy of expression, in the whole domain of Italian lyrical poetry.

The other minor works of Dante are, the Latin treatise *De Monarchia*; another in the same language entitled *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, and an Italian treatise called *Convivio*.

In the treatise *De Monarchia* he maintains that the exercise of universal government belongs rightfully to the Roman people and that the authority of the emperor proceeds, not from the pope, but from God. For the times in which Dante lived, this was a new and startling idea. Another new thing in this work is, his having given in it a true definition of jurisprudence and having considered it as the sole reasonable basis of society and the state.

The book *De Vulgari Eloquentia* is a study on the various forms of Italian poetry. The *Convivio* is a treatise on moral philosophy in the garb of a commentary on some of his allegorical poems. Neither of these last mentioned works was finished by the author.

The work that has bestowed on Dante immortal fame and has stamped him as not only the greatest poet of Italian literature but the highest and most daring genius ever yet seen in the world, is the *Divina Commedia* (Divine Comedy). This in its outward form, is the narrative of a vision, seen by Dante himself, of the three ultramundane regions, that of Perdition (or hell), that of Purification (or purgatory), and that of Blessedness (or heaven).

But into this already well-worn subject the Florentine poet infuses a new soul, and his poem becomes a drama in which every human passion throbs; in which emperors, kings, popes, statesmen, churchmen, men of every age and of every condition, appear and are judged. Thus, what appeared to be a purely religious subject, is transformed into one of vivid, political, and burning actuality. The theologian and moralist disappear, and we see only Dante himself summoning before his terrible judgment seat, the Emperor Frederick II., Pope Boniface VIII., Farinata degli Uberti, Ezzelino da Romano, Pietro delle Vigne, Brunetto Latini, Vanni Fucci, Guido di Montefeltro, Ugolino della Gherardesca, Rugger degli Ubaldini, and hundreds and

hundreds of the most celebrated men of his time. The "Divine Comedy" is the sublime expression of a great hatred and a great love: hate of all the baseness, cowardice, and guilt which Dante sees around him and love for all noble and lofty things which he dreams of for Rome, for Italy, and for mankind. Yet we must not consider the "Divine Comedy" from this point of view alone. If it excites general interest for its political and historical value, it excites also universal admiration as a work of art. When we consider that in Alighieri's time Italian literature was scarcely a century old, how few and uncultured had been his predecessors, how scholasticism still hampered and hindered thought, the apparition of Dante's poem seems little short of miraculous. The man of the Middle Ages becomes a well-defined being. A doctrinal work, conceived according to the scholastic theories of the day, is made to represent, at the touch of this powerful writer, all that is deepest, most tragic, and most impassioned in a great historical epoch.

Dante's descriptive power is varied, multi-form, and inexhaustible; in a few strokes he draws figures and scenery which become so vivid at his touch as to seem to belong, not to the realms of fancy, but to living reality; he knows how to use a diction of marvelous efficacy, how to express simply, ideas most difficult of expression. And besides this, he is a sovereign nature-painter and an incomparable analyst of the deepest recesses of the human heart. From the works of this mediæval poet comes the breath of a more modern spirit that reminds us of Shakspeare, of Byron, or of Goethe. With the "Divine Comedy," the Middle Ages period closes and the splendid era of a modern literature begins.

Francesco Petrarca (fran-ches'ko pe-trar'-ka), who was born in 1304 and died in 1370, must be considered under a twofold aspect: as a scholar and as a poet. He was the first to devote himself with enthusiasm to the research and study of the ancient Latin authors; he himself wrote many works in Latin, which in diction and style far surpass the rough productions of the Middle Ages. Among the most noteworthy are, the *Africa*, a poem in nine books, in which he sings the exploits of Scipio Africanus, and the *Epistolæ* in which he has endeavored to imitate Cicero. He was the first, also, to study Greek and he it was who had Homer's *Iliad* translated into Latin.

Petrarca threw himself with all the ardor of his temperament and the strength of his genius into this movement of thought toward classic antiquity, and, therefore, he may be considered as the most effectual promoter of the revival of letters.

The poetical works of Petrarca are the *Canzoniere* (Book of Songs) and the *Trionfi* (Triumphs).

While at Avignon he became enamored of a lady whom he calls Laura, and who generally is supposed to have been Laura de No'ves, wife of Ugo di Sade (săd). He wrote many poems in her honor during her life-time and many more after her death. Dante's lyrical poetry has much that is mystical and ideal, while in that of Petrarca, all is real and human. He has none of the conventionalism of his predecessors. Petrarca loves, suffers, hopes, and despairs with genuine sincerity. His song bursts forth spontaneously from his heart. And not alone in love does he seek his inspiration but in religion and patriotism as well. In words of intense feeling, he implores the aid of the Virgin; calls down curses on the corruption of the papal court at Avignon; praises his fatherland and its hoped-for deliverers. And all this with sustained study and incomparable delicacy in the choice and placing of words, in the construction of verse and strophes, in every thing, in a word, which constitutes poetry.

Besides being a scholar and an excellent artist, Petrarca has other qualities which must be noted. He was, for the times in which he lived, an indefatigable traveler, and the greater number of his journeys had, as he himself tells us, no other aim than to see new things. We might almost term him the first Alpinist, for he made the perilous ascent of Mount Ventoux (2,000 meters) near Valchiusa in Provence.

He was the first to write his autobiography. The feelings which seemed to have been most vivid in him are friendship and desire of fame. His nature, so full of contradictory elements, his soul, so full of unrest, would have constituted what in modern language is called a neurotic* subject.

Giovanni Boccaccio (zho-van'ni bok kat'-cho) (1313-1375) was equally enamored of classical antiquity and was an eminent prose-writer. He continued the work which Petrarca had begun, but while Petrarca was in

his day the most successful promoter of classical learning, Boccaccio was the writer who most contributed to its revival by using his own erudition for the common benefit of all.

Among his Latin works, that entitled *De genealogiis deorum gentilitum* deserves special mention. In it, he has collected all the information he was able to gather from ancient writers concerning the pagan divinities, and has endeavored to explain the origin of these myths. Equally worthy of mention in his book *De montibus, silvis, pontibus lacubus, fluminibus*, etc., a geographical dictionary intended to facilitate the understanding of the old Greek and Latin authors and which bears witness to the vast erudition of its author.

Boccaccio wrote also many works in Italian; some in verse and some in prose. The one on which his fame chiefly rests is the *Decamerone*, a collection of a hundred tales. He supposes that, in 1348, when the plague was raging in Florence, a party of seven young and lovely women, with three men, retire to a pleasant villa near the city, where for the space of ten days, each person narrates a tale daily. One of the most characteristic qualities in Boccaccio's work is the immense variety in the narratives in which figure a succession of characters, totally distinct from one another, yet all perfectly real and life-like. In this book Boccaccio shows himself as a man of the world and a subtle analyst of human nature as well as an excellent artist. To his classical studies he owed his exquisitediction which, though it may have rendered his compositions rather too Latin in form, however, has enabled him to give to his prose writings every possible beauty of language and style.

MINOR WORKS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Contemporary with the three great writers of the fourteenth century flourished many others. Every literary style was largely developed during this period. Lyrical poetry, in all its forms, religious or moral, amatory, historical and political, satirical and humorous, was cultivated by many, though but few ever soared beyond mediocrity. As narrative or didactic poetry we must class the *Dittamondo* of Fazio degli Uberti and the *Acerba* of Cecco d'Ascoli. As historical poetry, the *Centiloquio* of Antonio Pucci (pook'che). Popular tales in verse were very much in vogue;

* (Nu-rot'ic.) Nervous.

they treated of various subjects : historical, legendary, chivalry, and love tales. The above mentioned Antonio Pucci, a Florentine of humble birth, was the most productive author of this class.

Historical works also abounded and among these the two *Cronache* (chronicles) of Dino Compagni (con-pan'ye) and Giovanni Villani (zho-van'ni ve-lä'ne) hold the first place. Compagni (1256-1323) narrates in a clear and emphatic manner the events of Florentine history from the institution of the Priori to the reign of Emperor Henry VII.

Villani (1275-1348) relates in a plain, clear style the history of Florence from the founding of the city, down to the year 1348. His book, for its carefully ascertained and minute particulars, is one of the principal sources of Italian history. Many other kinds of prose composition such as ascetic works, romances of chivalry, and didactic writings flourished at this time, and the Latin authors, Cicero, Ovid, Virgil, and others were translated into Italian.

RENAISSANCE, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Classical learning had never been entirely neglected in Italy. Revived in the fourteenth century by Petrarca and Boccaccio, it burst forth with renewed splendor in the following century and constituted that phenomenon in the history of literature, known as the Renaissance, or Restoration of Learning ; because, in this age, the civilization of the two most glorious nations, the Latin and the Greek, seems to have received a new birth. A passion for researches among ancient MSS. and collecting Greek and Latin books took possession of the learned men of that time. Princes vied with each other in favoring scholars, by calling them to the higher offices of state, to take part in the public instruction and in the education of their sons, while republics used them for their embassies and legations. The Greeks exiled from Constantinople were welcomed gladly as teachers of the language and literature of their ancestors. The invention of printing largely contributed to spread the fruits of study throughout Italy. It was a period in which all intellectual activity and energy turned to the study of the classics. The center of the study of Latin, or Humanity as it was called, was Florence where the Medici, then aspiring to the government of the city, patronized this study. Among the most celebrated Humanists must be men-

tioned Leonardo Bruni and Poggio Bracciolini (pod'jo brat-cho-lē'ne) both chancellors of the republic, searchers and translators of the classics and authors of a history, in Latin, of the city of Florence, Marsilio Ficino, the translator of Plato, and Angelo Poliziano (pole-tse-ä'no), the most learned and elegant writer of Latin prose and verse.

Rome and Naples were also centers of learning. In Rome, Flavio Biando wrote on history, geography, and archæology. Lorenzo Valle translated Greek and Latin classics, while at Naples, Antonio Beccadelli (surnamed Panormita) surpassed all others in style and erudition. Meanwhile, amid this ardor for classical learning, Italian literature seemed in danger of being neglected. Many of the Humanists despised the Italian idiom and maintained that Latin was to be preferred. Florence may claim the honor of having saved Italian literature by reconciling the ancient to the more modern scholarship and among those who exerted themselves to this end, we find two enthusiastic patrons of classical learning, Lorenzo De' Medici and Angelo Poliziano.

Lorenzo de' Medici wrote many Italian poems, songs, and love-sonnets, short, narrative, and descriptive poems, carnival songs, and sacred hymns, all with equally classical elegance, with a deep and vivid sense of natural beauties, and he endeavored as much as possible to follow the popular diction while maintaining throughout a noble elevation of sentiment ; a gentleman in art as he was in his life ; lordly in art as in his manner of living ; a master in art as in life. We have to thank him, chiefly, that the high literary tradition of the fourteenth century was not lost. We owe it to him and to Angelo Poliziano, who surpassed him in artistic perfection and who also struggled to elevate and ennoble the tone of popular poetry by infusing into it the soul and spirit of the classics. We have of Poliziano several love-poems, a fragment of a poem written to celebrate a tourney of Giuliano de' Medici (zhu-li-ä'no de med'e-chee), a brother of Lorenzo, and the *Orfeo* which treats of the mythical history of Orpheus and Eurydice,* in a form somewhat resembling that of the Miracle Plays,† so much in vogue in

* See note on p. 606 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February.

† Religious plays which constituted the drama of these times. Their subjects were Bible narratives or stories of the saints.

the Middle Ages, but in which we find the grace and imagination of Greek poetry.

A third poet worthy of being mentioned with Medici and Poliziano is Luigi Pulci (lwē'gē pool'che) the author of *Morgante*, a poem in twenty-eight cantos, which marks the period of the transition of the romantic epoch from the popular to the artistic form. This poem is founded on the adventures of Orlando, or Roland, in Eastern lands, after the defeat of Roncesvalles*; an old subject into which Pulci breathes new life; the skeptical spirit of his day, and the broad burlesque were proper to him as to all Florentines.

* (Ron'se-val.) "A defile in the Pyrenees Mountains, famous for the disaster which here befell the rear of Charlemagne's army, in the return march from Saragossa. Ganelon betrayed Roland, out of jealousy, to Marsillus, king of the Saracens, and an ambuscade attacking the Franks, killed every man of them."

Matteo Maria Boiardo (bo-yar'do), count of Scandiano, was a contemporary of Pulci, and the author of a romantic poem entitled *Orlando Innamorato* (Roland in Love) in which chivalry is treated much more seriously than in Pulci's work.

In this century of the Revival of Learning, Italian literature was rich in prose writers. First among these is Leon Battista Alberti, born in exile, of a Florentine family. He united the culture of letters to that of art, was a painter, sculptor, architect, and writer of treatises on the fine arts, and on moral philosophy. His style is elevated and free from pedantry.

Vespasiano da Bisticci wrote in an easy style the lives of the most renowned Latinists of his day. His book is a reliable fount of information on the literary history of the fifteenth century.

THE POLITICS OF MEDIÆVAL ITALY.

BY PROFESSOR PHILIP VAN NESS MYERS, A. M.

THE CITIES AFTER THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

IN our first paper we traced the history of the Italian municipalities to about the close of the eleventh century. We saw them at that period extending their authority over the country, around their walls, and gradually absorbing the feudal element which the successive waves of the barbarian inundation had brought into the peninsula.

By the opening of the twelfth century these cities in a remarkable measure had restored, though of course in modified form, the old Roman municipal system. At the head of the government in each city stood two or more consuls. As these officers bore the same name as the chief magistrates of republican Rome, so did they exercise somewhat similar powers. Their authority was limited by councils and assemblies variously constituted, but which in general possessed a more or less popular character.

About the beginning of the twelfth century the cities of Lombardy, Tuscany, and Romagna* entered upon a brilliant and war-like

career. This reference to their military life suggests a word respecting the peculiar standard under which these democratic burghers fought their battles. In the eleventh century Heribert, Archbishop of Milan, invented for that city an ensign consisting of a pole bearing the crucifix and raised on a chariot—hence called the *carroccia*. The car was drawn by four yoke of oxen, and was, like the ancient Ark of the Israelites, of which it was a sort of imitation, the rallying point of the army on the battle field. Many of the other cities followed the example of Milan, and under these curious standards the Italian cities marched in their short but brilliant career of freedom.

EFFECT OF THE WAR OF INVESTITURES UPON THE CITIES.

The War of Investitures between the popes and the emperors, which, it will be recalled, closed with the Concordat of Worms (1122), tended greatly to enhance the liberties of the Italian republics. The cities availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the pre-occupation of the emperor to assume new

* The civic communities in the south of Italy, that is to say in the Papal States and the kingdom of Naples, in general were depressed by papal or royal pretensions and encroachments, and consequently do not attract during the last few centuries of the mediæval period, the special at-

tention of the historian of the Italian municipalities. The history of these southern cities is bound up with the story of the papacy and of the Neapolitan Kingdom.—P. V. N. M.

rights and privileges. Besides, both the pope and the emperor, each anxious to secure the support of the cities as allies, vied with each other in grants to them of new powers and dignities. Thus the contentions of the papacy and the empire contributed in a very direct manner to the emancipation of the cities from all external control.

THE LOMBARD LEAGUE, STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

At this point in the history of the cities a misunderstanding arose between them and the emperor respecting the character and extent of the imperial power in Italy. The cities would reduce it, so far as they themselves were concerned, to the mere shadow of sovereignty, admitting no real power to reside in the emperor's hands. But Frederick Barbarossa* (1152-1190), of the Swabian house, tried to exercise over these freedom-loving cities almost the absolute power of the later Roman Cæsars. He was influenced, doubtless, by the German jurists who just now were directing their attention to the study of the old Roman law, as preserved in the great work (*Corpus Juris Civilis*†) of the Emperor Justinian, of the sixth century of our era. Now this law made the power of the emperor over the cities of the old empire virtually absolute. It was very natural then that Frederick Barbarossa, under the influence of the lawyers, should persuade himself that the cities had been making encroachments upon the imperial authority, and that it would be but right for him to resume the power that his predecessors had allowed to slip out of their hands. At all events, the cities and the emperor could not view the question under the same light. A conflict between them was inevitable. We may say of the war in which the dispute issued, as has been said of our late Civil War, that it was fought to get a definition of a constitution—the constitution of the Holy Roman Empire.

Frederick repeatedly crossed the Alps with an army to enforce his authority. He cap-

tured and burned several of the cities of Lombardy. The powerful city of Milan, which heroically withstood the imperial arms, was at last taken and razed to the ground. This led to the formation of the celebrated Lombard League (1162), which embraced a large part of the cities of north Italy. Thus banded together, they stood firm for their municipal liberties, and finally on the field of Legnano* (1176), inflicted an humiliating defeat upon the imperial army.

The battle of Legnano is noted in the annals of liberty. "It was one of those few fields," says Gallenga,† "in which human blood flowed sacred and holy." It led to the Peace of Constance (1183), in which the cities had confirmed their right of self-government and the privilege of making war and peace, like independent states. The emperor retained the right to place representatives in the cities and to receive food and forage for his army whenever he might chance to visit Italy.

From the Peace of Constance the cities of northern and central Italy were virtually independent of the imperial power, and henceforth managed their affairs with little or no reference to outside authority.

THE AGE OF LIBERTY.

The cities had secured at Constance a confirmation of the right they had been exercising of making war upon each other. It was a fatal privilege. They misused it. For a century and more they now engaged in ever-renewed, bitter, and sanguinary wars among themselves. The causes of these wars were various. "The cities fought," says Symonds,‡ "for command of sea-ports, passes, rivers, roads, and all the avenues of wealth and plenty." The struggle is in fact a struggle for existence. As the towns prosper and extend each its little territory, the peninsula becomes too strait for them all. The more powerful crush out the weaker. They obey no higher law than that of self-interest.

Besides the various causes of strife between the different republics, there were elements of dissension within the walls of each individual

* (Bar-ba-ros'sa.) Frederick I. Emperor of Germany. Barbarossa, meaning Red Beard, was the surname given him. The Swabian house was closely joined to the famous Hohenstaufen house of princes whose founder Frederick of Staufen had been a strong adherent of the Emperor Henry IV. of Germany. In return for this the emperor made the duchy of Swabia hereditary in Frederick's family. During the Italian wars this house stood at the head of the Ghibelline party.

† Body of the civil law.

* (Lān-yā'no.) A town of Italy sixteen miles north-west of Milan.

† (Gal-len'ga.) An Italian historian of the present time; author of a general history of Piedmont.

‡ John Addington. (1840 —.) An English author. Among his works on Italian subjects are an extensive and masterly "History of the Renaissance in Italy," and an "Introduction to the Study of Dante."

city. The contention between pope and emperor had sown the seeds of discord and division throughout the length and breadth of the land. The citizens were divided in their partisanship, the intrusive, Teutonic, feudal element being usually Ghibelline in its sympathies, while the old Romanic population was as generally Guelfic. The names Guelf and Ghibelline by this time indeed had lost much of their old significance. Speaking in a very general way, we may say that the Ghibellines favored a feudal, aristocratic organization of society, while the Guelfs were the supporters of liberal democratic institutions. The views of the two parties of course were irreconcilable. Uninterrupted internecine strife was the result. To these divergent views respecting social and political policies, were added a great variety of other causes of discord,—personal jealousies, rivalries, ambitions.

One doth know the other
Of those whom one wall and one fosse shut in.*

Especially did the residence within the city walls of the feudal lords, as we already have noticed, tend to perpetual tumult and violence. The streets of every city were the constant scene of the brawls and fights of the numerous bands of retainers of rival houses of the nobility.

Nevertheless, though fraught with so many evils, "Liberty," as says Herodotus, in speaking of Athens and of the achievements of her free citizens, "Liberty is a brave thing." Freedom fostered great talents and virtues in the Italian citizens of the republics of Italy in mediæval times as well as in the citizens of the Greek republics of the age of Pericles. Guicciardini† attributes the great prosperity, splendor, and brilliant culture of the Italian cities during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to the local independence that they then enjoyed.

THE CRUSADES.

The twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which mark the most brilliant period in the life of the Italian city-republics, were the centuries of the Crusades. The Italian nobles took an illustrious part in these expeditions for the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher. Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, and Tancred, "the mirror of knighthood," with many valiant com-

panion knights, drawn principally from the lands of the South, where chivalry* had been established by the Norman invaders, had a place among the most distinguished leaders of the First Crusade. These knights joined the enterprises partly through religious zeal and partly "for increes of chivalrye."

The Italian cities also took an active part in the expeditions. But the motives which influenced them usually were very different from those that animated the feudal nobles. With the burgher the spirit of the trader prevailed over that of the Crusader. The spirit of merchantile adventure and gain prevailed over that of chivalry and religious zeal.

The part which Venice took in the Fourth Crusade should especially be noticed. She assisted the Crusaders in the capture of Constantinople from the Byzantine princes, and received a share of the conquered territory (1204). Her dominions in the Orient were afterward increased, and for a time she enjoyed almost a monopoly of the Eastern trade.

Genoa was the great rival of Venice. Already Genoa had crushed her rival Pisa on the same coast, and now she entered into fierce rivalry with Venice for the trade of the Orient. The waters of the Mediterranean were often dyed with the sanguinary fights of the hostile fleets.

In 1261 the Genoese assisted the Greeks in the recapture of Constantinople from the Latins, and being thus in favor at the Byzantine court, received many commercial privileges in the Bosphorus and the Black Sea.

* A word derived from the French, meaning horsemen. The term is applied to the system or dignity of knighthood, but originally denoted a body or assembly of knights or horsemen. "Chivalry may be more fully defined as a peculiar institution originating in the Middle Ages and including with the rank and dignity of knighthood all those customs, manners, and sentiments which were deemed appropriate to a noble and accomplished knight. . . . It has been observed that while the feudal system presents the political side of society in the Middle Ages, chivalry exhibits its moral and social side. Whatever may have been the follies and abuses which too often accompanied it, the institution of chivalry undoubtedly had its origin in a generous feeling which prompted humane and brave men to provide for the protection of the defenseless. For this purpose courage was indispensable; and as women in that rude and barbarous age especially needed protection, chastity and a respect for the sex bordering on adoration came to be regarded as among the cardinal virtues of a true knight." Tales of knights riding forth to protect the weak, and to right wrongs, formed a large part of the literature of those times, such as the stories of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. The story of "Don Quixote" did much to overthrow the system.

* Dante's "Purgatorio," VI. 83.—P. V. N. M.

† (Gweŧ-char-dē'nee.) Francesco. (1482-1540.) An Italian historian.

Their trading posts dotted the shores of the Euxine, their commerce with Eastern Asia being carried on in part by the way of the Caspian. The prosperity of both the great maritime republics of Venice and Genoa continued until all of the trade routes to the East were made dangerous or entirely closed by the irruption of the Seljukian Turks* in the fourteenth century.

Besides the benefit which the Italian cities derived from the Crusades through the expansion of their trade, their liberties, like the liberties of the municipal communities of the other countries of Europe, were also enlarged and confirmed by the preoccupation of the nobles and the emperors in these remote enterprises.

THE AGE OF DOMESTIC TYRANNY.

The constant wars of the Italian cities with each other, and the incessant strife of parties within each community led to the same issue as that to which tended the endless contentions and divisions of the Greek cities in ancient times. Their democratic institutions were overthrown, internecine war and strife having resulted in anarchy, and anarchy having led to tyranny. By the end of the thirteenth century almost all the republics of northern and central Italy down to the Papal States, save Venice, Genoa, and the cities of Tuscany, had fallen into the hands of domestic tyrants, many of whom by their crimes and their intolerable tyranny rendered themselves as odious as the worst of the tyrants who usurped supreme power in the free cities of ancient Hellas. They possessed many of them a remarkable "energy for crime." The land was filled with violence, conspiracies, assassinations.

One thing which enabled these usurpers to seize the supreme power in the cities and to render their rule hereditary, thus converting the little republics into petty principalities, was the decay of the military spirit among the inhabitants of the municipalities. The burghers became immersed in business and trade, and delegated the defense of their city to mercenaries. The captains of these bands, who were known as *condottierre*, (kon-

dot-te-ā're), found it easy to overthrow the liberties of the cities that they had been hired to defend. Machiavelli* declares that "the ruin of Italy proceeded from no other cause than that for years together it reposed itself upon mercenary arms."

The way in which these mercenaries carried on war is worthy of a moment's notice. "They endeavored," says Machiavelli in "The Prince," "with all possible industry to prevent trouble or fear, either to themselves or their soldiers, and their way was by killing no one in fight, only taking prisoners and dismissing them afterward without either prejudice or ransom. When they were in leaguer† before a town, they shot not rudely among its defenders in the night, nor did those in the town disturb the besiegers with any sallies in the camp. No approaches or entrenchments were made at unseasonable hours."

Among the most noted of the Italian despots were the Visconti‡ at Milan, in which city they acquired supremè power in the thirteenth century and gained the title of dukes. They gradually conquered the surrounding cities and thus built up a great sovereignty.

Florence also about the beginning of the fifteenth century fell into the hands of the celebrated Medici, a Florentine family that had grown rich and powerful through mercantile enterprises. Their despotism was maintained, as was that of the first Cæsars at Rome, under the form of the earlier democratic institutions. These usurpers of liberty made their rule generally acceptable to the Florentines through a munificent patronage extended to artists and scholars, through an unstinted liberality in the prosecution of magnificent public works, and through the glory that they shed upon Florence by the maintenance of a brilliant court.

It was during this age of the domestic enslavement of Italy, that is to say during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that the so called Humanistic movement, the revival of classical literature and learning, took place in Italy. The free, active, varied, strenuous, stimulating life of the Italian cities was one

*A Turco-Tartaric tribe originally living north of the Caspian Sea. They were named from Seljuk, one of their chiefs, under whose leadership they settled in Bokhara, Asia, and embraced Mohammedanism. They conquered several surrounding provinces, and finally made themselves masters over all the land reaching from the frontiers of China to the neighborhood of Constantinople.

*(Mak-e-ä-vel'lee) Nicolo. (1469-1527.) An Italian statesman and author.

†(Leeg'er.) The camp of a besieging army.

‡(Vees-con'tee.) A family of rulers whose prominence began in 1262 when Ottone, one of their number, was appointed archbishop by Pope Urban IV. Collateral branches of the family are still in existence in Lombardy.

of the most potent causes of this great intellectual awakening. "It was," remarks Symonds, "to the variety of conditions offered by the Italian communities that we owe the unexampled richness of the mental life of Italy." To speak of the rise and progress of this splendid Humanistic enthusiasm quite lies aside from the aim of the present paper. We may observe only in passing that the movement had a profound political significance, inasmuch as its tendency was to create among the Italians a common pride in race and country, and thus to pave the way for the incoming of the sentiment of nationality.

THE FORMATION OF GREAT PRINCIPALITIES.

There was from the very first a tendency among the petty principalities, into which the free cities were converted, toward the formation of large states. By the middle of the fifteenth century the republican cities that two centuries before had dotted the plains of Lombardy, Tuscany, and Romagna, had been gathered into three great states—Milan, Florence, and Venice. In the south were the Papal States and the kingdom of Naples. Thus the peninsula was divided among five great powers. The formation of these extended states, hushing the quarrels of the individual cities, gave Italy nearly half a century of comparative peace.

THE BEGINNING OF THE AGE OF FOREIGN ENSLAVEMENT.

But these great states, like the little republics, were jealous of one another. Florence and Naples entered into an alliance against the pope and Ludovico Sforza.* The latter drew to his side the pope and the Venetians, and still further to strengthen his position, he invited the French king, Charles VIII., to

*The family of Sforza (sfor'tsa) succeeded the last of the Visconti as dukes of Milan in 1450.—*P. V. N. M.*—Ludovico (1451-1510) imprisoned his nephew, the lawful heir, at the death of his brother and usurped the government of Milan. When the French invaded Italy in 1499, this ruler was carried a prisoner to France where he died.

undertake the conquest of the kingdom of Naples. Charles, persuading himself that he had a legitimate title to that southern land through the house of Anjou, eagerly accepted the invitation to enter Italy. Thus were the gates of the peninsula again opened to the "barbarians" of the North. "The lances of France glance along the defiles of the Alps," and foreigners again trample down the harvests of the fair fields of Italy. Swiss, Spaniards, Germans, drawn on by "the irresistible fascination of the southern land," join with the French in a shameless struggle for dominion and spoils. It is the beginning of the foreign enslavement of the peninsula. For three centuries and more Italy is but a "geographical expression." It is divided and parceled out among foreign princes, and traversed from Alps to Sicilian Straits by barbarian armies. The soil is soaked with the blood of the battles in which Italians have no stake, for a change of masters, as has been said, means simply a change of tyrants. Well may we repeat the heavy-laden yet prophetic words of Dante, wrung from him by the woes which Italy in his time was enduring from the strifes and wars of the contentious republics :

O Jove supreme !

Are thy just eyes averted elsewhere ?
Or preparation is't, that, in the abyss
Of thine own counsel, for some good thou makest
From our perception utterly cut off ? *

History justifies the faith of Dante which we read between these lines. The life of nations, like that of individuals, is enriched through suffering. During these centuries of foreign enslavement there was being slowly developed among the Italians that inextinguishable hatred of tyranny that in our own day forms the secure basis of Italian freedom and unity.

* "Purgatorio," VI. 118-123.—*P. V. N. M.*

ROMAN MORALS.

BY PRINCIPAL JAMES DONALDSON, LL. D.

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II.

IN the second century B. C., historians record that a complete change took place in the manners and habits of the Romans. Luxury flowed in upon them in full current. Livy assigns the year 189 B. C. as the date of the commencement of the luxury and he attributes its introduction to the consul Cneius Manlius Vulso, who allowed his army every indulgence when they conquered the wealthy Galatians. "The origin of foreign luxury," says Livy, "was brought into the city by the Asiatic army," and he describes the luxury. The soldiers carried with them to Rome bronze couches, valuable carpets, hangings, and other woven articles, and tables of rare workmanship and material. Then the custom began of amusing the guests at a banquet by girls performing on the lyre and by other modes of diversion. The banquets also showed a great variety of costly dishes, and the cook, formerly one of the meanest of slaves, now held a sphere of importance and was regarded as an artist.

Sallust puts the invasion of luxury at a date considerably later, and lays the blame of it on the dictator Sulla. "Sulla," he says, "treated the army in Asia too luxuriously, contrary to the custom of our ancestors." "And there the army first became accustomed to love, to drink, to admire statues, pictures, embossed vases, to carry them off from private individuals and from cities, to plunder the temples and to pollute all things sacred and profane."

We need not lay special stress on an exact date. Luxury was probably of gradual growth. But its prevalence in the last days of the republic is asserted by almost every writer of that time. Immense sums were extorted from helpless provinces, and these were lavished on magnificent houses, on gorgeous furnishings, on rare and costly dishes, on jewels, and on large retinues of slaves. This luxury reveals the Romans in the worst aspect of their character. The luxury was sensual, coarse, vulgar, and brutal. It exhibited horrible indulgence of the lowest passions combined with utter disregard

of the feelings of others. But we are apt to form an exaggerated idea of this luxury. There was no period in Roman history, as M. Denis* has remarked, in which there was a greater number of upright and high-minded men. These men deplored the condition of the empire in their own time and looked back on the past as a golden age in which their ancestors dwelt contentedly in humble huts, lived on simple fare, and spurned luxurious ways.

Among these admirers of the by-gone times were many of those who have portrayed their own age to us and in their picture they continually contrast the habits of their ancestors with those of their own day. We have a striking instance of this in the anecdotes collected by Valerius Maximus† in the reign of Tiberius. In the beginning of his second book he tells us how deeply religious the Romans were, never entering on any undertaking without first ascertaining the will of the gods in regard to it. The wife took her meals with her husband, she sitting while he reclined. The use of wine was unknown to women, as the Romans feared that it might lead to some disgraceful action. And whenever a quarrel arose between husband and wife, they went to the temple of the goddess Viriplaca where they laid aside their differences, and from which they always returned home in harmony. The women were modest and chaste. They prided themselves on never marrying oftener than once, and till the middle of the third century B. C. none of them had ever been divorced. Spurius Carvilius‡ was the first that divorced his wife,

*In his *Histoire des Théories et des Idées Morales dans l'Antiquité*.—J. D.—(Deh-nē.) Ferdinand. (1798 —.) A French *littérateur* and a great traveler.

†The compiler of a large collection of historical anecdotes. The subjects treated by him are so miscellaneous in character that it is impossible to give a clear idea of his books. They are valuable in a historical point of view, as many things are to be found in them not recorded elsewhere; and yet he has been shown so liable to error that implicit trust cannot be placed in his statements unless they can be corroborated by the testimony of others. Nothing is known of the personal history of the author save the circumstances told by himself that he went with Sextus Pompeius into Asia.

‡A consul in the year 234 B. C., and again in 228.

and he did this not in consequence of any infidelity on the part of a wife whom he ardently loved, but because she was barren and therefore could not serve the purpose for which wives existed. A similar high standard prevailed in the other relations of life. The older men were kindly to the younger. The younger made way for the older, waited at a banquet until they rose and went away, and showed every form of respect to gray hairs.

Such is the picture which was often drawn by the Romans. But there are many indications that there was another side to it. The father of a Roman family had at first despotic control over every member of it, his wife his sons and daughters and his slaves. And he sometimes exercised this despotism in the most savage manner. His wife was at an early period really his slave and differed from the slave only in the circumstance that her children became citizens. As a citizen shared in the property as well as the duties of the state, it was important that the community should be quite sure that he was really the son of citizens, and accordingly the utmost care was taken that the wife should be faithful to the husband. If she acted otherwise, the husband could shut her up or punish her fearfully or kill her. There was, therefore, no need for divorce. The husband had other powerful remedies at hand. And thus divorce was really a proof of advancing civilization, and we have reason to believe that Valerius Maximus is wrong in his date, and that instances of it occurred nearly a hundred years before the time of Spurius Carvilius. The husband on the other hand was according to Roman ideas under no obligation, moral or political, to restrain his passions. He could not be unfaithful to his wife. He might produce as many children as he liked by his slaves, for these children became slaves, and the wife saw no harm in it and no reason for censure.

Now how did this civilization, this wider consideration for the feelings of others arise and grow? We already have seen that the dominating conception of duty was thought for the welfare of the state. The Roman owed his principal duties to his fellow-citizens and to the state which was the aggregate of all the citizens. With the expansion, then, of the state the sphere of morals expanded. And accordingly we must consider this expansion of the state. The state

extended itself in two ways, first by the admission of foreigners to the rights of citizenship, and secondly by the enfranchisement of slaves. It was a result of the practical instinct of the Romans that the expansion of the state took place gradually but effectively in both these ways.

The political progress of Rome has been described already in these pages, and therefore only a brief allusion is necessary. First of all, the patricians bestowed their privileges one after another on the plebeians until at length the latter were full citizens and were placed on complete equality with the former, and they felt toward each other as to members of the same state. Then the Romans admitted to the citizenship many of the towns and peoples of Latium, whom they subdued; and with this came the sense that there was a moral tie between them, which was strengthened by intermarriage. These extensions of the franchise went on sporadically, but large masses were included at once within the commonwealth when in 89 B. C. the freedom of the city was conferred on all Italians. The extension still went on to provincials until finally in 212 A. D., Caracalla wiped out the last mark of distinction and declared all subjects of the Roman Empire citizens. Thus all men were placed on an equality in this respect and the feeling of connection one with another was a reality.

The same expansion took place in the case of the slaves. Often in a family the father of the family and his sons were the fathers of many of the slaves. They were thus kith and kin, and though the circumstance did not entitle these children of slave mothers to any legal privileges, yet ties of affection arose between them and the free members of the family. With the affection came the desire to the free to emancipate the slaves, and the Romans were prudent enough to make it easy to set the bondsman free. Many also of the slaves who had come from abroad had held good positions before they were taken captive, and many of them were clever. From the Roman disdain also of any occupation but that of agriculture, it happened that most of the learned professions, such as those of the doctor and teacher, were filled almost entirely by slaves. These men gained the goodwill of the masters whom they served, and often were emancipated by them, and besides they had the power of emancipating themselves. It thus became a marked feature in

Roman history that slaves were continually passing from their humble position to that of freedmen, and their children to that of free-men.

Most memorable among the Romans who supported their cause was Appius Claudius Cæcus, who was censor in 312 B. C., and consul in 307 B. C., and again in 296 B. C. We must regard him as an altogether remarkable man. He was a great general. He has left a permanent monument of himself in the Appian Way* and the Appian Aqueduct. He was probably the first Roman who wrote literary Latin prose and artistic Latin poetry. In one of his poems occurred the line that each man is the architect of his own fortune. Mommsen has shown that some Roman historian gave an entirely distorted representation of the character of the Claudii, and that his misrepresentations have perverted the ideas of modern historians of Rome in regard to their conduct. And certainly this is true of Appius Claudius Cæcus. He cannot have been the proud aristocrat which history portrays every Claudius to have been. For he broke through the bonds of conventionality and did more to elevate the freed slave and his children than any other man. He bestowed the rights of citizenship on all freedmen and distributed them throughout the tribes, and he even placed some of the sons of freedmen in the senate, to the horror of many of the nobles.

Appius must have carried the people along with him in these daring innovations, for history records that they elected the son of a freedman, Cneius Flavius, an ardent reformer and a great favorite of Appius, to one of the highest offices of the states, the curule ædileship.† A reaction afterward set in and

the measures of Appius were somewhat modified. But he had worked a permanent revolution in the Roman mind, for the Romans were prepared now to see in the slave a man who might be the ancestor of a prætor or a consul. Still as a class grew up who prided themselves on having ancestors who had filled one or more of the great official positions, this class formed an aristocracy different but as proud as the old patricians and looked down upon the rest of mankind, but especially on the freedmen and the slaves.

Cicero, notwithstanding his philosophy, shared this prejudice. The final struggle of the republic turned on this distinction of classes. The senatorial party desired to have exclusive control over the affairs of Rome. The democratic were ready to bring in men from all classes, and even from all nations, to a share of the government if only they were worthy. Cæsar, the triumphant leader of this democratic movement, showed its spirit in his actions, when he attained to power. He broke through the narrow traditions of Rome and conceived the empire as embracing all nations equally. He tried to codify the laws so that they might be known to the world. He rebuilt the old rivals of Rome, Carthage and Corinth. He gave the rights of citizenship to all doctors and teachers and he introduced into the senate freedmen and "half-barbarous" Gauls.

Augustus had not strength of mind or inclination to carry out this policy. Perhaps moved by his desire to restore the old ways of the Romans, perhaps influenced by fear, he strove to gain over the senatorial party and marked them off as a select class. This is seen, for instance, in the *Lex Papia Poppæa*,* his law relating to marriage, in which senators and their children are alone forbidden to marry freedwomen. But Augustus did not succeed in conciliating the senatorial party.

During many subsequent reigns the senate was in open or secret hostility to the emperor, and nearly every prominent Latin historian of the first two centuries of our era takes the senatorial side and breathes the haughty senatorial spirit. But the movement went

* "The celebrated road which with its branches connected Rome with all parts of central Italy. . . . It was remarkable for its substantial pavement of large and well fitting blocks and was the most picturesque of all the approaches to Rome. Numerous magnificent sepulchers lined the road. Until about twenty years ago the greater part of the road beyond the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, or between the third and eleventh milestones, was hardly distinguishable from the surrounding Campagna excepting by the ruins of the sepulchers; but, excavations in 1850-53, extending over the Appian Way from its beginning at Capena gate as far as the ancient site of Bovillæ, have reopened an interesting part of the road."

† It was the special duty of these Roman officers to hold public exhibitions and to reward or punish the actors according to their deserts. They often lavished the most exorbitant expenses upon these entertainments. The name curule, which distinguished them from the other ædiles who had charge of the public buildings, highways,

etc., was derived from the particular chair in which they sat, which was inlaid with ivory and was regarded as a symbol of authority.

* This law took its name from the two tribunes of the people, in office at the time of its adoption, Papius and Poppæus, with the former of whom the law originated.

on. The number of influential freedmen increased, and emperors sometimes trusted them more than they did the nobility in the belief that they would never aspire to the throne and plot against them. A remarkable instance of their power and prevalence is furnished by Tacitus. Complaints were made in the reign of Nero against the frauds of freedmen, and a discussion took place in the senate on the proposal to give their patrons power to deprive them of their freedom. But the proposal was rejected and the reasons assigned for its rejection were that freedmen filled the tribes and the inferior government offices, that many were attendants on magistrates and priests, that they formed part of the cohorts raised in the city, that very many of the knights and a good number of the senators drew their origin from freedmen, and that, if the freedmen were separated from the rest, the small proportion of the free-born citizens would become apparent. A still further advance was made when foreigners like the Spaniard Trajan wielded the imperial power.

The result of all this movement was to break down the barriers and distinctions which had separated man from man and to put all men on a footing of equality in respect to the claims of honesty, justice, and mercy. And while this movement was going on in regard to men, it led to a similar elevation of the position of women. Women no longer could be treated as the mere slaves of men. It was seen that they could think, act, and feel like men, and respect was paid to them for their virtues and ability.

This great human movement was stimulated in a very high degree by the philosophical doctrines, especially those of the Stoics, which took hold of the best Romans in the second century B. C. The Romans were a practical race, and the Stoic was eminently a practical philosophy. But Stoicism was dominated by views of the world and of life which were independent of nationality, locality, or station. Their doctrines were applicable to all men. All human beings were the children of one God, "for we are His offspring,"* as sang Cleanthes and Aratus.† The slave as well as the king had a soul, and

by philosophy he could raise himself to a spiritual independence which was more precious than any earthly freedom. The whole human race was one family. The world was the city of God in which all who lived uprightly were citizens. Cicero popularized the doctrines of the Stoics, though he professed himself an Academic. His book "On Duties" was an adaptation of a work of the Stoic Panætius* on the same subject to Latin readers. His other works abound in Stoic expressions of the unity of the race. We must content ourselves with a passage from the *De Finibus*† as given in Mr. Reid's translation :

It is the opinion of these philosophers that the universe is controlled by a divine will and is, if we may say so, a city and community shared by gods and men, and that every individual among us is a member of this universe, from which naturally follows this conclusion, that we should place the general interest before our own. Just as the statutes place the security of the nation before that of individuals, so a man who is good and wise and obedient to the statutes and is not unaware of what behoves him as a citizen, takes more thought for the general interest than for that of some definite person, or his own.

The same sentiments are expressed again and again in the writings of Seneca, Epictetus, Dion Chrysostomus, Plutarch, Lucian, Marcus Aurelius, and many others who flourished some time between the establishment of the empire and 180 B. C. Thus Marcus Aurelius says :

Grant this, and it follows that law is common ; if so, we are all fellow-citizens and share alike in a certain form of government. It follows that the world is as a state or city. For in what other city will it be said that the whole human race shares in common?‡

From this fundamental conception these writers deduced the necessity of righteousness, justice, and mercy among men. They advocated respect for the slave as a man, and Dion Chrysostomus pleaded for his emancipation, since slavery was contrary to nature. They inveighed against the cruel custom of infanticide. They inculcated sympathy with

* Quoted by St. Paul in his speech at Athens.—*J. D.*

† Cleanthes was a Stoic philosopher, born in Troas about 300 B. C. A hymn to Jupiter written by him is still extant, and contains some remarkable sentiments.—Aratus was a Cilician poet who flourished about 270 B. C.

* Pan-ē'she-us. A native of the Island of Rhodes, who lived in the second century B. C.

† The whole title of this book is *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*, On the End (intention or object) of Good and Evil.

‡ Crossley's translation.—*J. D.*

the poor and the duty of sharing wealth with them. They expounded the blessings of gentleness and mercy and maintained that forgiveness of offenses however grievous ought to be practiced by all men.

As they found in the slave a human being entitled to consideration and kindness, so they recognized the capacities and the worth of women. One writer in particular, *Mu so'-ni-us*, wrote much on the culture and position of women. Unfortunately only fragments of his works have come down to us, but they are notable as containing the opinions on women of thoughtful Stoics of the first century of our era. He discussed such subjects as the aim of marriage and the selection of a wife, the duties of children to their parents, and the mode of educating a young girl. He held that marriage was not a hindrance but a blessing to a philosopher, that no children should be exposed or done away with at birth, and that women ought to philosophize. In treating of the education of women he says:

If then the same virtues must pertain to men and women, it follows necessarily that the same training and education must be suitable for both. For in the case of all animals and

plants the application of the proper treatment ought to impart to each the excellence belonging to it. Or if both men and women should have to possess equal skill in playing the flute, or in performing on the harp, and if this were necessary for their livelihood we should impart to both equally the requisite instruction. But if both ought to excel in the virtue proper to mankind, and to be in an equal measure wise and temperate and to partake in courage and righteousness, the one no less than the other, shall we not educate them both in the same manner and teach both equally the art by which a human being may become good? Yes, we must act thus and no otherwise. What then? Some one will perhaps say, Would you think it right to teach men to spin wool just as you do women? and women equally with men to addict themselves to gymnastic exercises? No, this I will never approve. But I say that as in the human race men have a stronger and women a weaker nature, each of these natures should have the tasks which are most suited to it, assigned to it, and that the heavier should be allotted to the stronger and the lighter to the weaker.*

In our next paper we shall see how the Romans reduced these principles to practice.

* Dr. Muir's translation.—*J. D.*

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

BY ARLO BATES.

"**H**E had the greatness which belongs to a life spent in struggling against powerful wrong," says George Eliot's "*Romola*" of Savonarola, "and in trying to raise men to the highest deeds they are capable of." These words might serve to epitomize the career of the wonderful man whom Florence martyred and upon whose grave the Florentine children still strew violets.

Girolamo Savonarola* was born at Ferrara in 1452, of a good family, and was brought up for the first ten years of his life by his grandfather, who was a distinguished physician. It was the wish of the boy's father that he also should follow the study of medicine, but as Girolamo grew older he became more and more absorbed in religious thought and

in the feeling that both the church and the government were working to ruin Italy. He became visionary and oppressed with a morbid conviction that there was nothing save evil left in the world; and at last at the age of twenty-three, he secretly left his home and entered a Dominican convent at Bologna.

It is supposed that at first he had no definite idea of becoming a monk, but after a year's novitiate he took the white robe of the Dominicans,* and thenceforth was employed in various convents, first as a teacher and afterward as a preacher. His first visit to Florence was not noticed by the public of that

* *Je-ro'lä-mo Sa-von-a-ro-la*. The given name is the Italian equivalent of the English Jerome.

* *Do-min'i-cans*. An order of preachers, or friars, founded by St. Dominic (1170-1221), at Toulouse, France. They were afterward called the Black Friars in England from their black dress, and the Jacobins in France. "They combined with monastic vows the utmost activity in preaching and in other clerical work."

busy city, but when in 1490, he came for a second time and preached in the garden of the convent of San Marco,* he quickly aroused the attention of the whole town.

The substance of the discourses, which by their fire and power kept for the next three years the whole city in a ferment, was that the church must be purified, that God would scourge Italy for her wickedness, and that their judgments would not be long delayed. The church of the monastery to which he was forced to remove, proved too small to contain the people who flocked to hear him, and he took at the command of his superiors the pulpit of the great cathedral, the Duomo, and here he swayed by his wonderful oratory the thousands who gathered not alone from the city but from all the country around to hear the marvelous monk.

To understand what followed it is necessary to know something of the peculiar government of Florence. Nominally the sway of the people was the supreme law. The guilds, or trades-unions, of the city elected magistrates, who in turn elected every two months eight officers called *Priori* and the chief magistrate who was called from the great standard which he was supposed to guard, the *Gonfalonier*. In cases of importance the people were summoned by the ringing of the great bell in the Pallazio Vecchio† to hold in a public square a sort of parliament, where by acclamation was chosen a commission called a *balia*, which represented the will of the people. It was not difficult for skillful politicians, prepared beforehand, to control the selection of this *balia*, and thus what was designed to be the safeguard of the liberty of the people became a means to its enslavement. The great family of the Medici, merchants of enormous wealth and the widest connections, by the use of this and other means had come to be the absolute masters of Florence. Having nominally no authority in the government, they yet held the destinies of the city in their

hands and were recognized at home and abroad as its rulers. They worked through the *Priori* and the magistrates, but they determined peace or war, levied taxes, and exercised all the functions of hereditary lords.

It was not for one with the passionate sense of honesty and the burning devotion to freedom which Savonarola possessed, to endure this lordship lightly. In 1491, the year before Lorenzo de' Medici died, the monk was made prior of San Marco, and he showed his feelings toward the powerful family by refusing to pay to that prince the customary formal visit by which a new prior recommended his convent to his favor; and as time went on he did not hesitate to attack in the pulpit the power which the Medici had usurped in Florence. His dream of freeing Florence from the tyranny which had come to be all but absolute, began to grow in his mind. More and more his discourses became political in their character, as it became more and more the conviction of his ardent mind that religious purification only could come with political freedom. The ideas which were gathering within him took complete possession of his mind. He conceived himself directly commissioned of God to free the city and to cleanse the church; and as his enthusiasm waxed ever greater, he began to see visions and believe himself to have miraculous messages from heaven.

Meanwhile the political condition of Italy was every day becoming more troubled. The death of Lorenzo de' Medici had left not only Florence without a competent leader, but it has removed the power which held all Italy in check. Piero de' Medici, who succeeded to the headship of Florentine affairs, was not capable of controlling so turbulent a country as was Italy at this time. Ludovico, the Moor,* held at Milan the throne, nominally as regent but really as usurper; and when Naples joined with Florence in calling him to account he played the bold game of calling Charles VIII., of France, to enforce an old claim to the throne of Naples. In this Ludovico was seconded by a party of Florentines who at one time and another had been

*Adjacent to the present church of San Marco (St. Mark's) "is the entrance to the once far-famed Monastery of San Marco, now suppressed. . . . It was decorated by Fra Angelico (1387-1455) with these charming frescoes which to this day are unrivaled in their portrayal of profound and devoted piety. The painter Fra Bartolomeo and the powerful preacher Savonarola were once inmates of this monastery."—*Badeker's "Northern Italy."*

† *Pa-lat'so Vek'-kyo*. "A castle-like building with projecting battlements, originally the seat of the Signoria, the government of the republic (of Florence), subsequently the residence of Cosimo I., and now used as a town-hall. It was erected in 1298."

* "At Milan, in 1476, the cruel Duke Galeazzo Maria was assassinated by three young men near the church of St. Stephen. Giovanni Galeazzo (jo-van'nee gale-at'so), his son, a minor, married a daughter of the king of Naples. But his uncle, Ludovico il Moro, had seized on power and ruled in the name of Giovanni (1480). He imprisoned Giovanni and his young wife."—*Fisher's "Outlines of Universal History."*

banished from home at the instigation of the house of Medici. Pope Alexander IV., just elected, probably from the policy of checking the power of Naples and bringing it to his own feet, also encouraged the advent of Charles; while the cardinal of San Pietro (St. Peter), afterward Pope Julius II., incited the French king to come to Italy in the character of enemy to Alexander.

In Florence, Savonarola continued his political discourses, and in the autumn of 1494 he boldly preached that Charles was the instrument appointed by the Lord to save Florence from the hand of Piero, who meanwhile was looking to the threatened war as the means by which his hold upon the city could be made tangible and open as it was real. He aimed at an acknowledged lordship, and the sagacity of Savonarola was too great for him to fail to see what direction the ambition of the head of the Medici was taking. The whole city was full of plot and of counter-plot; as, indeed, was all Italy. Openly the party which was held together by the powerful personality and the wonderful eloquence of Savonarola was the most powerful after that of the Medici; and the whole city was shaken with the vehemence of the monk's denunciations of the corruptness of the times and predictions of the cleansing of Italy by the coming of the scourge of God in the person of Charles, a person about as poorly fitted to play that part, had Savonarola but known, as well could be imagined. The French entered Italy, demanding a passage through Tuscany, which Piero, true to his alliance with Naples, refused. By the advice of Ludovico, Charles then took the way along the sea-coast, and despite the prohibition of Piero, pushed on into Tuscan territory.

It was then that Piero took the step which led to his ruin. Charles took pains to let it be understood that he regarded the prohibition of his request as coming not from the Florentine people, but from the Medici; and pressed by the openly expressed enmity of the popular party at home and terrified by the fact that in an attempt to enforce his orders three hundred Florentine horsemen had been put to flight by the soldiers of Charles, Piero, with a folly akin to madness, put into the hands of the French for the period of their stay in Italy, the five fortresses, Sarsanna, Sarsanello, Pisa, Libbrafratta, and Leghorn. This attempt to purchase the favor of the invaders put the whole of Tuscany

into their power; and when it was known in Florence the rage of the people was frantic. Only the personal influence of Savonarola prevented it from breaking out in acts of violence, since it would well have suited the temper of the populace to sack the splendid palaces of the Medici. An embassy was sent from Florence to Charles. Savonarola was a member of it, and improved the opportunity to impress upon the French king a sense of his divine mission to restore freedom to Italy, threatening him with the direst vengeance of heaven if he failed to fulfill this high commission. He talked to a man who was capable of superstitious fear, but neither of reverence nor of honesty. The embassy was dismissed with small satisfaction, and Charles listened more kindly to the offer of Piero de' Medici to give him 200,000 ducats if he would confirm him in the sovereignty of Florence.

The ambassadors returned to the city in no very pleased mood, and Piero, coming soon after, found the gates closed in his face; when he managed to enter the city and endeavored to incite an uprising in his favor, he was obliged to flee for his life, while the mob sacked the superb palace of the Medici, stored with the priceless collections gathered by Lorenzo the Magnificent.

There were recognized at this time three parties in Florence, of which the names at least are familiar to the readers of "*Romola*." The supporters of the Medici were called the *Pal-les'chi* from the three balls, *palle*, which made the arms of the Medici, and from which is derived the sign of the pawnbroker of the present time. The followers of Savonarola, the party which had since the death of Lorenzo disputed the supremacy of the government of the city in the Signoria* with the *Pal-leschi*, were popularly known as the *Pi-ä-gno'-ni*, a derisive term signifying the weepers and alluding to the piety which was so intimately interwoven with the politics of the monk. The third party was that of the nobles who opposed the Medici and who were even more cordial in their hatred of the *Piagnoni*. From their violence they were named by Fra Girolamo the *Ar-ra-bi-at'ta*, the rabid or the infuriated.

On the 17th of November, Charles entered the city in the midst of pomp which was somewhat dampened by an inopportune

* Seen-yo'ri-a. The board of rulers in the government.

shower. He assumed all the airs of a conqueror, and the Florentines soon found that it was far easier to get the French into their city than out of it. Charles found it for his advantage to affect at least a strong inclination toward the Medici, and when the treaty was at last concluded, as it was largely by the offices of Savonarola, the specifications included a pledge that the Florentines should pay the French king 120,000 florins, and that Piero de' Medici should be pardoned upon acknowledging allegiance to republican Florence.

The French having been got rid of, it was needful to reorganize the government. In the latter part of the year 1494 there was a new development of the leaning of Savonarola to politics. In the words of George Eliot, "He was rapidly passing in his sermons from the general to the special—from telling his hearers that they must postpone their private passions and interests to the public good, to telling them precisely what sort of a government they must have in order to promote the good—from 'choose whatever is best of all' to 'choose the Great Council.'"^{*} The old council had been abolished, and an attempt to get on with a council of twenty was tried. The state was in a condition not far from anarchy; and Savonarola declared that a Great Council similar to that of Venice and chosen directly by the people was the thing needed for the salvation of Florence. Asked to preach before the Signoria upon the remodeling of the government, he insisted upon four things: the fear of God, to be shown in a reform of individuals; universal peace and oblivion of all injuries; the love of the republic, and subverting all else to its welfare; the establishing of a purely republican form of government. He believed and preached that the government of the city might and should be a true theocracy, with God at its head as in the times when He led Israel in a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day.

He was now at the height of his influence. The Great Council, consisting of a thousand members, was established as he desired, and an inner council of eighty was chosen from these to act, the whole body being too large for practical work. In the following August, Savonarola took a step which was thoroughly for the public good, yet which resulted to his infinite injury. The Piagnoni were in the ascendancy in the councils and they consulted him in a way which made his power quite as autocratic as that he had so

deplored in the Medici. He effected the abolishing of the popular parliaments of the citizens, which had been so fruitful of evil in the past, but which were dear to the popular heart.

The enemies of Savonarola, steadily laboring against him, were given a dangerous opportunity of doing him harm in the struggle over Pisa. Charles, after a varied career through southern Italy, was on his way back to France, when he was met at Pisa by Fra Girolamo, who demanded that according to treaty that fortress should be given up to the Florentines. The French king hesitated, despite the most appalling threat of divine vengeance which Savonarola poured upon him in case of refusal; and in the end he went on his way, leaving the Pisans, who detested the Florentine rule, to fight for their liberty—the quarrel being one not settled until long after Savonarola had been ashes. This incident was used to the disadvantage of the monk, and his enemies managing by combination to get a majority in the Council, had the Frate* publicly questioned in regard to his orthodoxy. A discussion resulted which was apparently fruitless, but which did Savonarola the great injury of setting him before the public as one who could be doubted and questioned; and as the whole attitude of the preacher had become that of one who spoke under direct inspiration, and who, consequently, could not err, this in itself was a blow to his authority.

The influence of the monk was still tremendous. During the carnival time of 1496 and 1497 troops of boys under his orders went about the city gathering whatever might minister to sensuous delight and burning the spoils upon a "pyramid of vanities"; the most splendid dresses, rare books, works of art, and things of great value being sacrificed in this mad fanaticism. In October of the former year an incident which by his followers was received as a miracle, told also in his favor. There was a famine in the city, and Pisa, assisted by the troops of the German Emperor Maximilian, had succeeded in blocking the way of the Florentines to the sea. A solemn procession was held, and Savonarola proclaimed instant relief, and in the very midst of the procession a horseman came riding in with the news that the corn galleys had been able to make their way to a safe landing at Leghorn.

* The Italian word for brother, applied to the friars.

The enemies of the Frate now turned their attention to Rome, and succeeded in procuring from the Pope a command that Savonarola should not preach; and when some months later the monk disobeyed this order, they induced the Pope to excommunicate him. So accustomed were the Florentines of that day, however, to excommunications, that this had no great effect other than to unloose the vials of Savonarola's wrath against the corruption of the church.

The plots of the friends of the Medici were unceasing, and the discovery of one of these schemes in February 1497, led to the act which is the darkest blot upon the life of Savonarola. Among those implicated were five members of the Signoria. The trial of political offenses had of old been before the eight Priori, six votes being necessary for conviction. Savonarola himself had procured the passage of a law allowing those so sentenced to appeal to the Grand Council, where they needed a two-thirds vote for acquittal. The five conspirators were men of influence and rank; they had been sentenced by their political enemies, and the case was exactly such a one as the law had been framed to cover; and yet when the five prisoners claimed the right of appeal, it was denied them. Francesco Valori, Savonarola's right hand man politically, so to say, was a bitter enemy of Bernardo del Nero, the most prominent of the accused, and it is supposed that it was largely through his influence that the decision of the monk was taken. The five were executed, and it was the beginning of the end of the dominion of Savonarola in Florence. The people of the city felt in the action that he betrayed his own principles of justice, and they turned from him visibly. He felt the approach of his own ruin, and misfortune fell upon him in the failure of various predictions which he was rash enough to make. The Pope intercepted letters in which Savonarola urged the calling of a council for the purpose of deposing the Pontiff, and the Franciscans, always bitter enemies of the monk, took advantage of one of his rash assertions to bring about a new disaster. Savonarola in one of his discourses had declared that God would preserve him even amid a fiery ordeal; and pretending to take the words literally, the Franciscans offered one of their number to walk through the flames with one of Savonarola's preachers to prove which was

an impostor. The matter set the excitable Florentines in a blaze, and although Savonarola from the first fought against the ordeal of fire, he was forced to consent that the trial take place. When the time came, however, the forenoon was spent in bickerings, it being by most historians supposed either that the monks were really terrified when they came into the presence of the actual flames, or that the whole scheme was by the enemies of the Frate intended from the first to be a fiasco. In any case, a storm put an end to the trial, and so enraged was the fickle mob at being disappointed of the spectacle, that it was with difficulty that Savonarola was defended from their anger.

The enemies of Savonarola were determined not to lose their opportunity, and they stirred up the mob until that night the enraged rabble attacked the convent of San Marco. Several lives were lost; Savonarola and two of his monks were arrested by order of the Signoria; and the reign of the monk had ended in blood.

The trial of the Frate occupied ten days, but its conclusion was evident from the first. He was charged with disobedience to the Pope, with deceiving the people by false prophecies, and of seeking his own aggrandizement in the name of the state. He was seven times put to the torture, and he confessed to any thing, his sensitive nature being unable to endure the horrible agony. He denied his confessions, was made to reaffirm them on the rack, and the pretexts of murdering him were arranged as well as might be. On the twenty-eighth of April, Savonarola and his two companions were strangled and their bodies burned to ashes.

It is impossible here to go into an examination of all the complexities of the character of Savonarola, but it would be unjust to history to fail to add that despite the extent to which he was carried away by his sense of his divine mission, it is impossible to believe that he was consciously inspired by any thing save a holy zeal for the church and for his country. His life and his teachings were of the purest, and he labored for the regeneration of Italy. His personal influence was enormous, and had he been unscrupulous he easily could have put himself so firmly at the head of the Florentine state that his enemies could not dislodge him. He claimed much, but also he did much; and for his mistakes he paid with his life.



MAP QUIZ.

1. Into how many different states was Italy divided in the seventeenth century?
2. In extent of territory, how did the Papal States compare with the remaining states?
3. What part of Italy did the French first control? (See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March, p. 639.)
4. Locate the city in which the Sicilian Vespers began.
5. Were there any strictly inland states in the Italy of the seventeenth century?
6. What states were on the Mediterranean Sea?
7. What states were washed by the Adriatic Sea?
8. To what extent do the natural boundaries of the Alps and Appennines serve as political boundaries on this map?
9. What states were drained by the Po and its tributaries?
10. Under what duchy was Piedmont in the seventeenth century?
11. Of what duchy was Florence the capital?
12. To which state did Ravenna belong?
13. Locate Ferrara, where Tasso sang?
14. In what states were Magenta and Solferino?
15. Find the cities which Harrison says (top of page 4, present issue) contain rotunda churches.
16. Where is Tivoli, famous for its circular temple?
17. Locate all of the cities to be found on the map, mentioned by Harrison as containing campaniles (page 4, present issue).
18. Find the cities which Harrison mentions as containing "great Italian pointed cathedrals" (page 5, present issue).

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[April 6.]

LIFE begins, continues, and ends with dreams, from the sleeping smile in the cradle, to the babbling of the death-bed, as worn-out nature sinks into the last sleep of all. The mind is never at rest, and never was meant to be so. Nor are there any bounds or prohibitions as to the sweep of thought, except the limits of its own power. Wings were meant for flight, and God made those of the spirit as well as any others. All around, Truth, like a veiled Isis,* invites men to lift the veil if they can.

The freedom of thought that marks our day is one of its noblest characteristics. The Divine Right of Priests has gone the way of the Divine Right of Kings. Syllabuses and Encyclicals from whatever Pope, collective or single, are ignored.

Used wisely, this grand independence and liberty has in it the seeds of all progress; abused, it leads to all extravagance and evil. The discovery of new truth is most precious, but nothing is more hurtful than lawless speculation. In our own day we have both. The restlessness of the mind, never contented with what it has, craves the action, hope, suspense, and excitement of pursuit, rather than acquisition. Reaction from the imprudence of dogmatism, which by asking us to believe too much has led many to believe too little, has also had great influence in driving men away from Revelation.

Differing from them, we must not fall into narrow restrictiveness. Speculative error does not necessarily affect character. The heart is often sounder than the head, and the life may demand sympathy we must refuse the opinions.

Speculation has, and can have, only a limited range. Philosophy must move in a circle, and can only combine existing materials if it seek novelty. The ancients have stolen all our best thoughts, ages ago, and the

prophets of to-day must be content to borrow the vamped-up systems of the past. New religions, like the leaves of succeeding summers, spring from the decay of those that have gone before.

The one most in vogue in our day is a modified form of Pantheism*—the oldest dream of the mind and heart in religious philosophy. Coming down through immemorial ages from the plains of early India, it has captivated thinkers of different schools, and has colored many opposite systems. At times hardly more than a poetical dream, it has at others shown itself as a dreary Atheism, and while held in some partial way by Christian mystics on the one hand, it has allied itself with all that is most destructive and hurtful in Paganism on the other. You have in Emerson the worst excesses of the school of Hegel.† Thomas Carlyle may have, at times, the grand but sad tone of a stoic like Marcus Aurelius; but he distinctly repudiates Pantheism. The elasticity of the system, its apparent novelty, its vagueness, its air of philosophic depth, its room for sentiment and poetry, its very audacity, in some cases—and above all, the literary attractions in which it has been presented, have given it great power for a generation past, especially among young men.

In Mr. Carlyle's case, a lofty earnestness has helped to win over ingenuous minds. Like the old Stoics, he feels life unspeakably real, and never fails to urge the loftiest maxims of morality, and the sacredness of diligent work. Mr. Emerson, on the other hand, tells us that man has to learn "that he is here, not to work, but to be worked upon"—so that in this, as in many things else, he represents extreme results which are in direct contradiction to Mr. Carlyle's teaching. The two are the best illustrations we have of modern thought, and its most popular teach-

*The great Egyptian goddess, wife of Osiris, the god of the Nile. She taught the people the cultivation of wheat and barley; which always were carried in the processions at her festivals, and the people, looking upon her as the goddess of the earth, called her their mother. She always is represented as being exceedingly beautiful.

*"The doctrine that the universe taken or conceived of as a whole, is God; the doctrine that there is no God but the combined forces and laws which are manifested in the existing universe."

†(Hä'gel.) George Wilhelm Friedrich. (1770-1831.) One of the greatest philosophers of the German school of metaphysics.

ers, among young men; let us try to see what it really is, especially as expounded most fully by Mr. Emerson. First, however, let me sketch as briefly as possible the modern sources from which he has borrowed. It may be tedious to some to do so, but others will thank me.

[April 13.]

Immanuel Kant,* who, first, in modern times, established Idealism, or Transcendentalism as it is sometimes called, may be taken as the new source of this philosophic religion, though many intermixtures from other sources, sometimes very different, are found in its utterances. The name Transcendentalism has in it the central idea of Kant's system—meaning, that which transcends or rises above experimental knowledge, and is determined, *à priori*,† without argument or proof, in regard to the principles and subjects of human knowledge. His fundamental doctrine is that we know nothing from without, but only from within the mind, and that we know nothing certainly except our own consciousness, that is, that we are. We have *ideas* respecting the appearances around us, but our knowledge of them is simply a knowledge of the forms with which the mind itself clothes them. Of the reality of the apparent objects themselves we can know nothing. We act according to the necessity of our constitution, drawing certain conclusions, and these only, from the data nature affords. But that these conclusions, the uniform testimony of our senses, agree with external truth, cannot be proved. If the laws of our mental action were changed, we would, according to Kant, see every thing changed around us. Man is the self-complete, independent unit, amidst a universe of shadows.

This principle laid down, Kant found himself charged with Atheism, which he repudiated. It was urged that, if we can know nothing certainly outside ourselves, the existence of God and the great doctrine of man's relation to Him cannot be proved. Revelation, of course, could not be acknowledged, since it must needs come from *without*. Shrinking from the desolation of a universe in which man alone existed, amidst illusions

and shadows, with nothing possible to be proved but his own being, he sought to save himself by demanding that the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the freedom of the will, be admitted as first truths, as the existence of man himself had been, already. They must be conceded, though they could not be proved, as the necessary basis of a system of morals.

The active faculties of the mind he classed under two great divisions—the Understanding, which finds its fit ministry in inductive study, as of the physical sciences; and, as a far higher agency, what he called Pure Reason—which is to guide us intuitively into the knowledge of “absolute” truth. Understanding watches and notes the phenomena around us. Pure Reason combines its judgments, and draws general conclusions. Our “conceptions” are derived immediately from experience, and hence may be fitly used in the pursuit of science. But the far nobler office of “Reason” is to generalize its conclusions and create “ideas,” which are the appointed means of regulating the “Understanding,” which can never, by itself, conduct us to essential truth. Thus, the Understanding is left to the drudgery of life, while “Reason” controls all its higher interests. It is not likely you can follow all this, for Fichte* himself, Kant's successor, confesses that he thinks no one can comprehend the great philosopher's writings if he does not know beforehand what they contain. It seems impossible to define authoritatively what “Pure Reason” means. Carlyle tries it, and states a great truth; but Pantheism needs more. “The province of the Understanding,” he says, “is of the earth, earthly; it has to do only with real, practical, and material knowledge—mathematics, physics, political economy, and such like, but must not step beyond. On the other hand, it is the province of Reason to discern virtue, true poetry, or that God exists. Its domain lies in that higher region whither logic or argument cannot reach; in that holier region where poetry, virtue, and divinity abide; in whose presence understanding wavers and recoils, dazzled into utter darkness by that sea of light, at once the fountain and the termination of all true knowledge.” Reason, whatever it be, is to investigate and decide on all religious questions. Our instincts are

* (1724-1804.) A German metaphysician.

† A Latin expression meaning from the cause to the effect.

* (Fik'teh.) Johann Gottlieb. (1762-1814.) Also a German.

to be our only standard and source of faith. Vague intuitions and impulses, which differ with education and circumstances, and are colored, clouded, disturbed, or blighted by a thousand contingencies, are to decide, without appeal, in morals and belief. Such is Kant's system in its practical bearings. There can be no "Revelation"; we must be content with the light of our own nature. "The wintry light of the understanding," "the despotism of the senses," is to be renounced, and "free and ample leave to be given to the spontaneous sentiment, if we would be great"; "the low views and utilitarian hardness of men are owing to their working on the world with the understanding only." "The doors of the temple stand open day and night, before every man, and the oracles of the truth cease never; yet it is guarded by one condition; this, namely, it is an intuition." So says Mr. Emerson. This hard word "intuition" he often interchanges with the more familiar name "genius"; which may help us a little to the views of the new religion. "The spontaneous intuitions of positive reason," to use a sentence of Kant's, "are the *standard in the soul* by which we are to judge the claims of any objects of adoration or article of belief."

But is it true that reason can create for man a religion, and that he need be under no obligation to his Maker for any help in the matter? If so, why is this grand fact so powerless on mankind? Why have we never seen any proof of its truth in any age?

[April 20.]

As it accepts and rests on Kant's theory of "Pure Reason," so the new religion adopts his teachings on the basis of knowledge, with equal fervor. I must again take Mr. Emerson as its fullest exponent. "A noble doubt," says he, "perpetually suggests itself whether nature outwardly exists. It is a sufficient account of *that appearance we call the world*, that God will teach a human mind, and so make it the receiver of a certain number of *congruent sensations* which we call sun and moon, man and woman, house and trade. In my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses, to know whether the impressions they make on me correspond with outlying objects, what difference does it make whether Orion* is up there in heaven,

or some god paints the image on the firmament of the soul?" "Nature is a phenomenon, not a substance"; the universe is "the great apparition shining so peacefully on us." He mixes and confounds the teachings of opposite schools into a mysterious jargon at which common sense must smile. Read the words again, and they will need no reply.

After Kant came Fichte as the next hierarch* of German philosophy. Checked by no such fear of consequences as Kant, he at once discarded the fundamental truths that philosopher had assumed as necessary, while confessing their incapability of proof. He reduces our only certain knowledge to that of our own existence, which he granted as a first truth. The formula of Descartes†—*Cogito, ergo sum*, I think, therefore I am—was virtually the motto of Fichte. But the absolute solitude of man in the universe, thus implied, left its countless phenomena unexplained. The empty infinite must be filled with at least the appearance of intelligent force, and for this, Pantheism offered the needed help. Cherished for immemorial ages along the ancient rivers of the East, it had come westward before the days of Plato, and had been through the history of early philosophy the favorite doctrine of the few, while Polytheism held the mass. Its dreamy vagueness, and the scope it gives for sentiment, always has made it attractive with some, but it is too abstract and impractical ever to reach mankind at large. In modern times it owes its revival in Western Europe mainly to Spinoza,‡ from whom Fichte borrowed and introduced it into current philosophy once again. As a middle position between the acceptance of a personal god and the black vacuity of Atheism, he adopted the Pantheistic doctrine of one absolute existence in all things—in the ME, that is, in man; and in the NOT ME, that is, the universe at large—an undefined and undefinable essence pervading all things, like Plato's soul of the world. Man and creation were thus alike conceded a spiritual existence; not a material, however. A pervading soul, one in man and in the universe around, was the single mysterious fact admitted. Of this all—

* (Hi-e-rark.) "One who rules or has authority in sacred things."

† (Dā-kart.) René. (1596-1650.) A French philosopher and mathematician.

‡ (Spē-nō'za.) Benedict. (1632-1677.) A Dutch philosopher of Jewish extraction.

* The brightest constellation in the northern heavens.

inhabiting force, man is the highest manifestation, and consequently above all the universe outside himself. A revelation is hence a contradiction, since man is himself the supreme embodiment of the Divine. It is an affront to our nature to speak of it.

Schelling* came next, and pushed Pantheism still further. Not only are the mind and external nature, according to him, only parts of the one universal existence—he claimed for “intuition” that it taught that man, as the highest manifestation of the Divine principle, learns in the working of his own thought the secret of this principle; that is, that thought is the same as creation, so that what we see is only an humbler repetition by nature of what we do in all the processes of the mind. Man is raised high over the universe as the Supreme Intelligence, that is, as God.

The mantle of philosophy next rested on the shoulders of Hegel, whose jungle of metaphysical refinements has seemed so much in advance of all before, that his disciples have applied to him the words, “When that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.” Not willing to grant even the solitary postulate of our own being, he started from the gloomy premises that neither the existence of the world nor our own can be certainly known. All that we are sure of lies in the relations between the mind and what it looks at. To form an idea there must be two opposites. If you think of a tree, both the tree and the mind are required, and from the relation of the two the idea of the tree rises. Ideas thus derived are the only realities in the universe. But as man alone is capable of this creation of ideas, which are only another word for thought, he is God. Thought is the only existence, and as man alone thinks, there is no other God but human thought, which, moreover, is continually developing and advancing. Our thought and God are two names for the same things.

Here, then, we have reached the highest flight of Transcendentalism, and it gives us a universe in which ideas alone are real, and the human mind is the only God. Man, a dream, looks out on a world of dreams! Pantheism developed to its final results leaves us in universal scepticism, or rather reasons every thing out of existence, unless

the ghosts called ideas be reckoned as substances.

Thus, in Mr. Emerson's writings, along with Kant's Idealism, we have all the varying dreams of his pantheistic successors. He believes in no intelligent existence but man, and that the universe is only the reflection of our own thoughts from so many shadows and apparitions. Rejecting a personal god, he takes man as the highest manifestation of the Divine, though he shares it in common with all creation, living and dead.

[April 27.]

The new religion, having turned its back on Revelation, finds no rest in any one system. It wears a motley show borrowed of speculation. It is half inclined to believe in Transmigration. As the Brahmin fancies he existed in other forms on earth before the present life, and that, unless specially pleasing to Brahma,* he will have still further migrations hereafter, so Mr. Emerson speaks of “the Deity sending each soul into nature, to perform one more turn through the circle of beings”—language which a Hindoo would think very orthodox.

There is something very sad in the following confession of darkness and ignorance, after all the wild talk of our being “part of God,” as to our future destiny. “I cannot tell if these wonderful qualities which house to-day in this mortal frame, shall ever reassemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have before had a natural history like that of this body you see before you; but this one thing I know, that these *qualities* did not now begin to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in any grave; but that they circulate through the universe.” The confidence of one page is lost in the other; bold dogmatizing fades into timorous doubt, until we are left by this new dispensation in blank ignorance and uncertainty as to eternity. Compared to this, how unspeakably grand the composure with which Christianity looks on death, and turns the close of life into a triumph! Set over against it the chant of St. Paul, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to

*One of the great gods of the Hindoos. He is the personification of the creative power, as the other great gods, Siva and Vishnu, are of the preserving and the destroying power. The three form the Hindoo triad.

*Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph, Von. (1775-1854.) A German

God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is little to me to be told that, though I must cease to be, nature will continue the same, and that all that lives is only a cloud which the ocean gave, but will soon reclaim, or that all the universe, seen and unseen, is like the little shells cast out from the depths of the shoreless sea; seen for an hour—but to be washed back again by retiring tides.

Freedom of the will, which alone redeems our nature from mere mechanical instincts, and makes us at once accountable and rational, has no place in this school. Since "the human race is God in distribution," no power from without can influence us either for good or evil. This gospel knows no hope. For immortality it gives us annihilation; for moral freedom it proclaims only the irresponsible working of blind machines; and for Providence we have Fate.

The different qualities of actions necessarily cease with the extinction of free will. To do right, or to do wrong, carries no blame. No rites or forms of worship of any kind can be expected from a philosophy which gathers into one the worst and the best, with equal approval. Very general instructions alone can be given. We are to let our hearts throb with the throbbing heart of nature, and to commune with the spirits of the stars, and woods, and fields; but what this means we are not informed more closely.

It might be expected that the new religion wholly rejects such restraints as the positive morals of the Bible. Churches and Sunday-schools are only food for a sneer, and benevolent associations only so many modes

of folly. Prayer is supremely ridiculous.

Having heard from the lips of its chief apostle the doctrines and characteristics of the new religion—what shall we say of it? Can we accept it as true when tried at the bar of philosophy itself? Assuredly we cannot. The same process of thought by which it reaches the belief that self exists, carries us on to the idea of a great first cause. Pantheism is the first step in an argument, with the rest wanting, and stands useless as a broken arch. Does it satisfy the demands of the imagination in things of religion—those demands which are pictures reflected from the heart on the brain? Assuredly not. Do its doctrines meet any better fate when tried by the standard to which they appeal, "the moral sentiment" of the race? The testimony in each of us to the prevalence of law, the obligation of right, the consequences of wrong, the perpetual government of an invisible God, the need of redemption, and the inexpressible grandeur and fitness of the revealed future, frown down the monstrous untruthfulness of its theology and morals.

Is it desirable, or is it not, that this philosophy be accepted as better than Christianity, or should we still cleave to the old?—*Dr. Cunningham Geikie.**

*(Geë-ke.) (1826 —.) A Scottish clergyman. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh. Coming to Canada, he was made pastor of a church near Toronto, and later of one in Halifax. In 1862 he returned to England and held a pastorate at Sunderland. Taking orders in the Church of England in 1876, he has since held rectorships at Paris and at Barnstable. He is a prominent leader in the Low Church, and is the author of several religious works. His "Life of Christ" has passed through twenty-five editions.

RISING BULGARIA.

BY ALBERT SHAW, Ph. D.

FOR ten years the eyes of Europe have been turned upon Bulgaria. Just emerged from centuries of Turkish rule, these people so long reputed a dull, stolid subject race have been touched as by magic with the spirit of progress. Their sudden development of capacity and of high aspiration has won the enthusiastic admiration of discriminating men, and has forced the respect of great powers and small powers alike.

The burning center of European politics is

so remote from our country, and a clear knowledge of the Balkan States and their conditions is so unusual among us, that we have come short of a full recognition of the claims that Bulgaria possesses to our friendship and sympathy. The Bulgarians have seemed to lack those qualities that in times past have won for the Poles or the Hungarians the keen sympathy of intelligent and imaginative people everywhere. Simply a subject Christian race in European Turkey, ethnologically

Finnish, in language Slavonic,* living in agricultural village groups, working gloomily and patiently, yielding to the exactions of the Turkish tax-gatherers, Christians in name but with strange infusions of Mohammedanism and of Persian paganism, more Asiatic than European, with almost no literary fragments and with an inferior stock of national songs, traditions, and folk-lore,—such were the Bulgarians as the world knew them fifteen years ago. Their towns were squalid Asiatic villages. Their farming was that of the primitive period when these and the other tribes of Central and Eastern Europe came from Asiatic highlands.

How were new life and hope kindled in the Bulgarian spirit? Probably Russia is to be credited with the principal influence. Russian development had been very rapid. The religious enthusiasm of Russia began to be aroused for kindred peoples, of the same faith and of similar speech, who were under the domination of the Turk. Russia had begun to press against the Mohammedans in Asia, was sending thousands of pilgrims yearly to the Holy Sepulcher and the Jordan, was developing the spirit of a new crusade, and had fairly conceived of the struggle as lying between the holy orthodox Greek Church† led by Russia, and the Mohammedan faith as sustained by the Turkish Empire. Naturally the Russians became possessed of the idea that it was their mission to aid their brethren of the European Turkish provinces, and eventually to drive the Turks out of Europe. Thus they already had secured for Servia a position of semi-independence in the empire; and they began now to send their agents and emissaries, religious and political, into Bulgaria.

* (Sla-vo-n'ic.) Pertaining to the *Sclavi*, an ancient people living in that part of Austria and Turkey which lies between the rivers Save and Drave. The term is now applied particularly to the language spoken in Russia, Poland, Bulgaria, Bohemia, etc. It is also written Slavonic.

† The Greek Church "includes the church within the Ottoman Empire subject to the patriarch of Constantinople, the church in the kingdom of Greece, and the Russo-Greek Church. It formally separated from the Roman Church in 1054. They dissent from the doctrine that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son (*Filioque*), reject the papal claims to supremacy, and administer the full eucharist to the laity." In other respects they agree with the Romanists. The Greek Church has been the established church of Russia since the time of the conversion to Christianity of King Vladimir the Great, 988. The reports of the magnificence and impressiveness of the ritual of the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, as made by his ambassadors, led him to decide in its favor over the Romish Church.

The so-called Pan-Slavist agitation began in earnest. The Bulgarians grew less patient under the yoke. Their priests became Bulgarian patriots.

A less aggressive, but perhaps not less deeply potential, influence stirred the Bulgarian nationality from an entirely different quarter. As the result of American missionary enterprise, Robert College* had been founded upon the Bosphorus near Constantinople. The largest element among its students was Bulgarian. These boys learned the English language, learned modern history, found out, to their astonishment and grief, how deeply sunk their own people were, and went back to Bulgaria with a spirit that I can compare to nothing else than that which we have called "the spirit of '76." Broad-minded, great-hearted Americans, descendants of the fathers of this republic, were the teachers of these Bulgarian boys, and they inspired in them a courage and a manliness, the subsequent growths and achievements of which have astonished the world. They found their pupils a sturdy stock, with powers of endurance and steady application, and with a capacity for the highest and best things,—strong especially in their moral natures and in virile spirit. These boys, taught by Americans on the Bosphorus, were destined to play a great part in the emancipation and development of Bulgaria.

It was through Robert College and its pupils that Mr. Gladstone and the English liberals learned the truth about the frightful massacres and atrocities perpetrated among the Bulgarians by the Turks in 1876. Their speeches so powerfully affected English sentiment as for the time-being to change the traditional policy of Great Britain as the defender of Turkey, and to permit Russia to march first across the Danube, then across the Balkans, and finally to the sea at the very gates of Constantinople. The terrible war of 1877†

* This American college was named from its founder, Christopher R. Robert (1802-1878), a merchant of New York. During his life-time he gave to this institution \$296,000, and left it in his will \$125,000, besides real estate valued at \$40,000.

† The Russo-Turkish War. Russia, Germany, Austria, and France demanded of Turkey a constitution and guarantees for the benefit of the oppressed subjects in the provinces of its empire. These Turkey refused to grant. Russia then allowed her subjects to render aid to revolted provinces, and the war between the two powers began in April, and lasted until the battle of Plevna, December 10 of the same year, when the Turks were obliged to surrender.

had placed Turkey wholly at Russia's mercy. The treaty of San Stefano, at the end of the war, besides making great concessions of territory to Russia in Asia, carved out of the heart of European Turkey a Bulgaria so large as to leave only a narrow wedge-like strip running west from Constantinople as Turkish soil. The new Bulgaria was to be a self-governing principality. It included Bulgaria proper, East Roumelia, and most of Macedonia,—all the region actually inhabited by Bulgarian people. But the great powers* refused to accede to the treaty Russia and Turkey had made, and the Congress of Berlin† in 1878 apportioned the Balkan as it pleased. Roumania was made an independent kingdom. Servia also was allowed to assume the same rank. Bulgaria proper was made an autonomous‡ principality, paying tribute to the Porte|| and governed by a prince who should be agreed upon by the Powers and the Porte. South Bulgaria was called East Roumelia, and was kept much more closely attached to the government of Turkey. Macedonia was left a Turkish province.

The arrangement was disappointing and unjust, but it had to be endured. The Bulgarians at this time were full of gratitude and good-will toward the Russians. Their little country was almost covered with the graves of Russian soldiers who had died for Bulgarian freedom. The printed portraits of the Czar were in every Bulgarian cottage. The young Bulgarian army was in the hands of Russian officers. The new principality bade fair to be an obedient vassal of the great northern

power, an ally and a ground of vantage in the next great struggle that was to involve Europe and in which Russia was to contend for the prize of Constantinople, the hegemony* of the entire Balkan peninsula, and the autocracy† of Asia Minor.

A liberal constitution was given the new country, and a manly young prince, Alexander of Hesse Darmstadt,‡ was sent to rule over it. When he came to the throne of the principality, in 1879, he was twenty-three years old. He was a nephew of the Czar of Russia, and his policy was at first almost that of a Russian pro-consul. But the national aspirations of Bulgaria grew fast; and the dictatorial treatment of Russian political agents and military men became intolerable. They interfered in the elections, and made themselves obnoxious beyond all comprehension. Alexander found it impossible to serve Russia and Bulgaria at the same time, and so he became a Bulgarian with all his heart. His difficulties waxed very great after the assassination of the Czar in 1881. The new Czar proved to be his inveterate enemy. Russia, with an arbitrary government, and with designs upon the countries lying southward, could not tolerate the growth of real freedom and independence in the Balkan States. Disagreement was inevitable. There never was a more disgraceful chapter of plots and intrigues than is the detailed record of the behavior of the Russian emissaries in Bulgaria between 1880 and 1886.

In 1885, there broke out in Philippopolis, the chief town of East Roumelia, a sudden revolution against the Turks. This province is directly south of Bulgaria, and is separated from it by the lofty Balkans. Its people are Bulgarians, and the revolution had as its aim the political union of "the two Bulgaries." Alexander had not instigated the outbreak. It was a genuine movement of the people, justified by all the moral facts of the situation and appropriate from every honorable point of view. There was no railroad at that time, and Alexander drove in a dros-

* "There were in Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon in 1815, five monarchies recognized as the great powers—namely, France, Austria, Great Britain, Russia, and Prussia, to which, in 1859, the kingdom of Italy was added. The victories of the Prussians in 1866 and 1870 have so prostrated the armies of Austria and France that there now remain in Europe only two first-rate powers, Russia and Prussia (or Germany), and the balance of power is supposed to be destroyed, for if these two should form an offensive alliance they would be a match for all the other powers on the continent."—*Johnson's Cyclopædia*.

† This was held from June 13 to July 13, 1878. England, Austria, and Germany, were anxious to prevent Russia from keeping the great advantages she had gained from the war, fearing the balance of power among the great nations would be destroyed.

‡ (Au-ton/o-mous.) A word derived from the Greek language, meaning having the right of self-government.

|| The Turkish Empire, officially called the Sublime Porte. The principal gate leading to the palace of the Sultan is called the Sublime Porte (gate), and from this the name came to be applied to his court and then to his government.

* (He-jem'o-ny.) A Greek derivation meaning leadership.

† (Au-toc'ra-cy.) Also a Greek derivative meaning independent power. It is synonymous with autonomy.

‡ This, the old form of the name, has been shortened to simply the first part of the compound, Hesse (hess). It is a state of Germany lying between 49° and 51° of north latitude and 7° and 10° of east longitude. It is a constitutional monarchy whose sovereign has the title of grand duke.

chka* day and night till he reached Philippopolis. He put himself at the head of affairs, brought order out of anarchy in a single day, and effected a union of the provinces that was afterward embodied in the constitutional arrangements. Urged to take the step by jealousy and by Austrian instigation, King Milan of Servia now invaded Bulgaria with an army of 200,000 men, claiming that the union of the provinces had disturbed the balance of power in the Balkans and that it endangered the future of the Servians. It was an unneighborly, a wicked act. The Bulgarian army was small but determined; and Alexander proved a rare leader. The Servians were routed in a severe battle, pursued, and beaten again on their own soil, and only saved from severer consequences by the threats of Austria and Russia, which were preparing to invade the country from opposite sides. Alexander was now a hero with the Bulgarians. He was magnanimous to the pro-Russian plotters, and enthusiastic in his plans for the progress of the country that had so warmly adopted him. Modern times have not seen a braver or better prince. But he could not stand against the enmity of his powerful neighbors. A perfidious plot in 1886 resulted in his kidnaping and the seizure of the government by his enemies. He was carried to Russia, and he made his way thence to his early home. But the people of both Bulgarian provinces, with the army at their back, demanded his return. He obeyed their wish, and received ovations such as are accorded to few men. But the situation seemed to him untenable. The Czar, his cousin, would not relax his hostility. Alexander, therefore, abdicated, and the government fell into the hands of a regency. The treatment of Alexander by the European powers was a cruel blow to a brave young people who asked nothing but to be let alone, and a personal outrage against one of the most gallant and popular leaders who ever worked in a pure and patriotic cause.

Alexander could not see his way clear to resume the government without the assurance of support from the great powers. The regency governed in the name and in the interest of Bulgaria, and meanwhile a new prince was found. In the summer of 1887,

* Written also *drosky*. "A peculiar kind of low four-wheeled carriage, without a top, consisting of a long narrow bench on which the passengers ride as on a saddle, with their feet reaching nearly to the ground."

Ferdinand, the young Duke of Saxony, then twenty-six years old, was unanimously elected by the Bulgarian National Assembly, and in August he assumed the government. This action, which, according to the treaty of Berlin, should have had the sanction of the Porte and the Powers, has never been formally recognized by them. But Bulgaria has gone on her way in delightful disregard of the powers, minding her own business and thriving astoundingly. The best two years the little country has ever known have been these last two since Ferdinand was seated. Russia in 1887 as a mark of her very deep disapproval, withdrew her consular representation from Sofia; and the Bulgarians were delighted at the riddance. They already had gotten rid of the Russian officers who formerly had filled the army places, and now for the first time since emancipation from Turkey they were enjoying a respite from outside political intrigues. Austria was now extremely friendly, without being officious and meddlesome. England was thoroughly appreciative, though not to be relied upon for active help. Germany, as Austria's ally against Russian encroachment, seemed to be in fact a tolerant and not unwilling witness of Bulgaria's progress.

And so the little state has grown with quick strides since the summer of 1887. It has cemented the union with South Bulgaria—which had been recognized by the Porte and the Powers before Alexander's abdication—and has begun to tie its territory together with railroads for purposes strategic and commercial. It completed the link of road necessary to establish the international line to Constantinople, and it quietly but forcibly took possession of the part that had been built by others in East Roumelia. I found the Bulgarian government last summer building the Jamboli-Bourgas line, to improve connections with the Black Sea ports. The whole population were turning out and giving their labor for excavation and grading, with army regiments also helping. By this splendid spirit of patriotic co-operation on the part of all the people, Bulgaria is acquiring public works which otherwise could not be built; for as yet her credit in the money market has scarcely been established. What more noble sight has the past year witnessed than that of these brave Bulgarian peasants, building themselves a system of state railways by the labor of their own hands,—each

man and boy gladly giving five days of hard work? It was a spectacle that stirred my unqualified admiration, and strengthened my already strong faith in the future of these determined people, who help themselves, asking no odds.

Mr. O'Connor, the accomplished consul-general and diplomatic agent who represents England at Sofia (the United States has no representative there), told me that it was quite impossible to get an errand-boy to serve the consulate through school hours, so eager are all the Bulgarian lads to obtain an education. This young principality, just escaped from its centuries of practical slavery under Turkish task-masters, now maintains a system of free public schools with compulsory attendance. A school of the gymnasium rank, which it established several years ago, now has been raised to the dignity of a national university. Private initiative is necessarily weak in these young and undeveloped countries, whether in matters of industry or of culture; and the state does not shrink from undertaking any thing. The people use the state as their only effective agency for the promotion of civilization. How under the circumstances they could do otherwise, or why they should desire to do otherwise, let the *laissez-faire** economist answer if he can. To the theorist who would object that dependence upon the state may lessen the spirit of self-help in these simple Bulgarian people, I can only point to the spectacle of the assembled peasants working side by side with the army sappers, under direction of the army engineers, building their own railroad and never once suspecting that the state was any thing else but themselves organized for their own progress and civilization.

The new capital of this new principality is in a curious process of transition. Ten years ago it was a big, dirty village of eight or ten thousand peasant farmers, lying on the flat plain with a noble mountain rising behind it and with the level fields stretching off in three directions. Like all the Bulgarian towns, it had its environing zone of common lands, where every villager pastured his cows,—these village lands having an origin dating probably from the earliest period of Bulgarian occupation, and having been con-

* (*Lâs-sâ-fair.*) A French expression meaning let alone; suffer to have its own way. See Ely's "Political Economy," pp. 108 and 125.

firmed to the villages by the Hungarian and afterward by the Turkish conquerors. Out of this squalid condition—that of the semi-Asiatic, semi-Slavonic pastoral, and farming town at its worst estate—is evolving a modern European municipality. The rapidity of the change interested me extremely. The inhabitants of Sofia now claim for it 35,000 people. A new town has been laid out by French engineers, with broad and regular streets, and a large amount of creditable building has been accomplished. The Bulgarians love the land and have the strongest instinct of ownership; and as in the old village every man, no matter how poor, owned his own hut and its narrow bit of ground, and had his cow and perhaps his yoke of oxen, so now every man in the new Sofia owns his own house, as a matter of course. The central establishments of the young government have brought to Sofia the brightest men in the Bulgarian race. The public service absorbs the education and talent of the young country. I found the Robert College graduates, with their superior training, occupying judgeships and high administrative posts. The government has erected a series of respectable buildings for the housing of the prince, the National Assembly, the university, the public printing bureau, the law courts, and the various administrative departments. While I was in Sofia an arrangement was concluded by which the municipality obtained a moderate foreign loan for the making of public improvements,—for water-works, gas works, paving, and the like. It is interesting to note the fact that the rapid growth of the town has led to no speculation in lots. The outlying land belongs to the municipality, and when there is a demand for building room, the city council sells what is required. Nobody buys except to improve and occupy.

Marvelous is the rapidity with which the evidences of Mohammedan life and rule are disappearing, even in this brief period of scarcely more than a decade. Thirty per cent of the population of Bulgaria was Mohammedan ten years ago. These people have not apostasized, but they are somehow vanishing. In the National Assembly there are perhaps six or eight Mohammedans. The Turkish farmers were and are a very industrious, decent people, and they were not much, if any, better treated under the old order of things than were their Bulgarian neighbors. Religious

prejudice, however, makes a free and Christian Bulgaria distasteful to them, and they gradually move nearer Constantinople. The years of war and disturbance, of course, occasioned a good deal of population-shifting. The mosques were, as a rule, more showy than substantial, and their disappearance from the landscape of the new and free Bulgaria is like the vanishing of the unreal architecture of dreams, or like that of ice-palaces in the spring sunshine.

The Bulgarians take with remarkable readiness to representative government. Their National Assembly, with a single house, is elected by universal manhood suffrage from the two Bulgarias, on the basis of a member for every ten thousand people. The population is about three millions. The Bulgarians in Macedonia and other adjoining districts are at least a million more. If the normal development of the Balkan States can be secured, in the presence of powerful and selfish neighbors, the greater part of Macedonia will some day go to Bulgaria.

Of the Bulgarian church—Greek orthodox in theology and ritual, formerly dependent upon the metropolitan bishop of Constantinople as primate, but now organized as a national church detached from its old connections—my space permits but a word. It is thoroughly patriotic, is inseparably identified with the nation in the popular mind, and is more valuable politically as a race bond, than religiously as a spiritual and moral teacher. The value of American missionary work in Bulgaria must be realized chiefly in its reaction upon popular education, upon the qualifications of the priesthood, and upon the re-

ligious vitality of the national church. The thoughtful politicians admit the religious superiority of the missionary teaching, but deplore the possibly divisive effects of their attempts at the organization of new churches.

What, with enemies on every hand, or at least with powerful and unscrupulous neighbors determined to control the future of the Balkan peninsula, is the outlook for ambitious young Bulgaria? At times it appears very dark and sad. But I am not inclined to accept the views of the pessimists. While I cannot see how Russia is to be prevented from sweeping the whole Balkan region before her when she determines to do so, I also remember the age in which we live and the potency of the new race consciousness that has sprung into being, among so many European peoples. I do not see how it can be possible to undo the civilizing work that has been wrought in Bulgaria since 1876, or how the proud young Balkan States could be reduced to the position of Russian provinces, deprived of their representation, of their free presses, of their universal education, and of all their new treasures. Taken into Russia on such terms, they would tear the Russian Empire to pieces. Modern freedom once won is not so easily lost. The moral forces of our day have a power beyond brute compulsion. The Bulgarians perceive this fact; and while they are drilling every mother's son to arms almost from the cradle, in preparation for defense, they are relying most upon the strength that lies in the moral and educational forces which they are straining every nerve to develop in their people.

THE PRODUCTION OF ARTIFICIAL COLD.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD L. NICHOLS.

Of Cornell University.

THE knowledge of evaporation as a cooling process is not new. It is now more than a century since water was first frozen under the air-pump by its own evaporation. The subject was fully investigated by Leslie* and later by Faraday (1823 to 1848). It was a very long time before their famous experiments found application out-

side of the laboratory; but they contained the germ of a new industry which is beginning to play an important part in the civilization of the present day. A brief reference to the principles which they illustrate will give us all the data necessary to the comprehension of the art of mechanical refrigeration.

In Leslie's experiment, a shallow dish of water is placed under the receiver of an air-pump. A vessel of strong sulphuric acid

* Sir John. (1766-1832.) A Scottish natural philosopher.

within the exhausted bell-jar, takes up the aqueous vapor set free by the evaporation of the water. Under these circumstances the water is volatilized very rapidly. It boils violently and finally, while in the midst of lively ebullition, it freezes. The experiment, which has long been a favorite one in the physical lecture-room, brings out in a striking manner, the fact upon which nearly all processes of mechanical cooling depend, namely, that in order to convert a liquid into a gas, it has to be imbued with additional energy. When volatilization takes place under the conditions of Leslie's experiment, this energy is derived from the liquid itself and from the surrounding objects; and the loss of energy which they suffer, shows itself in fall of temperature. When we evaporate any liquid over a fire, the same expenditure of energy occurs, but the fall of temperature is made good by continued accessions of heat from the flame.

Faraday extended the operations just described, to a class of substances which had not been experimented with before.* He liquefied many of the more easily condensable gases under high pressure, and then by virtue of the absorption of heat in their return to the state of vapor, obtained exceedingly low temperatures. When cooled by the evaporation of such vapors as he had been able to condense at ordinary temperatures, other gases, too stubborn to yield to pressure alone, were liquefied.

The fundamental process then, in mechanical refrigeration, which in the hands of Faraday led to such important scientific results, and which in its practical applications since has become a necessary adjunct to our material welfare, consists in causing a liquid to pass rapidly over into gaseous form. It then will abstract from surrounding bodies, a quantity of heat proportional to its own "heat of vaporization," and artificial cold will be the result.

The heat of vaporization of water is very much larger than that of other liquids, and it is in this respect superior to all others in

the production of artificial cold. Quite extensive experiments were made some years ago, indeed, to utilize the evaporation of water in the making of ice, but without great success. It evaporates rapidly at ordinary temperatures, only under exceedingly small pressures. In order that any considerable fall of temperature may result, heat must be abstracted so quickly that but little of it in the meantime will be replaced from without. The maintenance of the high vacuum necessary to such rapid cooling, on a large scale, is a matter of great difficulty. It is very much simpler to construct a compression-pump, than it is to make one which will maintain a vacuum.* The use of a vacuum could be avoided only by working with some substance which could be liquefied under pressure and would evaporate spontaneously when released. This was the step which made mechanical refrigeration a practical success.

Of the substances which can be utilized in this way, the best results have been obtained with ammonia, sulphur dioxide, carbon dioxide, and nitrous oxide. These are gases which may be reduced to the liquid form by the aid of powerful compression-pumps. When released from pressure, they return with exceeding rapidity to the form of vapor, and although the amount of heat taken up by them is comparatively small, the change of state takes place so suddenly that nearly all the heat absorbed must come from objects in the immediate neighborhood.

The pressures necessary to liquefy carbon dioxide and nitrous oxide at ordinary temperatures, are relatively very great. It is entirely feasible to condense them by mechanical means, and they are produced to-day in great quantities, and are stored and transported in liquid form; but the apparatus has to be of great strength, and constant care must be exerted to avoid explosions. Ammonia and sulphur dioxide, on the other hand, succumb to much smaller pressures, and these substances in the hands of Carre' and Pictet† respectively, have been found to be better adapted than any others to the production of artificial cold.

* For note on Faraday see THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December, p. 350. "His method consisted in enclosing in a bent glass tube [bent at right angles] substances by whose chemical action the gas to be liquefied is produced, and then sealing the shorter leg. In proportion as the gas is disengaged its pressure increases, and it ultimately liquefies and collects in the shorter leg, more especially if its condensation is assisted by placing the shorter leg in a freezing mixture."—Ganot's "Physics."

* For a description of a compression-pump and air-pump see Steele's "Physics," p. 100.

† Of these two men the former, Louis (kă-ră) (1663-1711) was a French geometer and natural philosopher; the latter, Marc Auguste (pêk-tâ) (1752-1825) was a Swiss physicist.

Whatever the medium selected, the process of mechanical refrigeration is essentially as follows :

The substance is first liquefied, either by the action of powerful pumps or by the direct application of heat. The transformation from the gaseous to the liquid state is accompanied by the production of heat, which is allowed to escape through the walls of the condenser. The liquid is then conducted into a second apparatus called the refrigerator. Here it is surrounded by the water to be frozen, if the object in view is the production of artificial ice, or in other cases by brine. The condensed liquid is now released from pressure by opening a stop-cock ; and in the course of the very rapid evaporation which follows, the large amount of heat necessary to its volatilization is abstracted from whatever objects may be nearest at hand. The liberated gas is not allowed to escape but is returned to the pumps, where it is re-condensed.

The art of mechanical refrigeration is a new one, but it already has taken a very important part in our civilization. In the tropics, the introduction of artificial ice already has been of incalculable economic and sanitary value. It is not many years since the cities of British India were dependent for their supply upon our New England sea-ports. In 1833, ice which had been cut upon the lakes and rivers of Maine, was sold in Calcutta at six cents a pound ; and in spite of the shrinkage during so long a voyage, which amounted oftentimes to fifty per cent, the trade was for many years a very lucrative one.

Before that time, the demand for ice in India had been insufficiently met by a rude process of freezing practiced by the natives. Shallow pans containing water were set at night in localities exposed to the wind. The pans were surrounded with light, porous material such as straw. Loss of heat by evaporation under these circumstances, occurred more rapidly than the gain of heat through the non-conducting material upon which the pans were placed. During cool nights the fall of temperature was sufficient to cause the water to freeze.

This is one of the many interesting cases in the history of the mechanical arts, where a people, in most respects backward in the matter of material civilization, possessed, in rude form, the elements of a process which was later to be brought to a high state of perfection in Europe.

The shipment of ice to India still goes on, but the trade has found a powerful rival there as in all warm countries, in the modern ice-making machine.

In temperate regions mechanical refrigeration has found its field, chiefly in the cooling of buildings by the use of brine. The addition of common salt to water enables us to reduce its temperature many degrees below the freezing point without congelation.* After being chilled to the desired temperature, as already described, it can be conveyed in pipes and used for cooling purposes, very much as steam is used in our modern methods of heating.

The introduction of these methods of refrigeration, which are applicable in many cases in which the use of ice would be extremely inconvenient, or indeed impracticable, has revolutionized various important industries. In modern breweries it has brought about the substitution of store-rooms above ground for the enormous cellars once essential in the process of cooling beer ; and has reduced greatly the time required to bring that beverage upon the market. In our great packing houses, meats are kept at a low and uniform temperature, and in our theaters and public buildings the heat of summer is mitigated by the use of air which has been caused to circulate over pipes containing chilled brine.

Who can foretell the future of this application of the old physical experiment ? It seems very probable that the day is not far distant when brine, cooled below the freezing point of water, will be carried under the streets in pipes, as steam is now, supplying from central stations a very convenient substitute for ice in the domestic household. By freezing in our own houses, water which has been previously boiled, it will then be possible for us to avoid contagion from disease germs contained in ice gathered from impure sources. The maintenance of dwellings at 70° Fahrenheit throughout the summer, will then be as much a matter of course as the warming of a modern house now is in winter.

Already the problem of constructing small

* When any substance is changed from a solid to a liquid, heat is required. If none is supplied from outside sources when salt is put into water, the heat for liquefying the former must be drawn from the water and hence in the brine there is a depression of temperature. One of the phenomena presented in congelation is, that if the water contain salts or other foreign bodies its freezing point is lowered. Sea water freezes at 2.5° or -3° C.

refrigerating machines for isolated country houses, has attracted the serious attention of sanitary engineers. The ice machine, as it exists, involves the use of a powerful engine and of other cumbersome and expensive apparatus. The source of power in these new domestic refrigerators probably will be a lamp or some very small automatic engine, fed by gas or oil.

Mechanical refrigeration has been successfully applied in the laying of piers for bridges, where treacherous silt and quicksand make excavation by the ordinary methods difficult; the semi-fluid material at the bottom of the caisson* being frozen by the application of pure brine and removed while still solid. It seems probable that the same method may be of service in tunnelling through such materials in the beds of rivers. Indeed the field of usefulness of processes for the production of artificial cold is being extended daily, and they doubtless are destined to take an even more important place in the industrial world of the future than they have in that of the past.

The continuation of Faraday's experiments in recent years, has led to results that are quite as important to science as those which I have just described are from an economic point of view. In 1848, as we have seen, he had succeeded in reducing to liquid form, all the more easily condensable gases; and he attempted, by the aid of the low temperatures obtained through the evaporation of these liquids, to extend his operations to what were then considered permanent gases. Carbon dioxide frozen by its own evaporation to a white snow-like mass gave a temperature of about $-70^{\circ}\text{C}.$ †

When this was mixed with ether and placed under the bell-jar of an air-pump, further rapid evaporation occurred, and the temperature fell to the lowest point which had ever been obtained up to that time, viz., $-110^{\circ}\text{C}.$ Oxygen placed in this exceedingly cold bath showed no signs of condensation, even when subjected to a pressure of twenty-seven atmospheres‡; nitrogen remained still a gas

when fifty atmospheres were reached and carbon monoxide at forty atmospheres. Another experimenter, Natterer* (1851-1854), strove to succeed where Faraday had failed, by the aid of pressure alone; but although he subjected these gases to three thousand atmospheres, they showed no indication of becoming liquefied.

Nearly a quarter of a century passed, before the problem was taken up again. In the meantime much had been learned through the practical development of methods of mechanical refrigeration, and it was at the hands of two of the investigators to whom this art is most deeply indebted, that the method of Faraday finally bore fruit.

On December 24, 1877, a startling announcement was made at the Academy of Sciences of Paris. Communications had been received from M. Cailletet and from M. Pictet,† who had been at work independently and by very different methods on this problem, that they had succeeded in liquefying oxygen. The extreme importance of the event was fully recognized, and the two communications, which were presented to the Academy by the eminent chemist Dumas,‡ aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The success of Pictet's experiment had been announced by telegraph from Geneva on December 22. Cailletet, however, secured the priority, in that he had exhibited his result privately before certain members of the Academy on the 16th; and a sealed caveat,|| which was opened at this session, fixed the date of his experiment on December 2.

Cailletet had compressed oxygen in a glass tube to three hundred atmospheres. It had then been cooled to $-29^{\circ}\text{C}.$ The oxygen still preserved its gaseous state, but when it was suddenly relieved from pressure, a further fall of temperature took place, estimated at

at London. . . . The weight of the atmosphere to the square inch [fifteen pounds] is commonly employed as a convenient unit for pressures arising from other causes, such as the weight of liquids, the force of steam, etc.; thus a pressure in a steam boiler of three atmospheres means a pressure equal to forty-five pounds per square inch."—*The Century Dictionary.*

* Johann. (1787-1843.) A German naturalist.

† The former of these men (kay-tā) was a French chemist of Paris, and the latter, a Swiss chemist of Geneva.

‡ (Dü-mā.) Jean Baptiste. (1800-1884.) A distinguished French chemist.

|| In the United States patent laws it is defined "as a description of some invention designed to be patented, lodged in the office before the patent right is taken out."

* (Cais'son.) A wooden box or frame of strong timbers used for laying the foundations of a bridge.

† Read "Seventy degrees below zero, Centigrade." For a description of the different thermometers see the article on "The Modern Thermometer" in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for November 1889.

‡ "A conventional unit of atmospheric pressure. An atmosphere is in English use the pressure of a vertical column of thirty inches of mercury at the freezing point

not less than $200^{\circ}\text{C}.$, and the interior of the tube was filled for an instant with a dense cloud, produced by the liquefaction and perhaps the solidification of the gas.

The method of Pictet was somewhat more complicated. He made use of four powerful pumps driven by an engine of fifteen horsepower. By means of one of these pumps sulphur dioxide was liquefied. A similar pump was used in the liquefaction of carbon dioxide. The two liquids were conducted to a double receiver, so constructed that the carbon dioxide was surrounded by the sulphur dioxide. They were now subjected simultaneously to a high vacuum by the action of the other pumps. Under these circumstances the sulphur dioxide fell by its own evaporation to $-65^{\circ}\text{C}.$, and the carbon dioxide, already cooled to that temperature, reached $-140^{\circ}\text{C}.$, a temperature 30° lower than that which Faraday had been able to obtain. Oxygen gas in a glass tube at three hundred twenty atmospheres, was cooled to this temperature by means of the carbon dioxide. When relieved from pressure it was liquefied in considerable quantities and was seen to flow from the tube in a liquid jet.

Such is, in brief, the history of two of the most brilliant experiments of recent years. The possibility of liquefying, or indeed of solidifying, oxygen, had been established, and there remained only the subordinate problem of extending the method to the other permanent gases and of obtaining them at their boiling temperatures; as had been done with nitrous oxide, or in the solid condition, like carbon dioxide.

The announcement of the results of Cailletet and Pictet inaugurated a period of great activity in the experimental study of low temperatures. In 1882 Cailletet introduced a new refrigerating material. Ethylene gas,* which was easily condensable in his apparatus, furnished a liquid which could be poured out of the cooled receiver, and which boiled quietly in the open air at $-105^{\circ}\text{C}.$ Compressed oxygen in a bath of the liquid ethylene, still retained its gaseous condition; but when the pressure was removed a violent boiling, which lasted for a considerable time, was plainly to be seen within the tube.

* (Eth'y-lene.) "A colorless gas of weak, ethereal odor. It burns with a bright, luminous flame. It is formed in the destructive distillation of wood, bituminous coal, and many carbon compounds, hence is obtained in illuminating gas."

In order to maintain oxygen in the liquid form, a still lower temperature than that of boiling ethylene was necessary, and it remained for a Russian physicist, Sigmund Wroblewski,* to score the first complete victory. Wroblewski, while in the laboratory of St. Claire-Deville,† had become interested in the subject of the compression of the permanent gases, and upon his return to Cracow as Professor of Physics, he attacked the problem by a method which possessed the best features of those of Cailletet and Pictet. He selected ethylene as his cooling medium and accelerated its ebullition by reducing the pressure. The receiver, containing compressed ethylene gas was packed in salt and ice. The escaping liquid was further cooled by the aid of solid carbon dioxide and ether. The liquid thus cooled served as a bath, within which to attempt the liquefaction of oxygen. In order to reduce the temperature of this bath to the lowest possible point, a powerful air-pump was used; and the ethylene was made to boil in a vacuum. The temperature thus obtained was $-136^{\circ}\text{C}.$ Alcohol, when placed in the bath, froze to a white mass, and oxygen, even under the pressure of a few atmospheres was reduced to a colorless and exceedingly mobile liquid.

The production of liquid nitrogen, carbon monoxide, and marsh gas in stable form, by the aid of ethylene boiling in vacuo, soon followed, and it was found possible to obtain these substances in quantities sufficient to admit of a detailed study of their physical properties. Hydrogen alone remained to be conquered; and evidence was not wanting that its boiling point had been nearly reached. Cailletet, in 1884, cooled the compressed gas in a bath of boiling oxygen, and when the pressure was relieved he observed the same cloud formation within the tube which had on a previous occasion afforded the first evidence of the liquefaction of the latter gas. Wroblewski could go no further, although he reached a temperature more than 200° degrees below zero and succeeded in freezing both oxygen and nitrogen. A former co-laborer of his, Olszewski, who used liquid nitrogen, boiling in vacuo as his cooling medium, obtained a single momentary glimpse of

* (Rō-blew'ski.) (1848-1888.) For many years professor of experimental physics at the University of Cracow, in Austrian Poland.

† (1818-1881.) A French chemist.

hydrogen in the actual process of condensation. The gas at one hundred sixty atmospheres had been immersed in the boiling nitrogen. When the pressure was suddenly reduced to forty atmospheres, the hydrogen was seen for a moment as a colorless liquid. A moment later the nitrogen froze around the tube and obscured the view. The temperature was estimated at -214°C . This experiment has never been repeated. Wroblewski, who had made elaborate preparations for the detailed study of liquid hydrogen, died before the completion of his work, and our present knowledge of this subject is confined to the

single observation which I have just described.

Interesting and important as these experiments are in themselves, their greatest value undoubtedly lies in the fact that a new realm of investigation has been opened to the physicist. The range of temperature to which we have been enabled to subject matter has been enormously increased, and the study of its properties, under conditions, which until very recently, lay quite without our experience, has already added much, and in the future will add much more to our knowledge of the laws of nature.

MORAL TEACHINGS OF SCIENCE.

BY ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY.

III.

How wonderful ! that even
The passions, prejudices, interests
That sway the meanest being, the weak touch
That moves the finest nerve
And in one human brain
Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link
In the great chain of nature.—*Shelley*.

FORTIFIED now by two general conclusions, that life works by definite laws, and that in the struggle for existence, self-preservation and mutual help work hand in hand, let us turn to animal life in which the problem is much more complex. For in the first place the mere fact that even the lowest animal forms move in search of food, makes us assume *purpose* in their instincts where we have only recognized mechanical action in plants, and secondly as the great naturalist Huber* remarked, "a little dose of judgment or reason comes into play even in animals low in the scale of nature." We no more can decide where this new element creeps in, in the ascending scale of life, than we can tell when a child begins to think. But we cannot doubt that such creatures as an octopus† washing and tending its young, or the

earwig* gathering them around her as a hen does her chickens, do understand in some way what they are doing ; and when we come to such insects as spiders, bees, and ants, we observe that they hesitate, choose, and decide what they will do, and even recognize when they have made mistakes. And together with this dawning of judgment and reason comes emotion, and these little creatures exhibit anger, jealousy, curiosity, playfulness, caution, and fidelity. No one can doubt that an ant recognizes its duty, so to speak, to the community, or that workers show courage when they fight to the death for the cocoons under their care, or that the robber-bees creep stealthily into the strange hives, knowing that they will be killed if detected. Yet blind instinct still holds these insects with a firm grasp, and they perform their duties far more mechanically and unerringly than even the lowest of the vertebrate

length. When pictured in a crawling position, its appearance is quite like that of the stump of a tree with very long roots. Those caught at Sitka, according to high authority, have a total radial spread of twenty-eight feet. It was this animal which gave rise to the mythical "devil fish" of which Victor Hugo tells in his "Toilers of the Sea." The cuttle-fish belongs to the same class of Mollusks.

* François. (1750-1830.) A Swiss naturalist. In his early manhood he became totally blind, but by the aid of his devoted wife and a faithful attendant named Burnens, he prosecuted all through his life, the study of natural science in which he was engaged at the time of his misfortune. He paid especial attention to the study of bees, and published a work concerning them, which contains a great number of original observations.

† (Oct-*ŏ*-pus.) An animal of the genus *Mollusca*, having a round body, from one side of which grows a cluster of eight arms which in some species reach an enormous

* According to Steele the name should be *earwing* instead of earwig, as the large wings when expanded have somewhat the shape of ears. He also says it "sits upon its eggs till they are hatched, and then broods its young as a hen does its chickens." It is a small nocturnal insect, commonly found under stones and in damp dark places. As it creeps away into these resorts in the day-time it has given rise to the erroneous belief that it seeks to enter the human ear, whence its name.

animals ; therefore, we shall do well to glance at them before we pass on to what more immediately concerns us.

As in plants, so in insects, to feed and multiply is the main object of existence, and the peculiarities of their structure all can be traced directly or indirectly to these necessities, though very much complicated by the number of different stages in their lives, as larva, chrysalis, and perfect insect. In the first stage, feeding is their whole life ; in the second, those which become quite still must find protection during their sleep ; and in the third, feeding and egg-laying, going hand in hand, have led to the greater part of the marvelous adaptations and defenses of plants and perfect insects. The feeding stage need not occupy us long, except to glance once more at the curious fact of parasites. Insects multiply at an almost incredible rate, and though no doubt in early geological times when the cricket and the centipede fed in the forests out of which our present coal was found, plants were their only food, yet soon the pressure of life drove some, such as dragon-flies, to feed upon others, some, such as beetles and wasps, to devour decomposing matter, acting as scavengers, while some of almost every family of insect life are parasites during the first part of their existence.

And here we find the same lesson as in plants ; for the grub or caterpillar which comes from an egg placed by the mother inside some other creature, is soft and of low structure with no limbs, having no need for them. Yet when it emerges from the chrysalis state into that of a bee or butterfly, which must seek its own food and a place to lay its eggs, the full grown insect has wings, antennæ,* and other parts delicate and beautiful. In some cases, however, as in the stylops (a parasite living on the humblebees) the mother does not cease to be a parasite but lives on, a blind, legless creature, giving birth to her young ones without ever becoming perfect herself. All this is quite in accordance with the survival of the fittest in the struggle for life, for when driven to a torpid existence, sapping the life of others, it is a saving to the parasite not to develop parts it will never use, or to put them on only when bursting into active life. Yet at the same time it emphasizes the irrevocable law that effort raises, and de-

pendence lowers, warning us, as rational beings, of the danger both of drifting into helplessness and dependence ourselves, or of driving others into it by our own greed or injustice.

But this is anticipating. Returning to the insects, we must pass over the endless devices for protection and attack, which we find in them as in plants ; as for example, the nauseous taste of some caterpillars and beetles, protecting them from birds, and the bristles of the hairy caterpillar, which serve the same purpose, and also by constant movement prevent the *ichneumon** from laying its eggs under their skin ; while the law of mutual help is exhibited in these same insects, in their perfect stage, in the fertilization of flowers when obtaining food. A study of the adaptations among the numberless forms of insects will repay any student, who will watch nature carefully for proofs that survival of the fittest forms has developed in each type its beauty, its peculiarities, and its powers, creating all the wealth of the insect world.

We must press on, however, to the second great instinct of reproduction ; for this, which in plants has given rise indirectly to the beauty of their flowers, lies in animals at the root of the far more important qualities of love and sympathy.

In feeding, a creature supplies its own wants, in multiplying and providing for its young, it labors for those "other-selves" to whom it often will sacrifice its life. It is in insects especially that we best can trace how a mother's care was at first a mere mechanical instinct, only a step above the protection of the seed, as seen in plants. For among all the lower insects, the mother *does not live to see the eggs hatched*, and yet she will take great trouble and risk to lay them in safety, on plants quite different from those on which she herself is feeding. Thus the common cabbage butterfly sips the blossoms of the flower-garden but goes among the cabbages to lay her eggs. The cockchafer,† which when

* (Ik-nū'mon.) A very large tribe of insects which plays a necessary part in the economy of nature by destroying in great numbers other insects which are injurious to vegetation. This destruction is occasioned by the parasitic larvæ. There are many species of the ichneumon flies, but all generally have long slender bodies, with a terminal bristle-like appendage in which is sheathed as in a case the long ovipositor by means of which the eggs are deposited in the bodies of their living victims.

† This insect is more widely known under the name of May bug.

* (An-ten'næ.) Appendages on the heads of insects, which precede the mouth ; the "feelers."

flying feeds on the leaves of trees, buries herself in the earth to lay, so that the grubs when hatched, eat the tender grass roots. The dragon-fly lives on insects in the air, yet drops down on the leaf of a water plant to deposit her ova, which yield grubs which pass more than two years at the bottom of the stream.

More wonderful than all these, the honey-sipping sphex, or sand-wasp, burrows a tunnel in a bank, lays her egg in a hollow at the end of it, paralyzes grasshoppers by stinging them at the points in their body where the nerve-cords meet, and lays them alive yet motionless by the side of the egg and closes the opening. In this way she provides separate tunnels and food for several eggs so that the grubs which she never sees, find fresh food ready for them when they awake. All this is done so mechanically that a sphex whose cell was emptied both of egg and food, after going in as usual and looking round, went on where she had left off and closed the cell *with nothing in it*; and yet so determined and earnest are they in their work, that no danger or difficulty hinders them.

From an instinct so strong as this, it is quite natural that there should spring a tendency to watch over the young when the mother lives to see them, especially as on the theory of natural selection, the best mothers would rear the most offspring, and thus the tendency would increase. And in fact even among lower insects we find the cockroach helping her young out of the egg-sack, and the earwig watching over them like a hen over her chickens. Then we have those solitary bees and wasps which form a home and store food for their family; and lastly the bee, wasp, and ant communities where numbers are banded together for helpfulness and security.

And here occurs a remarkable feature peculiar to insects, yet teaching how in the struggle for existence, self-devotion and self-sacrifice for the good of all have been developed out of the maternal instinct. For in the homes of bees and ants the workers are neuters, or imperfect females, which never become mothers, and yet tend and watch over the eggs and cocoons of the young as if they were their own. They nurse them, clean them, play with them, and in the case of ants lead them about the nest and educate them, and will risk their lives to protect them. Such naturalists as Huber,

McCook,* Ford,† and others who have studied the lives of ants, seem scarcely to be able to find terms strong enough to express their admiration for their industry, intelligence, and self-denying care of the nest; especially in the case of the slave ants, carried away from their own nests in the cocoon, yet when full-grown, feeding, nursing, cleaning, and working for the species of ant which has taken them captive.

But what concerns us chiefly here, is that these communities teach us how, even among insects, co-operation and some self-abnegation on the part of the individual have been developed for the good of all. We have the beginnings of this even in plants. We all know that some small flowers such as the hemlock are grouped thickly so as to produce a mass of white or other color, while in the thistle, dandelion, and scabious this is carried further, a number of florets, each a perfect blossom, forming its own seed, being crowded into one flower-head. The object of this is clearly to make the flower conspicuous and attract insect visits. Now a flower-head becomes still more conspicuous when surrounded with a crown of large petals, and we find that in the viburnum, or guelder-rose, the corn centaurea, and other flowers, the outer florets have lost the power of forming seed, and use their material in growing large petals striking to the eye. This seems a very simple change in flowers and yet if we now turn to insects, we find how the law of natural selection, which brings about these purely structural changes, actually may develop such a noble trait of self-devotion.

For it is the same necessity to benefit the whole, which accounts for the working bees and ants. In the overwhelming pressure of insect life it is evident that the solitary bee which has to lay the eggs, build the comb, store the honey, and nurse the young is at a great disadvantage compared with a community in which the queen bee only provides the eggs, and the workers, stopped in their

* Henry C., D.D. (1837—.) *An American naturalist*, the highest living authority in the New World on ants and spiders. He is vice-president of the American Entomological Society, and also of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; and is the author of several works on natural science. In 1869 he became pastor of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia.

† Corydon L., M.D., LL.D. (1813—.) *An American anatomist*, professor of anatomy and physiology in the University of Michigan. He is considered one of the ablest teachers in the United States, on these subjects, and is the author of several books treating of them.

growth at the neuter stage, use the maternal instinct entirely for the good of the hive. And so true are these instincts of industry and devotion to the community that neither in the bee-hive nor the ant's nest is there, so far as we can detect, any leader or master to constrain each to do her duty. The long inherited habits induced by the survival of those mother bees or ants which gave birth to steady working communities are sufficient to keep all in order.

Lest, however, we should rank these insects higher than they really are, we must note here a strange fact which has also its significance. Among nearly all the forms of lower life till we come to vertebrates, the *father* does nothing for the young, his use is purely to fertilize the egg-laying mother. When this is accomplished the males and many of the females among ants die in the open air destroyed by rain or devoured by birds, and the females which survive, pull off their wings and return to the old nest or found a new one. Among bees, however, an apparently cruel scene takes place, for as winter draws near, the workers turn the males or drones out of the hive and sting them to death. The reason for this is clear. In winter, food will be scarce, no idle mouths can be fed, and the drones never work and are many in number. They have become in fact, though from no fault of their own, a burden on the community and as such are destroyed. For individual sympathy belongs only to creatures higher in the scale of life. In insects the blind instinct of self-preservation reaches its utmost development in the preservation of the community, and they know no higher duty.

On the other hand we see, even here, the evil side of self-interest in the form of selfishness and self-indulgence appearing side by side with self-devotion. From time to time among bees, robberies are committed on other hives, sometimes by solitary bees, sometimes by an army which enters a neighbor's community to steal the honey; and when this happens on a large scale, the robber bees become regular marauders, collect no honey of their own, and often destroy a whole bee-stand. Ants, too, have their wars, sometimes for a disputed plot of ground, sometimes for the possession of the *Aphides*,*

or plant-lice, which yield the sweet liquid, and sometimes for the purpose of making slaves. And this last teaches again the lesson of degradation following upon self-indulgence, for while one set of slave-making ants have not yet lost all sense of industry, but work with their captives, another species (*Polyergus rufescens*) have become quite helpless and die from want of food when their slaves are taken from them. They only retain one useful weapon, their pointed mandibles, with which they fight when they attack a nest to steal the slave cocoons.

With the ants we reach the highest development of insects; and now when we turn back and start along another line, that of vertebrates, we find greater possibilities and promise of higher qualities from the very outset. For here intelligence, individual experience, and reason begin gradually to supersede fixed instinct; and as each individual life becomes its own center, creatures live in pairs or family groups, and the father now for the first time takes the position of protector and provider. Even among fish the stickleback builds a nest in the water and coaxes or drives the mother into it to lay her eggs, which he defends till the young fish are strong enough to swim about and feed themselves. And when we rise above cold-blooded animals to birds, the care and attention of the male bird to his mate or mates is as true and steadfast as among the best of human beings.

Moreover as individual experience and education now begin to take partly the place of instinct, the father and mother together protect and teach their young. While a butterfly takes to the wing at once on leaving the chrysalis and sips honey from the flowers without any need of example, the young birds have to be taught to fly, to find their food, and to recognize different dangers; and when we remember how many thousands die in the early spring, we can understand how those will best survive and flourish whose parents develop the greatest amount of intelligence and affectionate care and devotion. In many instances we still can trace the conflict between the instinct of self-

cessively fond of this fluid, and hunt after the *Aphides* in all directions to obtain it." It is for this reason that so many ants are found about those plants which are especially infested with these little insects, as the leaves are besmeared with the "honey" from their bodies. Some kinds of ants capture these little creatures, and carefully tend and keep them so that they always may have a supply of this delicacy. The *Aphides* are the cows milked by the ants.

* (Aph'i-dēs.) "One of the most curious points about the plant-lice is that they secrete a sweet and sticky fluid which is expelled from the body by two little tubular filaments placed near the end of the abdomen. Ants are ex-

preservation and of a parent's affection, as for example when migratory birds have a late brood not yet fledged when the time for starting comes; in this case there are examples on the one hand of a mother leaving her young behind and on the other, staying to face the winter with them.

When from birds we pass to mammalia, whose young are born alive and still more helpless, the necessity for care and attention to the mother while she is suckling and tending her little ones calls out more and more the instinct of the father to provide food and defend his family. So we find the males strong and powerful in the lion, bearing antlers in the stag, tusks in the boar, horns in the antelope and buffalo, while father and mother alike develop cunning and the necessary qualities for finding food and providing for themselves and their young. With courage, too, come tenderness and affection for those protected, and with increased danger, increased intelligence and devices to meet it.

Thus when we reach the higher animals such as the elephant, the dog, and the monkey, we find that the battle of life through long ages has developed in their kind, memory, imagination, and no small amount of reason and judgment and together with these the emotions of love and hate, courage and timidity, emulation and gratitude, suspicion and curiosity; and even, at any rate in dogs, the rudiments of what we call conscience, in a sense of shame when they have done a thing for which they once have been punished.

We need not pause here to give examples of intelligence and affection among the higher animals, all readers of natural history are familiar with numberless anecdotes in which these are proved; nor of the qualities of obedience, mutual defense, and sense of duties toward each other shown by herds of animals associated together; for every one knows how rabbits and sheep warn each other by stamping, how buffaloes put the females and young in the center of the herd and defend them, and of the famous instance quoted by Brehm* of a large male baboon coming down a mountain in the face of the dogs to rescue a foolish young baboon

scarcely six months old which had remained behind.

But such instances as these are well worth recording, for it is a great error to suppose that man is lowered by proofs that dumb animals also show signs of nobleness of character. On the contrary, bearing ever in our minds that the laws of nature are the working out of the will and intention of the Great First Cause of all, we find a surer foundation for our higher instincts when we see the manifold branches of life spreading ever upward from their unconscious root and opening out to greater and greater possibilities. And surely as we watch one by one the higher qualities developing by the daily experiences and efforts of beings in the ascending scale of life during long ages, our hearts must thrill with an emotion akin to that felt by the patriarch Jacob, when awaking from his dream he exclaimed, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

For we stand above even the most noble of these lower animals in our power of reflecting on the past, and thus foreseeing what may happen in the future; and still more in being able to examine our own impulses and actions and to compare them with laws governing the outer world. It is this wonderful faculty, and not the mere power of choice or free-will upon which many lay so much stress, which raises us so far above the dog or the baboon. These can and do choose between different actions, and suffer when they make mistakes; but they lack, so far as we can see, that *self-consciousness* and mental power which enables us to look beyond the visible and material phenomena, to the invisible laws which govern them. And this it is which lays upon us so heavy a responsibility; that we can reflect upon our own being, upon the consequences of our actions, upon the problems of life, death, and eternity. Surely, then, having this faculty, it behooves us to inquire very seriously how far our actions are in accordance with those laws which have been in force ever since the world began; and when we find that we are tending toward that degradation which we have seen to be the converse of the upward struggle, to mend our ways and strive that ours may be the healthy, vigorous rivalry which works good both to the individual and to all. How far our present study of the laws of life can guide us in this we must next consider.

* (Bräm.) Alfred Edmund. (1829-1884.) A German naturalist, the founder of the great Berlin Aquarium.

APART.

BY EMILY BUGBEE JOHNSON.

SHE sleeps where the Apennines lift
Their snow-covered peaks to the skies,
And the resonant voice of the sea,
To the whispering Arno replies.

Where the winds through the olive and pine,
Go freighted with music and balm,
And the mountain and city and sea,
Seem touched with an infinite calm,

In the Florence that held her in thrall,
Fair city of genius and fame,
Where her soul was breathed out in her song,
And life was consumed in the flame.

He, honored of England, was borne
To a crypt in Westminster's gloom,
Where never a sunbeam may fall,
Or a rose breathe its life on his tomb.

Yet the goal of his dreams he hath found,
God's face ; then her breast. 'Tis complete.
The plaudits of honor and fame,
Die away in beatitudes sweet.

To her as to him it were due,
With the greatest of earth to be burned ;
She loved best the light and the dew,
Where the sunsets of Italy burned.

And meet did it seem that their dust
Together had blended at last,
In the land from whose fountains of song,
They had quaffed in their love-lighted past.

ENGLISH POLITICS AND SOCIETY.*

BY J. RANKEN TOWSE.

NUMBER VI.

AMONG the pressing questions which are now occupying the earnest attention of statesmen of both political parties in England, the whole subject of labor is becoming more prominent daily. It asserts itself in many different guises, and always is presenting new problems. The two main questions, those relating to the rate of wages and the number of hours which ought to constitute a day's work, are complicated by the great variety of theories proposed for their settlement, which include a system of state socialism, the single tax idea of Henry George, a scheme of assisted emigration, and many other plans of more or less impracticability.

The spirit of unrest has been growing for some time. It manifested itself in the great socialist demonstrations in London under the leadership of Burns and Hyndman a year or two ago, and again in the great strike last autumn, and the fermentation is still going

on among the masses of laboring men, not only in the cities but in the country, where the prolonged agricultural depression has brought the farm hands, in many districts, to the verge of absolute destitution. London and other great cities in the United Kingdom have been passing through an experience of strikes new to them, but familiar enough in this country. Trades-unions are very old institutions in England, as many a man in the midland counties remembers to his sorrow ; but until recently their energies had been directed chiefly against non-union men, and their organization with a view to a concentrated opposition to the demands of capital, is of comparatively recent date.

A curious feature of the strikes in London has been their apparent dependence for success upon public sympathy. The effect of popular opinion was especially noticeable in the case of the dock laborers, who never lost the good-will of the community although their refusal to work and their intimidation of non-union men were the cause of enormous loss to the great body of merchants.

* Special Course for C. L., S. C. Graduates.

There was a general conviction that the men were the victims of genuine hardship, and that their condition was due to the mismanagement and incapacity of the dock directors, who were glad enough finally to escape the storm of general condemnation by an ignominious surrender. When, however, the men employed by the great gas companies revolted, thinking to exact compliance with their demands by a threat to leave the metropolis in darkness, the public verdict, as expressed in the newspapers, was against the justice of their claims, and although their combination was very strong, and the prevailing circumstances peculiarly favorable to them, they met with a most crushing defeat. The same phenomenon was observable in other strikes of less magnitude, and it is also worthy of note that the struggles, in almost every instance, were fought out without any disturbance of the public peace.

It is plain that the labor question will be one of the chief topics of discussion in the next general political campaign, and the leaders already are beginning to address themselves to it, feeling their way very cautiously, and taking special care to avoid any pledges which might be converted into dangerous weapons in the hands of any dexterous political opponent. Mr. John Morley and the Marquis of Salisbury have both spoken recently at considerable length on general social issues, and a brief reference to some of the points made by them will afford some indication of the position of the two great political parties.

Against any thing like socialism, in the remotest sense of communism, Mr. Morley expressed himself most vigorously: "If," he said, "it means the abolition of private property; if it means the assumption of state by the land—an assumption and an administration of all land and all capital; if it means an equal distribution of products, I say that it is against human nature and could produce only convulsion and disaster." But, he proceeded to say, if socialism simply meant the legal protection of the weak against the strong, a wise use of the forces of all for the good of each, or the performance by public bodies of duties which individuals could not perform equally well for themselves, the principles of it had been put into practice already in Great Britain; in the application of the Poor Law, for instance, or in factory legislation. The time, he thought, had come for

measures in behalf of free education, although he was not prepared to say just what those measures ought to be. They could not be enforced practically, however, until all the schools had been put under proper local representative authority. This subject led naturally to the question of free meals, a proposition which had been regarded as of the very essence of socialism, and yet, as a matter of fact, in London alone there were 40,000 children who went starving into the elementary schools. The teachers found that it was almost impossible to discharge their simplest duties in the presence of hunger, and it was from the teachers that the demand for free meals had arisen. It was plain that increased powers should be conferred upon the government, but those powers, he was convinced, ought to be exercised by local and municipal bodies which understood the existent conditions.

Mr. Morley spoke earnestly of the importance of giving labor an interest in the land, and urged the desirability of parish councils which might have authority to extend poor relief and also to buy or lease land for building purposes. He thought that the parish system afforded the only means for the emancipation of the rural population. Alluding to the recent great stir and ferment in the labor world, such as never before had been known in England, and to the remarkable organization that had brought subscriptions from the antipodes for the relief of struggling working-men in London, he said that he had no doubt that wages were the master-key to the problem of social improvement, and that those vitally interested in the subject, the employers of labor, felt this to be the fact and knew that it would be to their own interest to have wages advanced to the highest practicable limit. Upon the eight hour question he was very emphatic. He asked what right Parliament had to dictate to the people of Manchester or Birmingham the terms upon which they must employ their men. That was a question for the local councils, if it was a question for anybody. He wished to know whether the government work-man was to be paid as much for eight hours' work as he got now for nine, and if not, whether he was likely to be grateful to Parliament for cutting off a percentage of his earnings without consulting him. Nobody, he said, denied that in most trades eight hours was a reasonable minimum, but was that a reason

for converting it into a statutory maximum. The real trouble of the laborer was not so much low wages or long hours as unsteady wages, an evil for which he knew no remedy.

The Marquis of Salisbury, in a speech before the Conservative conference at Nottingham, said that wages were the question of the day, and that everybody sympathized with the desire of the laborer to improve his condition, but it was important that he should learn that wages depended upon the law of supply and demand. If capitalists should be alarmed, and conceive the idea that contracts would not be kept, or that Parliament might interfere, they would not employ labor, and wages would fall instead of rising. So many quack remedies were offered now to working-men that it was necessary that they should be reminded of inevitable laws. He was in favor of shorter hours of labor, when the change was practicable, and, as a working-man himself, believed that better work could be done in a reasonably short day than in an unreasonably long one. But the enactment of a law that a man should not work more than eight hours a day would be an unpardonable interference with the liberty which Englishmen had enjoyed for many generations, would interfere with the natural relations of trade, would drive capital out of it, and would be ineffective because it would lead ultimately to a redistribution of wages all round.

He spoke strongly in favor of the Allotments Act, although he admitted that it might be necessary to modify it in some of its details, and said that Parliament undoubtedly would do all that was lawful to give small pieces of land for cultivation to as many working-men as possible. As to education, he preferred to speak of "assisted" rather than "free" education. He thought that as there was a law compelling parents to send their children to school it was only fair that the duty should be made as easy for them as circumstances would permit. The extent of the assistance would depend upon the money at the disposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but if free education meant the suppression of the denominational schools it would be a curse not a blessing. Emigration, he said, offered a solution of many pressing problems, as by it working-men could find markets where their labor was in greater demand. The question of providing better homes for the working-men

was one in which the Conservative party always had manifested the deepest interest, but a general reform in this direction could not be undertaken by the state, and even the most munificent private benefactions could do very little toward it. Any attempt at an alteration in the system of rates would be attended by considerable danger, but whenever the attempt should be made, the first thing to provide for would be that personal property should pay its share of the rates as well as realty.

This synopsis of these speeches of Mr. Morley and the Marquis of Salisbury, although only touching upon the leading points of the discussion, gives a fair idea of the attitude of the two great political parties to the labor question, and the phases of it which are likely to come up in Parliament. The remedies proposed by the Radicals are too violent, incoherent, and contradictory to need consideration in so brief an article, and are made, in most cases, simply to meet some temporary political emergency. The Conservatives have the double advantage of a good surplus and a powerful majority, which may enable them to outbid their opponents and become more liberal than the Liberals.

With the land question must be included the single tax agitation of Henry George. This is not the place to discuss the value or wisdom of his theories, but it may be as well to point out that the mere approval of them at public meetings is not, necessarily, a proof of their growing influence. It must be remembered that the vast majority of Mr. George's supporters, in England at least, have nothing to lose and every thing to gain by any kind of a redistribution of property. He has not yet, so far as is apparent, made many disciples among the great mass of Englishmen, in the upper and middle classes, who have a direct interest in the maintenance of present conditions, and who wield a social, mercantile, and political influence which is the real governing force of the country, and which would be unalterably opposed to any theory touching their pockets, however wise or benevolent that theory, as simple theory, might be.

The reform of the House of Lords is inevitable, but is not so close as might be imagined from the utterances of the Radical newspapers. It is not at all likely that Mr. Labouchere's plan of creating a large batch of Radical peers pledged to vote for their own

annihilation as legislators will ever be put into practice. That is a game which one party could play as well as another, and the British constitution upon which the House of Commons, as well as the House of Lords, is dependent, is something to be considered. When the reform is undertaken in earnest it is more than probable that the initiative will come from the Lords themselves. The Radicals in their assaults upon hereditary legislators do not hesitate to attack, by implication, the principle of monarchy itself, but Mr. Labouchere is the only man of any consequence who professes extreme views of this kind, and he is never taken seriously in the House or out of it. If a revolution is imminent in the form of the British government, the signs of it are not seen upon the surface.

It is almost certain that Mr. Gladstone will persistently assail the foreign policy of the government, which is opposed to his views in several radical respects. He is the inveterate enemy of the Turk, and the champion of the wretched Christians under his domination. He and his followers look with dissatisfaction upon the maintenance of an English army in Egypt, fearing an embroilment with France, and doubting the resultant benefit, and are not too well satisfied with the close intimacy between the British and German governments. There has never been any love lost between Gladstone and Bismarck, and the latter has never hesitated to signify his personal preference for the line of foreign policy adopted by the Conservatives. It is generally conceded that a perfect understanding and agreement exist between him and Lord Salisbury with regard to African matters, as indeed was proved almost to demonstration when he sustained the British admiral who seized the vessel carrying supplies for the Peters expedition when it tried to pass through the blockading squadron on the East coast. Another indication of this friendly agreement was afforded in Germany's prompt refusal to interfere in Portugal's behalf in her recent quarrel with England. There has long been an idea among the Liberals that Lord Salisbury has pledged England, in some way or other, to the support of the triple alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy. One story was to the effect that he had promised to send a British fleet to defend the Italian sea-coast in the event of a war with France. It is not likely that the English Prime Minister has made

any definite contract of that kind, but it is felt generally that the review of the British fleet at Spithead by the German Emperor had a deeper significance than that of mere compliment.

All these points will be brought up for discussion by the Opposition, and it is further probable that an effort will be made to discover some special cause, other than general precaution, for the large additions to the naval forces of the country. The Radicals affect to see in this, symptoms of a Conservative desire for an aggressive foreign policy, and they may find supporters among those who, while approving liberal expenditures for naval armaments, think that the day of colossal iron-clads is past, and that a great number of small vessels will prove more effective than a few large ones. This theory, it may be observed, had greater weight before the recent naval maneuvers in which torpedo boats failed to prove themselves as formidable as they were expected to be.

Another question of the day which may be brought to the front, concerns the propriety of shortening the term of Parliament, a proposition which is much in favor just now with a section of the Opposition. Mr. Labouchere and his little coterie of Radicals are clamorous in support of it. Their main argument, of course, is that under the present plan a government may exist for years without really representing the wishes of the people. The permanence of the present government is quoted as a case in point. The general nature of the arguments on both sides is sufficiently obvious, and it is not necessary to dilate upon them. No very brilliant perception is needed to see that the proposal is one that recommends itself most strongly to the party out of office, or that it is one which might react upon its promoters in very unwelcome fashion. It certainly is not likely to meet with much favor in the eyes of the Conservatives at the present juncture, when they seem to have a firm grasp upon the reins of power for three years to come.

But although the present government appears to be strongly intrenched behind a compact majority, there are many public questions, besides those already enumerated, which might bring about its overthrow. Some of them now seem to be of minor importance, but a single turn of the political wheel might make them the most vital of

issues. There are pitfalls of every description in the proposed legislation for Wales, which is likely to cause jealousy in Scotland, and there is a possibility of serious trouble in the whole question of the collection of tithes, which must be paid by either landlord or tenant, and are equally obnoxious to both. The education of women and their right, under certain conditions, to suffrage are matters which will have to be settled before long, and which have been brought into public notice of late by the legal fight over the question of the eligibility of women to become members of the new county councils, in which great local powers are vested. The women were defeated in the courts this time, but the struggle will be renewed, as there is evidently a growing feeling that there is a wide field for women's work in several departments of municipal government, especially those relating to the education, employment, or reformation of their own sex. According to the present law the members of the county councils who are elected by popular vote, have the power of appointing a certain number of aldermen, and it is contended that they can appoint women if they choose. In one instance, at least, in London, a woman, noted as a practical reformer and philanthropist, has been appointed an alderman, and there is reason to believe that she will be confirmed in that position. Women are supposed, as a general rule, to be earnest supporters of the Conservative party, and their political ambitions cannot be scorned with impunity. A

good deal of fun has been made of the female Tory association known as the Primrose Dames, but there is no doubt that they wield a vast influence, especially in the country districts where they can apply great pressure to the poor.

The increasing power of the Dissenters, as members of all religious denominations outside the Roman Catholic Church and the Church of England are called, is also a factor in politics which cannot be disregarded. When the question of the disestablishment of the State Church is raised in earnest their influence will be exerted to some purpose, but that fight will not be fought so long as the Marquis of Salisbury is Prime Minister. The project of Imperial Federation has been attracting a good deal of attention lately, but is in too vague a form at present to require comment in so rapid a summary as this. A storm may arise at any time and from any quarter of the political horizon, but unless he is deserted by half the Liberal Unionists, which is improbable, Lord Salisbury will continue to steer the ship of state for some time to come. The Irish Question (with the land and education problems), the Labor Question, and the question of his relations to and engagements with foreign powers are the three chief sources from which danger to his government is to be apprehended. Should he be driven to an appeal to the country within the next twelve months, the indications point to his probable defeat. But it is not always the probable that happens.

ROBERT BROWNING AS A POET.*

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THESE critics pass from the form to the matter, leaving us to infer that they are not so sure of getting from the sower of the "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country" garden more lettuce than nettles. They cannot make certain that Browning, fail where else he may, strikes habitually to the heart of wisdom. They are positive of singularly spirited displays of singular mental situations, of an astonishing extolment of the odd, a deification of the queer; beyond this they seem to be unable to

go. Finally, there is a *consensus* of opinion, among the blunt old-time dissenters, that mental gymnastics the very cleverest, keenest analysis, most skillful vivisection and psychologic probing, subtlest casuistry, daring speculation, dazzling wealth of learning, humor, satire, fire truly volcanic, all these combined—as indeed they are, to-day, in this one author and in him only—do not make a poet; poetry being, the "*blossom, the fragrantcy* of all human knowledge, human passion, emotion, language"—a very different thing from the root, stalk, branches, or even the leaves, of these marvelous plants. Per-

* Special Course for C. L., S. C. Graduates.

sistent willfulness, habitual disobedience to the primal laws of simplicity and beauty—this cloud tormentingly lowers as they turn the thousand pages of Browning, dulling the clear, delightful impression of true poetry. When they that “have bene watered at the muses’ well” speak, they find that it is without circumlocution and with no uncertain sound; and they fear that it is only when the poetic life is gone out that the eagles of explanation are gathered together.

To speak temperately, steering between the extremes of the doubters and the adorers, we may hope to hit a just mean when we affirm that there is this fundamental trouble with the bulk of Browning’s writing: his favorite kind of truth is not the poet’s kind, and his processes with it are not the poet’s processes. Both belong rather to the prose of philosophy and science. The thought is often important, but, whether important or not, it has an alien look in the field of song. The Browning plant is not entirely native, bright, and clean; flower as it may, it has a viscous stalk, thick with the insects of speculation. This, by the by, is far from saying that the poetic field is not ultimately to be enriched by the Browning growths; like the inedible sedges, the rankest among them may serve to mass the soil, and so prepare firm ground for the sweet food of song. Bright truths set forth in transfigured words—this expression certainly does not help to describe the greater part of Browning’s work, the part of which we are speaking: it does help to describe the work of the poet.

Browning’s work lacks proportion; it is wanting in judgment, in taste. The lack of taste really includes all. Very plain words have been spoken on the importance of taste. Cousin says that genius is only taste in action; Schlegel, that genius is taste in its greatest perfection. Authorities to the same purport, might be multiplied; still this absence of taste in Browning is passed lightly as one of the minor faults. The want of taste in dress, pointedly as it speaks of the wearer, may be passed as a trivial matter; in literature we cannot be so lenient. We may forgive a grand old man for confronting the camera, his venerable person adorned with a polka-dot collar; but the saints in a grosser than the heavenly realm would knit their brows at these lines from the “Inn Album”:

Oh, too absurd—

But that you stand before me as you stand!

Such beauty does prove something, everything! Beauty’s the prize power which dispenses eye From peering into what has nourished root— Dew or manure: the plant best knows its place. Enough, from teaching youth and tending age And hearing sermons,—haply writing tracts,— From such strange love-besprinkled compost, lo, Out blows this triumph!

The hand that could write this in quiet, needed only the stimulus of excitement to pen the atrocious twelve lines in the *Athenæum*, which, once read for poetry, are dead as the mortal vesture of Fitzgerald.

An eminent linguist has said that the “poetic form embodies the highest expression of the human intellect”; and this may be taken as the sentiment of the cultured world. The importance of form admitted, it is diverting to see with what ingenuity the point at issue is evaded in the overshadowing presence of the poet under review. An illustrious American singer and critic, says, “But if form means the production of that which stimulates and re-inforces thought by powerful emotion, the subsidence of which leaves the thoughts as a *key of life* and a *rule* for conduct, no one has given truer examples of it than Browning.” The key to certain phases of life, Browning may put in our hand, and—though not always, if we comprehend him—safe rules for conduct; but no one knows better than the author of the words quoted, that they amount simply to an adroit dodge. It is one thing to speak as chairman of a “Browning Society,” quite another thing to speak as a free roamer in the literary field. What this same critic says about form, as he saunters in the open field, it were hard to better:

And we men through our bit of song run,
Until one just improves on the rest,
And we call a thing his, in the long run,
Who utters it clearest and best.

What to others a trifle appears,
Fills me full of smiles or tears.

The idea was once Blake’s. It is now Wordsworth’s:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The ground, taken by some defenders of Browning as an artist, that his form is a law unto itself, is not tenable until it be shown that their master is more masterly than their master’s masters, who essentially agree among themselves, and with whom he does not agree.

My father oft would speak
 Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
 More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
 To see the man so prais'd; but yet all this
 Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
 As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
 Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
 I thought (but it was you) enter our gates;
 My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
 As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
 Like breath; then was I call'd away in haste
 To entertain you. Never was a man,
 Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a scepter, rais'd
 So high in thoughts as I; you left a kiss
 Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
 From you forever; I did hear you talk,
 Far above singing; after you were gone
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
 What stir'd it so: Alas! I found it Love.

We have reached in among the old dramatists and drawn at random the selection. Is it not like coming from a conservatory into the open air? The longing maiden, as the old poet saw her, could print her thoughts in lawn as a pastime. Think of the task had she come within ken of the author of "Two in the Campagna"! The dear little thing would be still at it.

We cannot help feeling that the old-stylers are right in the opinion that certain things in this mutable world are pretty well fixed, after all; among them, the few underlying principles of literature, whether verse or prose. In our appeal to authority (for such, not originality, is the aim of this paper) going no further back than 1589, let us call up old Geo. Puttenham, author of "The Arte of English Poesie." "Six points," he says, (are) "set downe by our learned forefathers for a generall regiment of all good utterance, be it by mouth or by writing." It must have "decent proportion"; "it ought to be voluble upon the tongue, and tunable to the ear"; it must not be "tediously long"; it must be of an "orderly and good construction"; it must be "sound, proper and naturall speech"; it should be "lively and stirring."

Coleridge speaks plainly, while our venerable shade passes a severe sentence: a large proportion of Browning's work is shut out not only from the presence of poetry, but from the precincts of "good utterance." Browning need follow no predecessor in the application of the fixed laws of poetic utterance, but he must apply these laws in some way; he must establish the kinship. Where he

does this, he is a poet; where he does not do this, whatever else he may be, he is not a poet. The judgment here formed, is, that he often fails in this particular; hence, that only a part, the smaller part, of his writing can be called "just," "legitimate," poetry.

Though the two be dissimilar enough, Browning has many points in common with Byron. Both build on the strong foundation of common sense; both have a fondness for foreign themes, and their literary appetites crave the flavor of the forbidden fruit; both are followers of the off-hand method, the one frequently mistaking oratory for poetry, the other talk for song; and neither foster the precious faculty that tells what to omit and when to stop. Byron's fame is paying the penalty: posterity is busy weeding and whittling. Again, thought on this vigorous man-of-the-world writer, oddly enough, calls up the thin, mild visage of our revered Concord recluse. Both are poets, both are teachers, both struggle when it comes to the poetic utterance; though it must be said that the successes of Emerson in his crystal intervals of emancipation, are beyond the reach of even the Browning of forty years ago.

Between Browning and a third brother is a still more striking family likeness. Fully as robust, fully as neglectful of form, fully as intent on the promulgation of a gospel, fully as positive and stanch, marching at the head of his following of apologists, is this brother number three—or, better, number one—who, lounging on Yankee grass, sends his "yawp" over the roofs of the world. Let the lawgivers of the "poetry of the future" name the strains of these mighty pipers as they may, those of us cabined in the present—"bound in to saucy doubts and fears"—can fasten the fact that they two are of one blood.

Browning's awkwardness, abruptness, and obscurity are said to spring from a desire for condensation. Well, waiving the more probable cause—congenital anfractuosity of intellect, how is condensation best effected? Is it by omitting the parts of speech indispensable to a complete sentence, or by focusing the thought in few words? To borrow from Hazlitt, is it by the decomposition of prose that we arrive at the composition of poetry? Browning condenses by the phrase, elaborates by the volume. For example, to set forth the lesson that we should lead a full life, and, having so done, be ready to rest, he will write perhaps a book; while a true

economist of expression teaches the same lesson in four verses :

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

That is true condensation ; moreover, good English, the result of pure art—simple, direct, beautiful. One cannot let go such a quatrain ; it stands, a “ Mecca of the mind.” Gray, too, aimed at condensation, but what does he couple with it ? “ Extreme conciseness of expression,” he says, “ yet pure, perspicuous, and musical.” And what does Coleridge couple with condensation ? His words are, “ Boundless fertility, and labored condensation of thought, with perfection of sweetness in rhythm and meter—these are the essentials in the budding of a great poet. Afterward habit and consciousness of power teach more ease—*præcipitandum liberum spiritum*.” Comparatively few of Browning’s verses linger in memory ; had he the power of artistic, of true condensation, it would be otherwise.

Much is said about Browning’s emotional nature. He *is* rich in emotion, as he is in intellect, but the same obstacle in the way of his taking the reader’s mind confronts him when his goal is the reader’s heart ; and it has grown to even more formidable proportions. It is clear, interesting thought, spoken with the “ golden cadence,” that starts the flesh creeping as we read. One of the sincerest of Browning’s admirers, speaking of his style, uses the adjective “ chatty.” This seems to us a happy bit of unconscious criticism.

Browning’s Letters and Chats—perhaps that were not a bad title for much of the work now labeled more pretentiously, more prodigiously. Right admirable letters and chats they are, for the most part ; poetic, too, at times ; but poetry—the very titles forbid it. Women chat, men chat ; but the muses, if they drop to it, ’tis after a fashion no nearer our own than that of “ The Talking Oak.” The familiar quality, the hail fellow well met, the slap on the shoulder element, is very strong in Browning ; and, while it is an evidence of good nature, of warm sympathy, of delightful comradeship, the testimony is rather damaging than otherwise to the claim of the artist. *Art*, the most genial, smacks of the aristocratic ; *art*, the most be-

nevolent, gentle, sympathetic, maintains a certain austerity. The muses, though they draw very near, never suffer us to put our hands on them : many may believe it a personal experience, but no man has held Beauty herself in his arms.

As has been said, there is a tendency, at present, to blur the sharp line dividing prose from verse. The fence is down, for example, between Sir Thomas Browne, De Quincey, Carlyle, Ruskin, and the field of song.

Ruskin’s characteristic tribute to the mosses, comes closer to poetry than many a page of Browning ; yet it is simply prose. Ruskin, a consummate master of style, never forgets that poetry is a different thing from prose ; that it has a longer and a higher reach, that it has a subtile inexplicable power which prose may not hope to attain. All his descriptive writing put together, he says, is not worth three lines of Tennyson.

That Browning crosses and recrosses the dividing line between poetry and prose, is easily illustrated by the fact that much of his work loses little or nothing, in fact gains, by being cast in the prose of a sympathetic, scholarly interpreter. The obscurity, the circuitous crudeness and the hair-splitting rambles, the elaborate, involved challenges, delicate and indelicate, flung at the feet of fair Poesy, make welcome an abbreviated, straightforward, half-prose rendering ; and we need look for no further proof that work of which this may be truly said, is devoid of poetic form, if not of poetic substance, and consequently, is not poetry.

“ Whatever lines,” says Coleridge, “ can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, either in sense or association, or in any other feeling, are so far vicious in their diction.” . . . “ That *ultimatum* which I have ventured to propose as the infallible test of a blameless style ; namely, its untranslatableness in words of the same language without injury to the meaning.”

A scholarly expositor may give us, in terms half and half of poetry and prose, the gist of the advocate’s argument in the “ Ring and the Book,” and we will thank him, perhaps, time and patience being saved ; but we would emphatically excuse him from a corresponding version of the lines from the old dramatists before quoted. The poet suffers no man or thing to come between him and the reader. And this brings us back to the sign-

manual of the poet's perfect work—beauty.

In the midst of the present useless and distressing struggle to twist poetry from what it is and ever must be, we shall do well to listen once more to the simple, direct, manly, language of the noblest poet of our American soil:

Poetry is that art which selects and arranges the symbols of thought in such a manner as to excite it the most profoundly and delightfully.

. . . . I suppose that poetry differs from prose, in the first place, by the employment of metrical harmony. It differs from it, in the next place, by excluding all that disgusts, all that tasks and fatigues the understanding, and all matters which are too trivial and common to excite any emotion whatever. . . . To me it seems that one of the most important requisites for a great poet is a luminous style. The elements of poetry lie in natural objects, in the vicissitudes of human life, in the emotions of the human heart, and the relations of man to man. He who can present them in combinations and lights which at once affect the mind with a deep sense of their truth and beauty, is the poet for his own age and the ages that succeed it. It is no disparagement either to his skill or his power that he finds them near at hand; the nearer they lie to the common track of the human intelligence, the more certain is he of the sympathy of his own generation, and of those which shall come after him. The metaphysician, the subtle thinker, the dealer in abstruse speculations, whatever his skill in verification, misapplies it when he abandons the more convenient form of prose and perplexes himself with the attempt to express his ideas in poetic numbers.

There are those who say with reference to form, that it is not always well to declare, *Ita lex scripta est*. When about to make a stand for it, we are admonished that the particular poet in question "is a Browning." We may be silent, but we cannot forget the continuous testimony of the ages to the inexorableness of the august power so lightly set aside. There are those who say that we shall outgrow the golden cadence. Heaven forbid; for in that day will a thing of beauty be no more a joy; and music, scorning the ground, will have returned to her native height. Personally, we throw in our lot here, with the old-stylers, who cannot rejoice in such prog-

ress, who cannot believe in it. We do not ask for the old Hebraic ring, or for the clear brook-song of Greece; we avoid the word classic; we rest content with the one simple line of beauty, the eternal curve of the sky that bends gracefully and graciously over all; we would leave music free as it has been since the beginning in the voices of waters, of birds, and of the air slumbering on her instrument; we bespeak no special sound or shape or color of beauty,—but Beauty herself we cannot let go. Give us thought, give us learning, the more the better; but it must be spoken with the golden cadence, it must bring the scent and bloom of the upper fields, it must remind of the features, of the motion, of the sole glory, of the goddess herself, if it would charm, captivate, the souls of men. On the shield of song and of art, an unwavering hand has graven the words copied on the shield of Elpinus,—*I hold by being held*.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight *by heavenly LAWS*.

What is the conclusion? That, if we are to know and respect the poet, we must first know and respect poetry; that, if Browning be not from first to last a poet, he is a poet, and, at his best, a poet of all but the noblest proportions; that, if he be too often, if he be wontedly, a little lower than the angels of song, he may still have, does have, his own far-raying brightness, shining, now, as one of the resistless forces of his age, destined to shine hereafter,

A light and landmark on the cliffs of fame.

All cannot be in any one man. Browning stirs the sluggish blood to healthful action, rouses the spirit to lofty aspiration; he points out the path to victory. He is a leader in this world where leaders are too few; a very bolt-thrower, sending his hissing missiles into the camp of sham, cowardice, littleness, and all meanness; he is a rounded, complete man; a helper, a teacher, a strong unfailing friend. All cannot be in any one man: were it not well for the fervor of devoted discipleship to beware the wrong that would crown him that has laurels enough with wreaths he cannot wear?

WHERE IS THE UNITED STATES ARMY?

BY FRED. PERRY POWERS.

NOTHING in the United States excites the astonishment of a foreigner so much as our army, because he cannot find it. He goes to Washington. An immense and highly ornamented granite building is pointed out to him as the War Department and he visits it to see what a United States soldier looks like. He does not find out. He looks for sentinels at the entrance but there are none.

While our visitor is getting used to this novelty, a gentleman passes out of the doorway with scarcely any notice from the doorkeepers. Our foreign friend is somewhat surprised to learn that it is the highest officer in the United States Army, Major-General Schofield, the hero of the battle of Franklin, and a soldier of distinction on many another field, and the successor in command of the army to Lieutenant-General Sheridan.

The foreigner goes up stairs and soon finds himself in the main corridor opposite the office of the Secretary of War, now the Hon. Redfield Proctor of Vermont. If our foreigner is fortunate in the hour at which he visits the department, he has little trouble in getting into the office of the secretary and introducing himself, all of which surprises him immensely. There were no soldiers in the corridors; just some ex-soldiers in citizens' clothes to give information and carry cards to the secretary. This office is a little nearer his idea of what it ought to be than any other official quarters he has seen in Washington. The army is such a small thing in this great country of more than sixty millions of civilians that it modestly lays its uniform aside when it is among the people.

The army of the United States consists of 2,167 commissioned officers and a sufficient number of enlisted men to keep them in practice. This number is fixed by a general law at 30,000; for several years Congress has been in the habit of appropriating for only 25,000 and it does not seem likely to get out of the habit, although the military authorities are generally asking for at least the statutory 30,000. Omitting a considerable number of enlisted men who are performing civilian du-

ties the adjutant general of the army reports the actual strength of the army as 20,145.

So there are not ten real private soldiers for every officer; this fact inspires a great deal of wit on the part of paragraph writers who do not understand what our army is for. We have never been in danger of any sudden foray from Canada or Mexico, our army would do us precious little good if our harbors were invaded by a hostile fleet, and for several years past the Indian has ceased from troubling and the town site speculator is at rest. We have no fighting for our army to do.

But the organization of an army is not an easy thing and so we obey the injunction, in time of peace to prepare for war, just far enough to keep up a military organization of two thousand officers and the smallest number of enlisted men that will permit the officers to keep in military practice. A regiment of infantry with 37 officers and hardly 400 enlisted men seems pretty top heavy, but the 37 officers form a regimental organization around which 1,000 enlisted men could be arranged as easily as 400. A good part of the military establishment is in the staff corps, and these have to be nearly as large for a small army as for a large one. The organization is all ready and the addition of enough clerks and a few officers would adapt it to an army of half a million.

The adjutant-general's department reaches everywhere. It enlists soldiers, keeps the military records of officers and men, maintains discipline, conducts the official correspondence of the army, and, in short, supplies the head of the army and the commander of every post or body of troops with his chief assistant, his executive officer. The inspector-general's department inspects the condition in which the private soldier keeps his rifle, the paymaster keeps his accounts, and the post-commandant keeps his camp, his company, or his fort. The judge-advocate general's department prosecutes all offenders before military tribunals, examines the records of all courts martial, and advises the commanding officers and the secretary of war whether the findings of the courts ought to be

approved or set aside. I say advisedly that the judge-advocates prosecute; nominally they do not; they are "friends of the court," who conduct the examination of witnesses and explain the law and assist the court in ascertaining the facts. In practice, however, the work of a judge-advocate has come to be very much like that of a district attorney. No man on trial before a court martial will go without private counsel if he can afford to hire it. The quartermaster-general's department provides the army with tents or builds barracks for the soldiers and supplies fuel and lights and the means of transportation and the horses, wagons, and forage. The subsistence department supplies the army with food. The ordnance department supplies the army with weapons and ammunition; the duties of the medical and pay corps do not need explanation; the military duty of the signal corps is to send messages by means of flags, lights, and the reflection of the sun's rays; and the engineer corps directs the construction of roads, bridges, and fortifications in war, and in peace carries on our entire system of river and harbor improvements.

The heads of all these staff-corps are brigadier-generals. The adjutant-general, John C. Kelton, a graduate of the military academy, was complimented with the brevets of lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general for "most arduous and valuable services both in the field and at headquarters" during the Civil War, and received his present appointment last summer. The amount of desertion from the army that has been going on for some years past has been discussed in almost all their reports by the generals, but the first annual report of General Kelton shows that he has been making a very thorough investigation of the subject, and his conclusions are not exactly those that one would expect from a graduate of the military academy and an officer of the regular army. He is satisfied that the American soldier will not submit patiently to the discipline that a German peasant or a French conscript or an English soldier commanded by a nobleman's son, never thinks of complaining of; and the adjutant-general does not deem this military discipline, borrowed from Europe, any more necessary in our army than it is acceptable to the enlisted men, who, unaccustomed to class distinctions in civil life, find the attitude of superiority maintained by the commissioned officers irritating.

The inspector-general, J. C. Breckinridge, is a son of the distinguished Presbyterian minister, Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge of Kentucky. The acting judge-advocate general is Guido N. Lieber, a son of Dr. Francis Lieber, the eminent publicist. Lieutenant-Colonel Barr of this corps had a desk in the office of the secretary during the whole of the administration of Secretary Robert Lincoln, acting as his military informant and adviser, and has been assigned to the same duty under Secretary Proctor; for a secretary, who is almost invariably a civilian, has to act twenty times a day on matters involving military law and usage regarding which he must ask some one. The quartermaster-general, Samuel B. Holabird, has improved greatly the quality of clothing furnished the soldiers and in particular he has made it possible for a private soldier to have uniforms that fit him. Robert McFeely, the commissary-general, was one of General Grant's comrades when both were subalterns in the 4th infantry. Paymaster General Rochester is a son of the founder and namer of the city of Rochester. General Greely, the chief signal officer, is the celebrated Arctic explorer.

The army is too scattered to be treated as a single army corps, and it is too small for distribution into divisions and brigades. In fact its regiments are ideal rather than real. The country is divided geographically into three military divisions, that of the Atlantic with headquarters at New York, that of the Missouri with headquarters at Chicago, and that of the Pacific with headquarters at San Francisco. The commander in New York is Major-General O. O. Howard, who received the special thanks of Congress for his services in the battle of Gettysburg, and who often has been called the Havelock of the American Army, because he was equally at home fighting and praying. Years ago while in command of a department in the south-west he did some heroic work in pursuit of the Indians, and he has the honor of having Howard University for the education of colored youths named for him. The commander at Chicago is Major-General George Crook, who received brevets in recognition of his services in three specific battles and two campaigns, who was promoted in 1873 from a lieutenant-colonelcy to a brigadier-generalship, and while a celebrated Indian fighter always has pre-eminently enjoyed the respect and confidence of the Indians. The division of the Pacific is com-

manded by Brigadier-General Miles, one of the younger officers of the army, who entered the volunteer army as captain of a Massachusetts regiment and left it as a major-general, and then entered the regular army as a colonel. His last campaign was the brilliant and successful pursuit of Geronimo. The division of the Missouri is divided into four departments and that of the Pacific into three, one of which General Miles commands personally, and these departments are commanded by five brigadier-generals and one colonel.

The army is divided into ten regiments of cavalry, five of artillery, and twenty-five of infantry, besides the engineer battalion signal corps, hospital corps, etc. In the navy, white and black men serve together, but in the army this has not been attempted, and all the colored soldiers are collected into the 9th and 10th cavalry and the 24th and 25th infantry.

Where are all these soldiers? They are scattered along the coasts in the forts built fifty years ago and equal in their time to any thing abroad, and they are stationed along the frontier to discourage borderers, and in the vicinity of Indian reservations by way of assisting the short memoried Indian to remember that peace and civilization is the best policy for him. The latest report of the distribution of the enlisted men shows that there are 527 of them around the metropolis of the United States, and 405 at the national capital, or 651 if the garrison at Fortress Monroe be included. There is a school at Fortress Monroe for the training of officers in connection with heavy artillery. There are nearly 900 soldiers around San Francisco. In the state of Nebraska there are over 1,500; in the territory of Wyoming over 1,300; in Utah 700; in the two Dakotas 1,800; in Montana 1,900; and along our entire Southern frontier, to guard against Indians, borderers, and smugglers, there are a little more than 5,000 soldiers.

As advancing settlement has driven the Indians into sundry corners and placed the railroad service at the command of the troops, the number of posts is being reduced and the size of garrisons increased. But the largest garrison we have is at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where there is a school for officers of infantry and light artillery and where there are 570 enlisted men. The next largest garrisons are at the Presidio of San Francisco; Fort Riley, Kansas, where there is a school for officers of cavalry; Fort Clark, Texas; Fort Meade, Dakota; San Antonio, Texas;

Fort Omaha, Nebraska; and Fort Assiniboine, Montana; Forts Robinson and Niobrara, Nebraska; and Fort Douglass, Utah. These are all the posts where there are over 400 soldiers besides officers.

Every body knows that the military academy at West Point supplies the army with officers, but it does not supply it as fully as generally is supposed. For the last two years the graduating class has exceeded the vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant, but for many years before that the number of graduates was much less than the number of vacancies. A large number of officers in the regular establishment entered it after the war from the volunteer service. For the past ten years half a dozen non-commissioned officers have been promoted annually to the grade of second lieutenant. If these two sources did not supply officers enough the president appointed a number of young men from civil life, the friends of influential politicians, to be second lieutenants.

Up to the rank of captain, promotion is by regiments, that is, a vacancy in the rank of captain is filled by the promotion of the senior first lieutenant of that regiment. Consequently accidents make promotion in some regiments much more rapid than in others. An effort is being made to change this so that a vacancy in the grade of captain of infantry will be filled by the promotion of the senior first lieutenant of infantry without regard to regiment. From the rank of captain to that of colonel the promotion is also by seniority, but it goes by the arm of the service. When a colonel of artillery dies or resigns, the senior lieutenant-colonel of artillery is promoted. This system of promotion by seniority obviates favoritism, but it also compels virtue to be its sole reward, for there is no way whereby an officer who distinguishes himself can get along any faster than another officer who is not quite bad enough to be dismissed from the service. There is one exception to this general rule. By taking a man out of the branch of the service where he has distinguished himself he sometimes can be rewarded. Captain Lawton of the 4th cavalry did some magnificent work in the campaign against Geronimo three years ago. He could not be promoted to be major of cavalry any sooner on account of this service, but he was last year rewarded by being taken from the cavalry and made major and assistant inspector-general.

The graduates of the military academy are allowed, in the order of their class standing, to choose their corps. The men at the head of the class select the engineers, the next men select the artillery, the next the cavalry, and the infantry, which is the most important part of an army, takes the graduates whose class standing will not enable them to get into any other arm of the service. When non-commissioned officers are promoted to be commissioned officers, they almost invariably are assigned to infantry regiments. If any one will look at an army register for 1860 he will see that this assignment of officers means something. He will see that in proportion to their numbers the engineer officers of the old army furnished the greatest and the infantry officers furnished the smallest number of men who acquitted themselves notably in the Civil War.

We say that we keep this little army as a nucleus for a great volunteer force in the event of war. What we are really doing is training officers who in the event of war would have to retire from active service on account of physical disability and we are drilling soldiers in the use of weapons that would be discarded when war began. A system of rigid seniority promotion, when peace makes its movements very slow, insures us old men in all the higher positions in the army. When the Civil War occurred all our generals and colonels were superannuated, and we had to make colonels out of men who had never commanded a whole company, and generals out of men who had never seen a regiment altogether. The next time war comes we shall be in the same situation. It is not exactly true to-day, but a few years ago it was remarked by an army officer that we had ten colonels of cavalry and not one of them was physically able to ride a horse.

The infantry is armed with the improved Springfield rifle, the best single-fire gun there is, but we should have to use magazine guns in war. Each regiment of artillery contains two light batteries. The work of supplying these with modern field guns has only just begun. The ordnance department has begun to deliver to the light artillery school at Fort Leavenworth the new steel rifled field pieces, with a caliber of 3.2 inches and throwing a 13-pound shot. The heavy artillery batteries have nothing to practice on but an unlimited number of smooth-bore muzzle-

loading cast-iron guns left over from the war and 210 muzzle loading rifles made by lining these smooth-bores with a rifled steel tube. In a few years, however, the situation will be different. A heavy gun factory is in process of construction at Watervliet arsenal; one 8-inch steel rifle has been completed and the forgings for a considerable number of modern steel guns have been contracted for. But it will take years to make them, and perhaps that is just as well, for it would take years to make any fortifications to put the guns on.

The pay of army officers is not munificent, but there are allowances for commutation of rations and forage and quarters and fuel for officers who are not serving in the field and do not need to have these furnished in kind, that add considerably to the officer's income. Then an officer retires at sixty-four years or earlier, at his option under certain circumstances, and the retired pay is decent; the officers are apt to feel that it is illiberal, but there are a great many civilians who would be thankful to have such an assurance for their declining years; and, finally, when the officer dies there is a small pension for his wife. What is called the pay of the grade is \$1,400 for a second lieutenant of infantry or heavy artillery, \$2,000 for a captain of cavalry or light artillery, \$2,500 for a major, \$3,000 for a lieutenant-colonel, \$3,500 for a colonel, \$5,500 for a brigadier-general, and \$7,500 for a major-general. But the pay is increased 10 per cent for each five years' service with the exception that a lieutenant-colonel's pay does not go above \$4,000 nor a colonel's above \$4,500; so that a captain of twenty years' service gets \$2,520 if not mounted, or \$2,800 if mounted, besides his quarters and certain other allowances.

The pay of enlisted men is \$13 a month the first two years, \$16 the last year of the first enlistment, \$18 during the second enlistment, \$19 during subsequent enlistments. The first sergeant gets from \$22 to \$27, the ordnance, commissary, and post quartermaster sergeants \$34 to \$39, and a sergeant-major \$36 to \$41. The men are fed and clothed and quartered, and after thirty years service they may retire on three-fourths of the pay they were getting when retired, and a certain money allowance in place of clothing and rations. There are 229 enlisted men now on the retired list.

WHAT OUR COLLEGE WOMEN ARE DOING.

BY MRS. CARL BARUS.

AT the close of an article on higher education printed in an English magazine a half dozen years ago, was put this pertinent question, What will women college graduates do? The writer did not attempt to solve the problem, as the number of women who then had taken the courses of study offered by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was too small and their post-graduate years too few to pretend to base an answer on their experience; still the writer permitted his readers to share his doubts as to the ultimate success of the new movement which gave to women such wide opportunities for intellectual culture. He feared that college women would not find in the routine of domestic life a field for exercising their acquired mental abilities.

It is now twenty years since Vassar, the first college to be endowed exclusively for women in the United States, sent forth her earliest graduates. In the wake of her success came trooping the maiden Bachelors of Arts and Sciences from institutions of a similar character which sprang up over the country, till to-day the college woman has become not only a familiar but an assured figure. In the light of her twenty years of post-graduate experience it is possible to see if the misgivings which beset the English writer have proved true, or if the social and moral forces which environ women to day do not open opportunities for exercising those qualities of mind which a college training stimulates.

Convenient for this purpose are the reports of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. This Association, organized in '82, now numbers over a thousand members, graduates who have received a degree in arts, philosophy, science, or literature from any of the fourteen institutions whose standing has met the approval of the Association. The aim of the Association being to further by all practical means the advancement of women's higher education, the adoption of a standard for a test of membership was in itself a measure tending toward such an object. The official reports of the National Bureau of Education show how impossible it has been,

for political as well as other reasons, to discriminate between the claims of universities and colleges, properly or improperly so-called. If a degree won by patient and persistent study at one of the better colleges has no more publicly recognized worth than one conferred with a flourish by some self-dubbed university of questionable grade, a strong motive toward striving for the best education is withheld. Such was the conviction which led the Association of Collegiate Alumnae to state the precise terms of its membership, which briefly given are these:

(1) The Faculty of a college applying for admission to the Association must not be called upon to give instruction in preparatory studies; (2) the requirements for admission to such a college must be equal to those adopted by the colleges already belonging to the Association; (3) the college must have conferred degrees in arts, philosophy, science, or literature on twenty-five women prior to its application for admission.

The colleges already admitted are presumed to require in their entrance examinations an equivalent to the English studies agreed upon by the Commission of Colleges in New England; in their classical and mathematical requirements the standard is similar to that adopted by the better men's colleges. Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and Oberlin Colleges; Boston, Cornell, Michigan, California, Wisconsin, Wesleyan, Kansas, Syracuse, and North-Western Universities; and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have now graduates enrolled among the list of members. The Harvard Annex, conferring no degree, only a certified statement of studies, cannot claim recognition, and its students, who are expectant of the day when Harvard shall openly confess them as its alumnae, feel that any general acceptance of their present imperfect system would retard conferring the desired degrees.

Once fairly organized the Association resolved to probe the question which then seemed the most vital one in relation to the higher education of women, viz., Did such education tend to injure their health? The medical profession from the very outset of

the experiment constantly had sounded a note of warning and alarm, which raised fears in the minds of prudent parents and restrained the college movement among women to narrower limits than natural inclination would set. No general facts had been gathered in sufficient numbers to warrant positive statements, yet some of the most influential of the profession did not hesitate to base an adverse argument upon the limited testimony of their individual note-books. The Association was in a position to bring ampler testimony than could be secured otherwise, counting as it did among its members, representatives of so many institutions. The usual program of committee work was adopted, and an investigation begun, which resulted in securing detailed evidence from nearly 750 college women, graduates of at least two years' standing, which number at the time represented more than one-half of the women who had received degrees from the higher colleges. To insure against the charge of unfairness, the Association placed its accumulation of facts in charge of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, which through the courtesy of its chief, Colonel Carroll D. Wright, agreed to do the work of compilation. The evidence was so strongly in favor of the beneficial results of a college life as to settle completely the doubts of those investigating, and lead them to continue their advocacy of a higher education without misgivings as to its physical consequences. With the knowledge of the necessity which existed for carefully investigating the health question, is read with especial interest the symposium printed in a recent number of the *Medical News*, where the leading gynecologists and neurologists of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, respectively express their opinions on the higher education for women. But one of the six eminent writers takes a gloomy view of the movement, the rest give it more or less hearty approval. England has still to find a champion to tilt against the prejudicial views expressed three years ago by the retiring President of the British Medical Association.

The investigation as to the health of college women, naturally led to an inquiry as to what efforts were made to secure for them adequate physical training. Investigation showed that little or nothing had been directly done toward such an end. No women's college at the time of the organization of the Association possessed

a gymnasium that could in any way compare with the facilities which a large number of men's colleges offered in their fine buildings. Since then, stimulated chiefly by the efforts of the alumne, several of the colleges have secured excellent gymnastic apparatus, and the physical question is given the serious consideration it properly demands. On the grounds at Vassar, her alumne have just erected a commodious building which, besides the most approved appliances for technical physical training, tempts the girls by its swimming bath, its tennis courts, its bowling alley and recreation hall to spend their leisure moments in healthful pastimes. The graduates of Smith steadily are adding to a fund they are raising for a similar purpose.

Among the alumne who have adopted the profession of teaching, many are bringing to bear upon school life and work the influences which come from a knowledge of the physiological requirements of their charges. In the reports and papers presented to the association, this spirit of widening interests is clearly apparent among the teachers. It is by systematic inquiry into the habits of school-girls outside of class rooms that much interesting and useful information has been collected and printed for the benefit of other teachers. An instructor in a city high school upon putting the question to her class found that nine out of forty scholars had come to school that day without breakfast, and a number without bringing luncheon. A habit of occasionally taking statistics upon this point soon resulted in emphasizing its importance, and established, as a rule, among her scholars, a hearty morning meal.

The effect of the amusements and occupations of girls on their school life became the theme of a number of earnest women's discussions, women whose experience with girls had given them opportunities for becoming observant watchers and recorders of their home surroundings. The facts they secured proved the need existing for the oversight and counsel of women trained to broad methods of thought. It is not alone the physical aspects of school life, as at present conducted, that has appealed to the interest of the alumne teachers; they are alert to recognize the merits of new theories of education and to sympathize with the efforts made to test them. The recent movements to advance the studies of pedagogics and history have received their warm support.

Offering college women, as it does, the readiest entrance to a professional life, teaching becomes the choice of a large number of them, and opens to such women ample opportunities for work outside the routine of their prescribed duties. A review of the reports of the Branch Associations who carry on in eight cities as many local societies, show that it is the study of sociological questions which presents the strongest attraction to college women. With scarce an exception, each branch reports the formation of a political science club, working in most instances under the encouragement of some noted economist in its neighborhood.

Believing that the future is to open larger opportunities to aid in the adjustment of social perplexities, these women are preparing themselves to meet what the years will bring by a thorough study of economic truths. A club of this character started six years ago in Boston by the resident *alumnae* was the first woman's organization of its kind. It since has been duplicated in many quarters. It is already evident that the mastery of the laws of production and distribution as laid down in text-books does not satisfy the wish of the college women to understand the social question; that they are already experimenting with opportunities for making their personal lives tell upon that of their neighbors. An alumna in New York read before her associates a paper on "The Opportunity for College Trained Women in Philanthropic Work," in which she counseled them as follows:

Our knowledge of social statics and dynamics, our sense of proportion, our training in synthesis and analysis, should be made to count for something. They can effect more if allied to undertakings which aim rather at the prevention of evil than at its relief, at cure rather than alleviation. . . . You will find ten women raising money for a hospital against one who bestows her time and thought upon more fundamental effort. . . . The most fundamental work is the most directly practical and helpful. Sanitary science obeyed in the dwellings of rich and poor, recognized in the care of our streets as in the clothing of our bodies, the art of ventilation skillfully applied to make good blood and healthy muscle, industrial education wisely used to develop skill in labor and relieve our crowded professions, political science made so popular and so real that greed and prejudice will cease to control our great cities and mam-

moth corporations—out of these must come the salvation of modern America. Who shall be their apostles, but the educated men and women who follow, out their chemistry, their history, their logic to practical conclusions, who believe with the great founder of the inductive method that the end of philosophy is fruit?

Another graduate who has taken an advanced course of economic studies in the universities abroad, wrote for her college companions a paper on "The Need of Theoretical Preparation for Philanthropic Work," in which she urged them "to hasten the day when all good things of society shall be the goods of the children of men. . . . And I think you will agree with me that before we are ready to enter upon such work we have sore need of theoretical preparation."

A Sanitary Science club, which after two successful winters of enthusiastic study, published a manual for housekeepers on such practical subjects of home sanitation as fall to the lot of all home-makers, was one expression of the feeling that an immediate application of their scientific training was one of the best utilizations of their education. Talks to factory girls on kindred topics was a part of the program of this club.

Due to the interest fostered in sanitary, social, and political science by the local clubs is the latest experiment undertaken by college women in New York and known as the College Settlement. It is too soon to put into print what this unique philanthropy has accomplished. In the belief that only by the daily contact of one human life upon another can permanent and satisfactory influences be exerted, the *alumnae* have rented a house in the most densely populated tenement quarter of the city, and seven of their number have gone there to make such a home as seven refined and active women, instinct with sympathy and kindness can create. Into the circle of their family life are invited their neighbors as friends, bidden in to enjoy what years of opportunities for study and culture have made these women capable of giving to starved and stunted minds. As if waiting for their coming the college women found vacated in Rivington Street, a roomy old-fashioned house whose landlord readily responded to their enthusiasm and put the quarters into thorough sanitary and habitable repair, making it possible for them in the midst of dirt and squalor to show a home of healthful and pleasurable

surroundings. The resident college women are expected to live their lives as elsewhere, carry on their professional or domestic work and show by their activity how high a value they place on industry.

The Settlement is so ordered that it can accommodate itself to permanent and transient residents. A certain number of its inmates, a number large enough to insure the stability of whatever scheme may be undertaken, pledge themselves to become boarders for at least a year, others may come for a few weeks only. Thus far, the most practicable means of securing a hold on their neighbors has been by organizing clubs for the girls and children. Four such clubs are now holding frequent meetings, the instruction and recreation being graded to suit the ages of the members. Little children from six to ten years are taught to sew, to sing, and to march; the girls from ten to fourteen have in addition certain industrial classes; while for poor, tired cash girls of fifteen and thereabouts, an evening a week is made pleasurable with games and healthful nonsense. The older girls of eighteen are given instruction that will help them to opportunities for increased wages; dress-making, cooking, drawing, etc., are among the list of their classes, while health talks and sanitary hints are subjects of weekly conversations. Believing in the power of childhood to refine and elevate the home, it is with special tenderness the little ones are cared for. Though the colonists freely give of their intellectual life, yet all appearance of instruction or even of philanthropic motives is carefully withheld, and friendship, companionship with its as yet untried possibilities of uplifting and enlarging the lives of their neighbors, is the recognized source of inspiration. The household arrangements permit the Settlement to open two bath rooms for public use at the small tax of five cents; the experiment is popular. An extract from a letter of the resident physician shows the ready response their efforts have met among the children. She writes: "The children look upon us as boon companions, coming in to visit us at any time of day, not for a short visit but settling down for a good time."

It is not by inexperienced or indiscreet hands this work has been taken up, several of the present residents had become familiar with

the neighborhood through earlier charitable efforts there; and the firm hold they have secured upon the young people seems to assure the success of this practical interpretation of the sisterhood of woman. The college women of England are successfully carrying on a similar philanthropy in the east quarter of London.

What promises to be a practical contribution toward a satisfactory understanding of the relations between mistress and maid, is the investigation, proceeding under the supervision of the Historical Department at Vassar and carried on by the graduates of recent classes. These young women, untried in the mysteries of domestic management, are endeavoring to bring it into the light of opposing evidence, to discover where the root of the evil lies. Three sets of schedules containing direct, practical questions have been distributed. The first, addressed to housekeepers gives that class opportunity to state their grievances from the standpoint of employers; the second, furnishes the servants an equal outlet for their experiences and opinions; while the third paper hopes to gain full information as to how widely and successfully co-operative experiments in housekeeping have been attempted. This is the first effort made to bring the domestic problem to the scrutiny of statistics, and though the tabulated results may fail to bring direct assistance, they will surely serve to show to those in authority that kitchen logic often starts from premises not considered in the parlor; a comprehension of this fact must tend to more mutual concessions and kindlier sympathies.

Enough has been given in the present article to answer the question posed as its heading, and to show that college women have found in the daily conditions of their lives, openings for the exercise of their stimulated faculties.

As a spur to the ambitions of brilliant students, the Association of Collegiate Alumnae has established a scholarship for advanced study at some one of the colleges of this country, and are raising a fund toward the maintenance of a European scholarship which will open to girls of unusual attainments, opportunities for carrying on their technical training beyond the point our own colleges offer.

A BOTANICAL GARDEN IN THE ISLAND OF JAVA.

BY M. M. TREUB.

Translated from "The Chautauquan" from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

THE number of botanical gardens situated within the tropical zone is much greater than is generally thought. According to a recent enumeration there are not less than fifteen in the possession of the English, four of the French, two of the Spanish, and one of the Dutch. There are still others in the tropical regions of America. It is necessary to say, however, that not all are botanical gardens, in the proper sense of the word, but rather limited agricultural stations or gardens of acclimation. Some among them merit the name of great scientific establishments, and, holding the first rank in this list, are the gardens of Calcutta, and those on the islands of Ceylon and Java. We propose briefly to trace the history of the last of these three, and to show, by a study of its organization, how a new era is beginning for such institutions and that they are destined to play a steadily increasing part in the future evolution of vegetable life.

On the 29th of October, 1815, a squadron, quitting the roadstead of Texel, in the north of Holland, set sail for the East Indies. It was taking to Java the commissioners general to whom the sovereign of Holland had confided the office of taking back from England in his name the government of the Netherlandish Indies. Guided by large views the new king had added to the number of commissioners a distinguished naturalist, Reinwardt, a professor of the Athenæum of Amsterdam, in order to establish upon a solid basis the study of the marvelous nature which forms the wealth of the Dutch possessions in southern Asia.

The squadron did not reach the Strait of Sunda until the last of April of the following year. The passengers were delighted after their long and dreary voyage, to sail among the charming islands set as so many emeralds in the narrow silvery bands into which they divided the strait; and to breathe in the sweet perfumes wafted from the shores. They might well have desired to remain there and to put off the task awaiting them, for the future held many vexations. It was only after long subterfuges that the English authorities

decided at last on the 19th of August, 1816, to transmit the power over the Dutch Indies to the plenipotentiaries of the king of Holland. Baron Capellen as governor-general was installed a little later at Buitenzorg, taking Reinwardt with him.

Buitenzorg, the residence of the viceroys of the Indies, is situated about twenty-six miles from Batavia, in latitude $6^{\circ} 35'$ south, longitude $106^{\circ} 53'$ east, upon one of the long northern slopes of Mount Salak. A charming site, enjoying a beautiful and healthful climate, it is not strange that the governor-general should have chosen to establish the seat of his government there rather than at Batavia, large and beautiful as was the latter city. This preference accorded to Buitenzorg by the representatives of the king was the reason for its selection as the site of a botanical garden. The land selected for this purpose was contiguous to the park and to the gardens of the palace. Work upon it was commenced on May 18, with fifty native laborers under the direction of two head gardeners, one of whom had followed the same calling in Holland, while the other had been brought up in the royal gardens of Kew. It would have been difficult to find in all Java a place better adapted to an undertaking of this kind, because, thanks to especial conditions, Buitenzorg added to its other advantages that of not being visited by the dry monsoon.

It is evident, that a period of drought almost continuous for four or five months, as is common in the island of Java would be suitable for only a very small part of plant life. Even the climate of Batavia, where an absence of heavy rains for two or three months is not of rare occurrence, would be much less adapted to a botanical garden than that of Buitenzorg, where they complain of it as an unfavorable year if in the midst of the dry season, so-called, there occur three consecutive weeks without rain. These frequent and heavy rains have a double advantage for the garden: first Buitenzorg is indebted to them for its luxuriant vegetation which grows continuously; and in the second

place the rains cause a lowering of the mean temperature which renders possible the culture of many plants of the virgin forests of the mountains, although Buitenzorg is situated at an altitude of only about nine hundred feet. In order to give an idea of how much water falls yearly on an average upon this *Sans Souci* of Java it will be sufficient to say that here the rain-fall measures about one hundred seventy-five inches, while in Holland, one of the most rainy countries in Europe, it reaches only about twenty-five inches.

At first no regular plan was decreed for the management of the garden. The archives contain no indication of any rules whatever regarding it. It is only known that its founder, Reinwardt, made numerous expeditions into the surrounding country for plants. The first catalogue of the "State Botanical Garden," the name officially adopted, published some months after the departure of Reinwardt, contains an enumeration of nine hundred twelve species. Reinhardt returned to Europe in 1822 in order to occupy a chair in the University of Leyden. During the succeeding years there were several changes in the management of the garden and it experienced varying degrees of fortune. Finally, in 1830, J. E. Teysmann was named as chief gardener. This man, who had had only the education of a primary school, received a half century later a testimonial, as remarkable as it was rare, of the esteem in which he was held by the whole scientific world. Besides the diplomas of honor given him and the felicitations sent from all parts of the world, there was presented to him an album in which more than one hundred botanists, among them Darwin and Candolle, presented him their respects; and this album upon its gold plate bore the following inscription: "To the most distinguished and indefatigable J. E. Teysmann, who has spent half of his life-time in the exploration of the botanical treasures of the Indian Archipelago, from his admiring colleagues." It was under the management of this man that the garden became a scientific institution of the state, with a director and a special budget and an entire independence of the viceroy. Let us now rapidly glance over its actual organization.

The institution comprises three distinct departments. First there is the botanical garden, properly so called, in the center of the town, occupying an area of about eighty

acres. It is crossed by a large and beautiful walk called the Walk of the Kanaries, after the native name of the trees which border it, beautiful specimens of the *Canarium commune*, frequently reaching a height of ninety feet. Over this walk which runs along by the side of an artificial lake containing a little island, pass daily numberless carriages and pedestrians. Leading out from it in every direction, numerous paths penetrate to all parts of the grounds. Plants of the same family are found grouped together, or occupying one of the entire divisions marked out by the paths. At one corner of each such plot is to be found a notice of the species which it incloses; and each species is represented by two plants, one of which bears a label giving its scientific name, its common name, and usually its special characteristics. His attention being attracted to the great number of climbing plants in the tropical regions, Teysmann conceived the happy idea of giving them a special place in the garden, where each might be surrounded with its natural conditions; and this apartment now offers a vast field for interesting observations. The total number of herbaceous plants comprised is about nine thousand.

In the middle of the garden is found a series of nurseries where young plants are cultivated, partly under shelter which protects them from the heat of the sun and from injury by the heavy rains. Some plants demand particular care, notably certain species of ferns and of the *Araceae* and of the orchid family. These are placed in buildings, resembling the hot-houses of Europe, but with this difference that here they serve to keep the plants cool, instead of procuring for them a higher temperature. The garden has its own carpenters for executing such constructions—a little detail, which, however, will serve to give an idea of the scale upon which it is organized.

The native *personnel* is composed of a hundred individuals, among whom are three possessed of a special botanical knowledge, much more profound than one would expect to find among the Malays. This force works under the supervision of the gardener-in-chief and his assistant. Day and night the garden stands open, a thing possible only in the Orient where they are not yet enough advanced in culture to consider ownership a robbery. At the two principal entrances there are gateways but no gates.

The agricultural garden, the second department comprised in the institution, situated about a mile from the center of Buitenzorg, occupies more than one hundred fifty acres. The local arrangement and the distribution of the plants at once indicate an object exclusively practical. All is laid out in regular order here; the roads and the paths cross each other at right angles, the plots which they set off are nearly all of the same size, the plants in each plot are of the same species and of the same age. While in the scientific garden each species had only two representatives, it has here on an average one hundred. But here the limitations are placed on the kinds of plants, which must be such as are or may become useful to agriculture or to colonial industries. There are to be found the different species and varieties of the coffee tree, of the tea plant, sugar cane, caoutchouc and gutta-percha trees, the *Erythroxylon coca*, which furnishes cocaine, the trees which produce tannin and oils, plants used for fodder, etc. A special part of the garden is reserved for medicinal plants. A chief gardener conducts the work which is carried on by a force of seventy native workers.

The third garden is located at quite a distance from Buitenzorg, upon the slope of the neighboring volcano, Gedeh. With an area of seventy acres, situated at an altitude of five thousand feet, it possesses a climate which is marvelously adapted to the cultivation of the flora indigenous to mountains as well as to that of Australia and Japan. A force of a dozen natives works here under the direction of a European gardener. These three gardens, which together constitute the State Botanical Garden, occupy an area of more than three hundred acres.

The museum built opposite the first garden described, is a building about one hundred fifty feet long and comprises a large central hall and two wings. On the lower floor the hall contains cupboards running all along its walls and glass cases through the center, in which are kept the botanical collections. Some of the specimens are dried and some are preserved in alcohol. A gallery running the whole length of the upper hall is exclusively occupied by the herbarium. The pressed plants are not kept in portfolios as in Europe but in tin boxes in order the better to protect them against insects and mold, the great enemies of such collections in tropical countries. The number of such boxes exceeds

twelve hundred, and each box contains one hundred specimens. One of the wings of the building is used as a museum, and the other for a library which contains five thousand volumes.

There are three laboratories connected with the gardens to which a fourth is soon to be added, for the *personnel* is to be increased by the addition of two new officers, a botanist and a chemist, to whom will fall the special task of furnishing by long and patient researches, scientific information to those asking it, regarding the useful plants of the tropics. Behind the museum in a special building is the medical laboratory where a pharmacist makes researches into the nature of alkaloids and other curious and useful substances found in tropical plants. Of the other two laboratories, placed back of the nurseries, one is reserved for the use of scholars who come from beyond the seas to study in this place. The room is lighted by five windows in each of which is a large work-table. Cupboards against the wall contain all the necessary implements. There is in it, besides, a small collection of the books which are needed, always at hand, in order to save the trouble of going to consult them in the regular library. It is now proposed also, in order to facilitate the work of the visitor, to place here an herbarium composed entirely of the plants cultivated in the garden, in order that a rapid identification can be made in any doubtful case without being obliged to have recourse to the general herbarium. The arrangement of this building is simple, and presents the two great advantages of plenty of light and plenty of room. The last point is a very essential one in a warm country where one can endure no crowding, especially in work requiring close research. The third laboratory is devoted to the use of the director of the garden. Close to these buildings are the offices and a photographic and lithographic gallery. All of these well equipped buildings show the interest taken in the enterprise both by the Netherlands Indies and by the mother country.

The government of the Indies has authorized the director of the garden to distribute gratuitously the seeds and plants of useful vegetables. In 1888 fourteen hundred packages of seeds and cuttings and young plants were scattered through all parts of the archipelago. It is especially the garden of agriculture which has been able to supply all of

these demands ; but it forms only one part of this scientific organization, and would very badly meet the requirements were it alone. The following statements will give a proof of this. When the remarkable anæsthetic properties of cocaine were discovered, it was only necessary to have recourse to the two plants of the *Erythroxylon coca* in the botanical garden to make preparations for a large supply of the article. Enough seeds were gathered from these trees to set out a small plantation in the agricultural garden. When a year later a learned *savant* called the attention of the Dutch government to the necessity of the culture of the plant in Java, they were able to reply to him that the seeds gathered from the plants in the agricultural garden had already been planted by the thousands. The tree for a long time known as the producer of gutta-percha has been in such demand and was so rapidly destroyed in order to obtain the juice that it was believed to be exterminated and it was even impossible to obtain seeds that it might be propagated again. In the plot devoted to the order *Sapotaceæ* in the Buitenzorg garden were found two trees aged about thirty years which produced yearly a great quantity of seeds. It was from these that a young plantation was started in the garden of agriculture, and thus the great number of young trees were obtained which were required for the vast plantation

established a number of years ago, by the Dutch government, under the auspices of the garden. The camphor tree of Sumatra, a tree of great value, is exceedingly difficult to grow, first, because it bears very few seeds, and second, because these seeds very soon lose their germinating power, often being found worthless after a very short voyage. With particular care Teysmann succeeded in raising the trees at Buitenzorg. In 1885 the plants began to fructify, and now the garden possesses a young plantation of the camphor trees and a great number of plants can be distributed from there during the next rainy season.

The researches made up to this time into the pathology and the physiology of plants have not been very extensive, and yet they have been such as to tax the powers of the present *personnel*. Upon the arrival of the two new functionaries to be set apart exclusively for this kind of work the force will be strong enough to meet fully all such demands.

Every one interested in natural history knows that zoölogy owes a great part of its recent rapid development to the founding of various zoölogical "stations" (establishments in places where the species to be studied occur naturally). Of still greater importance in the development of the science of botany, are such great botanical "stations" as this one at Buitenzorg, destined to be in the near future.

NEWSPAPER POETS.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THERE is one class of people who have added greatly to the inspiration, happiness, and hope of American life, but whose work has been but little repaid,—it is the newspaper poets. No country ever produced so many writers of verse as our own. These minor poets—thrushes of the woods and streams—have had great influence on American thought and life. There are more people who read newspaper poetry than we would think, and these are the better classes—the higher orders of mind and the most sympathetic and aspiring hearts. The boy or girl who loves the work of the local poet usually has a high aim and a worthy purpose in life, a desire to follow his or her best self, and so seeks expression for these feelings and senti-

ments in the choice newspaper corner allotted to thinking in musical rhymes. It may be said in prophecy of such susceptible natures,

Endymion, one day shalt thou be blest.

Newspaper poetry is greatly read in plain, simple country homes. It is said that "cities are the crowns of earth, and hold the best of life," but it is usually the boy from the country who becomes the city merchant, benefactor, and mayor. The great lake of the city is fed by the country streams. It is the poetic taste and sense that builds halls and monuments and beautiful homes, and that hangs the church domes in the air. A large portion of all the builders of what is best in city life were once country boys who

first gave evidence of superior aspiration by reading the "Poet's Column" in the local newspaper or family magazine. These boys' taste for such reading was an education in spiritual ideals, and it is pure and lofty spiritual ideals that change at last into blossoming marbles and spires of faith.

The quiet local poet did not dream that he was sowing in other minds the art of cities and the benefactions of education. A good thought came to a plow-boy, and he wrote it down, and sent the rhyme to the village editor. He died, and was laid away amid the wild roses of the village churchyard. But another heart received it, and made an ideal of it; years passed, and that ideal became a hospital.

The gods loved Endymion, because he placed his affections upon an immortal. A like beautiful benediction has seemed to fall upon the work of the local pastoral poet.

I recall spending an evening with Longfellow in which he related to me the incidents of his life that had found expression in verse. "I wrote 'A Psalm of Life,'" he said, "in my early years, merely as an expression of my own resolution, views, and feelings. I did not intend to publish it. I put it away for myself. I chanced to give it to the press, and it went over the world, and was even put into Japanese art."

Ray Palmer once told me a little story concerning the hymn "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." It was written in his college days, amid sadness and despondency, and long found a place in his pocket-book, or pocket-memoranda.

Longfellow began his great work of life as a newspaper poet; so also Whittier, Bryant, Percival, Holmes, and nearly all of the sweet singers of the past.

Some fifty or more years ago there used to appear in *The Youth's Companion* thoughtful and spiritual poems over the signature of "Ray." The old New England folk loved them and learned them. The same writer continued his work in the *American Monthly Magazine* and *New York Mirror*, and became a very brilliant literary man. He made his home at Idlewild, near West Point, on the Hudson. Among the most famous of his works of literary art, are "Letters from Idlewild." He seemed to lose his clear poetic perceptions amid honors and years. He was honored in London and Paris, he traveled in the tropics, and became an admired leader of

fashionable literary circles in New York. But in these days of luxury and elegance, people regretted the loss of the newspaper poet of spiritual inspirations. He sleeps in Mount Auburn; his social life is little recalled now, but his newspaper poems will long haunt the world. Who does not love to recall the poet life of N. P. Willis?

The name of Lydia Huntley Sigourney appeared for fifty years in the poetic columns of most American newspapers. Mrs. Sigourney published some fifty-nine volumes of verse and prose; a few poems survive her, and will live in collections. Two of the most famous being "Niagara" and "Indian Names." She was a true newspaper poet. She wrote whenever she had an inspiration, and sent her work to the popular papers. The people read them, and were made better and happier for them.

Out of the great amount of newspaper poetry written by Alice and Phœbe Cary, one hymn is immortal, and a few other poems linger in literary memory. But these women served their generation well and filled American homes with beautiful thoughts and illustrations of life. We love still to think with dear Alice Cary by the casket of the dead,—

His grace is the same, and the same His power,
Demanding our love and trust,
Whether He forms from the dust a flower
Or changes a flower to dust;

On the land or water, all in all,
The strength to be still or pray;
To blight the leaves in their time to fall,
Or light up the hills with May.

What person in mellowing years does not love to recall the poems of Charles Sprague, of Grenville Mellen, of George P. Morris, of Frances Sargent Osgood, George D. Prentiss, of Stoddard, English, and Saxe, and many other singers of vanished springs and bird singing summer? or the Southern lyrists, as Hayne, Timrod, Lanier? Most of these writers, if indeed not all, gave their early inspirations to the papers, and sought less to be the admired artist than the teacher of life.

The favorite newspaper of the last century, and the popular poems that have been voiced by the press, have furnished a moral education of unmapped influence. When the time needs a voice the poet speaks for it, and the popular poem is usually only a voice of the time. Most of the poets of the war wrote by inspiration, and produced but a single poem,

like "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the "Old Sergeant of Shiloh," or "On the Shores of Tennessee."

A glance at some of the titles of the favorite newspaper poems of the present generation will illustrate these statements in a pleasing way, for always beautiful are the memories of songs and poems. Who does not recall "The Visit of St. Nicholas," by Clement C. Moore, "Ben Bolt," by English, "The Beacon," by P. M. James, "I Would not Live Away," by Muhlenberg, "The Mariner's Dream," by Dimond, "The Forging of the Anchor," by Ferguson, "Napoleon at Rest," by Pierpont, "Green Be the Grass Above Thee," by Halleck, Park Benjamin's "Old Sexton," Thomas Noel's "Pauper's Drive," Thomas Taylor's "Lincoln," Theodore O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead," George W. Cutter's "Song of Steam," Elizabeth Akers Allen's "Rock me to Sleep," George Arnold's "Jolly Old Pedagogue Long Ago," Trowbridge's "Darius Green and his Flying Machine," Nancy Priest Wakefield's "Over the River," Kinney's "Rain on the Roof," C. F. Alexander's "Burial of Moses," Elizabeth Lloyd Howell's "Milton's Prayer of Patience," Rose H. Thorpe's "Curfew Shall Not Ring To Night," Ethel Beers' "The Picket Guard," Samuel H. M. Byers' "Sherman's March to the Sea," Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," and Charles M. Dickinson's "The Children"? Not all of these are voices of the period, but most of them are. They all are meant to serve a moral purpose, and have been as it were the family reading book of the time.

In America we have many poets of but a single inspiration. It is a grand thing to have written even one poem that the public has taken into the heart, and made an expression of thought. We do not know who James Aldrich may be or was; we only know that he wrote two beautiful stanzas:

His sufferings ended with the day
Yet lived he to its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the morn in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
He passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.

This little poem was copied by the press; thousands read it and loved it, and committed it to memory. It is an immortal picture of death. Did its author write other things?

We do not know. "The poet," says Emerson, "of all men, should not exceed his inspiration."

Mr. Whittier once remarked that the wonder of the times is not that we have so few great poets but that we have so many poets who have produced beautiful things.

For some fifteen years we read the poems offered to one of the most popular publications of the country. This experience revealed to us some curious laws that govern poetic success, or rather verified the old Latin truth that the poet is born and not made, and that poems that the public will receive must be inspirations, and such usually come unexpected and unbidden. "Listen to the voice of the morning," says one, and another author has sung, "Be true to the dream of thy youth." These principles are true of poems that reach the heart. It is the poetic seed of the young mind that flowers and bears fruit. Often also it is some crude inspiration of youth, matured and evolved. "Hannah Binding Shoes," when first published attracted no notice, an evolution of it won all hearts. Poe's "Bells" was at first a two stanza piece published in a newspaper or magazine; the evolution of it became an immortal voice. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was an evolution.

Ambition cannot write true poetry. No amount of ostentatious eloquence, of rhetoric or rhythmic skill or glittering artificiality can produce poems that will live.

The clubs of our great cities that discuss literature in such a pedantic manner do not produce poets more than hot-houses, oaks or magnolias or orange trees. Rose gardens do not come from conservatories; nor the sky song from the gilded cage.

When a poetic mind ceases to struggle to produce what is artificial, a true poem often comes to it. Out of all Rousseau's music, only "Rousseau's Dream" lives to-day. Out of all the library of true poetry that Pleyel wrote, "Pleyel's Hymn" is almost the only thing to recall the existence of the prolific composer. Barlow wrote epics, but about all that the world recalls of him is his "Ode to Hasty Pudding." Of Charles Lamb's brilliant writing, the minor note of sadness alone dwells in the popular ear,—

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Percival's "Ode to New England" only remains in popular esteem, though he was once *the* American poet.

Many poets only live in a song which was an accident of their large poetic plans. The world wants only what the poet has lived and felt and been compelled to write. Again, it is poems of the heart and not of the head, and the language of the heart and not of the study that the world most loves and puts into its treasure houses of jewels.

"A little diamond is worth a mountain of glass," and one true poem that voices life is worth volumes of rhetoric.

The poetry that helps the world is the birth of noble thoughts, and this can only come from noble living. A man cannot be more to the world than he is in himself. Most long lived poems are born in suffering. The true poet has usually felt sadness in some form, and often has had deep experiences of it. It is the suffering heart that sings for mankind. "My compositions," said Schubert, "are the result of my abilities and my distress, and those that distress has engendered appear to give the world more pleasure."

Longfellow once told me how he wrote "The Wreck of the Hesperus." He had been reading in a paper about the suffering on the coast after a recent terrible storm. The narrative touched his heart. The words "Norman's Woe" seemed keyed to the tale of woe itself, and the words haunted him. He went to bed, but could not sleep with so much pity in his heart. He got up to write because he was compelled to write, and the poem came to him in whole stanzas.

Phoebe Cary once returned from church with a deep sense of her spiritual interests and sat down to think of life, its sorrows, hopes, and future. She was in the mood to write a poem, but she did not know it. The inspiration to write compelled her to take the pen, and there flowed from it

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er.

In like manner came "Lead Kindly Light," to Newman on the Mediterranean.

Poems may be the productions of great events and emotions, but as a rule they come stealing into the passive moods of life. The writer does not recognize them but thinks that he has only made a record of his own experience. He gives them to the press, and the world finds that the words are the true expression of its own thoughts and feelings, and learns them as the language of a better life and a deep experience.

When a person has written one successful poem he commonly writes other poems, and collects the whole in a book, perhaps naming the book from the venture that has made his reputation. Such books are as a rule not successful; they do not have a sale large enough to pay for the plates. Few publishers will accept a book of poems without a guarantee from the author, and thus many minor poets pay for their own plates and hold their copyrights.

But while this is true of the collection of the new author's poems, it is true of collections of successful poems by different authors. Books of favorite poems are, as a rule, popular, especially if well edited and attractively presented. Such books as "Songs of Three Centuries," "The Changed Cross," "Single Famous Poems," and nearly all collections of ballads and songs meet with public favor, and increase each writer's reputation and influence, if it bring to him or her no money. The publisher of poetry profits not by single flowers but by bouquets of flowers.

True poetry is not an acquired art; it is life, and as in all things else, that which is the most sympathetic and spiritual has the largest influence and longest survives. The realist in poetry, and the impressionist does not long live in the experiences of men unless like Wordsworth he made his realism and impressions the medium of spiritual truth. It is righteousness that is immortal, and the world expects the poet to be a worker in the golden mines that enrich the world. He must have a clear vision and a pure heart. "If I write to do any good," said Miss Havergal, "a great deal of living must go to a very little writing."

Miss Havergal gives us a view of one of the experiences that produced a poem that the world loves to read and sing:

Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, "Take my Life." I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, whom I desired to turn to the helps and comforts of a religious life. He gave me the prayer, "Lord, give me all in this house!" and He did! Before I left the house every one had sought a spiritual life. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another, till they finished with, "Ever, only, All for Thee,"

To the young newspaper poet let me offer this advice :

(1) Send to the press only the poems that you have lived, and that have come to you as inspirations.

(2) Keep such poems a year, and rewrite them many times before publishing.

(3) Poetry is the highest of callings. No man exceeds the poet. Never think of the poetic faculty as a trade or a means of earning money.

(4) So live that your inspirations will grow. Follow your better self in all things for the sake of your art and its influence on others. Art for art's sake is well, but art for God's sake and a help to humanity is better. It is the spiritual gifts of poetry that are the world's jewels, and among the best gifts to be earnestly coveted none exceeds those inspirations that make one feel for humanity and lead one to listen for truth at the golden doors of God, and speak these experiences in the music of verse.

AT EASTER TIME.

BY LUCY E. TILLEY.

BEHOLD the mystery of creeping things !
 A little spinning and their day is spent,
 A dreamless rocking in the silken tent,
 And then the glory of up-bearing wings.
 Behold the mystery the brown earth shields !
 A little sowing, a swift touch of death,
 An unseen stirring of some quick'ning breath,
 And young grain covers all the barren fields.
 A troubled toiling, a few weary tears,
 A little loving, seeming scarce begun,
 And night falls swiftly and our day is done.
 Love only dies not ; through deep sleep it hears
 The Easter chiming, spreads its wings abroad,
 And rises swiftly to the feet of God.

FROM CATHEDRAL TO CATHEDRAL.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

FIRST PAPER.

NOT long ago I was asked to map out a route for a three months' trip in Europe by a fellow countryman I did not know. He left the matter entirely in my hands ; apparently he had no tastes to consult, no preferences to consider. People who care so little where they go or what they see, need but to pick out all the largest towns and most popular baths and sea-shore resorts, where they are sure to find modern hotels as characterless as themselves. But with most Americans there is such a volume of associations with the very name of Europe—it is such “a land of promise, teeming with every thing of which their childhood has heard or on

which their studious years have pondered”—that the difficulty is to plan a journey which will include, if not all, at least that which is best worth seeing. Guide-books, with their hundreds of routes following the main railways, are of little use ; you must know where you mean to travel before you consult them, or they will but increase your indecision and overwhelm you with the number of places to be visited.

In this difficulty, before ever you start upon your journeying, it is best to study the subject for yourself, not in Bædeker or Murray, but in the books—the novels and poems and chronicles—you most love, and from them settle upon a course, because of its spe-

cial associations. There is nothing that can add so much to your pleasure. I know of all my wanderings none have been so delightful as when I followed Chaucer's pilgrims to Canterbury or Dick Turpin to York, when I rode after the sentimental Sterne or walked in the footsteps of Dr. Johnson. Many journeys of this kind, of course, can only take you short distances and over limited areas. But I know one with a special object which will carry you all over England; from one end to another, through the loveliest stretches of the lovely English country, and to the most picturesque and historically famous villages and towns in all the land. This is the tour of the Cathedral cities. I need not add that the perfect way to travel from one of these cities to another is, not by train, but on foot if you care for walking, in a carriage, or best of all on a cycle, over the highways and up and down the green lanes, stopping at little out-of-the-way, forgotten villages, each with its tiny inn facing the green and its church tower showing above the thatched or red-tiled roofs, and passing by old gabled, time stained farm-houses with their big barns and shady pools where the cattle and geese meet in the long evenings.

One year we spent seven months going in this fashion from London to Durham, stopping many weeks at almost every Cathedral town on the way until we got to know it well. And perhaps just an outline of that seven months' journey—which can be taken in as many days—may suggest a little of its interest and pleasure and so help to send others upon the most beautiful trip it ever can be their good fortune to take.

We left London one August afternoon on our tandem tricycle. It was Bank Holiday, I remember, and the streets in north-western London—in St. John's Wood and Kilburn—and then the suburban roads and country lanes were crowded with holiday-makers, and many were the bicycles and tricycles we met. We were bound for Ely, by way of the North Road over which Dick Turpin took his ride, famous for one hardly knows what, and the house in Bloomsbury from which we set out was almost in sight of the Old White Hart inn, where Dick himself a hundred years before had started. There is another road that can be followed to Ely, along the river Lea, where Izaak Walton once went fishing, and through Waltham Abbey, where one of the crosses, which King Edward set up at all the

places where his queen, Eleanor, in her coffin rested on her last journey from Lincoln to Westminster, still stands, making one wish Charing Cross had met as kind a fate. But as the highwayman was for the present our guide, we at least kept to his route at the start, though I must confess many were the times we afterward turned from it to see beautiful churches or fine old houses within easy reach.

Indeed, no sooner had we came to Barnet, the pretty village on a hill which, whatever may have been its history is now best known as a favorite haunt and headquarters of English cyclers, than we forgot Dick to go out of our way to St. Albans, where there is the fine old abbey church, of late years dignified into a cathedral, and ruined by the restorer far more hopelessly than if it had been left to the destruction from neglect which threatened it early in the century.

Like Barnet, the village of St. Albans stands upon the hillside looking down upon the rich meadow land with its hedges and beautiful trees, and many are the old houses that even now line its streets. It is a characteristic English village with its stirring memories of the past and quiet life of the present, and in its stones is to be read all English history. It has its legend (what English village has not?) of the saint who was the founder of its church and its greatest glory. He lived long before the time of Augustine and the blossoming of the thorn at Glastonbury, when Romans ruled in Briton. He himself, Albanus by name, was a Roman and a pagan dwelling in St. Albans, then Verulam, the first Roman city founded in the country. But one day, during the great persecutions of Diocletian, a priest took refuge under his roof, and Albanus not only would not give him up, but converted by him to the true faith, disguised in his priestly robes, went forth to die in his place. Upon the spot where he was martyred a wooden chapel was later built, and it grew into the simple Saxon church, to be remodeled by the far greater Norman architects, who set up those massive piers and arches, which survived the artistic and religious zeal of the builders of the two centuries which followed—the two greatest in the architectural history of England—the fury of the iconoclasts of the Reformation and the Commonwealth, and the entire indifference of the ages which came after, only to fall gradually before the relentless restorer

of our own time. But to the latter is due the fact that this, once the finest abbey church in England, is interesting only because of its associations and the few bits left here and there of the work of men who were giants of architecture.

The church really was in a bad way some fifty years ago, and many were the devices by which it was propped up. I agree with Ruskin, in this one respect at least, that it is better to let an old building even fall into a picturesque, ivy-covered ruin than to rebuild it after the fashion of modern architects, and thus destroy all the beauty of tone and color, all the softening of sharp outlines and too well defined details which it has taken so many centuries to add to the beautiful work of its builders, and, indeed, which time alone can add. But not long ago, a certain wealthy man who took no pleasure in spending his money on horse-racing and gambling tables, as do too many of his kind—and this was decidedly to his credit—devoted himself and his wealth to St. Albans—as decidedly to its disfigurement. By his choice, fewer people may have suffered, but the loveliness of the church has gone forever, and in it regret almost does away with one's pleasure in what little of the old building still remains.

We did not stay long in St. Albans, but it was not because we did not want to. In a month one could not exhaust its interest, and the fairness of the surrounding country, where footpaths cross pleasant fields and lanes wind between elms to villages no less picturesque. It was through these lanes we rode on to Hatfield and to Hatfield House, that wonderful old Elizabethan mansion which for generations has belonged to the Cecils, the head of whom is now Lord Salisbury.

Through the village you climb up the steepest possible entrance to the gateway, not the main one, however, by which you are not admitted. But it matters little how you enter when you are given the freedom of the great Park, where deer wander and the long glades open to the blue distance, and where on the soft turf still fall the shadows of the fine old trees under which Elizabeth Tudor so often walked when her sister queen held her prisoner at Hatfield. There is one which marks, legend has it, the limits of her prison, and beneath its branches she waited in her hour of triumph for the guards who were to form her escort to London and the throne.

There is no more pleasing feature in English life than the throwing open of these great estates by their owners to the people. It may be public opinion has had much to do with this custom, but even so their generosity must not be dismissed too lightly. You can also, during the absence of the family, go into the house to look at its old hall and bed chambers where kings and queens have slept, its beautiful paneling and carving, its tapestries and portraits. It is strange that of the many tourists who flock to Hadden Hall and Chatsworth, so few, comparatively, come to Hatfield, equally well worth seeing, and within but a half hour's journey of London.

Again by quiet lonely by-roads, we journeyed on, now following our guide Dick, now forgetting him, and passing no far-famed place until we came to Cambridge. But every moss-grown cottage, every antique farmhouse was a picture, the grass by the road was reddened with poppies, and on either side, green and golden fields rolled away, fading on the horizon into the soft blue haze which bounds every English landscape. It would be a pleasure to ride through this beautiful country, even if you did not know the road was fast bringing you to the town or church or manor-house which you have known all your life almost, but which once seemed as unattainable as the Earthly Paradise or the Garden of the Hesperides.

And what paradise or golden land, dreamed of by the poet, was ever as fair to look upon as Cambridge with its spires and towers about which cluster memories of all that is best in English life? Well as we may have thought we knew it before ever setting foot upon its streets, its actual beauty came as a revelation;—that beauty made up of old time stained and mellowed college walls, of open quadrangles where roses often bloom, of great towered gateways and wainscoted halls and lofty chapels, of the wonderful "backs," where tall elms shade the long paths up and down which walk undergraduates, book in hand, and graceful bridges are thrown across the little Cam, flowing sluggishly and slowly through the greenness. I would advise visitors to do as we did, and leaving at the hotel their cycle, if they have come on one, take a boat and pull up the stream below the colleges and the shady elms; until this is done you really have not seen Cambridge, the loveliest place in all the world, but for Oxford.

Between Cambridge and Ely stretches a great level tract of country with tiny streams and little rivers running across the fields, beneath slim, tall trees such as Raphael would have loved to paint; the old men knew well what was most beautiful, and the graceful Italian trees which rise in their back-grounds are not unlike those which follow the windings of the streams of the fen country. For gradually, after you leave Cambridge behind, you get into the fenland, once all swamp or "broad meres dotted with a million fowl, while the cattle waded along their edges after the rich sedge grass, or waded in the mire through the hot summer day"—the meres whose romance Charles Kingsley has written in "*Hereward the Wake*." Even now, as he says, they have a beauty of their own, these great fens, though they are dyked and drained, tilled and fenced, a beauty as of the sea, of boundless expanse and freedom. Between Cambridge and Ely but one village and a few houses broke the beautiful monotony. But the sun was just low enough to fill the west with a golden glory, and on this flat land there are such sunsets as can be seen nowhere else within these isles. And as we rode on, a minster rose over the fen, amid orchards, corn fields, pastures, with here and there a tree left standing for shade. It was the Isle Ely, one of the few islands "painted with flowers in the spring," the old monks so dearly loved.

We stayed in Ely two or three weeks in one of its inns, the George. Nowhere do you feel so intensely the conservatism of England as in its inns; their customs never change. Big modern hotels may go up in the large towns; London may have its Metropole and Grand and Victoria, differing in little from the great hotels of New York or Paris; but the old inns in country towns still go their ways, heedless of new fashions or innovations, ready to borrow only the new prices, so that in a little country inn you often pay as much as you would in the city. In them you are sure of a clean bedroom, often with spotless dimity curtains over the bed and at the windows, and "the linen looks white and smells of lavender," as in the Thatched House, where Viator and his good master Piscator rested after their labors; and you are as sure of bacon for breakfast and a joint and tart for dinner. And woe unto you if you are enticed into taking the head of

the table, for then you will have to carve for all the assembled guests, who throughout the substantial meal will sit in solemn silence. But as a rule guests are few; the inns are principally kept up by commercial travelers who make them their headquarters, and who are so exclusive one wonders if that is why they have been made a jest of by so many a painter; they have their own dining, or coffee, room, as the English call it, and when the great bell rings for the noonday dinner, few are the outsiders allowed within their holy precincts. The general coffee room, if you do not hold it in state by yourself, you share, perhaps, with farmers who have come into town from all the surrounding farms for market-day, or else with cyclists, for one great good which has come out of the sport of cycling is the new life given to old country inns and posting houses which were fast languishing, and might otherwise have disappeared forever.

Ely is the sleepest of sleepy country towns. Your only amusement, your only occupation is to wander about the Cathedral, but you need no other; for your own enjoyment you cannot get to know it too well. To come in the morning to a cathedral, to follow the verger through its aisles and chapels while he tells the story he has told so many hundred times before, and then to take the next train to see the next sight on your route, is to go away knowing as little of it as when you came. You must see it at all hours; in the morning when sunlight streams into old Norman nave and choir, on the white robed boys singing as sweetly as the monks of old; in the late afternoon when the shadows creep slowly in, as again they stand in their stalls chanting the vespers psalms and anthem; you must wander in the quiet of the day over the beautiful green under the heavy gray walls with the wonderful lantern rising far above, or linger in the grave-yard when from the chapter house come the faint voices of choristers at practice. You must look up at the west front, with its great tower, a landmark for all the fens around, and its ruined north wing, until you feel the charm of this suggestion of neglect deplored by every guide-book—a charm not unlike that of many an old grass-grown court in the deserted hill towns of Italy.

Inside, the Cathedral is almost too well cared for. Nothing remains of the old church of the beautiful, gentle Etheldreda, the virgin

saint for whom the Saxon monks in their desire to honor her, turned traitors to their people, as you may read in Kingsley's tale. The great piers and arches, the oldest parts of the building, date back to the Conqueror, and chapels and choir are the work of thirteenth and fourteenth century architects. Of old, the church was rich with decorations, with brasses and elaborately ornamented tombs and shrines shining with gold and silver to which flocked the faithful from north and south, from east and west.

All these decorations were swept away by the Puritan storm of reform which burst nowhere in greater fury than here in the fen country; it was in this very Cathedral occurred that ever memorable meeting between Oliver Cromwell and Mr. Hitch, but for which the latter would have been unheard of until this day. As Carlyle has recorded that meeting, no one can forget it. Mr. Hitch has been warned to forbear his choir-service but pays no heed to the warning, whereupon enter Cromwell, the Governor of Ely, and "with his hat on, walks up to the choir, says audibly, 'I am a man under authority, and am commanded to dismiss this assembly,'—then draws back a little that the assembly may dismiss with decency. Mr. Hitch has paused for a moment; but seeing Oliver draw back he starts again: 'As it was in the be-

ginning'—!—'Leave off your fooling and come down, Sir!'"

Not even when the Isle of Ely formed a Camp of Refuge for all the Englishmen who refused to bow the neck to the Norman conqueror, did the Cathedral witness a more notable deed than this, though I think for it, Mr. Hitch deserves a tribute of praise rather than Cromwell, to defy whom just then meant no small bravery. There has been an effort to make up for the decorations, lost in those days, by modern frescoes; but instead of the work, as in the French Pantheon, falling to the greatest artists of the age, it has been left to philanthropic amateurs, and the bare vaulting of other cathedral churches cries out against these fruits of mistaken zeal.

But you do not even yet really know Ely; you must wander far from the little town, rowing down the pretty winding river, and from it look back to where, framed in perhaps by two graceful trees with branches meeting overhead, the tall gray tower rises from its hill-top against the sky; or else walk along one of the many country roads, here and there passing a great windmill, its long arms sailing with the wind, or a reeded pool, all that is left of the old, endless meres or swamps, though when you turn, you see, even as did Saxons and Danes and Normans of yore, the island standing solitary in the fens, lifting its fair minster tower to heaven.

A STUDY OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

Of the University of Pennsylvania and of the Seybert Commission.

AMERICA is said to be the land of sects, and certainly we have religious divisions enough to enable any but the most fastidious to make a choice. But it generally is forgotten that very few of our sects are of American origin. Even those which have the greatest appearance of originality, usually will be found to be no more than modifications of what has been imported from Europe on some of the many lines of immigration, which have enriched us with all that the Old World has to give.

It is not much to our credit as originators of new faiths and religious parties that the two creeds which may be claimed to be of purely American origin are among the most

objectionable we have, — Mormonism and Spiritualism. The latter had its forerunner in the queer performances which took place among the Shakers in 1837-1844, which led to their publishing a new Bible for the world. These were followed by the formal beginnings of Spiritualism in parts of western New York, the Fox sisters at Hydesville, near Rochester, in 1849, making the widest impression, and doing much to give the new belief its permanent character. On their coming to New York in 1850, they fell in with the Rev. George Bush of the Swedenborgian Church and with Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie Seer. From these two sources have been derived what may be called the specula-

tive elements of American Spiritualism, the Pantheism of Davis having attained a greater prominence in it than the Swedenborgianism of Bush.

As is well-known, the Fox sisters, now Mrs. Kane and her sister, have declared the manifestations of which they were the agents were fraudulent from the first, as the rappings by which they pretended to receive communications from "the Spirit World" were produced by skillful manipulation of the joints of the foot and ankle. Many good people thought this exposure would make an end of Spiritualism, but the expectation was not well-founded. The delusion possesses a vitality which is not to be reached in this way, and, indeed, no fact is more remarkable in its history than its continuance as a belief after repeated exposures of the fraudulent practices of its representatives. This shows that it answers to some want in human nature and has on its side some genuine facts of experience, which no exposure will affect.

One of Novalis' profound sayings is, "Where the gods are not, the ghosts walk." Unbelief opens the way for superstition, by denying to the human heart that communion with God in which alone it finds rest. Spiritualism is the fruit of materialism, a reaction against the teaching that the bound of human experience is a dead wall separating the world of the senses from all reality beyond it, and capable only of giving back echoes of human aspirations. It was when this scepticism began to disqualify men from dealing with the spiritual evidence of supernatural facts, that Spiritualism came to the front with its materializing proofs. It was when the heavens grew as brass above men's heads, and the light and leading of God's Holy Spirit began to seem to them a lost thing, if it ever existed, that communion with the spirits of the dead was held out as a substitute.

The alleged "revelations" of Spiritualism all stamp it as the work of an age of doubt, trying to create a faith for those who have no other test of truth than the senses. The personal Center of the spiritual and heavenly world, the Intelligence at the heart of things, occupies but little place in its teachings. In many instances God appears as a shadowy form, such as a crude Pantheism would imagine Him; in others, He is not even named in the account of what awaits us beyond death; and at least one writer elaborates a scheme of Spiritualism, which is avowedly atheistic from

first to last. The "Spirit World" is thus found to be no more than an indefinite prolongation of this we now have, with no real solution of its perplexing problems.

The relation of Spiritualism to the current scepticism of our age is seen in its exultant proclamation of the universal progress of spiritual existences to higher degrees of wisdom and excellence. It is on this, no less than on its sensual evidence of "spiritual" facts, that it exalts itself as superior to the "old creeds." But when we come to ask why this progress is characteristic of the next world and not of this, whether it is a result of some necessity or of free choice, we find no solution of the problem of human growth and degeneracy in its revelations. It prefers to expatiate on the extension of scientific knowledge by the "focusing of heavenly and earthly intelligence" on problems of that nature; but it is noticeable that it is the earthly intelligence which has done all the work in this field. It is true that the spirits have vouchsafed us revelations of the facts of geology and other sciences, but not one has carried our knowledge a hair's breadth beyond what was known at the time when the revelation was made. They are like Swedenborg, who undertook to tell us all about the planets of our system and their inhabitants, but missed the fact that yet another planet lay beyond those known to the astronomers of his time.

Spiritualism then has its vitality in the hunger of the human heart after truths beyond the scope and measure of our earthly experience. It is one of the innumerable attempts to satisfy that hunger with the husks instead of the bread from a Father's table. Besides this appeal to the primary needs of our nature, it professes to furnish us in its "phenomena" evidence of its power to open communication with the intelligences of the other life. But the force of this evidence rests mainly, if not entirely, on popular ignorance of many of the obscurer facts of human experience. These facts we shall classify as physical, mental, and volitional.

1. Most people who are convinced that there is something wonderful in the "phenomena" of Spiritualism, are quite sure that they know what can and what cannot be done by the unaided bodily powers. If they went to the *séance* direct from the performances of some master of sleight-of-hand, they probably would be much harder to satisfy. Within a few days after the Seybert Commission of the

University of Pennsylvania had closed its *séances* with Dr. Slade, the famous slate-writing medium, it was invited to another by Mr. Kellar, an equally famous prestidigitator. Here they saw repeated all the wonderful things Dr. Slade had offered them as evidence of the reality of spiritual communications. When they went into the room with Mr. Kellar, there were nine slates on a little stand, with a common deal table close at hand, and four chairs placed around it. They examined the table, the chairs, the stand, and especially the slates, in order to see that they had not been coated with any chemical preparation. There was no writing on any of them. When they came out, there were nine slates still, but eight of them had messages written on them of greater or less length, and one had been broken by "spirit power." Several were written on both sides, and one contained writing in a number of languages which Mr. Kellar could not read. And at no time were his hands out of sight of the three members of the Commission who met with him. When the "circle" was formed, his left hand completed it, and the thumb of his right always was in sight, while it held the slate under the table.

We positively know that the whole performance was a piece of clever trickery, whose methods were communicated to one of the three who sat with him. Why not trickery in Dr. Slade's case also? To meet this question Spiritualists have asserted that Mr. Kellar is a man of great mediumistic power, who uses this power to increase his professional reputation. But he showed us the contrary during this very *séance*, and satisfied us that the whole performance was one of substitution by sleight-of-hand. He held up a slate before putting it under the table to show us again that it contained no writing. A few minutes later a slate came out with a message on it. "You see this is the same slate," he said. I replied, "No, it is not the same." "How do you know that?" "There was a small knot in the frame of the slate you put under the table, but there is none in the frame of that slate." He smiled. But besides substitution of written for unwritten slates, he actually wrote answers to questions on slates he was holding in the way described, and his answers were not such as could have been prepared beforehand. One question he answered without knowing exactly what was meant, as a local term familiar to Philadelphians was used

in putting it. The slates on which questions were written were handed him with the writing held downward, and so placed under the table; but the writing was read, I believe, by both him and Dr. Slade by quickly turning the slate and jerking it out under shocks of "spirit-power," which always were most numerous when questions had been asked.

The chiefelements of sleight-of-hand are an incredible swiftness of movement, diversion of attention, and clever use of expectation. The last may be illustrated by the delusion which attends pressing a coin in the palm of a victim, and then withdrawing it as you close his hand. Nothing will persuade him that it is not there, except looking for it. Now it is remarkable that Spiritualists actually demand that those who take part in their *séances* shall come in this condition of expectation. They say it is necessary for the right perception of the proofs they have to offer, and that a man might as well rush into a chemist's laboratory and knock his retorts and vials about while he is conducting a difficult series of experiments, as come to the phenomena with any but a spirit of acquiescence and expectancy. This we are told even by those who admit that in some cases they discovered that they had been grossly taken in by what at the time seemed to them the most conclusive evidence. And this demand is reinforced by the refusal to submit their proofs to the tests which would be exacted in any other investigation. You are invited to witness the most astonishing phenomena, and to base on them the most unlikely inferences, but you are to see them, as it were, through a dusty and dirty cellar window, while they are kept in the distance.

2. More important still are the facts of psychology, on popular ignorance of which the spiritualist trades. We all assume, until we have examined the matter critically, that thought is conveyed from one mind to another only by the medium of sounds or visible signs. And yet any one who has seen a person "magnetized," has seen thought transferred without any such medium. And most people have tried with success the experiment of making an acquaintance turn round by staring at his back. So almost every one has been cognizant of strange cases in which people dying or in great danger have been in some kind of communication with dear friends at a distance, and have caused in their minds impressions of their own condition. The book

published by the English Psychical Research Society, "Phantasms of the Living," contains abundant evidence of this.

Once let it be recognized that there is a possibility of direct contact of mind with mind, and of the communication of thought thus in conscious or unconscious ways, and half the mysteries of Spiritualism cease to be mysteries. It is generally with those who are grieving over the loss of some dear friend that the Spiritualists find an opening. Some years ago I was acting pastor of a congregation of which a member lost his wife after a long and painful illness that had greatly harrowed his own feelings. When I called after the funeral I found him in a state of exaltation; he had heard from his wife! A friend had persuaded him to visit a medium, and he was satisfied that she had placed him in communication with his lost one. "How did you know it was she?" "By her telling me a number of things that no one knew but my wife and myself!" As I told him, this was the explanation: they were known to him, and the medium first got them from him and then gave them back to him. Open a book at the hundredth page, and after you have looked, ask the medium what is the first word on that page, and she will tell you to a certainty, if she be worth any thing as a medium. Then, without looking, ask what is the first word on the two-hundredth page, and she will have to guess like any one else. Sir James Y. Simpson deposited a bank-note of large amount in an Edinburgh bank, and offered it to the medium who would state its number of issue. It never was claimed.

A test of Spiritualism was suggested to the Seybert Commission, which it approved, but was prevented by various circumstances from applying. It was that the co-operation of persons likely to die be secured; that they be asked to write down a statement of some fact in their life, which was strongly impressed on their minds, and to seal this up in an envelope and give it to their attendant physician, with instructions to endorse with the date of their death and send it to us. To make the test perfect they must communicate what they have written to no one, and what is written must be a fact, not a matter of opinion or belief. When a number of such papers properly certified have been obtained, let the mediums be asked to tell the contents. If the conditions have been complied with, the element of mind-reading, as it is called, will have

been ruled out. Here are written statements, whose contents are known to no living person. If they can ascertain from their authors in "the Spirit World" what is there written, then they will have given this world the first real proof that they are in communication with that world. If they cannot do so, the just suspicions which attach to all their other evidence are confirmed.

I may say that this test has been applied in a measure already by a Pennsylvania editor. He has attended many *séances*, and has seen astonishing things at some of them. But he takes with him the slate on which his dying father tried to write a message to his children, and only succeeded in making unintelligible scratches which look like writing. The editor says that when he finds a medium who can read that message, and make intelligible its incoherent scratches, he will think the wonderful things worthy his attention; then and not till then. But he has not found one.

3. The third form of popular ignorance on which Spiritualism trades is our ordinary conceptions of the limits of will-power. We assume that the human will can move matter which forms part of our bodies, and other matter which we bring into contact with our bodies and that it works on other wills only indirectly by argument, persuasion, and the like. This is true enough for ordinary situations and for normal and healthy people; but it is not universally true. The direct influence of one person over another often is of a kind which is not to be explained in this way. A Napoleon influences his own generation to an extent which begins to puzzle us, until we remember that the keenest observer who ever met him said of him there was "something daemonic in the man." Goethe felt the inadequacy of our common notions of volitional influence to explain such a man.

A former member of the Irish police, a man of marked sobriety and trustworthiness and of little imagination, told me a story that may illustrate this. He and two others were directed to proceed to a village near Dublin, to take possession of the gate-house on the residence of a gentleman named Wilson, and to stay there all night. They did so, and as they sat around the turf fire, with the light of a candle, telling stories and comparing notes, they were put out of the house by a force which they could neither see nor feel except in the common sense of a deep horror, and a common impulse to get up and go. They

found themselves standing in the middle of the road, "staring in each other's faces like so many fools," he said. Up to that moment they had had no communication by word or sign on the subject, and then not one of them suggested that they should go back. They afterward found exactly the same thing had occurred a night or two before this to the former tenant of the gate-house, with whom Mr. Wilson had quarrelled, but whom he could not eject until the lease expired. And they were told that he bore the nickname "Wizard Wilson" in the neighborhood, and that no servant would stay with him an hour longer than he must. But they were so ridiculed by the other police that my friend gave up his place on "the force" and came to America. Mr. Wilson was a village Napoleon.

Can the human will act directly upon matter not in contact with the body? That is a question I asked Dr. Slade, but the Spirits (i. e. Dr. Slade) failed to read the question from the slate intelligently after two trials, so I got only nonsense as an answer. If it be possible, then the famous experiment of the London Dialectical Society, which constitutes the residuum of the evidence they collected after we have applied the foregoing tests to it, is capable of explanation without the intervention of Spirits. And by the same explanation we find the clue to any genuine slate-writing, if such there be. The Seybert Commission found none that was genuine, and they got Dr. Slade's warrant for denying the extraordinary stories of his performances with locked-slates, which constitute a large part of his fame.

Much better established is the fact that our ordinary notions of the way in which our wills act on matter in contact with our own bodies, are short of the truth. The phenomena of table turning, table lifting, and table moving, so well established by the experiments of Count de Gasparin and others, who neither are Spiritualists nor admit any supernatural explanation of these occurrences, place this beyond doubt. But when once these things have been done without the intervention of a medium or the aid of Spirits, they cease to be part of the evidence of Spiritualism for any intelligent and well-informed person. That in these cases and in the manipulation of the toy called planchette, the only spirit at work is that of the operator, even when there is no conscious volition on his part, is

proved by many cases of incidental evidence. A friend of mine was holding her hands on planchette, along with another friend, when it was asked to write her name. The result was puzzling at first, but closer examination proved to be a compromise between "Elizabeth" and "Lizzie," the former being present to her own mind, the latter to her friend's. So in another case planchette tried to write both "shell-barks" and "hickory-nuts" on being asked what were those on the side-board, and for the same reason. Exactly how the will operates in these cases nobody can say, nor what are the limits of this unconscious volition, although Professor Faraday's investigations of unconscious muscular action have done something to make it intelligible. But the fact is ascertained, and it accounts for much that the Spiritualists rely upon as evidence.

It may be said that there are a number of still more astonishing things which occur at the *séances*, and for which I have given no explanation. I am satisfied that most of these, such as materialization, levitation, spiritual photography, playing of musical instruments without hands, and the like, are accounted for by the sleight-of-hand explanation with which I set out. Certainly no well-authenticated case of these things was brought before our Seybert Commission, nor is there any evidence of their occurrence which would satisfy those who are accustomed to scientific investigation. And the number of cases in which they have been proved fraudulent is legion. On no such foundation can we rest our faith in a revelation of "the Spirit life."

Spiritualists, while they almost all reject the Bible as a rule of life or an authority for belief, make much of certain occurrences it narrates of the spirits of the dead returning to this world (1 Sam. xxviii., 11; Matt. xvii., 3; xxvii., 52-53) as proving their case. It is not necessary to be sceptical as to such occurrences either in Scripture times or our own, as they prove nothing for Spiritualism. Even if it be possible for the dead in some extraordinary cases to reappear, this by no means proves that there is a machinery by which we can hold communication with them; and the express prohibitions of resorting to such a thing (Deut. xviii., 10-11; Isaiah viii., 19; Luke xvi., 31) is enough for those who accept the Good Book as an expression of divine wisdom for our guidance.

It is pleaded by some good people that the phenomena of Spiritualism are well-timed as a corrective of the scepticism which calls in question the existence of a life after death. For us our Lord's saying is final on that point: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Very finely does Mrs. Oliphant expand the teaching of this verse in her "Beleaguered City," in which she supposes that the deceased relatives of the people of a French town of our own times are troubled over the scepticism which has become almost universal. They are allowed to come back and to take possession of it, and by many signs to indicate their presence even to the extent of expelling the people from their homes. But only those who already believe, read the signs aright. The rest are merely dismayed and confused, and they let

the whole thing slip out of mind and become a subject of dispute and doubt within a few weeks afterward. It is not ghosts, but living, consecrated men that God uses to build up His kingdom. Nor does the kind of life led by the generality of those who profess to share in this ghost-revelation furnish proof that in it there is spiritual efficacy to cure the world of its unbelief and its sins.

To a genuine Christian, Spiritualism is *unimportant even if true*. He who has the guidance and friendship of the Spirit of God, has no need to seek of the dead, or of those who profess to deal with them, for light and leading on the problems of his existence. And he who has the faith that his dead are in the Lord, and are at peace, will have no craving to disturb that peace for the indulgence of a useless curiosity.

THE UNSEEN THREADS.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

THERE is a Fate in Norseland fable,
Who sits and spins in the sun;
And though her wheel is swift and whirling,
No visible work is done;
Nor thread drawn out by her arm's deft
labor
Is seen by any one.

A gossamer for the busy spider
Will show at her spindle's tip,
And the dull worm has a silken fiber
Ever upon his lip,
But never a loop, even fine as moonbeam,
Answers her workmanship.

Yet strong as a triply-twisted cable
In truth is her spun thread,
For it binds her where she sits forever
Helpless as is one dead,
All but the foot upon the treadle,
The distaff-arm outspread.

And so must she toil and toil incessant,
That Norseland Fate, and feel
A web she can never see entangle,
To the humming of her wheel,
Her limbs, her heart, as would gyves of iron
Riveted on with steel.

Even so do we from Life's full distaff
Spin in the morning light
Threads strong as a triply-twisted cable,
Yet to the eye so slight
They are not worth our happy heeding,
Even while they bind us tight.

Even while are heart and soul and body
So wound and inter-wound
With the Habit's viewless snare, we are
pinioned
Fast to the evil ground.
Yet still will the foot upon the treadle
Keep the wheel turning round.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

CAN I ENTERTAIN?

As far back as history takes us we find men breaking bread together. We find, too, that those who eat the bread feel themselves under obligation to those who furnish it, and that they are quick to improve an opportunity to return the favor. From some such rude beginning came the laws which govern social courtesies to-day. It is sometimes complained that these laws are artificial and false. Give us spontaneous social life, the disgruntled cry. If the mooted regulations are analyzed we find that they are controlled by two principles: hospitality, which uses each opportunity to show courtesy, and gratitude, which never fails to return a favor received. Modern social etiquette is often abused, no doubt, but a little reflection will convince anybody that its principles are sound, and that its growth has been natural.

Society is a union of congenial people for the sake of enjoying one another's companionship, stimulating one another's ambitions, sharing one another's ideas. It is feasible only when everybody interested does his share of entertaining. Society says this share shall be in proportion to what one gets. She says that he who would give, must receive; that no person, no family, is excused from this law. Now if this is not spontaneous sociability, it is good sense. It may not be a sentimental plan, but it is a practical one, which is much more to the purpose.

There are many persons who complain that they cannot meet this rule. They want to go but they claim they cannot return favors. The usual excuses are that they have no homes, that they never have entertained and that they fear to begin, or that they cannot afford the expense. "I am a homeless, self-supporting woman. What can I do?" "I am a bachelor. What can I do?" pleads one class. Some of the most charming social centers we ever have seen were the simple parlors of self-supporting women. They were scrupulously honest in returning every social courtesy extended, and because they were so careful they were invited frequently. By their cordiality, their bright ways, their intelligence, they gave a charm to their poor

quarters which no amount of money could have provided. They paid their way in social life and held a recognized place. There are old bachelors to whom the circles in which they move owe much of their brightness and interest. They are the counsel of the elders in social questions, the guardian of the young girls, the delight of the children, the refuge of the wall flowers. They know that a concert or lecture party is a fair exchange for a dinner party. They know that a half-Bohemian little supper in the private parlor of a hotel, presided over by a married lady friend, will compensate their circle of young lady friends for their invitations to call and to parties. They know that a bachelor's picnic is the most charming of all picnics. And so they hold their position in society, without imposing on the good-nature of their friends or compromising their own self-respect. "No home" is not a sufficient excuse to release the person who wishes to go in society from paying his society debts.

Persons who would willingly entertain generously but who never have done so, dread to begin. They fear they will blunder. They feel awkward. They are unwilling to show themselves less familiar with social practices than their neighbors. This is supposing that the vital point in entertaining is the appearance or style,—a shoddy idea. A spirit of genuine hospitality, a desire to gather one's friends about, and to give them as pleasant a time as possible is the essential point. It will be an unworthy guest who will go away from the gathering where such a spirit prevails and criticise the style. Nor does the house and its arrangements have nearly the weight that many think. You must return what you receive, but return only in good-will, in effort to make others happy. It is not asked that in exchange for a glimpse of somebody's family silver, you display Sèvres china, or that you receive in a satin-hung room because you have been received in one paneled in rosewood. Again, if the house is too small to accommodate forty guests, it may hold twenty, and twice twenty are forty. The variety of social entertainment is great and a house which will not allow a dinner

party may permit something less ambitious.

The supposed cost of entertaining hinders many persons. The money cost lies in the refreshments, the decorations, the favors, the hired entertainment, which are offered the guest. Now, "decorations, favors, and hired entertainment" are none of them necessary to a successful dinner, lunch, or evening party, and the refreshments may be as simple as the hostess has courage to serve. People of sense and taste go into society for other reasons than to feast, to look at beautiful flowers, to carry home dainty souvenirs, or to listen to paid musicians or elocutionists. They go for the sake of the good-fellowship to be found. If a hostess will see that her friends enjoy themselves, her dinner may be as simple as Madame Roland's to the ministers of the French Cabinet, one of which when three members of the cabinet were present is said to have cost *fifteen francs*. She may give a party and furnish nothing but bouillon and wafers or coffee and sandwiches. She may tender a reception and as the late Emperor Frederick of Germany did when a young man of limited income, serve nothing but a cup of tea and a thin slice of bread with marmalade. It is the spirit not the style or display which is the real essence of entertaining. If the spirit of hospitality exists, there is nobody who cannot entertain acceptably, even royally, however humble his home and narrow his purse.

GOOD MEN IN POLITICS.

How shall we improve the public service? Why do church people think the political arena is not the place for a good man? Is patriotism a lost virtue? These questions were suggested to us the past year as we watched a friend whom professional politicians, respectable citizens, rumsellers, Republicans, Democrats, and Third Party men were urging to become a candidate for Congress. Factionists joined them, who claimed that it would introduce a better era in the politics of his particular Congressional district. Some of the most eminent political men in his state and in the nation offered the aid of their influence, until it was evident that he could be nominated and elected, if he would give his consent; that, too, in a Congressional District which does not nominate by a delegate convention; but under a system where every member of the party

goes to the polls and casts his ballot direct for the man he would have stand as his candidate. The majority of the votes thus cast or a plurality (if there are more than two candidates) makes a man the nominee of his party. Other work of great importance which demands our friend's close attention led him to decline the use of his name. He did not refuse because in past years he had filled the office of a pastor in the church, nor because he was allied with various branches of the Christian church in a great educational work. His only reason was that his time and labor were mortgaged to enterprises he believed of greater importance to the public good.

As soon as it was known that he declined to have his name used for Congress, a prominent minister wrote him after this fashion: "My Dear Friend,—Glory to God! Hallelujah! I am glad you are not going to run for Congress." Another preacher wrote a letter which ran thus: "Dear Sir,—I met our friend the Rev. Dr.—, who said we ought to hold a religious jollification meeting over the fact that you are out of the Congressional race."

We state the foregoing ebullitions as a background for the presentation of some observations we made while this friend was talked of for more than a year for Congress.

The churches in this country are in danger of playing the rôle of antagonist to the general government while they profess loyalty. Many ministers and not a few prominent laymen seem to have lost all respect for our present political methods. They claim that it is a sacrifice of one's good name to enter political life; that no man can become a legislator, use political machinery, represent his fellow-citizens in the National Congress, and breathe the air of Washington political life without being contaminated, soiled, and spoiled for any work of moral reform or Christian activity thereafter. It is an admission that politics is so intensely demoralizing that the average Christian character now building in the church cannot stand up against it. This logic teaches us that good men should keep out of politics, have nothing to do with it. We should hand our legislation over to men of weak conscience and damaged character. Besides, it is an insinuation that men in our public service are of doubtful reputation.

We do not admit these things, nor do we concede that politics need ruin any man mor-

ally who touches it. That with some it is a game we have no doubt, but they would make a game of any organization ; a World's Fair ; the National Congress ; or the Church of God. It is not the organization but the man, who is at fault ; yet both the man and organization need the moral health of the church.

It is a dangerous tendency when our best people are at variance with our legislators ; when Christian men in all political organizations prefer a prayer-meeting *always* to a caucus ; when they do not assert themselves in party politics, but leave party management to men who adopt methods which do violence to a good conscience. How shall we secure wholesome laws if good men cry down the character of their law-makers, and stand at the door-way of political parties to counsel men of character to keep out of politics ? How shall the public service be improved ? Where is there any room to hope for a better order of things ?

Moses was a politician and the leader of the church ; David was a soldier and political king, and even now leads all Christendom in Christian song ; but the policy of the church to-day is to rob the legislatures of conscientious men.

Bishops and presbyters, conferences and synods, place a minister who becomes a candidate for political office, under the ban of prejudice ; he loses caste and is reduced in his rank. The explanation is, that no great moral issue is presented for legislative action ; therefore, there is no necessity for men of high moral character to peril their good name in political battles,—but this is an explanation which does not explain. "In time of peace prepare for war." The moral questions which should be put into statute and constitutional law may be discussed in pulpits and church lyceums and fail of recognition in legislatures because they have no representatives there.

Every great moral cause upon which any considerable number of people want legislation should have representatives in our legislatures. It is both unwise and unjust when false theories deprive us of the services of good men as legislators. Is it not unpatriotic, to say the least, to hold that a minister or a pure Christian layman should keep out of political life ? The fact that the Christian church sustains this attitude to the government is a sign of the times pregnant with a variety of evils. The political creed of a large number of Chris-

tian people needs revision. No man is too good for the public service ; but this is just what the Christian church does not seem to believe and that, too, while the pulpits semi-occasionally, and especially on Thanksgiving Days, thunder against the evils of the Government. To have justice and equity in our laws, we must have law-makers who "do justly and love mercy." We say these things not of one but of all political parties.

It is to our credit that no president of the United States has disgraced his office by crime or maladministration. The history of cabinet officers, senators, and representatives, as a whole, do not make one ashamed to be called an American. All this, however, is in spite of the false sentiment to which we allude as being fostered in the churches. The day is approaching when Christian people must put more men in high places, or moral reforms that need wise legislation to carry them to victory, will be smitten with weakness and doomed to failure.

THE RISE AND FALL OF BOOKS.

THERE were published in the United States last year 4,014 new books ; in England 6,067, including new editions. If the average general reader will attempt to recall those of this number of which he has heard and those he has read and cares to remember, he will be surprised at the paucity of the result. If he will go through one of the great reviews which find in the books published in the leading intellectual countries, *motifs* for elaborate articles, he will be surprised to find how few comparatively were selected by them. Let him examine the French *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1889, and he will discover that the books of a year old or less, which furnished topics to the volumes of that period, were only about forty. Of these Gouverneur Morris' "Diary and Letters" was the only one which we contributed, and from English current publications less than ten were chosen. In technical journals, he will find the percentage of really noteworthy issues is never large. He may be convinced as he carries on his examination of the year's returns that the publishers have been engaged in producing a "fountain of folly" whose spray rises only to fall. But this will be hasty judgment. We believe that a smaller percentage is really "folly," that is bad, useless, inane, than is generally supposed. That the great mass of

books scarcely outlasts the year in which they are produced is true; but that they are therefore useless does not follow.

A large percentage of the short-lived books serve a current purpose. They discuss questions of the day, and lose their interest when the question is settled or is quiescent. In 1889, the question of negro emigration, of trusts, of creed revision, of civil service, of realism and idealism in literature, led to the publication of many books, which in another year, or ten at most, will have no value save to those who wish to trace the evolution of opinion on that particular subject. These current topics lead even to much of the novel writing of the day; thus the interest in capital punishment was the cause of "Would You Kill Him?" and there are many such examples. As a rule such novels die with the subject. They serve their purpose, why should they live? They should not, unless, rare thing, they have artistic merit. Take the case of "Robert Elsmere." The sensation it caused was quite out of proportion to its artistic quality. It took because it was timely. It described forcibly and truthfully an experience through which a great number of persons had gone and in which another great number were floundering. It found a response in the public religious life. But the book has had its day. "Looking Backward" has reached its three hundred thousandth, it is said. But this height cannot be kept. The public was ripe for an ingenious scheme which would let it out of its social disturbances. Bellamy's fascinating dream did it. When the social mind shifts its position, the book will fall out of sight.

Among transient useful books must be included those Ruskin so well describes:

The good book of the hour,—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use

if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, it is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a book at all, nor, in the real sense, to be read. A book is essentially not a talked thing but a written thing; and written not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere conveyance of voice.

There is always a respectable amount of each annual output explained by new discoveries and by new theories. Old subjects on which new facts have been gathered or of which new interpretations have been made, may demand fresh presentation. Text-books and books of reference must be up to the latest knowledge, and so we have new ones coming out as rapidly as advance is made. When a "new school" in any thing arises, fresh books must represent its peculiar doctrines. Thus the rise of the ethical or historical school of political economy has been followed by a shelfful of treatises on the subject. As this school gives way, as it undoubtedly will, in future, to a new point of view, the fresh book will displace those now in vogue. Literary taste changes and in response come volumes to represent the new style.

So general is this displacement of books by books that one may say that every book has its day. Fortunately for us, however, there are exceptions to all rules. There are books whose day never sets, and each year sees a few—a *very* few of them. The books which do not fall embody the very essence of somebody's close thought, high imagination, laborious study. They are the best there is in that somebody. A short time ago an editor set some of the prominent men of the times at telling what books had influ-

enced them. Gladstone named Dante, Bishop Butler, Aristotle, Saint Augustine; Philip Gilbert Hamerton named as chief, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Montaigne, Emerson, Thackeray; Archdeacon Farrar mentioned, among others, an anthology of English poetry, Hooker, Butler, Coleridge's prose, Milton, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Dante, Robert Browning. It was noticeable in nearly all cases that the books were what are called

classics, those which have arisen not to fall. Such permanent treasures may be infrequent but they do come. The great danger in the multiplicity of books is that those of the hour will usurp the place of those of time, that the reader cannot distinguish between those which rise to fall and those which rise to stay, or that if he does distinguish he will not have the nerve to neglect the first for the second class if he must make a choice.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE most important decisive actions of Congress in February were, in the Senate, the ratification of the Samoan treaty and of the British Extradition treaty, and the passage of a bill to organize Oklahoma and No Man's Land into a territory, and, in the House, the passage of a new code of rules and the selection of Chicago as the site for the World's Fair. The great debate in the first body was on Senator Blair's Educational Bill, and in the House, over the rules. Many nominations were confirmed and a large number of small bills hustled through. In committees the discussion of the removal of the Apaches from Alabama to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, the favorable report to the House of the French Spoliation Claims (for the forty-first time we believe) and the Civil Service investigation were the most significant events. Both House and Senate agreed to congratulate Brazil, and it was decided to send an invitation to the King of the Hawaiian Islands to join in the International Conference.

THE effect on legislation of the new code of rules adopted by the House of Representatives must decide their wisdom. Briefly, they allow the Speaker, in order to make a quorum, to count all the members present, whether they vote or not. They permit him to refuse to entertain any motion which he thinks dilatory—such as motions to lay on the table, to adjourn, to postpone indefinitely, to refer, and the like—motions intended to delay action on the bill under consideration. They also provide that bills presented need not be introduced in open session, and there be referred to the proper committee, but that they shall be given the Speaker and by him be referred. He has the same power in regard to communications re-

ceived from the executive department, the president excepted, and bills and resolutions sent in by the Senate. The object, of course, is to facilitate business, a thing which the House has great need of. However, those who use these rules must remember that too rapid legislation is quite as serious a matter as too slow.

THE "right of petition" still exists but has lost its old dignity. Legislators, as a rule, are less impressed than once they were by rolls upon rolls of names. The four million petitioners who not long ago asked Congress to stop Sunday trains and other interruptions of the day's rest are still unsatisfied. The presentation by Senator Blair of a tremendous list of names asking for the passage of his educational bill passed with little notice. Almost the only way to attract attention with a petition nowadays is to attach something of the spectacular to its presentation. This was done in the New York State Legislature recently, 77,000 names in favor of the Australian ballot system coming in in the form of a book eight and one-half feet thick and with the suggestive label "Volume I."

LAST October we said of Chicago as a location for the World's Fair.

Its seventy railroads make approach easy for the millions of visitors; it can entertain the multitudes; its summer climate is inviting, but its collections of the fruits of American research are very meager. The city itself is a miracle to see, but it is rather a product of the last fifty years than of the four centuries of Columbus. It may be said for Chicago, however, that it is central to our own people, and if the festival were purely national, Chicago could gather more Americans than any other city. But the celebration is designed for the instruction and entertainment of

mankind; we invite the Old World to unite with us in honoring the event which transferred European humanity and civilization to this continent. We ought to consider the convenience of Europeans.

And all the paragraph we still think true. However, there is in Chicago such a miraculous capacity for doing things that we see no reason why she should not again astonish the world and produce a Fair as great and as varied as the Paris Exposition and as truly international as the great occasion demands. Combine with Chicago's resources Mr. Barnum's original suggestion to import the mummies of Rameses II. and his daughter, and the World's Fair is certain of success.

THERE are a great many people who, as Mr. Bright once said of the Tories, "if they had been in the Wilderness would have complained of the Ten Commandments as a harassing piece of legislation." The recent recommendations of the Emperor of Germany will seem to such minds like the maddest of folly. Even for one who leans toward paternalism and socialism it is startling to be told that "it is the duty of the state so to regulate the duration and the nature of labor as to insure the health, the morality, and the supply of all the economic wants of the workingmen." Only an all-powerful and all-wise state handling none but passive workingmen can ever accomplish that, and these conditions do not exist in Germany.

THE palm for solving the European war situation must be awarded to Colonel Baron Stoffel. Never, he declares, can France be a friend to Germany until she possesses again Alsace-Lorraine. Why? Not that the two provinces are essential to her but the natural and secure boundary they gave is. Their loss has taken away her security, put Germany within twelve days-march of Paris. Controlling them, Germany is as if "holding a loaded pistol at her enemy's heart." Now let Germany be magnanimous, restore Alsace-Lorraine, taking in return a long offensive and defensive alliance,—then the two can join Italy, Austria, and Turkey in a league of peace strong enough to compel Russia to cease her unlawful ambitions. All of which is beautiful, and might be practical if Germany and France only cared more for brotherly love than they do for land and power.

How can Indians be civilized if they are not allowed to stay long enough in one place

to replace their natural love of the nomadic life with the first essential of civilized life—the desire for a settled abode? Clearly they cannot. The weak consent of the Government to move Indian tribes whenever whites become covetous of their possessions has had much to do with keeping the red man a rover. The recent stronger Indian policy of the Government has awakened hope that this sort of work had been stopped, but it seems that the Utes in south-western Colorado are in danger of removal to a new reservation in Utah by the present Congress. For some months their white neighbors have been trying to effect the transfer and even have gained the consent of the Indians. The land to which it is proposed they go is poor. It is mountainous and will invite them to wandering habits. The settlers there do not want the Indians. There is no reason for the change save to please the whites. In such a case as this the good of the Indian is of more importance than favoring the white man.

A BILL was introduced into the Ontario Legislature in February extending to the Jews in the Province all the rights and privileges enjoyed by other religious organizations. Rabid persecution of the Jews has almost ceased throughout the world. But it must be remembered that they still have not in many places religious, social, or political privileges. The above is another sign that the day is coming when all those things will be accorded to them generally.

THE new postage stamps which were placed on sale in February give us a very respectable gallery of American portraits: The 1-cent stamp contains a profile bust, after Rubrecht, of Benjamin Franklin; on the 2-cent is a profile bust, after Houdon, of George Washington; the 3-cent contains a profile bust, after Powers, of Andrew Jackson; the 4-cent contains a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, after a photograph from life; on the 5-cent is a portrait of General Grant, after a photograph from life; the 6-cent has a portrait of James A. Garfield, after a photograph from life; the 10-cent contains a portrait of Daniel Webster, after a daguerreotype from life; the 15-cent has a portrait of Henry Clay, after a daguerreotype from life; on the 30-cent is a profile bust of Thomas Jefferson, after Ceracchi; the 90-cent contains a profile bust of Commodore O. H. Perry, after Wolcott's statue.

WHEN the President's message to the present Congress was made public the *Note-Book* called attention to its strong philanthropical flavor. The Queen's speech at the convening of the present session of the English Parliament was a match for it. Like President Harrison, Her Majesty expressed a desire that the anti-slavery conference would reach the end it hoped for. She asked that the liability of employers for accidents to employees be ascertained, that the dwellings of the working classes be improved, that laws of public health in London be amended, and that the health and comfort of the army be provided for by improved barracks. The Queen also called attention to the commission she has appointed to look into the deplorable condition of the people of the Western Highlands and the Islands of Scotland.

"SHALL the Sunday-school be abolished?" is the rather startling subject lately debated by a New York club. It is melancholy to think that there are Sunday-schools so poorly managed as to give the affirmative strong arguments. If a superintendent does his work under protest, putting neither love nor brains into it, if teachers are listless and poorly prepared, if the library is filled with trash, and if the whole working force make it a point to shirk all they can, getting along with as little effort as possible, "the ayes have it"—unless, indeed, they will do the better thing, arouse themselves to a vigorous attempt at reconstruction.

EVERY one familiar with children has found in them high ideals of honesty. They have been shocked, too, at the number of lies they will tell. A recent report on Children's Lies, compiled from the observations of teachers, decides that the main causes of their falsehoods are their likes or dislikes, their eagerness to win, as in games or examinations, their dislike to be found out in mistakes or wrong-doing, and their morbid desire to attract attention or to "show off." It is noticed, too, that children think it less wrong to tell a lie to a stranger or an enemy than to a friend, that they believe if they "cross their hearts" or say "I hope to die," it makes a promise more binding and their assent or denial more worthy of belief, and that if they qualify a spoken lie by a mental contradiction, as to say after it to themselves, "I do not mean it," it removes at least part of the sin. If a child is warned clearly and

frankly against the falsehoods which come under these heads its natural honesty almost surely will assert itself.

THE People's Palace, the London attempt at realizing Mr. Walter Besant's fancy in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," has had two years of experience. An English reviewer of this experience gives a gratifying report. In its first year over 4,200 young men and women between 15 and 25 paid the subscription which admitted them to the two weekly concerts, to the exhibitions (the fall fête and picture exhibition of six weeks attracted over 300,000 persons at one penny each), to the use of the gymnasium and the social rooms, which made them eligible to the clubs and societies and allowed them to enter evening classes at a reduced rate. In the second year over 100,000 persons used the swimming bath; 5,500 class tickets were issued for the evening classes; and over 400 boys attended the technical school. Now all of this is in poor and degraded East London. A noteworthy observation is that the people are singularly appreciative of good music, the two Sunday recitals of sacred music attracting large and sympathetic audiences. This entirely unique experiment is well worth the attention of social students.

IN Volume IX. of THE CHAUTAUQUAN there was published an article on Working Girls' Clubs from Miss Grace H. Dodge, which awakened among our readers large interest in these admirable organizations. We are glad to know that the movement is in so healthy a condition that a general convention is possible. The Central Council of the New York Association announces that it has arranged to hold a convention in April, in New York. The object is the discussion more fully than heretofore has been possible of the various interests of Working Girls' Clubs, the promotion of a stronger bond of sympathy among existing clubs, the instruction of those who are organizing new societies, and the development of new schemes and ideas for the benefit of working girls. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested, to attend the sessions of the convention, and it is especially desired that those who are engaged in any work among girls should be present. Details may be learned by addressing Miss Virginia Potter, 262 Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE opening in Allegheny, Pa., of the mag-

nificent new library building given the city by Mr. Andrew Carnegie and the announcement of his gift to Pittsburgh of \$1,000,000 for the same purpose emphasize again the growth of intellectual opportunities in our inland cities. It is coming to be that none of the larger cities are without some splendidly endowed institutions: Cincinnati has her music hall and art institution, Chicago her magnificent library bequests, Detroit her art museum, Minneapolis the fine library opened last winter, St. Louis her Shaw Gardens, and so we might go on enumerating. The future of the inhabitants of the inland cities promises to be very rich in opportunities.

MR. VALLANDIGHAM'S interesting paper in the March issue of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* on "Lotteries in the United States," came near requiring an addendum in the present issue. In February the senate of North Dakota passed a bill incorporating a lottery company. Only one "heretofore organized" in another state was to be allowed. Of course this meant that the Louisiana Lottery Company was trying for a place in the new commonwealth. An annual license fee of \$75,000 was to compensate for any conscientious scruples the state might have against admitting the miserable business. As soon as the decision was known the whole country broke out in indignant protest; so strong was the storm that the House killed the bill by indefinite postponement.

AMONG the centennial celebrations of this year is our patent system. It was established one hundred years ago the 10th of April. In this time it has granted over 400,000 patents. Not so large a portion of these is useless either as the skeptical are prone to assert. Anybody who will look over the trades and professions in the country will find them so facilitated by contrivances to which the patent office has given its sanction that it would seem as if the whole 400,000 must be in active use. Those which are now idle are frequently so only because their existence has led to better designs.

THE Suez canal owes a large debt to electricity. By carrying four electric lights, vessels are allowed to pass through the canal at night. This has aided traffic so greatly that it is said to be equal to increasing the width of the canal ten meters, which would have cost \$20,000,000. The picturesqueness of the

scene it must produce ought to count for something. The use of electric lights has made a distant view of some of our American cities at night a veritable fairy scene; notably such are Duluth where the lights run up steep bluffs, and Detroit where the use of very high towers on the level plain of the city produces a roof of lights.

THAT kind friend of the Chautauqua work, the New York *Mail and Express*, gave Chancellor Vincent a handsome birthday reception, presenting to him commendations and congratulations from a large number of eminent people. Among them were Professor Mahaffy of Ireland, Principal A. M. Fairbairn and Mr. J. G. Fitch of England, Phillips Brooks, Presidents Gates and Northrop, Professor Boyesen, Drs. Hall, Swing, Barrows, Hale, Abbott, Adams, Ely, and Harper.

George W. Cable the novelist wrote:

I count Bishop Vincent, as the founder of the Chautauqua movement, one of our nation's great benefactors.

Professor Mahaffy said in his letter:

There is one point upon which no man could be deceived, and that is the eminent fitness of my good friend Bishop Vincent to conduct and control the movement. To have made his acquaintance was to me the most valuable result of my American visit, for I think that in broad common sense, large charity, and sterling uprightness he stands high, indeed, among men.

Principal Fairbairn said:

Bishop Vincent's work at Chautauqua seems to me wise, statesmanlike, and beneficent. It is only the most superficial who fail to see into the heart of things that can speak of it with disrespect.

THE opening of the Sioux reservation provides for settlement 11,000,000 acres more land. Settlers must live on it five years and pay \$1.25 per acre to secure title. It cannot be secured by pre-emption or timber-culture entries. The transfer of the Sioux to their new homes seems to have been made easily and honestly. On one thing we congratulate the tribe, Miss Elaine Goodale whom our readers will remember as an occasional contributor to *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, has been appointed the supervisor of education. Miss Goodale taught for some time on the Lower Brulé Agency in Dakota and has most sensible and positive convictions as to what sort of education will soonest make the Indian industrious, self-reliant, and self-respecting.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

FOR APRIL.

First Week (ending April 8).

"Latin Courses in English." Pages 248-259.

"Chautauqua Physics." Chapter V.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Archæological Club in Italy."

"The Politics of Mediæval Italy."

"Rising Bulgaria."

Sunday Reading for April 6.

Second Week (ending April 15).

"Latin Courses in English." Pages 259-277.

"Chautauqua Physics." Chapter VI.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Life in Modern Italy."

"Roman Morals."

"The Production of Artificial Cold."

Sunday Reading for April 13.

Third Week (ending April 22).

"Latin Courses in English." Pages 277-290.

"Chautauqua Physics." Chapter VII. to page 163.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Indebtedness of the English Language to the Latin."

"Girolamo Savonarola."

"Moral Teachings of Science."

Sunday Reading for April 20.

Fourth Week (ending April 30).

"Latin Courses in English." Pages 290-303.

"Chautauqua Physics." Chapter VII. from page 163.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Italian Literature."

"The Chautauquan Map Series." No. VII.

Sunday Reading for April 27.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Roll-Call—Thoughts on Easter.
2. Table Talk—Easter. (Origin of name, controversies over the date, variation in the date, customs and superstitions, reading of Longfellow's poem, "King Robert of Sicily" in "Tales of a Wayside Inn.")
3. The Lesson.

Music.
4. Paper—The destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple by Titus. It might close by giving in full Tennyson's poem, "The Fall of Jerusalem."
5. Debate—Resolved: That Russia must abolish her despotic form of government or be torn

to pieces by the moral forces of the present time. (See close of article on "Rising Bulgaria" in the present issue of this magazine.)

6. Experiments in liquids and gases.

SECOND WEEK.

1. Roll-Call—Quotations on sound (musical or otherwise).
2. Table Talk—Engravings. (See *The Question Table* for March and for the present number.)
3. The Lesson.

Music.
4. Character Sketches—Agrippina, Octavia, and Poppæa.
5. Selection—"Perplexed Music." By Mrs. ~Browning.
6. Paper—The telephone and the phonograph.
7. Experiments in sound.

NEWTON DAY—APRIL 17.

I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, . . . whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—*Newton*.

The exercise most in keeping with both the Memorial Day and the month's readings would be to have a lecture on Newton's life and works by some scientist. It might be well to request that the purely mathematical parts of Newton's studies be omitted or passed lightly over, and that the chief attention be paid to his discoveries in natural philosophy. A repetition of some of Newton's experiments and an explanation of the benefit which his discoveries have brought to the world should be included.

As an alternative for this exercise a "Newton Museum" is suggested. This is to be entirely imaginary. The members of the circle, supposed to have complete control over the museum for the evening, have thrown it open to their friends. Different ones in charge of different departments proceed to display and explain the contents. Of course this is all to be done on paper in an expanded form, giving the history and incidents connected with each article exhibited. For a model in this kind of work, see Mrs. Jarley's presentation of her wax-figures in Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." The different departments are as follows:

1. Objects and instruments used and invented by Newton, beginning with those of his boyhood days: windmills, water-clocks, kites, sun-dials, a four-wheeled carriage to be propelled by the rider, prisms, lenses, telescopes, the apple,

and a piece of the wood preserved from the tree on which it grew, a roll of the burnt remnants of the papers of twenty years' work destroyed by his dog, etc., etc.

2. MSS.: comprising Newton's own letters, commonplace books, and other writings, letters addressed to him, and letters and papers written about him. From this as copious extracts as desired may be made, and in connection with them an outline of his personal history may be given.

3. Newton's publications, each one of which should be summarized.

4. A general exercise describing his discoveries, inventions, and researches. Perhaps the best references for work of this kind will be found in the various encyclopædias.

5. These productions are to be followed by a reading of Hawthorne's short sketch of Newton in his "Biographical Stories," and after this a paraphrase on Frank Stockton's story, "A Tale of Negative Gravity," will form an agreeable ending.

ROME'S 2643RD BIRTHDAY.—APRIL, 21.

This day was held by the Romans as a festal day in honor of the founding of the city on Palatine Hill by Romulus. The following description taken from Gilman's "Story of Rome" will give a good idea of its manner of observance:

In the morning of the day, it was customary, so they say, for the country people to purify themselves by fire and smoke, by sprinkling themselves with spring water, by formal washing of their hands, and by drinking milk mixed with grape-juice. During the day they offered sacrifices, consisting of cakes, milk, and other eatables to Pales, the god of the shepherds. Three times with their faces turned to the east, a long prayer was repeated to Pales, asking blessings upon the flocks and herds, and pardon for all offenses committed against the nymphs of the streams, the dryads of the woods, and the other deities of the Italian Olympus. This over, bonfires of hay and straw were lighted, music was made with cymbal and flute, and shepherds and sheep were purified by passing through the flames. A feast followed, the simple folk lying on benches of turf.

An adaptation of this festival might be made in the form of the first picnic of the season—should the weather be favorable—at which large bonfires should hold a prominent place; or a banquet served in a room decorated with evergreen boughs could be made to represent it; or if so disposed the circle could celebrate with carnival mummeries, choosing a King of Folly and carrying out all the nonsensical vagaries which characterize the carnival season.

SHAKSPERE DAY.—APRIL, 23.

There, Shakspeare, on whose forehead climb,
The crowns o' the world.—*Mrs. Browning.*

I. Selections—"Shakspeare Ode." *By Charles*

Sprague (found in "Half-Hours with Best American Authors," Vol. III.).—"Shakspeare." *By Matthew Arnold.*—"To the Memory of My Beloved Master, William Shakspeare, and What He Hath Left Us." *By Ben Jonson* (found in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song").—Selection from "A Vision of Poets." *By Mrs. Browning.*

2. Table Talk—Shakspeare Items.

3. Paper.—Shakspeare's knowledge of Greek, Roman, and other ancient historical and literary characters (This paper and the following ones may be worked out as essays by following out the references indicated and others which may be found easily, and telling from them what persons he knew and what he knew about them.) Henry V. 4:7; Hamlet 5:1. (By looking at the 4th act, 7th scene of the first book mentioned, and the 5th act and 1st scene of the second book, a reference to Alexander will be found. References separated by semicolons relate to the same person.) 1 Henry VI. 1:4; Hamlet 3:2; King Lear 3:6. Love's Labor Lost 4:1; 1 Henry IV. 2:4. Titus Andronicus 4:1 (a woman). 3 Henry VI. 5:5. Troilus and Cressida 2:2. L. L. L. 4:2; Tit. An. 4:2. Taming of the Shrew 1:2. As You Like It. 3:2; Merchant of Venice 4:1; Twelfth Night 4:2. Tit. An. 4:1. 1 Hen. VI. 1:6. Ham. 2:2 (two mentioned together).

4. Paper.—Characters of legend and fiction, L. L. L. 4:3 (an adjective near end of scene); Othello 5:2. Midsummer N. D. 4:1. 1 Hen. VI. 2:5; 3 Hen. VI. 3:2; Mer. Ven. 1:1; L. L. L. 4:3. Merry Wives 2:3. Mer. Ven. 5:1; Tam. Sh. 1:1 (reference to Dido); Mer. Ven. 1:1. (Other references than personal.) Hen. V. 1:1; Cymbeline 2:1. Macbeth 2:3; Antony and Cleopatra 2:5. Troi. and Cres. 5:4; and 3:2. Mer. Ven. 3:5. Julius Caesar 5:1.

5. Paper.—Mythological Characters Comedy of Errors 1:1; Troi. and Cres. 1:2. L. L. L. 4:3; and 5:2; Mid. N. D. 2:1. M. Ado 2:1. 3 Hen. VI. 5:1. Tempest 4:1; 2 Hen. VI. 1:2. Com. Br. 5:1; 1 Hen. VI. 5:3. Winter's Tale 4:4; Tam. Sh. Introd. 2; Cym. 2:2. M. Ado 5:4. All's Well 1:3; 2 Hen. VI. 3:2; Troi. and Cres. 1:3. L. L. L. 4:3; Antony and Cleopatra 2:7. M. Ado 2:1; and 3:3; Ham. 1:2; and 5:1. Win. T. 4:4; As Y. L. It 1:3; Cym. 4:2. Tit. An. 4:3; Cym. 5:5. Tem. 5:1; Richard II. 2:1; Mac. 2:2; Ham. 1:1. K. Lear 4:6; Oth. 1:3; Mid. N. D. 1:1. Ham. 1:2. 3 Hen. VI. 1:4. Mid. N. D. 1:1; and 3:2. (Not personal.) Mid. N. D. 5:1;

K. Lear 4:6. As Y. L. It. 4:3. Tw. N. 4:1; Richard III. 4:4; Jul. Cæ. 3:1. L. L. L. 5:2 (Cerberus). I Hen. IV. 4:1. (These may be multiplied indefinitely.) No references are given for the leading characters in Julius Cæsar, Ant. and Cleo. Troi. and Cres., Coriolanus, Timon of Athens, Pericles, as these books can be read for them.

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll-Call—Quotations about light.
2. Table Talk—Current events.
3. The Lesson.
- Music.
4. Character sketch—Seneca.
5. Paper—The spectroscope and the telescope.
6. The *Questions and Answers* on Physics in the present number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
7. Experiments in light.

A CIRCLE GAME.

When the Scribe last visited Circle Delight he found the members engaged in an instructo-recreative part of the program, an original game named by them "Editor and Printer." One member had been chosen head-printer and allowed to select two assistants. The rest of the circle were editors who had prepared "copy" for a compilation of "Personals in Roman History." Each editor had written on separate slips of paper three such statements as "Horatius Cocles defended the *pons sublicius*"; "Agrippina was the mother of Nero," etc. This constituted the "copy" which was gathered and taken to the "composing room." There the

printers had cut each of the slips into two or three pieces and constructed new sentences from the parts drawn at random in the order of subject, predicate, and object or attribute. With the aid of a type-writer, manifold copies had been made so that each editor could have a "proof." Supplied with a pencil and sheet of blank paper, the authors in the midst of much merriment were endeavoring to bring order out of this hopeless galley of "pi." The Scribe donned his spectacles and read the following:

Vitellius bridged the Danube at its widest part. Livy wrote the *Æneid*. Romulus is said to have invented cipher dispatches. Tarquinius Superbus was the greatest comic poet of Rome. Portia was the mother of Nero. Brutus and Agrippina were cousins. Plautus defended the *pons sublicius*. Ovid, Antony, and Horace composed the Second Triumvirate. The eruption of Vesuvius occurred in the reign of Trajan. Virgil was the worst of the Roman emperors. Octavius, Lepidus, and Virgil were the leading poets of Rome. Cæsar was the last of the seven kings. Horatius Cocles boasted that he found his capital built of brick and left it of marble. Marius was a great historian. Augustus constructed the Cloaca Maxima. Trajan conquered the Cimbri. Titus was worshiped under the name of Quirinus.

Strange to say, this was arranged after some cudgeling of brains, to make a most trustworthy set of statements. The person who first corrected his proof was elected editor-in-chief. He directed that the next compilation should be entitled "Personals in the History of Science," and his successor edited "Personals in the History of Art." These subjects could be extended so as to bring about a brisk review of the whole course.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS.

FOR APRIL.

"LATIN COURSES IN ENGLISH."

P. 248. "Claude Lorraine." (1600-1682.) A French landscape painter. His proper name was Claude Gelée (zhel-ā), but as he spent his whole life after twelve years of age in Italy, it was customary to speak of him as Claude Gelée de Lorraine (of Lorraine, his home in France), and in time this last name was substituted for his surname. He is called the prince of landscape painters. "His works are combinations of picturesque scenes selected with taste and idealized with inimitable art." His coloring is rich and harmonious and there is a soft atmospheric effect over his scenes.

"Sal-va'tor Rosa." (1615-1673.) A renowned

Italian painter of history, landscapes, and battles. His masterpiece painted at Rome was the "Conspiracy of Cataline." "Salvator was a painter of great power, with a tendency to melodrama in his nature, which he exercised by preference on wild and terrible effects, delighting in rugged and gloomy landscapes and scenes of pain and horror."

"Titian" (tish'e-an). (1477-1576.) An Italian painter, the greatest of the Venetian school, a school distinguished by sweetness and purity of expression, and by rich coloring, and which reflected the happy spirit of the people. His talent lay in tender and delicate expression. His excellence is not so conspicuous in historical

scenes as in landscapes and portraits; and of the latter his masculine forms are not equal to the feminine or to those of children.

"Rembrandt" (rem'brănt) van Ryn, Paul. (1606-1669.) A famous Dutch painter of history and portraits. "He held that the imitation of vulgar nature was preferable to the cultivation of ideal beauty, and his manner depends upon the elaboration of a single element in art, that of light and shade."

"Pliny," the Younger. See p. 453 *seq.* of "Latin Courses in English."

P. 249. "Tacitus, the Emperor." After the death of Aurelian in 275, Claudius Tacitus was elected emperor by the Senate. He was then seventy years of age and was persuaded against his will to accept the purple. He maintained during his reign the high character he had previously borne; he tried to repress the luxury of the age, and set a fine example of frugal living. He died in 276, having reigned a few days over six months.

P. 250. "Four emperors perished by the sword." These were Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and Domitian.

"The three civil wars" were those between Otho and Vitellius, between Vitellius and Vespasian, and between Antonius and Domitian.—In the general confusion brought about by the civil wars, subject nations, watching their opportunity, took up arms against Rome and involved her in war with "foreign enemies."

P. 251. "A counterfeit Nero." "As there were conflicting reports of the death of Nero, various pretenders rose as is usual in such cases. Among them were Piso, Nymphidius the commander of the Prætorians, and, according to some authorities, Vindex, and Virginius Rufus. Who was the one referred to in the text is doubtful. Simcox in his "History of Latin Literature" says, "As it happens, the collapse of the rule of Nero and the accession of Galba are some of the obscurest points in ancient history. . . . It is tantalizing that he [Tacitus] does not explain the intrigues. . . . Another obscure point is the rising of Vindex [the propretor of Celtic Gaul and the first of the Roman governors who disowned the authority of Nero]. . . . These defects do not make themselves felt after the first few pages."

"The disasters" which prostrated Italy were caused by the eruption of Vesuvius.—"The Capitol" was fired during the conflict between the soldiers of Vitellius and Vespasian.—"The rocks" were polluted by the slaughter of political criminals.—The government was carried on largely through spies, "informers."

P. 253. "Hammon." The same as Ammon, H-Apr.

the name under which the father of the gods, known as Jupiter in Rome, was worshiped in Africa.

P. 254. "Apis." The Egyptians believed that the soul of Osiris, one of the great gods who was murdered by his brother Typhon, migrated into a bull, and this animal was accordingly worshiped by them. The bull in which the god was incarnated was black with a white spot on his forehead, a vulture or an eagle on his back, and other mystical signs on his body. When he died the soul of the god passed to another animal of similar appearance, which was sought for with great diligence.

"Saturn." An ancient deity of Italy, the father of Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Pluto, and other gods. He was deposed and imprisoned by his son Jupiter.

P. 255. "Father Liber." An ancient Italian divinity who presided over the cultivation of the vine and the fertility of the fields.

P. 256. "King Antiochus." (Reigned 175-164 B. C.) The third ruler of this name over the Syrian Kingdom. His attempt to root out the Jewish religion led to the revolt of this people under Mattathias and the Maccabees, which the king could not put down.

"Cneius Pompeius." Pompey the Great, the one who with Cæsar and Crassus formed the First Triumvirate.

P. 257. "Tower of Antonio." "A castle on a rock at the north-western corner of the Temple at Jerusalem which commanded both the temple and the city. It was at first called Baris. Herod the Great changed its name in honor of Mark Antony. It contained the residence of the procurator of Judea."

P. 261. "Caius Cæsar's disordered intellect." It was this Cæsar who was named Caligula, and whose mad whims led his officers to put him to death.

P. 266. "Fabius Rusticus." A Roman historian contemporaneous with Claudius and Nero.

"Plinius." Pliny the Younger.—"Cluvius." Governor of Spain under Galba. He was a historian and wrote of the times of Nero, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius.

"Silana," Junia. The wife of Caius Silius, whom the latter was obliged to put away when Messalina (see "Outline History of Rome," p. 190) fell in love with him. Silana is described by Tacitus as distinguished by birth, by beauty, and by wantonness. She had formerly been an intimate friend of Agrippina but afterward quarreled with her, and when Agrippina displeased Nero, Silana tried to have her revenge by accusing Agrippina of intending to marry Plautus and then to place him on the throne in-

stead of Nero. But the mother had not yet lost all her influence over Nero, and Silana was sent into exile. She returned to Italy when the power of Agrippina was waning but died before the murder of the latter.

P. 267. *Facilis descensus.* A Latin expression meaning, descent is easy.

P. 268. "Poppæa," Sabina. The daughter of Titus Ollius, but she assumed the name of her maternal grandfather who had been consul in the year 9 A. D. Her first husband was Rufius Crispinus, from whom she was divorced to marry Otho.

P. 271. "Minerva." The goddess of wisdom and of war; the daughter of Jupiter. She is said to have sprung full grown and in full armor from his brain. She was worshiped as the patroness of all the arts and trades, and at her festival all those who wished to gain eminence in any art or craft particularly invoked her. Her festival lasted from the 19th to the 23rd of March, the number five being held sacred to her.

"Baiaë." On the map in the text-book, this place would be located on the point of land lying between Capua and Neapolis, some distance south of Rome.

P. 277. "Corbulo," Cneius Domitius. A distinguished general. "In A. D. 47, he carried on war in Germany with success, but his fame rests chiefly upon his glorious campaigns against the Parthians in the reign of Nero. Though beloved by the army, he continued faithful to Nero, but his only reward was death. Nero, who had become jealous of his fame and influence, invited him to Corinth. As soon as he landed at Cenchrea, he was informed that orders had been issued for his death, whereupon he plunged his sword into his breast exclaiming, 'Well deserved.'"

P. 279. "Wolsey," Thomas. (1471-1530.) An English courtier and cardinal. He became a special favorite of Henry VIII. and was made by him prime minister. He lived in princely style and his superior talents gave him great influence. At the death of Leo X. in 1522, he aspired to the papacy but was defeated. He lost the favor of Henry by failing to gain the pope's consent to the king's divorce from Catharine in order to marry Anne Boleyn. He was arrested on a charge of treason for having procured bulls from Rome contrary to a statute of Richard II. Henry pardoned him, but shortly after, he was again arrested on another charge, and while waiting his trial he died in Leicester Abbey.

P. 282. "Marie Antoinette." (1755-1793.) The beautiful daughter of the Emperor Francis I. of Germany and Maria Theresa. She married in 1770 the dauphin of France, afterward King

Louis XVI. During the revolutionary troubles of France it was her misfortune that she resisted all the reforms which might have averted the terrible consequences which followed. In all the hardships and terrors connected with the captivity of the royal family she showed great bravery and dignity, being more deeply concerned for her husband and children than for herself. She was executed on the guillotine, the king her husband having suffered the same fate several months before.

P. 284. "Thræsea." A distinguished senator and Stoic philosopher.

P. 285. "The two Fortunes." Fortuna, the goddess of fortune, was very generally worshiped by the Romans. She is mentioned with a variety of surnames which apply either to the kinds of good fortune or to the classes of people to whom she granted it. Young women worshiped her under the name of Fortuna Virginiensis and older ones, that of Fortuna Virilis.

P. 286. "Duke of Wellington." Arthur Wellesley (1769-1852), a famous British general, was the first to bear the title. He was commander-in-chief of the British army sent to fight against the French in the campaigns of Napoleon, and was the victor at Waterloo, 1815. He was prime minister of Great Britain 1828-30.

P. 288. "Ses'ter-ces." The plural of sesterce, a Roman coin valued at about four cents.

"Tigellinus." This Roman, son of a native of Agrigentum, owed his rise from obscurity to his handsome person. He was a great favorite of Nero, and most obnoxious to the Roman people. He shared with Nero the odium of burning Rome, as the fire broke out in his magnificent grounds.

P. 289. "Procurators." This was the name given to the governors of Roman provinces, especially to the governor of Judea; also to certain officers who had the management of the revenue.

P. 296. "Hæmorrhois." A kind of poisonous serpent.

P. 298. "Lucius Vetus." A Roman general who commanded the troops in Germany. He had been consul in the year 58.

P. 301. "William of Orange." William III. King of England (1650-1712). Orange was formerly an independent seigniory in south-eastern France, whose origin reaches back to the time of Charlemagne. It was held in succession by four houses, the last being that of the Dutch princes of Nassau, called Nassau-Orange. On the death of William III. the original title became extinct. But since the accession of the princes of Nassau-Dietz to the throne of Holland the title has been given to the heir apparent.

“CHAUTAUQUA PHYSICS.”

P. 69. “Blaise Pascal.” (1623-1662.) A French mathematician, philosopher, and author. His humility, simplicity, and deeply religious life were as conspicuous as his genius and acquisitions. Hallam says that his “Provincial Letters,” written to the Jesuits, did more to destroy that order than all the controversies of Protestantism. The “Thoughts of Pascal,” a book upon religion, is ranked as a monument of genius. His researches, inventions, discoveries, and scientific works bear witness to an intensely busy life most of which was spent in retirement and was filled with self-denial and austerity.

A very simple “home-made” instrument will serve to illustrate Pascal’s law as well as the one shown in Fig. 73. Take a small cylinder made of fine wire, like that described in the *Notes on Physics* last month,—a tin pepper-box perforated with one or more rows of fine holes will answer the purpose. Tie a thin sheet of rubber tightly over the top. Fill the cylinder by immersing it in water, which it will retain when completely full. A slight pressure on the rubber will then cause the water to burst forth from all the orifices.

P. 73. “Menai Strait” A narrow channel of Wales, separating the island of Anglesea from Carnarvonshire. The Britannia bridge crossing it is of wrought iron; it is 103 feet above the water and consists of four spans, two of which are 459 feet each in length, and the other two 230 feet each.

“ $P \times Pd = W \times Wd$.” Read, “the power multiplied by the distance through which the power passes is equal to the weight multiplied by the distance through which the weight passes.”

P. 85. “Hiero of Syracuse.” (About 307-216 B. C.) On account of the great victory gained over the Mamertines (mercenaries, previously expelled from the city) he was raised to the throne by the suffrages of the citizens in 270.

P. 89. “Bayard Taylor.” (1825-1878.) An American traveler and author. His first journey was a pedestrian tour in Europe, of which he published an account called “Views Afoot.” He visited nearly every known country, and wrote a great number of books comprising travels, novels, poems, and translations.

P. 90. “Torricelli (tor-e-chel’ee), Evangelista. (1608-1647.) An Italian mathematician.

P. 93. *Vena contracta*. Latin for contracted vein.

P. 103. “Guericke” (gā’ rik-keh), Otto von (1602-1686.) A German natural philosopher.

P. 106. “Aneroid.” The word means dispensing with fluid, and is applied to this barom-

eter because no quicksilver is used in connection with it.

P. 116. “Youmans,” Edward Livingston, (1821-1887.) An American chemist. For several years he was totally blind, during which time by the assistance of an attendant he carried on his scientific studies. In 1872 he established the *Popular Science Monthly* and assumed its chief editorial duties, which he held until his death.

P. 119. “Parry,” Sir William Edward. (1790-1855.) An English navigator, who made three voyages to the Arctic regions, and attempted to reach the North Pole, reaching a point as high as $82^{\circ} 45'$.

P. 120. “Biot” (be-o), Jean Baptiste. (1774-1862.) A celebrated French astronomer and philosopher.

P. 123. “Echo of the Metelli.” “The echo at the tomb of Metella, in the Campagna, near Rome, is said to have distinctly repeated a hexameter line requiring $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds to utter it; to do this it must have come from a distance of about 1500 feet.”

P. 124. In the first line of the first paragraph commencing on the page, for Fig. 143, read Fig. 139.

“Gaines Mill.” A battle of the late Civil War fought June 27, 1862, in which Gen. Porter was confronted by the Confederate generals Jackson and Hill. Timely Union reinforcements arrested the Confederates on the verge of a great victory. It formed one of the Seven Days’ Battles in which Gen. McClellan was opposed by Gen. Lee.

P. 130. “Aristoxenes” (ar-is-tox’e nes). A Greek philosopher who lived in the fourth century B. C.

P. 133. “Chladni (klad’nee), Ernst Florens Friedrich. (1756-1827.) A German physicist.—A very simple experiment will show the effect of sound on waves of light. Over any small cylinder—an Argand lamp-chimney serves the purpose very well—tie tightly a piece of soft, thin, but firm, paper. Lay on top of the paper a little broken fragment of glass with a surface about as large as a grain of corn. Hold the cylinder in such a position that the sunlight will fall upon the bit of glass and throw its bright reflection on the ceiling. Throw back the head—a reclining position will be found the easiest—and with the mouth placed at the lower open end of the cylinder, utter a forcible sound or tone. The waves of light on the ceiling will instantly tend to form themselves into figures somewhat resembling those given in Fig. 153 of the text-book, varying with every varying tone or sound.

P. 140. Eustachian (yūs-ta’kī-an). This tube took its name from Bartolommeo Eustachi

(?)—1574) an Italian anatomist. He extended the knowledge of the internal ear by a full description of this tube.

P. 148. "Angle of incidence." This is the angle formed by a ray of light falling on any surface and a perpendicular let fall to that surface. The angle formed by the reflected ray of light and this perpendicular is the angle of reflection. In Fig. 163, if a perpendicular line should be drawn to meet the surface DM at the point where the ray of light falling from B meets the surface, the angle formed by this perpendicular and the ray from B would be the angle of incidence. The angle formed by this perpendicular and the reflected ray from B which meets the eye would be the angle of refraction.

P. 149. "Fig. 163." In order to derive the greatest benefit from the study of this and similar figures, they should be reproduced, without the aid of the book, on a blackboard or on paper and fully explained. It is only when the lines and reflections and apparent lines or positions can be so drawn that a full knowledge of the subject has been gained.

P. 152. "Virtual and real images." All images seen in common mirrors are virtual, for the images seeming to come from behind the mirrors can have no real existence. But in the case of the images formed in the concave mirrors as shown on p. 153 the image does exist. "The distinction may be expressed by saying that the real images are those formed by the reflected rays themselves, and virtual images those formed by their prolongations."

P. 156. "Sines of angles." When the opposite extremities of two lines forming an angle are joined by an arc and the sector so formed, held so that one of the lines shall be—or shall be conceived to be—in a horizontal position, the sine of the angle will be the perpendicular (or the length of the perpendicular) let fall from the extremity of the one line to this horizontal line. If the book be held sidewise so that in Fig. 174, p. 155, the line DB, prolonged to E, shall be a horizontal line, the sine of the angle of incidence would be a perpendicular let fall from the point where the line FB meets the circle to the line DB; the sine of the angle of refraction would be the perpendicular let fall from the point C to the line BE.

P. 158. "Parabolic mirrors." Mirrors having their outer surfaces in the form of a parabola, a curve "formed by the intersection of the sur-

face of a cone with a plane parallel to one of its sides."

P. 159. "Echelon" (esh'e-lon). A word borrowed from the French, meaning a step-like arrangement or order.

P. 162. "Mirage" (mī-rāzh').

P. 164. The re-combining of the colors of the spectrum so as to form white is shown very clearly by Newton's disk. This is made of cardboard and is about a foot in diameter. "The center and the edges are covered with black paper, while in the space between these are pasted strips of papers of the colors of the spectrum. They proceed from the center to the circumference, and their relative dimensions and tints are such as to represent five spectra." When this disc is whirled rapidly it appears white.

"Diffraction gratings." "Bands of equidistant parallel lines (from 10,000 to 30,000 or more to the inch) ruled on a surface of glass or polished metal."

P. 165. "Wollaston," William Hyde. (1766–1828.) An eminent English chemist and natural philosopher.

"Fraunhofer" (frown' ho-fer), Joseph von. (1787–1826.) A German optician. To him is due the art of making the finest crown glass for achromatic telescopes.

P. 173. "Tour' ma-line." A mineral which occurs generally in three-sided or six-sided prisms. It is most commonly black, but sometimes found in brown, blue, green, and red colors, and is rarely white.—"Iceland spar" is a transparent variety of calcareous spar (any earthy mineral that has some luster and breaks with regular surfaces).

P. 176. "Lord Rosse," William Parsons. (1800–1867.) A British astronomer. His celebrated telescope was erected in 1844 on the grounds of Birr Castle, his residence, located near Parsonstown, Ireland.

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The last note on p. 43 of the present issue should read, "Of these two men, the former, Carré, is a well-known manufacturer and inventor of Paris; the latter, Raoul Pictet, is professor of physics in Geneva." The note on Natterer gives credit to an immediate predecessor of his.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March, p. 734, in the note on Palm Sunday, for *Lent*, the last word in the note, read *Holy Week*.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

WILKINSON'S "PREPARATORY AND COLLEGE
LATIN COURSES IN ENGLISH."

1. Q. From whom is the little known of the personal history of Tacitus derived? A. From Pliny.

2. Q. When was Tacitus born? A. About 50 A. D.

3. Q. Of what distinguished Roman family did he bear the name? A. The Cornelian.

4. Q. What great Roman general was his father-in-law? A. Agricola.

5. Q. What positions under government did Tacitus hold? A. Public offices in a constantly ascending scale until he was made consul and senator.

6. Q. When did Tacitus die? A. It is only known that it was after the accession of Trajan in 117.

7. Q. How many emperors had Rome during the probable life-time of Tacitus? A. Eleven.

8. Q. What Roman emperor traced his lineage back to this author? A. Tacitus.

9. Q. How many works written by Tacitus are extant? A. Five.

10. Q. What proportion of the whole amount written are these supposed to contain? A. Less than one-tenth.

11. Q. What fate befell his writings after his death? A. They sank into neglect.

12. Q. As a historian how does Tacitus rank? A. Without a superior in the world of letters.

13. Q. At what time does his history open? A. In 69 A. D.

14. Q. How does Tacitus characterize the time of his history? A. As a period frightful in its wars, and in peace, full of horrors.

15. Q. For what people and what city does he make a lengthy digression? A. The Jews and Jerusalem.

16. Q. In trying to throw light on the origin of the Jews how many different accounts does he record? A. Five.

17. Q. What witness does he bear concerning the dealings of the Jews? A. That they were inflexibly honest.

18. Q. How does he depict the Felix of Scripture narrative? A. As exercising the power of a king in the spirit of a slave.

19. Q. How does he describe the Temple at Jerusalem? A. As "of immense wealth" and resembling a citadel.

20. Q. To whom does he explain that the predictions of Scripture, claimed by the Jews for the Messiah, pointed? A. To Vespasian and Titus.

21. Q. What period is embraced in the "Annals" of Tacitus? A. The interval between 14 and 68 A. D.

22. Q. What is the character of this work? A. It is a melancholy monotony of misery and crime.

23. Q. What part is chosen to present to the readers? A. The story of Nero.

24. Q. What three persons share with Nero the interest of the reader? A. Burrus, Seneca, and Agrippina.

25. Q. Who was Burrus? A. The one who shared with Seneca the charge of Nero's education, and later one of the emperor's advisers.

26. Q. How old was Nero when he began to reign? A. Seventeen.

27. Q. What opposing influence resisted his good beginning? A. The evil presiding spirit of his mother.

28. Q. What was Agrippina's ambition? A. To be the empress of the world.

29. Q. What was the first step taken by her to reach this position? A. She had persuaded her husband, the emperor Claudius, to set aside his own son Britannicus and adopt Nero.

30. Q. Of what crime toward Claudius was she afterward guilty? A. She caused his death by poison.

31. Q. How had she then strengthened Nero's claim to the throne? A. She brought about the marriage between him and Octavia, the daughter of Claudius.

32. Q. What now thwarted her in her long cherished desire? A. Nero unexpectedly developed a passion for ruling and set her aside.

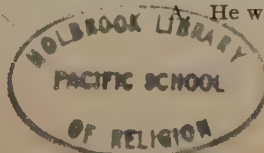
33. Q. What was the result of the long struggle between them? A. Nero caused his mother to be murdered.

34. Q. How is this crime rated in the general opinion? A. As the climax of Nero's wickedness.

35. Q. Who was the immediate cause of the crime? A. Poppæa.

36. Q. The death of what other woman did Poppæa instigate? A. That of Octavia.

37. Q. What was the fate of Britannicus? A. He was poisoned by the order of Nero.



38. Q. What became Nero's favorite form of pronouncing his frequent death sentence? A. "Compulsory suicide."

39. Q. Mention some of the illustrious persons against whom this sentence was pronounced? A. Seneca, Flavius, Thræsea, and Corbulo.

40. Q. What Roman poet must also be included in the list? A. Lucan.

41. Q. What subsequent emperor narrowly escaped the same fate? A. Vespasian.

42. Q. What was usually decreed by Nero after these executions? A. A thanksgiving to the gods.

43. Q. What is still more incredible than such wickedness as Nero's? A. The baseness of its palliation by the Roman people.

44. Q. What forms an almost adequate punishment for the infamous conduct of emperor and people? A. The everlasting contempt to which they were condemned by Tacitus.

45. Q. What remarkable event does Tacitus note in one brief sentence? A. The destruction of Pompeii.

46. Q. What sole mention does he make of the Christians? A. Their punishment on the false accusation of burning Rome.

47. Q. Who in all probability was the incendiary? A. Nero himself.

48. Q. What called forth the high praise Tacitus bestowed on the freed woman Epicharis? A. Her refusal under torture to betray those concerned in a plot against the tyrant's life.

49. Q. How did Nero die? A. By his own hands, being under sentence of death from the senate.

50. Q. What is the key-note of all of Tacitus' writings? A. Indignant pessimism.

STEELE'S "CHAUTAUQUA PHYSICS."

1. Q. What is Pascal's law of liquids? A. They transmit pressure equally in all directions.

2. Q. What instrument utilizes this law? A. The hydrostatic press.

3. Q. What is the hydrostatic paradox. A. The principle that a quantity of water however small may be made to balance a quantity however great.

4. Q. To what do the four laws of equilibrium relate? A. To pressure.

5. Q. Which of these laws is illustrated in Artesian wells? A. The fourth: Water seeks its own level.

6. Q. In accordance with what principle does cream rise on milk? A. Liquids on being mixed arrange themselves according to their densities, the lighter coming to the top.

7. Q. What is specific gravity? A. The ratio

of the weight of a substance to that of the same volume of another substance taken as a standard.

8. Q. What are used as these standards? A. Water for solids and liquids, air for gases.

9. Q. What is Archimedes' law? A. A body in water is buoyed up by a force equal to the weight of the water it displaces.

10. Q. Of what does hydronamics treat? A. Of liquids in motion.

11. Q. What is a wave length? A. The distance between two corresponding parts of two succeeding waves.

12. Q. Of what does pneumatics treat? A. Of the properties and pressure of gases.

13. Q. What are the properties of air? A. Weight, elasticity, and expansibility.

14. Q. What has experiment shown the pressure of the air at sea level to be? A. Nearly fifteen pounds to the square inch.

15. Q. What quantity of mercury and of water respectively will this pressure sustain? A. A column thirty inches, and one nearly thirty-four feet high

16. Q. What is the height of the air estimated to be? A. Forty miles.

17. Q. What is sound? A. The sensation produced on the ear by vibrations in matter.

18. Q. What conclusion follows this definition? A. There can be no sound where there is no ear.

19. Q. In what other sense is the term used in physics? A. It is applied to the vibrations capable of producing these sensations

20. Q. What furnishes a proof that some medium is necessary to transmit sound? A. A bell struck in a vacuum cannot be heard.

21. Q. What property must all media transmitting sound possess? A. Elasticity.

22. Q. What is taken as the measure of this elasticity? A. The force required to condense it.

23. Q. Upon what does the velocity of sound depend? A. The ratio of the elasticity to the density of its medium.

24. Q. In what forces in nature does intensity vary as the square of the distance? A. Gravity, light, heat, and sound.

25. Q. What changes of direction may sound waves be made to undergo? A. They may be refracted and reflected.

26. Q. When are echoes produced? A. When the reflecting surface is so distant that it is possible to distinguish between the reflected and the direct sound.

27. Q. Upon what does pitch depend? A. The rapidity of the vibrations.

28. Q. Within what extreme limits are the vibrations causing musical tones comprised? A. Sixteen, and 38,000 vibrations a second.

29. Q. When are sounds said to be in unison? A. When they execute the same number of vibrations in the same time.
30. Q. What produces discord in sound? A. Unpleasant beats occasioned by unequal wave lengths which alternately conjoin and oppose one another.
31. Q. What is the most perfect reed instrument? A. The human voice.
32. Q. What is the visual angle? A. The angle formed at the eye by lines coming from the extremities of an object.
33. Q. What is a penumbra? A. The fainter shadow by which the perfect shadow is surrounded.
34. Q. At what speed does light travel? A. 186,000 miles per second.
35. Q. What does the undulating theory of light suppose? A. That a subtle fluid pervades all space and transmits the vibrations caused by luminous bodies.
36. Q. What is an axial ray? A. Any ray which passes through the center of curvature.
37. Q. Where is the principal focus of a concave mirror? A. At the point where all rays parallel to the principal axis cross after reflection.
38. Q. When is an image said to be real? A. When the rays after reflection cross each other before reaching the eye.
39. Q. What phenomenon is presented by a ray of light in passing from one medium to another? A. It is bent out of its course.
40. Q. Explain the fact that water is always deeper than it appears? A. The rays of light coming from the bottom are refracted as they emerge from the liquid and reach the eye as if they had come from a higher point.
41. Q. For what purpose are lenses used? A. For refracting rays of light.
42. Q. What kind of lenses are used in light-houses? A. Echelon lenses.
43. Q. To what is a mirage due? A. To the refraction of light, which makes the sky appear as a lake.
44. Q. What is the solar spectrum? A. The band of colors formed by transmitting a ray of light through a prism.
45. Q. What color corresponds to the high and what to the low tones in music? A. Violet and red respectively.
46. Q. By what means may the elements present in the sun and stars be discovered? A. By the spectroscope.
47. Q. What causes a rainbow? A. The refraction and reflection of light in the drops of water.
48. Q. What is polarized light? A. Light which has been passed through a medium which allows it to vibrate in but one plane.
49. Q. To what optical instrument is the eye compared? A. To the camera.
50. Q. To what is the illusion of seeing an object in motion due? A. The power of the retina for retaining for a brief time the impressions received.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

THE WORLD OF TO-DAY.—THE UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE.

1. What were the rates of letter postage in the first legislation on the subject?
2. When were trains composed exclusively of mail cars put in operation and what put an end to their existence?
3. What inaugurated the railway-post-office system in its present form in the United States?
4. At way-stations where the postal-car does not stop, how is mail taken on board?
5. What different forms of mail-bags are used, according to the service required?
6. How long has the postal money-order system existed?
7. When was the special delivery stamp authorized by Congress?
8. When were the first postal cards issued?
9. For how large a sum may a postal note be issued and what is the fee?
10. When was letter postage changed from 3 cents to 2 cents per half ounce?
11. What further reduction was made in the following year?
12. To what ladies have special franking privileges been issued?
13. What is the increase in the number of post-offices from the year 1790 to 1890?
14. Whose portraits appear on the new series of stamps placed on sale February 22, 1890?
15. After what artist is the portrait of Washington on the new two-cent stamp?

THE PROFESSIONS IN ROME.

1. What to some extent lowered the estimation of the learned professions and deterred

citizens of good families from entering them?

2. What profession was ranked highest?

3. To what did the student of law devote most of his time in preference to the intricacies of the law?

4. In the extant speeches of ancient pleaders which is more prominent, invective or evidence?

5. To what is due the falling off of Roman oratory after the days of Augustus?

6. Who, according to Juvenal (Satire 7), could demand the highest price allowed by law for pleading?

7. What were the causes for the general disparagement of the profession of teaching at Rome?

8. When did the social position of the school-master begin to improve?

9. What does Juvenal mention as the yearly fee of a grammarian?

10. In most cases to whom did an author look for remuneration instead of to the publisher?

11. Viewing the literary profession from a pecuniary standpoint, of what does Juvenal (Satire 7) complain?

12. When was the practise of medicine introduced into Rome from Greece?

13. The teachings and writings of what Roman physician were considered infallible for nearly twelve centuries?

14. To what did the Humoralists regard disease as due?

15. How did the school of Solidists differ from the Humoralists?

ENGRAVINGS.—II.

1. How are etchings produced?

2. What is meant by "biting in"?

3. What are the etching-needle and the dry point?

4. How are the different depths in the lines of an etching obtained?

5. What colors are usually used in etchings?

6. What styles of paper are the finest etchings printed on?

7. What is meant by painter etchings, and what by reproductive etchings?

8. What are aquatints?

9. What is meant by "color" in engraving?

10. How does the process in mezzotint differ from all other engravings?

PROBLEMS IN PHYSICS. II.—PRESSURE.

1. What is the weight of one-half a cubic foot of lead?

2. What is the volume of 1,500 ounces of gold?

3. A body in the air weighs 5,000 ounces; its loss of weight in water is 1,500 ounces. What is its specific gravity?

4. With what velocity will a jet of water issue from an orifice 169 feet below the surface of the liquid?

5. Theoretically what volume of water will be discharged in one minute from an orifice having an area of one-tenth of a square inch, the average depth being 169 feet?

6. What is the greatest pull that can be resisted by Magdeburg hemispheres 6 inches in diameter?

7. How many pounds of pressure does the atmosphere exert upon the floor of a room 20 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 9 feet high?

8. What is the pressure of the atmosphere upon a soap bubble 5 inches in diameter?

9. What is the pressure on the bottom of a vessel 12 inches square, filled with sea-water to the height of 3 feet?

10. What is the pressure on the five sides of a cubical vessel one foot on a side, filled with water?

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAY.—NEWTON.

1. What event rendered the year of Newton's birth a remarkable one in English history? And what celebrated natural philosopher died in the same year?

2. What is known as "Isaac's dial"?

3. What story is told of Newton's first study of the propositions of geometry?

4. What affords a proof that Newton believed in the doctrines of alchemy?

5. With what subjects was Newton in the habit of refreshing himself when weary with other studies?

6. What theory of light advanced by Newton involved him in a long controversy at home and abroad?

7. With what German philosopher was Newton engaged in a long and famous dispute? And with what eminent astronomer did he have a bitter controversy?

8. What discovery had been made independently by both Newton and the philosopher referred to in the preceding question?

9. What was the crowning glory of Newton's life?

10. What led him afterward to neglect this greatest achievement for sixteen years?

11. In what book did he give an account of it to the world?

12. By what accident is it told that Newton lost the fruit of twenty years' labor?

13. Who was Mrs. Catharine Conduitt?

14. For how long was Newton president of the Royal Society?

15. From whom did he receive the honor of knighthood?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN
FOR MARCH.

THE INTERNATIONAL MARINE CONFERENCE.

1. The superintendent of the New York Maritime Exchange. 2. For all marine nations to agree upon some means by which ships could indicate the course they were steering. 3. Regulations to determine the seaworthiness of vessels; draught to which vessels should be restricted when loaded; uniform regulations regarding the designating and marking of vessels; saving life and property from shipwreck; necessary qualifications for officers and seamen, including tests for sight and color-blindness; lines for steamers on frequented routes; night signals for communicating information at sea; warnings of approaching storms; reporting, marking, and removing dangerous wrecks and obstructions to navigation; notice of changes in lights, buoys, and other day and night marks; a uniform system of buoys and beacons; the establishment of a permanent International Marine Commission. 4. The American delegates prior to the assembling of the Conference. 5. In Washington, Oct. 16, 1889; December 31. 6. Rear-Admiral Samuel R. Franklin, U. S. N. 7. Austria-Hungary, Belgium, China, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Guatemala, Hawaii, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Siam, the Netherlands, United States, Venezuela. 8. Portugal. 9. To cause commanders of vessels to observe proper precautions to prevent collisions. 10. That steam vessels shall keep out of the way of sailing vessels, and that the steam vessel which has another steam vessel on her own starboard side shall keep out of the way of that other. 11. That all vessels, either sail or steam, shall move at a moderate rate of speed, and if the vessel is steam, sound a whistle-blast four seconds long at intervals of not more than two minutes. 12. By carrying the lights in certain positions relative to the size and description of the vessel. 13. A steam vessel not using steam. 14. The restriction of the British delegates, by order of their government, to a very few of the subjects on the program. 15. They must be ratified by the various governments.

PHILANTHROPY AMONG THE ROMANS.

I. The brotherhood of mankind. 2. Claudius. 3. Nero. 4. Under Domitian. 5. Vespasian. 6. The support by the government of all the poor children of the Italian cities. 7. Pliny, the Younger. 8. Five thousand. 9. Hadrian. 10. Antoninus; his rate was four per cent. 11. One for the support of poor children. 12. Policy. 13. The habit of selling

young children; the numerous expositions; the willingness of the poor to become gladiators; and the frequent famines. 14. Private infirmaries in rich men's houses. 15. In the fourth century, by a Roman lady named Fabiola.

ENGRAVINGS.—I.

1. Line engraving; etching; mezzotint; wood-cut. 2. Line engraving is produced by incising the design upon a metal plate, usually steel or copper, with the dry point and the burin or by combining the work of these tools with that of acid. 3. The parallel lines in skies and backgrounds are done by machinery, the rest by hand. 4. India paper, which has a rich color, beautiful surface, and great tenacity. 5. Remark, artist's proofs, proofs before letters, India prints, plain prints; the cost of the engraving, which depends upon the time given to it, and the number of proofs issued. 6. The remark is an emblem or sketch engraved upon the margin of the plate; they are valuable because they are the first impressions taken, and the number is often limited to 50, but sometimes 100 are printed. 7. The artist's proofs are taken after the remark (the remark having been polished off); the number is usually limited to 200; they are distinguished by the name of the painter and engraver or etcher. 8. Proofs before letters; there are usually 100 copies; the name of the painter is engraved on the left hand corner, and the name of the engraver on the right hand corner, and the publisher's mark and address on the bottom. 9. The India paper proof, because of this paper's superior quality; they are not limited in number; they have the artist's and engraver's names, the publisher's mark, and the title engraved on them. 10. On linen paper; they have the same marks as the India proofs.

PROBLEMS IN PHYSICS.—I. DYNAMICS.

1. 1,600 miles. 2. 4,000 miles. 3. 93.62+ lbs. 4. 2,000 miles. 5. 160 feet. 6. 576 feet. 7. Three times per second. 8. As 3 to 7. 9. Seventy-two horse-power. 10. One and one-half minutes.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAY.—LIVY.

I. To the majesty of Rome. 2. That he was married and had at least one son and one daughter. 3. That men whom the sight of Rome itself failed to attract were drawn thither by the fame of this single individual. 4. Some bones enclosed in a leaden cist were found while making excavations on a spot where several years before a plate bearing the inscription T. Livius was discovered. 5. The bone of the

right arm which was presented to him by the citizens of Padua. 6. That they probably belonged to a slave of the same name. 7. The Æneid. 8. Macaulay. 9. In Rome, 1469. 10. During the years 1518, 1531, and 1616, in fragments in old libraries. 11. Until the seventeenth century when all the libraries had been ransacked in vain. 12. Because Livy spoke and

wrote in such high terms of praise of Pompey. 13. That they contained some provincial peculiarities of expression (the word being coined from Patavium). 14. That the great conqueror would have been conquered. 15. In his native city Patavium to which he returned after spending most of his days at Rome.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1893.

THE Central Office of the C. L. S. C. desires to acknowledge the generous treatment of several circles who have insisted upon paying the special examination fee recently withdrawn. All money has been returned promptly and the service will continue to be free, although for the reasons previously stated the additional income was very much needed.

JOHN H. VINCENT.

CLASS OF 1890.—"THE PIERIANS."

"Redeeming the Time."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. D. A. McClenahan, Allegheny, Pa.
Vice Presidents—John Lee Draper, Providence, R. I.; the Rev. Leroy Stevens, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; Charles E. Weller, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Dr. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.; Miss Amy L. Sanderson, Toronto, Canada; Geo. H. Iott, Chicago, Ill.; A. T. Freye, Crestline, Ohio; Miss Helen Chenault, Ft. Scott, Kan.; S. M. Delano, New Orleans, La.; Miss Sarah Young, Danville, Ky.; Mr. Seymour Dean, French Creek, N. Y.

Eastern Secretary—Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, New Jersey.

Western Secretary—The Rev. H. B. Waterman, Griggsville, Ill.

Treasurer—Mrs. E. P. Wood, 252 General Taylor Street, New Orleans, La.

Class Trustee—Dr. J. T. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.

Items for this column should be sent to Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—THE TUBEROSE.

A PLEASANT letter comes from a Massachusetts '90 who will not grow faint-hearted even though the temptation is strong. She writes: "I am an invalid at present and have been for many months with the prospect of as many more before me, so I seem to be settled enough at present to have time to finish out this year's reading and straighten up my C. L. S. C. work. I have continued my fee at the local circle but have not been able to attend. I have been much cheered by the receipt of letters from headquarters asking if I had grown faint-hearted and showing that though I was unknown, yet missed."

A LETTER from a '90 in South Dakota gives the experience of a circle which has probably

many parallels in the C. L. S. C. It gives a hint as to the extent of the unrecognized work of the C. L. S. C.: "The circle commenced so auspiciously in the fall of '86 with a membership of twenty-five has had a varied existence. The first year went well. The second year began with about twenty members ending with perhaps ten. The third year started with six old and six new members ending with four staunch adherents who had studied well. This year the fourth begins with seven members but one of whom belonged to the original circle. I am the only one who has been permitted through the varied changes time brings to all, to keep the banner of the Class of '90 from dragging in the dust. But though only one has held on, much good has been accomplished through the efforts of that first circle of '90's."

CLASS OF 1891.—"THE OLYMPIANS."

"So run that ye may obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. J. M. Durrell, D. D., Manchester, N. H.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, Jackson, Mich.; the Rev. J. A. Smith, Johnsonburgh, N. Y.; W. H. Wescott, Holley, N. Y.; the Rev. J. S. Ostrander, D. D., 314 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Hawley, Buffalo, N. Y.

Secretary—Mrs. Hattie E. Buell, 2604 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Harriet A. H. Wilkie, Onondoga Valley, N. Y.

Treasurer—Prof. Fred. Starr, New Haven, Conn.

Class Trustee—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander.

CLASS FLOWERS—THE LAUREL AND WHITE ROSE.

THE address of the Class President, the Rev. J. M. Durrell, is changed from Lawrence, Mass., to Manchester, N. H., No. 523 Union St.

'91 BEGINS to assume the responsibilities of a "junior" class at Chautauqua this summer. The decoration of the Hall of Philosophy for Recognition Day falls to our share. Let us have as large a reunion of '91's as possible at Chautauqua this summer that we may prepare for the grand rally next year.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHAT:—Mental dyspepsia is a bad disease. I would advise you not to contract it; and if you have been so unfortunate as to have it already, the sooner steps are taken to get rid of it the better. The symptoms are: general dissatisfaction; nothing suits; the patient craves all sorts of reading; he frets that he cannot read all the magazines, the latest novel, the last poem, and be well informed on every topic of public interest; he has no opinions of his own, so much time having been consumed in reading as to leave no opportunity for forming opinions; each book read is like that given by the angel to John, sweet as honey in the mouth, but bitter in its after pangs.

A few hints may save those who are contracting habits that will surely lead to mental, if not moral, dyspepsia, and the advice given may cure some who have courage enough to follow the prescription. First of all, eat slowly, and masticate well; do not rush through the books of the course; suffer no chapter to pass without understanding it; if a sentence is obscure, re-read till the sense of the author is plain. Eating and cramming are two different things. If you have so much reading in addition to the course that you cannot spend sufficient time, drop some of the outside reading. If this cannot be done, then put in another year and do the assigned tasks in five rather than in four years. Be sure to digest what is eaten. The mind needs rest as well as the stomach. Think, and let the thoughts obtained from books become dissolved into the elements that compose them. The mind will of itself work over materials put into it, and if given a chance will analyze the various statements received. Not until mental digestion is completed can assimilation take place. The knowledge we take from the world must be compared with other things learned, the false and the true be separated, and the false be eliminated. The remaining truth then becomes absorbed into the very structure of our minds, and the facts are no longer those of the authors from which we first obtained them, but our own. We now have ideas, and are said to be people of thought. There are some persons who labor with their hands most of the day, but who, by reason of thoughtful consideration of what they read, are better thinkers and deeper reasoners than some others who spend most of their time with books. Exercise must not be neglected. Do something; plan to use the knowledge attained in such a way as to make the world better and happier. Mental exercise uses up the old thoughts and makes way for the new, and energy is evolved in the process. Do not become an *index rerum*, a mere catalogue of other people's no-

tions; know something for yourself, and do something for the world. Be neither an intellectual epicure nor an omnivorous gormand, but a healthy reader, thinker, and worker.

CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."

"Seek and ye shall obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—Col. Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, Ark.
First Vice-President—Prof. Lewis Stuart, Ill.
Second Vice-President—F. W. Gunsaulus, Ill.
District Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Frank Beard, N. Y.; Dr. P. S. Henson, Ill.; Charles P. Williamson, Ky.; the Rev. J. C. Hurlbut, N. J.; Mr. J. T. Barnes, N. J.; Mr. E. P. Brook, N. Y.; Issa Tanimura, Japan; Mr. J. S. Davis, Albany, Ga.
Secretary—Miss Jane P. Allen, University of North Dakota, N. D.
Treasurer and Member of Building Committee—Lewis E. Snow, Mo.
Class Trustee—Mr. J. P. Barnes, Rahway, N. J.
 CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

A MISSIONARY member of '92 in China sends her first year's papers to the Central Office with the following interesting communication: "Our Chautauqua readings have been a great source of comfort and pleasure during the year. Surrounded as we are with Chinese for whom we are working, one needs something of the kind to help keep in touch with the rest of the world. My husband has been the means of introducing a scheme into China somewhat corresponding to the Chautauqua readings. 'Prize Essays' are issued from the Chinese Polytechnic Institution of which he has been Honorary Secretary since its commencement. Every three months, subjects bearing upon some branch of Western knowledge are given out and prizes are granted to a dozen or more of those who have written most understandingly. Many of the highest officials in different parts of the empire are interested in this scheme, and not only read and judge the essays, but usually provide part of the money given for the prizes. He hopes eventually to introduce a series of text books and examination questions closely resembling those of Chautauqua."

CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

OFFICERS

President—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 33 Oak St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Evanston, Ill.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Port Colborne, Province Ontario, Canada; The Rev. D. T. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas.
Secretary—Mrs. L. L. Rankin, Room 3, Wesley Block, Columbus, Ohio.
Treasurer—Miss Julia J. Ketcham, Plainfield, N. J.
Building Committee—Mr. Dodds; Mr. Rankin.
Assembly Treasurer and Trustee for the Union Class Building—Mr. George E. Vincent.
 EMBLEM—THE ACORN.

A '93 sending his subscription to the '93 Class

Building fund, adds, "I shall be glad to be of some service, although in this very humble manner. I could not conscientiously miss the amount sent considering the cause at stake."

MEMBERS of '93 who have read of the interesting work being accomplished in the Lincoln penitentiary will be glad to learn that a letter has been received recently at the Central Office from a young man in Sing-Sing prison who has heard of the Chautauqua system of education, and is anxious to improve the sixteen months of confinement which are yet before him. A copy of THE CHAUTAUQUAN has been sent to him. We hope soon to welcome him as an active member of '93.

A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT.—Almost six months have passed since the Class of '93 was formed. We now have passed through the nebulous, or formative, period; let us cherish the hope that in our history there may be no cooling off and contracting period. A little band at first, we are now one of the strongest corps of the great army of Chautauqua. At present there are more than fourteen thousand members of the Class of '93 enrolled, with many thousands, doubtless, yet to be reported. While we may rejoice in our strength, let us not rest satisfied with present attainments. Though the youngest of Chautauqua, we may yet be the largest. A few months yet remain in which efficient work may be done in the line of augmenting our members. Each member should be able to enlist two more members, at least, before the recruiting season ends. Who shall report the largest number of new members enlisted during March and April? To such an one we personally pledge a token of honor. At the organization of our class, it was resolved to co-operate with other classes in the erection of a Union Class Building at Chautauqua. To defray the expenses which must be incurred in carrying out this resolution it was further agreed to ask each member of the class to contribute the sum of ten cents. This small amount should be forwarded at an early date to the Assembly Treasurer and Trustee of the Union Class Building, Mr. George E. Vincent, 455 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y. Let each member of '93 seek, in connection with other duties, to perform faithfully the work Chautauqua has given us to do. Many of us may find difficulties in the way, but "Where there's a will there's a way."

GRADUATE CLASSES.

A complete list of all the officers of the Graduate Classes of the C. L. S. C. will be found in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October 1889.

ANOTHER contribution to the furnishing of the Class Building is reported: "Through a member of the A. E. Dunning Graduate Circle of Brooklyn, N. Y., Benjamin F. Moore & Co. of that city will furnish enough of their prepared calcimine to tint the interior of the Union Class Building at Chautauqua, if such finish is desirable, the same to be placed to the credit of the Class of '88.

It will be a matter of interest to all Chautauquans but especially to the Class of '89 of which she is a member, that Miss M. E. Landfear, Secretary of the C. L. S. C. for South Africa, has arrived in this country and hopes to be at Chautauqua throughout the entire season of 1890. C. L. S. C. members of all classes as well as '89 will be glad to give her a hearty welcome.

TO "THE IRREPRESSIBLES" OF '84.—The members of '84 will be glad to hear from their Class Treasurer that the financial condition is in every way satisfactory. Three years ago we bought a Class Home at Chautauqua, at a cost of seven hundred dollars, and during these three years we have paid from one hundred to two hundred dollars each year on the principal, together with all interest and taxes. We are now owing on the Class Home only two hundred dollars, with interest for one year. We have made repairs and changes on the home to the amount of about fifty dollars. All paid for. Last year we purchased the lot of land next to our Class Home, and it is paid for. The only claim against the class is the two hundred dollars due on the Class Home. This claim we ought to cancel before the summer season opens, or certainly before its close. Many of the Irrepressibles have given *nothing*; many have done well in their contributions. Will not each member send at once to Prof. W. D. Bridge, care of the Chautauqua Office, Buffalo, N. Y., an immediate subscription for this slight debt? At Chautauqua last summer a photograph was taken of the oldest four graduates of the Class of 1884, as they were grouped by the open door of the Class Cottage. These four members, Colonel Royal Taylor, Mrs. Royal Taylor, Mrs. S. B. Holway, and Mrs. Judge Dale, on the day of their graduation counted just three hundred years in their united ages. These members are all alive, and in a fair state of health. This photograph will be historic in the coming years. Copies can be obtained of Prof. W. D. Bridge, care the Chautauqua Office, Buffalo, N. Y., for forty cents. A percentage of this price will go to help decrease the debt on the Class Home. Letters of inquiry concerning the class should be addressed to Professor Bridge, as above.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.

BRYANT DAY—November 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.

MILTON DAY—December 9.

COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.

LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

NEWTON DAY—April 17.

SHAKSPEERE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

HORACE DAY—May 22.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua.

ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua.

RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after the first Tuesday.

"IT seems to me," writes the Correspondent with some asperity, "that the Scribe would be wiser if he would talk about *heads* for *members* instead of for *leaders*. My experience has been that the former are the more apt to be headless." Perhaps the Correspondent has judged of members from the leader's chair. However that may be, he has suggested a good topic. A circle is made up of members, and no fountain rises higher than its source. If the members are indifferent, it will be indifferent. If they are interested, it will be interesting. The quality of the circle is exactly proportional to the quality of the members. The inference is plain. Have you a poor circle? You have poor members.

Many of us are in the habit of going into social and literary clubs and into philanthropic and church societies simply to be good natured. We are asked and assent because it seems disagreeable to refuse support to a pleasant or useful undertaking. The fact that we have joined the enterprise, however, awakens no serious or lasting sense of responsibility. We go to its gatherings—when convenient or when they promise to be entertaining. We help in its undertakings—until the newness has worn off. Such membership is a harm rather than a help, since it warrants the society in depending on our strength and thus causes it to make a false estimate of its own; worse still it is dishonorable. Membership is a pledge to support an enterprise. It shows a poor sense of honor to neglect the duties which that pledge entails. It is much more honorable, if the duties cannot be carried out, to give up membership. Persons who join only what they propose to support is what a local circle wants.

This support demands preparation of lessons. It is absurd to suppose that a program on topics with which one is unfamiliar can be attractive.

To one who knows nothing of electricity, what is duller than an Electric Review? To one who cares nothing for chemistry, what pleasure in reading a Chemical Journal? Yet know these subjects, and these technical journals become at once of lively interest. A conscientious local circle member will be *prepared to listen*.

He will be prepared to take part. It is not brilliant papers or clever remarks from a few which make a gathering bright. It is the united efforts of everybody present. Nobody has a right to fail to contribute something. "Sponging his way" is the expressive description we give to the man who lives off his friends. It is a good description of many circle-members. They are willing to go—and to criticise when they get home. They do not see that their presence places them under obligations to aid in the work.

A very important point in a member's duty is the *spirit* which he brings to the gatherings. He must come in the mood for discussing, for working, for enjoying. If he had to make an effort to be present he must let nobody know it, but act as if he would prefer being there to any place on earth. If he is half sick, it is unnecessary to furnish the circle the information. If he is bored by the program he should be ashamed to let any one discover it; to be bored is always the sign of selfishness, ignorance, or a lack of imagination. He must arouse himself for the time being to do and be at his best.

Imagine a circle to which every member came informed about every subject which would be presented, prepared to do his assigned work, and to take part in every discussion and at the same time alive with that *esprit de corps* which makes him enjoy or at least *seem* to enjoy every word spoken. Nobody could be persuaded to stay away from a circle whose members had such heads.

ADMIRERS and followers of the English Course for Graduates continue to report. At Des Moines, Iowa, a circle which has been reading together between six and seven years is busying itself now with the new three years course.—At York, Nebraska, six graduates have applied themselves to this work.—The Alpha of Cincinnati, one of the oldest circles in the fraternity, has seven English readers this year. From a recent meeting devoted to Shakspeare the members carried home as souvenirs pieces of birch-bark on which were inscribed sentiments from the poet. The Alpha has lost one of its members, who has gone to Burmah as a missionary. It sent with her several kindly remembrances of her circle life.—At Foxboro', Massachusetts, the English Course is the bond which is keeping the graduates together.—Twenty graduates in Topeka, Kansas, are working hard on the same course.—The old Bryant of Chicago has resolved itself into a Reading Club—the “reading” is the favorite course of the graduates.—At Blue Earth, Minnesota, twelve graduates take the English work. At the outset of the year the resolve was taken that no one should be absent from a meeting unless it was necessary. This is a healthful determination to which we commend all circles. A member of this club writes that when the year opened, the readers felt that probably the year's work would be hard and dry, but that after a few weeks' experience it was decided that though it was hard it was any thing but dry.

THE Scarlet Seal Circle of Sugar Grove, Pa., takes its name from the course it pursues, the review course in Roman History and Literature.—The '82's at Perrysburgh, Ohio, are following the regular course, using the programs in the magazine and observing Memorial Days.

AN interesting item in regard to the municipal control of the gas-works of Philadelphia reaches us from the Endeavor Circle of that city.

Under the new city charter, which came into operation in 1887, the gas-works of the city of Philadelphia passed out of the hands of the “Gas Trust” into the charge of the Bureau of Gas, which is one of the divisions of the Department of Public Works. The city owns four manufacturing plants capable of producing about 13,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day, and also has a contract with the Philadelphia Gas Improvement Co. for furnishing 3,000,000 feet additional. The gas is stored in 23 holders located in 10 different sections of the city. They have a capacity of about 13,000,000 feet and are connected with over 900 miles of gas-mains. They supply the whole of the city except three wards which are still connected with the North-

ern Liberties Gas-Works belonging to a private corporation formed many years ago, before the outlying districts of Philadelphia were consolidated with the old “city proper.” The total product of the City Works for the year 1888 was the enormous quantity of 3,209,874,000 feet. Of this, about 60 per cent was furnished to private consumers at \$1.50 per thousand feet. Of the remainder, nearly 13 per cent was unaccounted for, owing to loss through leakage in the many miles of mains and through other causes. The rest was used in lighting the street lamps and city buildings free of cost, or remained in the tanks and pipes at the end of the year. Notwithstanding the loss in question and the fact that no revenue was derived from the public lighting, the report of the Bureau shows a profit and an improvement over previous years, and would seem to confirm the wisdom of retaining the works in the hands of a municipal department, instead of disposing of them to a private corporation as was proposed a few years ago.

THE Brooklyn Chautauqua Assembly, as our readers well know, is an organization composed of the circles of Brooklyn and vicinity. It has been conducted in a careful and scientific way, and has achieved extraordinary success. We print below a form which the central committee of the organization require to be filled out by each circle. It enables the officers to determine at once the working force of the body.

BROOKLYN CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

Return of _____ Circle,
Year ending _____ 189__

President,	OFFICERS:	Addresses
Vice-President,	_____	_____
Secretary,	_____	_____
Treasurer,	_____	_____
DELEGATES: "		
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

REPRESENTATIVE ON EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Number regular members (registered at C. L. S. C. office), close of official year,	_____ 189__
Number of Local or Honorary Members, close of official year,	_____ " " _____
Number of Post-graduates at date of Return,	_____

NOTE.—Each circle is entitled to four delegates, one of whom is its president *ex-officio*. The executive committee consists of one representative (a delegate) from each circle, and is designated by each delegation. It is important that the first name and address of each person be given. This should be carefully filled out immediately after election of new officers and delegates and forwarded to secretary.

SUCH a plethoric mail bag confronts the Scribe this month that he promises himself a rare treat in the emptying thereof. The string is untied and out fall invitations, programs, newspaper clippings, menus, poems, here a new circle is proudly announced, there one of several years' growth sends forth a wail of discouragement (the tender-hearted old Scribe "makes a note on't" and says "I must see about that"), then out bounces an envelope doubly stamped, with the reports for every meeting for a whole year, next—but let's arrange things in some sort of order, and not be "so shiftless" as Miss Ophelia says. Reversing the order of age before beauty, we give the place of honor to our youthful circles.

CANADA.—"At the top of the heap" is an envelope bearing a Canadian stamp and the postmark of Ralphton, Manitoba. Inside is a cheery letter telling of a circle of three organized last November. May its shadow never be less!

MAINE.—Last month we prophesied that the Skidompha of Damariscotta, rather than turn away those who were knocking for admission would organize a new circle. Like Mother Shipton's famous prophecy which was true because every thing mentioned in it had already occurred, so with ours; for here is a letter written in December announcing the formation of the Nityakwinontonk Club. We bid it welcome and hope its list of members is as long as its name.—Saccarappa's new circle was undaunted by its late beginning, and has run hard and fast to catch up. Judging by its letter it will reach the goal in good season, though perhaps a little out of breath.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The student in Whitefield who occupied a Chautauqua Corner alone last year has several friends who meet there with her now.—A note from Nashua announces with telegraphic brevity, "seven '93's and one '90."

MASSACHUSETTS.—The wise little circle at South Salem makes a good start by asking for the twelve-page memoranda.

NEW YORK.—Three messages from the Empire State: The Athenians of Adams, fifteen in number, keeping their work before the public by publishing their programs in the local paper; Green Island Circle, composed of graduates, initiates, and local members; and Walton Circle, small but "true and tried."

PENNSYLVANIA.—We get a glimpse of seven new circles in the old Keystone through letters from Miles Grove, Girardville, Shamokin, Harrison Valley, and Wiconisco. The last is named the Aryan and has two graduates among its fifteen members.

WEST VIRGINIA.—A request pleasant to the

ear comes from Newburg for "more membership blanks; the circle is increasing."

TEXAS.—Chautauqua interest seems to thrive in the circle of four at Perry's Landing.

OHIO.—This state has contributed a large share of the year's mail. The two letters left for this month tell of circles at Brown and New Philadelphia.

INDIANA.—We quote from our Greencastle correspondent: "In September a meeting was called of all interested in the C. L. S. C. About twenty responded and our circle was organized. Three of our members will graduate next summer, having read for three years alone before joining us. Two are graduates of '83. Our circle is named in honor of Bishop Bowman who was for years president of our University. At our meetings the president assigns a leader for each subject, and both the conversational and recitation plans are used. The meetings are wide awake and interesting always."

ILLINOIS.—A circle of ten in South Chicago sends its first report.—Woodstock is coming out strong in C. L. S. C. work; a second circle has formed there.

KENTUCKY.—The news from Rectorville is that a circle of four is busily at work.

TENNESSEE.—The secretary at Gallatin informs us that the fourteen members there are all earnest students.

MICHIGAN.—The Spartans of Montague send us a bunch of newspaper clippings each bearing the week's program and designating the place of meeting. Seventeen regularly enrolled is an encouraging state of things for the first year of any circle.

WISCONSIN.—The class of eight at West Salem has bravely overcome its discouragements which included a late beginning and difficulty in obtaining books, and is now holding regular meetings as if all had been smooth sailing.—A line is sent from Brooklyn to announce the formation of a club of five.

MINNESOTA.—Last October saw the organization in Blue Earth City of a circle which has met weekly through the winter.

IOWA.—Waverly Circle began with the brightest of prospects,—twenty-five members and the superintendent of schools for president.—From a letter brimming with enthusiasm, we quote a paragraph: "The circle at Northwood has decided on the name of Vincent, appropriating it as an inspiration and an incentive to earnest effort. Eleven congenial spirits form the circle, and all entered it with the deliberate purpose of persevering to the end."—The circles at Sioux City and Maquoketa announce that all is well with them.

MISSOURI.—A lady in St. Louis writes us of the pleasant afternoon meetings she attends. Informal talks and discussions are the principal features as the additional advantages of lectures and elaborate programs offered by the St. Louis Union with which this circle of ladies is connected.—Greetings come from Hamilton and Tarkio Circles.

KANSAS.—“A lively interest in the studies and every meeting well attended,” is the message from Burr Oak.—Humboldt Circle announces four new names added to its list.

NEBRASKA.—This letter comes from Fairfield: “Our fifteen members (all active ones) meet weekly at the various homes, sometimes going four miles into the country to meet with a member there. We have had an Artists’ Evening in addition to the regular Memorial celebrations. We all feel that we are accomplishing more by following the Chautauqua course than would be possible with any other plan of home study.”—Grand Island has a “baker’s dozen” on its membership list.—Elmwood writes favorably of its outlook.

COLORADO.—Although Denver has fifteen circles there is always room for more. The latest one reported is the South Broadway, formed of fourteen ladies. The programs of THE CHAUTAUQUAN are followed, *all* the articles are discussed, and *The Question Table* is liberally patronized.

NEW MEXICO.—Judging from the letter from Albuquerque, the new members there seem to be enjoying the work.

WASHINGTON.—Manzanita Circle of Tacoma reports its own organization of twelve members, and says there are three other circles in the city. We should be glad to hear from these sister circles.

CALIFORNIA.—The last letter of the first pile is from San Francisco and tells of the formation of a circle in the Bush St. M. E. Church.

Now let us see what the “old folks” have to say.

OLD CIRCLES.

CANADA.—The circle of London South sends, as usual, an interesting letter. It tells of a whole year of “choosing sides,” a strict record being kept of every thing, even to a failure at roll-call. *The Circle Review* is a newspaper in which all the contributions are original.—The Athena of St. John indulged in one meeting last winter for which no lessons were assigned, but to carry it out successfully a good many lessons must have been previously well learned, as this was the program: (1) Description with map illustration of the early settlement of the Italian peninsula; (2) Talk and quiz on the city of Rome;

(3) Biographical quiz on Roman history, taking all prominent men to the time of Caesar; (4) Selections from Shakspere.—St. Catherine’s Circle, the Hawthorn of Parkhill, Allene Branch of Toronto, and Stanley Circle of Montreal, each send a short message to show they are as prosperous as ever.

MAINE.—Faint heart never won diploma, would do for the motto of the brave little Winnewaug of Brooksville, which has struggled through many discouragements retaining both its organization and its enthusiasm.—The Beauchamp of Rockport speaks thus modestly: “We are just a circle of plain people of limited education and means, doing the simplest work and gaining much good and pleasure by it”; to which we wish to add that “the simplest work” has included such requirements as a trip through Rome with the Travelers’ Club, the whole series of Map Quizzes, a pronunciation test at every meeting, and the study of a number of Macaulay’s “Lays of Ancient Rome,”—all this in addition to the regular lessons.—A novelty for response to roll-call was introduced in Ellsworth Falls Circle when one member was asked to name the seven wonders of the world, and the other members each to describe one. This circle allows different members to make out the programs, with the one proviso that the lesson is to occupy the most prominent place.—Four members of Sedgwick Circle are ready to graduate, but have recorded their intention of continuing the studies.—The Katahdin of Dover and Foxcroft has thirty members, all its constitution allows.—Most of the time is given to the *Questions and Answers* of THE CHAUTAUQUAN in the meetings of Andros Circle of Topsham.—The Sunflower still flourishes in West Pembroke.—The large circle in Hampden uses the program of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.—The Marguerite of Ellsworth sends word that it is small this year but still at work.—The Witch Hazel flowered for the third time last fall in Dexter.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The six ‘90’s in the Pone-mah of Great Falls are planning to receive their diplomas at Chautauqua. The Vincent of the same town is one year younger but equally strong.—Queen City of Manchester spends the first few minutes of each meeting in table talk on items of interest in or about the city.—Other old friends are the Valley View of Swanzy, with eleven members this year; the Chaucer of Salem with its six ‘92’s; the Granite of Rochester enrolling sixteen; another Granite, found in Farmington, and having seventeen members; the Lesbian of East Jaffrey which takes time for the other articles of THE CHAUTAUQUAN besides the required ones; the Pawtuckaway of Epping, a

company of six; Winchell of Derry, ready to send out eight graduates; Hollis Circle with but one graduate less; Lakeside of Meredith Village, a band of fourteen; and the Raymond of Nashua twenty-one strong.

VERMONT—Willoughby Lake, the afternoon circle of West Burke, chronicles "more members and more interest."—Proctorsville and West Arlington have circles of three members each, and Georgia one of five.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A faint note of despondency is noticeable in the letter from the Boston Beacon, but "the average attendance is five and the course of study is followed strictly," not a bad state of affairs surely. The Omega of Boston keeps the same number of members, seven, with which it began.—The ability to handle a large class successfully is shown by the leaders of Hurlbut Circle of East Boston, thirty-five being its regular number. A fact not to be passed over without commending, is that thirteen of the members are post-graduates.—Roll-call in the Bryant of Worcester has been responded to this year by anecdotes from Roman History or quotations from the Latin author under consideration. A delightful evening was spent at the public library at the close of the study of Roman history, looking at the collection of engravings of buildings and works of art at Rome.—Non-performance of parts assigned must be rare in the Delphic of Amesbury as the by-laws provide that a month's notice shall be given. The game of Knowledge-Seekers appears on one of the programs, and Progressive Conversation on another, one of the interesting subjects being "My Hobby." If the circle as a whole has a hobby we venture to guess it is named Thoroughness.—Brief and to the point are the letters from the Greylock of North Adams, showing thirteen members; Pallas of Wareham, five; Riverside of Somerset, seven; Hawthorne of Pittsfield, fourteen; Psyche of Medway, eleven; Leominster, six; Gale of Holden, thirteen.

RHODE ISLAND.—The circles of Newport held a union meeting in January and enjoyed a very able lecture from the pastor of the Central Baptist Church.—Block Island Circle has ten students this year.—The circle of Fort Hill Delters, Providence, had a picnic one warm sunny day the last of September and among the after dinner speeches was the address of welcome by the president, a member of the Class of '84. The Scribe has had his eye on it for some time, hoping to find space for at least a few stanzas in *Local Circles*, and at last here they are:

Now welcome, Fort Hill Delters,
I bid you welcome here;
Thrice welcome each to Prospect Farm,
And farmers' rustic cheer.

Through all the early spring-time,
And all this summer's chill,
And all September's dampness,
From city, field, and hill,
Have gathered merry parties
To picnic here, they say;
But never yet this ancient tree
Has rustled o'er a company
So fair, so wise, so good as ye
Who banquet here to-day.
Did I withhold a welcome,
The spring would greetings spout,
And horse and cow and frog and crow
Would range themselves in festive row,
And neigh and caw and croak and low
Salutatory shout

Sing then, my muse, in numbers
Befitting such a time.
When Fort Hill Delters summon,
Build thou "the lofty rhyme."
Recount the thrilling story
Of how these F. H. D.'s
Have dug and delved for learning
Regardless of their ease;
Have delved and dug and burrowed
As miners do for gold,—
All this, my muse, I pray thee
From memory unfold.

Recall the clock-like promptness
With which we always meet;
Recall with what precision
Our answers we repeat;
Bethink you, fellow Delters,
What ardor we displayed
When geologic mysteries
We ventured to invade.
"Triassic," "Cenozoic,"
"Conglomerate," and "Quartz,"
And "Dinosaurs," and creatures
Of other wondrous sorts,
Became like friends and brothers,
And blazed, or stalked, or hissed
Throughout our thoughts, until, 'twas said,
Our Founder once, confined in bed
With fevered pulse and aching head,
Was all day metamorphosed
Into a Fire-mist.

In you, O Fort Hill Delters,
My pride can never cease,
For three have been in Europe,
And one as far as Greece;
And one, than whom no other
Displays more constant zeal,
Who feels with years no dullness
Across her senses steal,
We hail the honored mother
Of one Chautauqua knows,
Of him to whom her text-book
On chemistry she owes;
And three have posed as teachers,
And two have quenched their thirst
(At least, I trust they quenched it)
Where famous geysers burst;
And one delivers lectures;
And two can manage fairs;
And all most nobly carry
Both home and public cares,
In Sunday-schools, and missions,
And sewing-circles, too,
For Indians, and the indigent,
And W. C. T. U.

Said I not well no party,
How good soe'er their cheer,
So fair, so wise, and so forth,
Had ever gathered here?

Then, lastly, fellow Delvers,
One borrowed word I say,—
In all your future studies,
On every festive day,
Be not content with musing,
The pleasant past upon;
"Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on."

—Charlotte Leavitt Slocum.

CONNECTICUT.—Our acquaintance with the Vincent of Bridgeport began in 1881 and its correspondence has been a record of continuous prosperity. The latest letter tells of a class of twenty-five, most of whom are '93's.—The Halloween orgies attending the organization of Halloween Circle of Cheshire must have been full of favorable signs and omens, for this is its fifth year and its membership is twenty-six.—Writes Rockville Circle: "We prefer to give all our spare time to the studies, so we prepare no programs, but when we meet we talk about the lesson and whatever we have found outside bearing upon it."—Hurlbut, a favorite name among New England circles, is a class of twenty-one in Manchester, finishing its third year.—Andersonville Circle of Norwalk reorganized with seven members.

NEW YORK.—A practical application of the knowledge gained in "How to Judge of a Picture" was made by the Central Circle of Syracuse in asking all the artists to bring specimens of their painting for criticism. Among the various programs we notice a Go-as-you-please Evening in which every member chose his own subject for an essay or a talk.—The members of Ledyard Circle live in the country and are separated by several miles; yet their enthusiasm has been sufficient to call them together every fortnight in spite of the heavy rains and bad roads.—The Chequaga of Havana is doing its best to spread the good work. Items are furnished the local papers, and outsiders are invited to participate in all the special festivities. Everywhere among the circles it seems to hold true, that if curiosity regarding the course of study can be aroused, interest in it is sure to follow.—One afternoon and two evening circles in Fairport show the literary bent of the people there.—We should be glad to tell all the good things in the following letters but shall be obliged to content ourselves with naming the number of members: Albany, twelve; the Socratic of Bergen, twenty-three; Broadalbin, four; Fortnightly of Buffalo, nine; Brooklyn, the Athene, Goodsell, and Helene, eleven, twenty-six, and four respectively; the Walker of

Canaseraga, seven; Chasm Falls, six; Charlton, nine; Edwardsville, twenty-five; Fillmore, thirteen; Gloversville, thirteen; Honeoye, nine; Nassau, twenty-eight; the Kuyhahora of Newport, five; the Pathfinder of Oswego, eleven; Otto, nine; Ripley, seventeen; the Riverside of Rochester, eleven; Leominster of Rome, six; Excelsior of Scipio, twenty; Sprout Brook, nine; Resolute of Somers, six; Silver Creek, fifteen; Sanquoit, eighteen; the Athenian of Suspension Bridge, twenty-one; Watervale, eight; Westmoreland, thirteen.

NEW JERSEY.—A new departure in Vineland Circle is a cooking class under the direction of the circle's president, who took lessons in the culinary art last summer at Chautauqua. This is only a side issue, however, and the principal aim of the club is never lost sight of.—Some good suggestions appear on the programs of the Congregational Circle of Plainfield, copies of which are sent to each of the twenty-four members; one is to state the number of minutes allowed for each performance, another is, "It is not possible to ask each one beforehand if he will accept the part assigned him; he must, therefore, find his own substitute if unable to accept."—Neat little programs are printed by Vincent Circle of Millville, a blank being left after each subject for writing the name of the person who presents it.—Among the things enjoyed by the Inquirers of New Brunswick this winter was a series of lectures on art given by Professor Van Dyke before the students of Rutgers College.—Denville Circle celebrated with an elaborate banquet the advent of the new year.—Here is a "sum" in the "rule of three": As the membership in Mount Holly Circle last year is to the membership this year, so is 12 to x ; $x=23$.—Nothing but thorough work is offered by Williamstown Circle.—The Allo of Hancock's Bridge has eight white seal students.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A case of suspended animation lasting a year occurred with the Tabernacle Circle of Philadelphia, but there are now thirteen members and weekly meetings. Three of the four students in Acorn Circle are graduates. The Ivy read "Looking Backward" in connection with Political Economy, and while studying Van Dyke made frequent trips to the art galleries. The Oxford will send out eight graduates in June.—Twelve students who have worked together since 1886 form the circle at Brownsville. We shall hope to report them as forming a seal circle next year.—The Adams of Gettysburg also has fine material for a special course as graduates.—Practical Circle of Pittsburgh indulges in a reception in December and June, and gives the rest of the time to hard work.—The

Athena of Tamaqua expects each member to contribute several questions on the lesson. The slips of paper are drawn from a basket and if any cannot be answered by the one drawing it, the writer is expected to come to the rescue.—A rigid course of questioning is pursued in the Alpha of Martinsburg and the members "are expected to give all they can find bearing on the subject."—The Irving of Sharon has a membership increased over that reported last year.—Pollock Circle of Allentown makes its program short but takes ample time for the lesson.—Eight form the Forest City Circle.

DELAWARE.—It is just a year since we heard from Smyrna Circle, and the news now sent is of a smaller number but no less zeal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—It has proved better for the attendance in Wesley Chapel Circle of Washington to have weekly instead of fortnightly meetings as heretofore. The talks and essays are illustrated by pictures and maps. The current magazines and other recent literature are made accessible to the members, and several stereopticon lectures have been given which were free to all friends of the circle.

MARYLAND.—A year ago the Eupatrid appeared among the new circles of Baltimore. It now has eleven members and gives promise of a long life.—The cosy circle of three still meets in Greensborough.

VIRGINIA.—"An absence is a rare thing with us," writes the secretary of Old Dominion Circle in Norfolk. We do not wonder at it if every thing prepared for the meetings is as bright as the following menu for the Christmas feast:

CHOICE DISHES OF FAMOUS COOKS.

"A dinner lubricates business."

SOLIDS.

1. Prepared by Charles Dudley Warner, served by
2. Prepared by Charles Dickens, served by

ENTRÉES.

"Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge."

1. Prepared by Robert Southey, served by
2. Prepared by George Wither, served by
3. Prepared by John Keats, served by

SPICES.

"Variety is the spice of life."

1. Prepared by Henry Baldwin, served by

DESSERT.

Christmas pudding, served by

"They are as sick that surfeit with too much
As they that starve with nothing."

The circles at Drewry's Bluff and Chase City have made a record quite in keeping with the successful ones of former years.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Wheeling Island Circle remains as loyal as ever.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Magnolia of Florence "hopes that each year its report will be better

than the last," which hope contains the elements of success.—The Palmetto still spreads its branches in Summerton and its growth is strong and vigorous.

MISSISSIPPI.—Another Palmetto is growing in Ocean Springs.

LOUISIANA.—The Eureka of Jewella has worked faithfully in the midst of the discouragements of separation and sickness, and has no idea of giving up.

TEXAS.—"We think the subjects of this year's study are the most interesting and entertaining of all, though the whole course has been a feast of good things," is the verdict of the Prairie Home Circle of South Bosque. Let us whisper in the ear of this circle that the seal courses are more interesting still.

OHIO.—Camp Chase Circle opens its doors to visitors and its membership is increasing thereby. Every member is a white seal student.—The roll in Bacon Circle of Cleveland has lengthened to twenty-six.—"Not a meeting missed during the three years of organization," Granville Circle is glad to announce, and we are as glad to hear.—The motto of the Mistletoe of Mechanicsburg is, "We surmount all difficulties," but all are working so earnestly that no difficulties present themselves.—Parsonage Circle of New Plymouth "coined a Memorial Day" and celebrated January 1 in honor of the Emancipation Proclamation.—Graduating exercises are held each year in Longfellow Circle of New London, with an address to the graduates and other features of Commencement Day.—The Ramona of Jackson has grown, since its last letter, to a membership of twenty-nine.—A course of popular lectures was given in Pomeroy in the winter under the auspices of the C. L. S. C.—While studying "How to Judge of a Picture," one of the roll-calls in Wyoming Circle was responded to by criticisms on various pictures.—Other successful organizations are the Hawthorne of Olmsted with seven members; New Athens, five; Geneva, eight; the J. G. Holland of Crestline, eight; the Alcione of Jamestown, five; Madisonville, six; Hockingport, nine; Loveland, seven.

INDIANA.—The Minerva Club of Waterloo is the outgrowth of a literary circle of ladies, one of whom writes: "Since changing our studies to the Chautauqua course our club has gained in strength and vitality."—Another pleasant circle of ladies writes from Butler.

ILLINOIS.—Since the organization in 1882 of the Norris of Hampshire it has sent a most satisfactory report each year. The latest one is as good as its predecessors.—Among the regular students in the Argo of Macomb are six gradu-

ates who have six and seven seals on their diplomas.—The Mars of Woodlawn Park has nearly finished its third year.—Recent returns from the Zetesian of Savanna show a membership of sixteen. The Zetesian banqueted the Athenians of Lanark in December.—At a lunch to which the Mistletoe of Rantoul was invited recently, chicken was served and each guest was required to designate in physiological terms the part of the fowl he desired.—The Wesleyana of Monmouth is one of the delightful home circles meeting "around the evening lamp." This is its third year of study.—Sullivan's two circles are well attended.—Many social pleasures have been enjoyed by the Mystics of Kirkwood in addition to their regular weekly meetings, several other evenings having been given to the reception of their friends.—Questioning and discussion fill the evenings of the Elmwood of Ashkum.—There are six more members than last year in the Hawthorne of Wheaton.—Kirkland Circle also has added to its numbers.—Pecatonica Circle seems full of spirit and enterprise.—To make sure that the articles of THE CHAUTAUQUAN not in the required work may not be neglected, the Garfield of Chicago reads them aloud at the meetings.—Centenary Circle of Chicago has a full membership.

KENTUCKY.—The two circles of Mt. Sterling have weekly meetings.—The next best thing to securing regular members is securing local members, and the missionary work of Bellevue Circle has been of that character, as a number of its friends are too busy to take the whole course. We shall not be surprised to hear, however, that the meetings have been made so interesting that next year all will regularly enroll.—Columbia Circle has wrestled with the difficulties caused by a tardy beginning, but now is ready for literary programs, Memorial Days, and the other recreative features of the meetings.—Owensboro Circle writes, "Our membership is small, but we are all in earnest and working diligently and harmoniously together. Since 'in unity there is strength,' we hope for good results."—The programs of THE CHAUTAUQUAN are followed in the South Side Circle of Hopkinsville.

MICHIGAN.—Perhaps one reason for the prosperity of the Investigators of St. Joseph is the rule, strictly enforced, that "the meeting shall never be put off for concert, lecture, or any thing of the kind." This circle's membership is so large that in three years no officers have served a second term.—Winton Circle of Rollin has four members each with a different post-office and several miles apart, yet twice a month they have met and have done all the work re-

quired.—In December, Howell Circle was announced as having twenty eight members; since then the number has increased to thirty three.—The three '90's in Harbor Springs will receive their diplomas at Bay View Assembly.—One evening of the week is given to the lesson by the Pleiades of Evart.—A financial success was made by the Alpha of Buchanan in a course of popular entertainments which cost about \$350. It included such talent as the Harvard Quartet, U. M. R. French, Leland Powers, and Robert Nourse.—"Nothing but illness ever keeps any of our number from the meetings," says an officer of Alpena Circle.—Vassar has a circle of twenty-two members; the Carleton of Calumet contains thirteen; Marathon of Columbiaville, four; Crystal Falls, fifteen; Elsie, seven; Young Ladies' Club of Green Oak, four; Hollyhock of Grand Rapids, seven; Carleton of Grand Rapids, twelve; Philomath of Imlay City, sixteen; Vincent of Jackson, eight; Hawthorne of Mendon, eleven; Winona of Rockford, thirteen; Reading, eleven; Sherwood, sixteen.

WISCONSIN.—The three circles of Madison held a union meeting on Milton Day. Thirty-six were present and all took part by reciting a few lines from the poet. A member of Lakeside Circle gave a sketch of Milton's life, and the president of Homer Circle described a zigzag journey in a balloon over the Old Roman world. In this wonderful balloon was a still more wonderful telescope which enabled the aeronaut to view not only the scenes but the events of which the class had been studying in the past three months.—Clover Circle of Milwaukee is in its fourth year and will graduate three members in June.—The five ladies in the Bryant of Omro represent five of the C. L. S. C. Classes, two being graduates.—Baraboo Circle has gained in membership, having now eleven.—A leader is chosen for each study at Brodhead.

MINNESOTA.—Political Economy has been the absorbing topic in Owatonna Circle this year, though the other studies were by no means neglected. One evening a month has been given to criticisms on portfolios of pictures.—The regular work in Luverne Circle includes *The Question Table*.—It is quite unusual to hear of a circle which holds its meetings in the morning. From 10 to 12 a. m. is the time for the sessions of Plymouth Circle of St. Paul, and twenty-five members attend. The Dayton of St. Paul ushered in the new year with becoming festivities. The Bryant of St. Paul is connected with the Christian Church.—Clinton retains the same membership, four, as last year.—All are Pierians in Plainview Circle.—There are nineteen Pembertonians in Lake City.

IOWA.—The three circles of Harlan unite frequently for public meetings and have had several interesting lectures.—Burlington Circle enrolls seventeen and has an average attendance of twelve. No outside entertainment is allowed to interfere with the meetings.—Fifteen members and numerous visitors meet weekly in Chariton Circle. New Year's afternoon was given to review and the evening to a Chautauqua tea party.—“We aim to do honest study in such a way as to receive the most benefit possible; this we understand to be the aim of the Chautauqua movement,” writes the Union of Monticello, an interpretation which could not be improved.—The Round Table of Victor calls together three each week, First Avenue Circle of Cedar Rapids, thirteen, Corning Circle, eighteen, and Dayton Circle, seven.

MISSOURI.—Bowling Green Circle entertained the Myrtle Circle of Cyrene on Bryant Day. One who was present writes, “We met as strangers but parted as old friends.”—The secretary at Carthage sends the following: “Our president for two consecutive summers has attended the Assembly at Chautauqua, gathering all the inspiration possible, while we who stayed at home read the *Assembly Herald* and pursued the studies for the garnet seal. The excessively warm afternoons of our climate did not prevent us from meeting weekly to talk about our studies.”—Glasgow Circle has many loyal members and has completed its work up to date.—In Macon printed programs are prepared each month for the Truthseekers.—A printed slip sent from the Mount Prospect of Kansas City shows that the press is furnished with items of interest regarding the circle's work.

KANSAS.—In Eureka the *Pinta* carries a brave crew, four of whom will sail into port the year of the Columbus celebration.—Anti-Rust is a good name for a circle, and it has been chosen by the twelve students in McPherson. Last summer the interest was sufficient to warrant the holding of meetings through the usual vacation, first the four-page and later the twelve-page memoranda being used for reviewing.—The Historic City Circle of Lawrence again sends greeting; more than half its number are graduates. The Pathfinders of Lawrence are on the right trail.—Three hours of every Saturday afternoon are pleasantly spent with the lesson by Bowman Circle of Abilene.—A new leader is appointed each week in the Philomathian of Arkansas City, so that every member takes charge two or three times a year.—The same method is followed in the Jewel of Jewell City.—In the meetings of Winfield Circle each member is asked to tell what has most interested

him in the study of the week.—Regular classroom work is done in Rosedale Circle.—Three-minute talks are a feature of the Clio, an afternoon class of Wamego, and every member is required to speak. When the national flower was the subject, each named her choice and gave her reasons for it. The golden rod had many admirers, others spoke for wild apple blossoms, daisies, and wheat-heads.—An increase from sixteen to twenty-three is reported by the Sunflower of Wichita, a band of housekeepers meeting Monday afternoons.—Seneca Circle believes in an equal division of labor, and the talents of the twenty-four members are utilized in various ways.—Burlingame Circle finds seven not too small a number of members to carry out successfully THE CHAUTAUQUAN programs.—Sylvia has all of its last year's members.—Case Circle of Oswego goes steadily on its way with seventeen members.

NEBRASKA.—Prairie Circle of Surprise sends some excellent programs as samples of its achievements.—The Hesperians of Kearney were ten two years ago, now they are thirty. Washington's Birthday was the occasion for an American program, every one personating some character in American history and relating the principal events of his or her life.—Progressive Circle of Beatrice proves good its title by keeping all of its graduates. The Aurora is another circle in Beatrice, twenty-two enrolled.—Gresham Circle divides the lesson into topics and chooses a teacher for each.—The Alpha keeps at work in Louisville with twelve members.—Shelton has a trio of students this year.

COLORADO.—“Ours is a country circle,” writes the Cactus of Brighton, “so we have not many advantages but we do our best with what we have.” The report certainly shows thorough work for even *The Question Table* is required.—There are fifteen in Fort Collins in Truth Seekers' Circle.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—The Dacotahs of Mitchell make a point of observing Arbor Day as well as the Memorial Days. An Artists' Evening was one of the pleasant occasions of the winter, and another was given to finance; a bank cashier lectured on the various mediums of exchange from those first used to those of the present day, illustrating by many specimens.—Three new names are added in Watertown, making seven in the circle.—The Eozoic of Rapid City is giving to the session all the time of the meetings, finding that the most satisfactory.

CALIFORNIA.—The Castalian writes from San Francisco, “We meet every week, rain or shine, and it has been mostly rain this winter.”—Renascent Circle organized in Oakland in 1886

with sixteen lady members; nine of the original members still remain, and eight others have joined.—Twenty members and frequent visitors are interested in Colton Circle.—Twenty-three students are working to make Pomona Circle a success.—THE CHAUTAUQUAN programs are printed weekly in a newspaper of Selma for Mt. Whitney Circle.—Alpha of Ukiah gives most of the time to reading and reviewing.—Y. M. C. A. Circle of San Jose has attained a membership of fifty. For the last Wednesday evening of each month a specialist is engaged to give a lecture on some subject in line with the study of the month.—Boyle Heights Circle gave a "feast of Epicures" in January to which all the circles of Los Angeles were invited. The first course, soup, was S(ou)ppe's

"Poet and Peasant"; fish figured in a great variety of ways in an original poem by one of the guests; the meat course included Charles Lamb and his "Roast Pig," an essay on "Animal Painting," and the recitation of "Hunting the Cows"; game was furnished by a solo, "The Hunting Songs"; the entrées consisted of a piquant collection of "Epicurean Philosophy," a *spicy* "Catalogue of Dickens' Works," and *saucy* Bill Nye's "Picnic Poem"; the vegetables were served up in an essay on "The Vegetable Kingdom"; Whittier's "Pumpkin Pie" formed a most acceptable dessert. A poem on "Tea" and an essay on "Coffee," "good and strong," were followed by several toasts and after a song in which all joined, the well-fed Epicures dispersed.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

THE SPELLING REFORM.

THE orthographic reform, with intervals of repose, has been agitated for centuries; and at the present time the discussion is being carried on more clamorously than ever before. France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, as well as England and America are arousing public interest in the subject. The rabid reformers on the affirmative side take for granted that if spelling were phonetic, there would be no poor spellers,—the art of spelling, then would "come by nature." The opponents in reply to this say that the Italian language is purely phonetic, every vowel and consonant being pronounced. A writer who favors spelling reform says that while the Italian children are learning the laws of health, domestic economy, and civics, English children are just learning to spell. Theoretically, then, according to the reform advocates, there ought to be no bad spelling in Italy; practically, there is no country where there is more. A gentleman who was in Italy at the time of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, tells us he received numerous letters from educated Italians, which were conspicuous for their bad spelling as well as their patriotic sentiments.

What has been done in English spelling, the leading advocates of it, what is proposed to be done for it, and the advantages to be gained by it, are put strongly by Professor March in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June 1887. He practically illustrated his theory by spelling phonetically the greater part of the words in the article mentioned.

In a minor degree we have made changes in American spelling, such as dropping the *u* out of *neighbour*, and similar words, one *l* out of *traveller*, *me* from *programme*; some newspapers go a step further and spell the following and like words thus: *definit*, *catalog*, *tho*, *gard*, etc. One of our English contributors in returning revised proof writes, "Is it possible the Americans spell *centre* *center*? If so, you must erase my corrections, but it looks very awkward to English eyes."

The changes have come little by little, almost imperceptibly; and radical changes are a thing of the future.

English and French spelling are said to be the furthest from phonetic; that in French, one-third or at least one-fourth of the letters are useless and in English, one sixth. The money-saving side has struck a French statistician who is quoted by M. Michel Bréal in an article on the subject in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He reckons that if the proposed reform were adopted there would be this saving: Of the thirty-five million French people it is supposable that on an average one million give their day to writing; if the average pay per day is three francs only, one finds that in a thousand million francs there could be saved in one year two hundred fifty million francs. The library expends a hundred millions for paper, composition, transportation, postage, etc., upon which there would be a gain of twenty-five millions, but the number of those learning to read and write will be tenfold; so that profit of two hundred seventy-five millions will be doubled or

quadrupled and the economy of leaving out a letter in a single word will be of more benefit than the greatest improvement in mechanics.

Monsieur Bréal gives an argument on the opposite side: It is desirable that the easiest way be open to strangers to learn our language. I would recall, and no one knows it better than the representatives of phonetics, that a language is learned above all in hearing it spoken and speaking it; the means of communication becoming more rapid and more numerous are in that respect the best auxiliary. I suppose that the grammatical difficulties which Leibnitz and Walpole overcame will not discourage distinguished men of the twentieth century. But it is precisely on the account of foreigners that I would recommend to reformers the greatest prudence; and I desire to put them on their guard against a too sudden change. At the present time there are a good number of foreigners who know our language, who love it, and who do it honor. Will it be wise to confuse and to trouble them in their possession? A too sudden change in the exterior appearance of our language would give the idea of a great internal disturbance. It is to be feared that at such a time a part of our literary adherents would profit by this circumstance and leave us. Not only is French learned beyond our frontiers but it is written and magazines and books published in it. There is nothing to show that a radical change would be accepted. Some more faithful to the past than we, would cling to the old-time way; others once launched on this path, would find us too timid and pass beyond us. In place of making a success, the French alliance which holds with reason to our linguistic influence would fight against the danger of dislocation.

The reforms which Monsieur Bréal thinks practicable are enumerated as follows: 1. To bring the spelling of the conjugated forms of the verb *eler* and *eler* under one and the same rule, and to stop writing *Je chancelle* by the side of *Je modèle*. 2. To do away with useless exceptions, as in the seven nouns in *ou* that take *x* instead of *s* for the plural. 3. To suppress useless double vowels and consonants; to write *honneur* as well as *honorer*; *abatre*, *acabler*, *apeler*, *atrapar*, where only one consonant is pronounced; but to continue to write *appétence*, *acclamer*, *immortalité*, etc., where the double consonant is heard. 4. To suppress as much as possible all exceptions, and bring them under general rules. 5. In case of compounds that are in present use, to suppress the hyphen. 6. To simplify the rules of the past participle. At present they write *la maison que j'ai vue construire*, and *la maison que j'ai vue tomber*, but the syntax is the same in both cases.

Of the changes in German spelling, the late Charles Mackay writes:

"Reforms in the orthography not affecting the structure of the language, or much, if at all, affecting its grammar, are comparatively easy for any government, whether free or despotic, to establish. The fact is evident from the attempt successfully made by the German government in 1880 to purify the German language as spoken in Prussia, from the literal excrescences which it had inherited from the past, or which had been suffered to grow upon it by the careless ignorance of new generations. In that year, the then Minister of Education under Kaiser Wilhelm the First (a monarch who personally cared little or nothing for literature, but was sensible enough to allow a free hand to his ministers), introduced, recommended, supported, and as far as his authority extended, enforced several amendments in the recognized orthography of the German language. Of the first of these reforms no notice requires to be taken, inasmuch as it merely refers to the *umlaut*, or dots over the vowels *a*, *o*, and *u*, which modify their pronunciation, and are sometimes represented by the diphthongs *ae*, *oe*, and *eu*. These modifications do not exist in English, or if they do, are otherwise represented. The second abolishes or substitutes a single for a double *s* in the termination *miss*, equivalent to the English *ness*, as in *goodness*, *forgiveness*, etc. The third abolishes the *h* in the words of which the syllable *thum* forms a part, as in *Eigenthum* (property), which is thenceforward to be written *Eigentum*. The fourth abolishes, as unnecessary, the *h* in such words as *Thier* (an animal), *That* (a deed), *Theil* (a part), etc. The fifth abolishes the *h* in all words where it is not sounded, as in *Armuth* (poverty), *Athem* (breath), *Noth* (need), *Thurm* (a tower), *Wirth* (a host), *wuth* (mad), and many others. The sixth omits *d* where it is mute and wholly unnecessary, as in *Schwert* (sword), *Ernte* (harvest), and others, while the last abolishes the double vowel in such words as *Schaam* (shame), *Schooss* (a lap, or bosom), *queer* (crooked),—the root of our English word *queer*—*Schaaf* (a sheep), *Loosing* (a lottery), etc."

Prof. J. S. Blackwell, Ph.D., of Columbia College, Mo., gives the main points of the reform in the spelling of the Scandinavian languages:

A bitter contest has been waged for a better orthography in the Scandinavian languages. This contest has been hot for twenty years, and we can now measure results. In 1869, at the Linguistic Congress held in Stockholm, it was resolved, in order to bring the states of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway into closer linguistic accord, to approve of a scheme of reform ad-

vanced long before by Rusk, and having as its main features the discarding of Germanic, or "Gothic," type and the adopting of the Roman character, the rejection of all silent letters, and the appropriation of the Swedish system of indicating the vowel-sounds, as *a* with a small circle above it for *aa*, *ö* for *o* with a dash obliquely through it, and *ä* for *ae*. These changes were partly incorporated into the Danish Spelling-Book authorized by the government in 1870. This book was not popular in Denmark. The substitution of the Swedish *a* for the Danish *aa* was resisted by national feeling, and the government was compelled to recede. In the Danish Dictionary published under government sanction two years later (1872) popular prejudice triumphed, and the hateful Swedish letter was not used. The newspapers in Denmark and Norway, public handbills and posters, following the feeling of the large conservative class, use the old spelling and the German characters. In Norway, Börsen (old spelling, Björnsen) and Ibsen, the dramatic poet, the professors at Christiania, and others who call themselves the "patriots," write their language entirely in accordance with the recommendations of the Congress of 1869.

Norwegian, under the stress and storm of public excitement on these questions, has begun to develop a character apart. It heretofore has differed but little more from Danish than the English of England differs from the English of America; as, for example, differences in pronunciation of some letters and the occasional substitution of one word for another, as *Dreng* in Danish becomes *Gut* (boy) in Norwegian. But since the question of orthography has become a national question, a wholly unforeseen and unexpected development has taken place in Norwegian. It has shifted a step toward Swedish. The language is in a transition stage, very much as Modern Greek was a few years ago when a demi-national attempt was made to dispense with Turkish, Albanian, Rumanian, and Italian words, and to re-establish the Ancient Greek in its ancient home. Scandinavian purists are not so rabid as the German Welschasser who proposed *Starkschwachkasten* for the foreign piano-forte, but they are hunting down and bringing into a larger and a literary use the old Norsk words which linger in the *ffjelds* and *dals* and *ffjords* from south to north in the common *Bondesprog* (peasant-speech).

This drifting back toward the original home-language of the people is so far the most singular outcome of the struggle for a better orthography. Progress has been made toward a better system, and it is even probable that the reform

proposed by the Congress of 1869 will prevail eventually even in Denmark. It has the sympathy of the learned and of the ruling classes in its favor.

A CURIO FROM BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S WILL.

THERE has drifted to *The Library Table* a copy of a codicil to the will of Benjamin Franklin, proved one hundred years ago this month—April. We believe our readers will find it entertaining. We append the result of the investment of the bequest in Philadelphia. It is a good illustration of the wide difference between the noble plans of men and the actual result of their workings. Philadelphia, it is said, will invest its money in a public bath.

I have considered that among artisans good apprentices are most likely to make good citizens; and having myself been bred to a manual art, printing, in my native town, and afterward assisted to set up my business in Philadelphia, by kind loans of money from two friends there, which was the foundation of my fortune, and of all the utility in life that may be ascribed to me, I wish to be useful even after my death, if possible, in forming and advancing other young men that may be serviceable to their country in both those towns. To this end I devote two thousand pounds sterling which I give, one thousand thereof to the inhabitants of the town of Boston, in Massachusetts; and the other thousand to the inhabitants of the City of Philadelphia; in trust to and for the uses, intents, and purposes hereinafter mentioned and declared. The said sum of one thousand pounds pounds sterling if accepted by the inhabitants of the town of Boston, shall be managed under the direction of the Selectmen, united with the ministers of the oldest Episcopalian, Congregational, and Presbyterian churches in that town, who are to let out the same upon interest at five per cent per annum to such young married artificers under the age of twenty-five years as have served an apprenticeship in the said town, and faithfully fulfilled the duties required in their indentures so as to obtain a good moral character from at least two respectable citizens who are willing to become their sureties in a bond with the applicants for the repayment of the moneys so lent with interest according to the terms hereinafter prescribed. All which bonds are to be taken for Spanish milled dollars or the value thereof in current gold coin.

The managers shall keep a bound book or books wherein shall be entered the names of those who shall apply for and receive the benefit of this institution, and of their sureties together with the sums lent, the dates, and other neces-

sary and proper records respecting the business and concerns of this institution. And as these loans are intended to assist young married artificers in setting up their business they are to be proportioned by the discretion of the managers so as not to exceed sixty pounds sterling to one person, nor to be less than fifteen pounds. And if the numbers of appliers so entitled should be so large as that the sum will not suffice to afford to each as much as might otherwise not be improper, the proportion to each shall be diminished so as to afford to every one some assistance. These aids may therefore be small at first, but as the capital increases by the accumulated interest, they will be more ample. And in order to serve as many as possible in their turn, as well as to make the repayment of the principal borrowed more easy, each borrower shall be obliged to pay with the yearly interest one-tenth part of the principal; which sums of principal and interest so paid in shall be again let out to fresh borrowers.

It is presumed that there will always be found in Boston virtuous and benevolent citizens, willing to bestow a part of their time in doing good to the rising generation by superintending and managing this institution, gratis. It is hoped that no part of the money will at any time lie dead, or be diverted to other purposes, but be continually augmenting by the interest; in which case there may in time be more than the occasions in Boston shall require, and then some may be spared to the neighboring or other towns in the said state of Massachusetts who may desire to have it, such towns engaging to pay punctually the interest and the portions of the principal annually to the inhabitants of the town of Boston. If this plan is executed and succeeds as projected without interruption for one hundred years, the sum will then be one hundred thirty-one thousand pounds; of which I would have the managers of the donation to the town of Boston then lay out at their discretion one hundred thousand pounds in public works which may be judged of most general utility to the inhabitants, such as fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever may make living in the town more convenient to its people and render it more agreeable to strangers resorting thither for health or a temporary residence. The remaining thirty-one thousand pounds I would have continued to be let out on interest in the manner above directed for another hundred years as I hope that it will have been found that the institution has a good effect on the conduct of youth, and been of service to many worthy characters and useful citizens. At the end of

this second term if no unfortunate accident had prevented the operation the sum will be four millions sixty-one thousand pounds sterling, of which I will leave one million sixty-one thousand pounds to the disposition of the inhabitants of the town of Boston and three millions to the disposition of the Government of the State, not presuming to carry my views farther.

All the directions herein given respecting the disposition and management of the donation to the inhabitants of Boston, I would have observed respecting that to the inhabitants of Philadelphia only as Philadelphia is incorporated I request the corporation of that city to undertake the management agreeably to the said directions, and I do hereby vest them with full and ample powers for that purpose; and having considered that the covering its ground plot with buildings and pavement which carry off the most of the rain and prevent its soaking into the earth and renewing and purifying the springs, whence the water of the wells must gradually grow worse and in time be unfit for use, as I find has happened in all old cities, I recommend that at the end of the first hundred years, if not done before, the corporation of the city employ a part of the hundred thousand pounds in bringing by pipes the water of the Wissahickon Creek into the town, so as to supply the inhabitants, which I apprehend may be done without great difficulty, the level of that creek being much above that of the city and may be made higher by a dam. I also recommend making the Schuylkill completely navigable. At the end of the second hundred years I would have the disposition of the four million sixty-one thousand pounds divided between the inhabitants of the City of Philadelphia and the Government of Pennsylvania in the same manner as herein directed with respect to that of the inhabitants of Boston and the Government of Massachusetts.

It is my desire that this institution should take place and begin to operate within one year after my decease; for which purpose due notice shall be publicly given previous to the expiration of that year that those for whose benefit this institution is intended may make their respective applications. And I hereby direct my executors the survivors or survivor of them within six months after my decease to pay over the said sum of two thousand pounds sterling to such persons as shall be duly appointed by the Selectmen of Boston and the Corporation of Philadelphia, to receive and take charge of their respective sums of one thousand pounds each for the purposes aforesaid.

Considering the accidents to which all human

affairs and projects are subject in such a length of time I have perhaps too much flattered myself with a vain fancy that these dispositions if carried into execution will be continued without interruption and have the effects proposed. I hope, however, that if the inhabitants of the two cities should not think fit to undertake the execution they will at least accept the offer of these donations as a mark of my good will, a token of my gratitude, and a testimony of my earnest desire to be useful to them even after my departure. I wish, indeed, that they may both undertake to endeavor the execution of the project, because I think that though unforeseen difficulties may arise, expedients will be found to remove them, and the scheme be found practicable. If one of them accepts the money with the conditions and the other refuses, my will then is that both sums be given to the inhabitants of the City accepting, the whole to be applied to the same purposes and under the same regulations directed for the separate parts; and if both refuse, the money, of course, remains in the mass of my estate and is to be disposed of therewith according to my will made the seventeenth day of July 1788.

In or about the year 1874 the Courts authorized the loaning from the Franklin Fund to young men, who meet the other requirements but are over the prescribed age of twenty-five, yet not over the age of thirty-five years. No loans have been made for some years for the reasons: first, There are very few young men who have served an apprenticeship; second, Loans can be procured elsewhere on more liberal terms.

The invested Capital of this Fund November 1st, 1889, was

Philadelphia 6 per cent Loan.	\$50,300
Philadelphia 4 per cent Loan.	100
United States 4 per cent Loan.	2,000
Pennsylvania 5 per cent Loan.	2,500
Pittsburgh 7 per cent Loan.	1,000
Bonds and Mortgages.	25,950
Outstanding Loans to beneficiaries. . .	570
Par Value.	\$82,420
Market Value about.	\$95,000

A RICH POOR MAN AND A POOR RICH ONE.*

YESTERDAY one of my neighbors died, killed by an accident. A rich man who, in the eyes of the world, or of that little bit of it in which we move, had attained every thing that man could

wish for. Beginning life a poor boy, he made a large fortune by dealing in lard. He was looked up to in the lard trade; his judgment upon lard was final. A religious man in the hackneyed sense of the word, he had done much for the sect to which he belonged, and was cited as a model layman. He gave large sums to churches and church colleges, and contributed to the fund for sending missionaries to foreign parts. As a family man, as a husband and father, he was, for all that I know, an exemplary person. I never knew him to smile; but severity of expression may have been constitutional. With his large wealth he built himself a pleasant though commonplace home, the house surrounded by large grounds, in which a dozen gardeners were kept busy. When not too tired, it was his practice to stroll through his grounds and garden in the cool of the evening. But his attachment to his country home in New Jersey was not such as to keep him from going to the city every day in the year except Sundays and legal holidays; it was his boast that he never took a vacation, poor man. At half-past seven in the morning his carriage took him to the station, and at six o'clock in the evening it took him home again. He was a bank director never known to miss a board meeting; and when he died, the directors of his bank had resolutions printed in several newspapers deploring the loss which the institution had suffered. "He died in harness," said one of his fellow-directors to the reporter of a newspaper, "a representative American business man. His knowledge of the lard market was wonderful; he could give you off-hand the day's quotations in lard for Chicago, Buenos Ayres, London, Paris, and Timbuctoo." A man without an idea beyond lard and discounts, he was an important figure in the community. Books, art, music, were nothing to him; and if a man's name was not a good one to have upon the back of a note, that man was not much to him either.

My personal acquaintance with my rich neighbor was but slight, and of a business character. One June morning, when all Nature was rejoicing, it became my duty to look into some complaints made by citizens as to stench supposed to come from the neighborhood of the Hudson River at a point where several slaughter and rendering houses were situated in violation of public health and decency. I remember particularly that it had been hard work for me, young and strong, fond of out-door work in the sunlight, to leave my pretty Jersey home that morning. . . . But duty in the shape of an investigation into these evil smells took me to the station, confined me for nearly an hour in a hot

*Liberty and a Living. The Record of an Attempt to Secure Bread and Butter, Sunshine and Content, by Gardening, Fishing, and Hunting. By Philip G. Hubert, Jr. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

railroad car along with some hundreds of other unfortunates, and sent me to an unpleasant part of the city. It happened that my rich neighbor was interested in property in that neighborhood; his firm bought the refuse of the slaughter-houses, in order to transform it into good lard. Naturally, I asked him as to the origin of the complaints. He knew nothing of their origin, but he was quite sure that certain rendering-establishments with which he did business were not to blame; and to prove it, he proposed to take me over them and show me what nice places they were. I agreed. When within a block of the accused establishments, the stench borne on the wind was sickening. My neighbor thought nothing of it; he went there every morning, and was accustomed to it. Having reached some rendering-cellars beneath the slaughter-houses, my neighbor pointed out how cleanly every thing was managed: the fat and refuse, fresh and nice, was dropped directly from the abattoir into great steam vats, in which it was melted. My neighbor assured me that such was the care taken with every thing that he himself never missed making a morning visit there. Standing in half an inch of fatty mud and water, he surveyed the scene with a pleased air, and asked me whether I smelt any thing except the natural odors of a rendering-house.

I have another neighbor, by no means a rich man, and by no means looked up to in the community, in fact, scarcely known, except to the few who meet him out fishing, or who buy crabs and oysters from him. He is a jolly old negro, a man of sixty years of age, something of a philosopher, with the resources of a Yankee, and the irresponsibility of a tramp. With his wife and children he leads the life of fisherman and gardener. His nets give him all the fish he needs and to sell; his garden patch supplies him with vegetables for the year; in summer he is his own master, refusing persistently to work for others; in winter he works for others if work presents itself, but as the pork barrel is deep and vegetables plenty, his actual need of money is small. Oysters he can have for the getting. This man has a genuine love of the sunlight and of untainted air. When I sail him a race for home, and we arrive wet with the spray which the breeze has thrown at us, he is the first to proclaim his keen enjoyment. He has never known what the heat and dust of a city mean; nevertheless, he values his life almost as much as I did my brief vacations. Something also of a naturalist in his way, he does not disdain to carry home with him such queer sea products as may interest him or his grandchildren. Spend-

ing almost no money, his income is actually larger than his expenses, and he is able to pay a small life insurance, and to put by something for the day when oysters may be scarce or rheumatism may get the best of him. For forty years he has been following this life. He is not a popular man with his fellow watermen, because absolutely indifferent to the attractions of the village grog-shop, and more fond of his family than of gossip. His days are given to his garden and his fishing; his evenings to the study of our county agricultural journal, which gives him, in condensed form, the news of the world as well as the latest directions as to planting onions.

Thinking about my neighbor who died the other day, and my other neighbor who still lives to catch fish and enjoy the sea breezes, I can scarcely repress the desire to sympathize deeply with the one who got so little out of life. I know that such sympathy would be received by his friends and fellow bank directors with amazement. Was he not rich and respected? Did he not die in harness? What more can a man want? And if I timidly suggest that there is a joy about lobster catching in an October breeze, or even in oystering in December, far beyond the pleasure of making money out of lard, some people I know will doubt my sanity.

Take two men, one of whom follows the life of my late respected and rich neighbor, making existence one long strain for money, and finally dying in ignorance of every thing but the price of lard in Chicago, Buenos Ayres, London, Paris, and Timbuctoo; on the other hand, take my poor neighbor, who, when he comes to die, will not even be mentioned by the newspapers, whose name no bank director ever saw on the back of a note, who knew nothing about the price of lard except at the corner grocery, but who enjoyed fifty years of sport, of gardening, of fishing, and of out-door happiness. Which of these two men got the most out of life? Does the knowledge of the price of lard, or an obituary notice in the newspapers, or the esteem of Tom, Dick, and Harry atone for the loss of all sport? Does the man who makes a fortune accomplish so much for the world that his own happiness or ease should not be allowed to weigh in the balance? Civilization tends to the importance of the individual. The middle ages saw thousands compelled to labor for one lord and master; to-day each man is considered as entitled to some share of the good things in the world, and even women and children are coming forward. In the distant future each man will consider that the day is made for him, and that he who fails to enjoy himself—that is, to use the gifts of nature rationally—is a fool.

Civilization should mean emancipation from drudgery, and unquestionably man will some day cease to labor in the present meaning of the word. When machinery attains to such perfection that the ground is ploughed, the seed is sown, the crops are tended, watered, gathered without the work of man; when power, light, heat are so cheap as to be as free as air to every one, actual labor to provide food, raiment, and shelter need be but slight. At present we put a fictitious value upon labor as a moral exercise apart from results. One hundred years ago our

Puritan ancestors doomed here and hereafter the man who held to any but the most dreary and dreadful beliefs; sunlight, moral as well as physical, to them partook more or less of the nature of sin. To-day we are in danger of erring similarly with regard to work. One fetish is taking the place of another. I deny that the man who prefers his lobster boat to the banker's desk, who would rather know the habits of the clam than the price of lard in Chicago, New York, and those other places, is in danger of deterioration, or that his example is vicious.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Barye.

The genius of the sculptor Barye has received new honor in Charles de Kay's monograph* on his life and works written in aid of the fund for his monument at Paris. The edition is limited to 525 copies, printed on Holland paper, and illustrated with 86 woodcuts, artotypes, and prints, and a fine portrait of the sculptor as a frontispiece. The book is exceedingly valuable as it is the only complete English work on this master sculptor; and it will stand as an appreciative and beautiful memorial from the people first to recognize his worth. DeKay makes an interesting study of this quiet, reserved man who said when questioned in regard to his silence, "There are two classes of men; the talkers and the listeners. I belong to the latter." This habit was not due to want of sympathy but a serious thoughtfulness. The new field in which he worked—that of asserting the dignity of animals as fit subjects for the chisel—accounts in a large measure for his lack of popularity; but his work was done with such faithfulness during all these unappreciated years that to-day it stands without a rival. An interesting point is made on the small scale of his works: though limited by want of patronage to fireside art rather than works of magnitude his genius raised this class of art from the lower plane to which it was supposed to belong, and this has led to a wide-spread influence—a more general cultivation of taste, so that a really great work of art may be understood by the many. A philanthropic spirit as well as a desire to aid the monument fund and "make the Parisians blush a little," led to the recent exhibition. It is believed that it did good by giving to many thousands the occasion to realize what an important

part sculpture on a small scale, so far as mere size is concerned, ought to play in the daily life. This spread of taste will affect art in every direction, and the result will be native sculptors to supply this cultivated artistic taste.

Saint Theresa.

Among the Famous Women* who form the interesting series which goes by this name has been placed one who judged from what has been written of her by ecclesiastical writers would seem out of harmony with the active, practical life of the present generation. It is Saint Theresa of Avila, the Spanish nun of the sixteenth century, who after she was forty-five years old founded a reformed branch of the Carmelite nuns and during her life saw twenty-nine convents of the order established. After being one of the gayest of the gay nuns of her day until forty years old, she became the strictest and instituted reforms which spread widely. She became a mystic, she saw visions, she experienced the joys of the seventh heaven, she took the vow of "absolute perfection." The general notion of her from her writings and the church history is that after what is called her conversion she became an ascetic, dreamy, and unreal character. Mrs. Gilman, however, proves that she was quite as much a flesh and blood woman as when coquetting with priests and "seculars" in the Convent of Avila. She shows her to be from her own letters, full of practical good sense, untiring energy and vigorous determination and to have loved praise and exercised authority like any worldling. There is something very piquant and fascinating about the descriptions of this famous saint's straightforward dealings with people. "Pray leave off these booby bits of perfection," she writes a refrac-

*Life and Works of Antoine Louis Barye. By Charles de Kay. New York: Published by the Barye Monument Association.

*Saint Theresa of Avila. By Mrs. Bradley Gilman. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.00.

tory prioress. She knew when and how to scold, when to be patient and wait. Her good temper when things went wrong and her worldly wisdom in business transactions are astonishing. It is in showing the human nature of Saint Theresa that Mrs. Gilman's book is valuable. As an analysis of her mysticism it is unsatisfactory and unsympathetic.

Literary Studies. A set of finely critical studies in English literature forms Mr. Walter Pater's "Appreciations."* To them has been joined an acute and discriminating essay on style. Mr. Pater possesses what he gives as one of the primary qualities of style—the power to reproduce his own "sense of fact." His analysis of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Browne, Shakspeare, Rossetti, are all admirable transcripts of the effects, the thoughts, which these authors have produced in him. Such criticisms well deserve to be called "Appreciations." They demand a more than average reader—one who has like their author the ability to *sense* things.—The title which Dr. Schaff has chosen for his last published work, "Literature and Poetry,"† is confusing, if not incorrect. It is good literature and the subject of much of it is poetry, but that is a doubtful combination of ideas from which to name a book. The name aside, there is nothing in the volume to find fault with. The studies which form it are, it is supposable, the literary recreations of this great Christian theologian, the subjects in which he has found rest from severe labors. The fascinating study of the English language has given him a theme for an entertaining analysis. The poetry of the Bible, mediæval hymns, and Dante are other subjects which chiefly receive attention. There is a great amount of erudition in the collection but the style is so simple and direct that the reader does not realize that he is following the travels of a close scholar through many learned volumes in many different languages. It is only when confronted with the exhaustive bibliographies which are appended to several of the essays that something of the labor expended on them is understood.—All who would appreciate the qualities of Attic tragedy will turn with pleasure the pages of the group of Euripidean plays‡ translated by the eminent scholar and critic, William Cranston Lawton. The text is done into vigorous

English and freely interspersed with explanation and comment well calculated to serve the purpose desired by the author,—“to put the reader essentially in the position of the original Athenian auditors.”—The author of "Lectures on Russian Literature"* claims that the present enthusiasm over Russian writers is not kept awake by fashion, but in spite of it; for the messages they deliver are those of sincerity, earnestness, and love, permanent elements over which fashion has no control. The key-note of the lectures seems to be, 'The soul is ever striving for union with God, and a nation's literature is the record of this journey of the soul heavenward.' While we may be disposed to disagree with some of his estimates and to quarrel with one or two comparisons with English authors, we cannot but admire his strong individuality and noble spirit.—An excellent reference book for beginners in French Literature is Dr. Warren's "Primer of French Literature."† It presents a concise and complete analysis of the subject, from which all unessential points have been carefully pruned. Its enumeration of authors and their works is full. The attention is called to only the pivotal situations in the works mentioned and the criticism is brief and discriminating. For the purpose it is designed to serve, it is admirably adapted. We should be glad to have at hand just such works on all the leading literatures of the world.—The Knickerbocker placer-deposit continues to yield its precious Nuggets. Most acceptable of the latest volumes are those comprising that part of Goethe's Autobiography which tells of his boyhood and youth‡; peculiarly adapted to the dainty setting of the series is the compilation of "Songs of "Fairy Land,"§ illustrated with conceits as delicately fanciful as the poems themselves; a delightful classical flavor will be found in the garden literature¶ of past generations; "Sesame and Lilies"¶ here assumes a new charm; and the two remaining volumes,** appealing as they do to the spirit of patriotism, are sure of a warm welcome in all American homes.

*Lectures on Russian Literature. Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenef, Tolstoy. By Ivan Panin. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

†A Primer of French Literature. By F. M. Warren, Ph.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

‡The Boyhood and Youth of Goethe. 2 vols., \$2.00 each; §Songs of Fairy Land. Compiled by Edward T. Mason, with illustrations after designs by Maud Humphrey, \$1.25; ¶The Garden, as Considered in Literature by Certain Polite Writers. With a Critical Essay by Walter Howe, \$1.00; ¶Sesame and Lilies. By John Ruskin, \$1.00; **The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited with notes, by John Bigelow, \$1.00; **Great Words from Great Americans, \$1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Appreciations. With an Essay on Style. By Walter Pater. New York: Macmillan and Co.

†Literature and Poetry. By Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$3.00.

‡Three Dramas of Euripides. By William Cranston Lawton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Price, \$1.50.

Practical Talks.

The reprint here of the three popular English books,* "Business," "Money," "Life," is very acceptable. They will be useful to every class, on account of their suggestiveness. In "Business" the author advocates strongly a technical education in every vocation; and discusses in detail the essentials to success in one's occupation. While some will not agree with his theological views in "Life," yet all will agree with him in the threefold training, the mind, the body, the soul, necessary to make life worth living. The scientific principles upon which money is based and its practical use in the business world are discussed in the third book.—A timely and practical little book is "The Shop,"† by Mr. Winship. In very brief chapters, and in a plain, strong manner he discusses working life in its various relations to the shop, the home, the school, the church. He points out its needs, and suggests feasible plans by which they could be met. The book is both philosophical and philanthropical, and but for the power which makes might right, would be practicable.—A little book whose philosophical bearings ought to be considered along with the practical affairs of every day life is "A Theory of Conduct,"‡ The author sometimes reaches his conclusions by a process of reasoning somewhat sceptical, but the conclusions themselves shadow forth the true principles of Christian life and character; it is to be wished that they were expressed in clearer light and more confident language. He reasons that man left alone knows that he ought to do something, but does not know what to do. The various theories and philosophies and plans of life growing out of this conviction are reviewed; the nature of duty and of character is discussed. It is finally shown that through Christianity alone is revealed the true motive to morality.—How to get rich and where to get rich are the questions discussed in "Acres of Diamonds"§; and their answers which mankind at large are seeking so arduously to-day, are made to appear comparatively easy to obtain by the simpler processes proposed by the author. The whole work put into a nutshell reads, Call riches to you; do not run after them. How to do this is illustrated by references to a great number of successful men, of whose career brief sketches

are given. The book is written in that easy, charming manner which has made its author so popular on the lecture platform. It is a pity that the large work should be marred in its appearance by the cheap style of illustrations used.—A valuable little work for the home is "Hygiene of Childhood,"* The simple teachings there given, if carried out, would soon do much toward relieving the world of its feeble folk. There can be derived from this book alone a good practical education in health matters.—A work to supplement this one is "Health Notes for Students."† How to keep well through a long, hard course of study is very briefly and conveniently told in this little primer. Every student should know and follow its teachings.

Books for
Young People

Aspirants for favorable criticisms from Young America and his sister, crowd forward as fast as ever.

Head and shoulders above the rest stand Professor Alfred Church's excellent studies of life in historic times. The latest one places the incidents in the first century after Christ, when the fierce cry of "The Christians to the Lions"‡ was of common occurrence. No one can read it without feeling impelled to a higher life of Christian endeavor.—The genial and humorous naturalism which makes Miss Jewett's books such pleasant reading, abounds in "Betty Leicester."|| To read this account of uneventful life in a New England town with its kindly, every-day sort of people, is as restful as a quiet Sunday afternoon.—Seven girls, daughters of a college professor whose death left them little besides the old home, brought up in ignorance of useful work, yet willing and anxious to turn to account their various accomplishments, hold a family council and the result is told in "Those Raeburn Girls."§ It is a record of successes, the secret of which was that the workers were willing to lay aside false pride. Besides naming this as a most helpful and suggestive book, we gladly add that there is not a dull page in it.—Some other young people who proved themselves "Superior to Circumstances"¶ are written about by Mrs. Blackall in an equally entertaining way.—The

*Hygiene of Childhood. By Francis H. Rankin, M.D. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

†Health Notes for Students. By Burt G. Wilder, B.S., M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡To the Lions. A Tale of the Early Christians. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

||Betty Leicester. A Story for Girls. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Price, \$1.25.

§Those Raeburn Girls. By Mrs. A. F. Raffensperger. Price, \$1.25; ¶Superior to Circumstances. By Emily Lucas.

*Business, Money, Life. By James Platt, F.S.S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, 75 cts. each.

†The Shop. By Albert E. Winship. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, 60 cents.

‡A Theory of Conduct. By Archibald Alexander. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

§Acres of Diamonds. By Russell H. Conwell. Philadelphia and St. Louis: John Y. Huber Company.

easy conversational style of "Dear Old Story-Tellers"* cannot fail to fascinate its readers be they old or young.—Though not claiming to be a history, "A Colonial Boy"† relates many interesting incidents which occurred in the early days of Maryland and Pennsylvania, skillfully woven into a story of to-day. It will be a deservedly popular book with the young people.—The scenes of "Björkheda Parsonage"‡ are located in Sweden, and human nature seems to be the same there as in all the world over. It is earnestly Christian and urges many valuable truths.—It is impossible to read "Korno Siga"|| without feeling a deep interest in the work of Christian missions to the heathen. Portraying as it does, actual scenes in the life of the author who has given the greater part of her life to foreign missionary work, it has great vividness and force, while the adventures are exciting enough to keep the curiosity awake through the whole book.—The heart of Africa is the scene of the story of travel and adventure entitled "Kibboo Ganey."§ It is brimming over with excitement, but not of the unhealthy sort, and while following the fortunes and misfortunes of its young heroes it teaches many lessons of sterling worth.—The canoe trip¶ of a couple of New England boys has furnished a series of adventures that have been written up in a most breezy style by that writer of breezy books, Mary P. W. Smith. It reads like what it claims to be, a genuine experience.—"Tangletop"*** is a distinctly religious story, dealing with the temptations of every-day life. It is full of helpful suggestions for young girls, some of whom may see themselves pictured among the girls of the school at Locust Hill.—A simple story told in the most natural and unaffected way is what one always expects from the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." Her latest book, "Lil,"†† is no less charming and wholesome than its predecessors.

Blackall. *Dear Old Story-Tellers. By Oscar Fay Adams. Price, \$1.00. †A Colonial Boy. By Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster. Price, \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

‡A Visit to the Björkheda Parsonage. From the Swedish of H. Hofsten. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, \$1.00.

||Korno Siga, the Mountain Chief; or, Life in Assam. By Mrs. Mildred Marston. Philadelphia: The American Sunday-School Union.

§Kibboo Ganey; or, the Lost Chief of the Copper Mountain. By Walter Wentworth. Price, \$1.25. ¶Their Canoe Trip. By Mary P. W. Smith. Price, \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

***Tangletop; or, A Year with the Girls at Locust Hill. By Mary Bissell Waterman. Philadelphia: The American Sunday-School Union.

††Lil. By the author of Miss Toosey's Mission. Price,

— "Just Sixteen"* in number are the tales in Susan Coolidge's new book, varied in subject from a fable to a love story, but all full of a genial, cheery spirit, and showing sensible and practical ways of looking at the smaller trials of life.—"Flipwing, the Spy"† is a bright and animated story, the action of which is taken by animals whose characters are depicted as in accord with their natures. Kindness to animals is what the fable aims to teach.—The philanthropic work of Bishop Wilberforce and Hannah More and her sisters, form the basis of a story‡ of life among the poorer class of people in a little English village a hundred years ago. It is vigorous and well told.—Carlisle B. Holding adds two more volumes|| to his already long list of healthful literature for young people.—A capital book for boys and one that they will pronounce capital, which by the way, does not always follow, is "Shoulder Arms."§ The author wants his boys to strike at evil straight from the shoulder, hence this book with its sturdy teachings.

Miscellaneous. A complete representation of the

American railway system¶ is for the first time put into an available form for the general public. In a large and handsome book are presented in a collection of articles written by different specialists, the various interests connected with this great industry. A few of the headings, perhaps, will give best an idea of the scope of the work. They are such as "The Building of a Railway," "Feats of Railway Engineering," "Safety in Railway Travel," "The Railway in its Business Relations," etc. Each article is a most valuable and interesting work in itself, spanning the whole history of its department of the system and giving the most recent developments of the work.

The plain description and accurate and fine illustrations in "Picturesque Quebec"*** place the scenery of that old Canadian citadel before the reader in a manner so clear as only to be

\$1.00. *Just Sixteen. By Susan Coolidge. †Flipwing, the Spy. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.25.

‡The Cunning Woman's Grandson. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price, \$1.50.

||Her Ben: A Tale of Royal Resolves. Price, \$1.00. Peter the Preacher, or Reaping a Hundred-Fold. Price, \$1.25. By Carlisle B. Holding. §Shoulder Arms, or The Boys of Wild Lake School. By John Preston True. Price, \$1.25. New York: Hunt and Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe

¶The American Railway. With more than 200 Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$6.00.

***Picturesque Quebec. Edited by George Monro Grant, D.D. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.

excelled by an actual trip to the place. Traveling by one's own fireside with the help of such books is a most delightful recreation. The historical review, the description, and the sketch of the people—each by a different author and one thoroughly conversant with his subject—are charmingly written. A long preface by Julian Hawthorne adds much to the attraction. The latter deprecates the thought of ever having the old town fall under the administration of the Americans, who with their utilitarian ideas would soon transform it with its appearance and costumes of the "long ago" into a modern prosperous city.

It is a small and rare collection that Principal Shairp has presented in his gallery of "Portraits of Friends."* The seven whom he chose thus to commemorate, among whom are

* Portraits of Friends. By John Campbell Shairp. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.25.

Thomas Erskine and Dr. John Brown, were all men who had made for themselves a name and in whom a wide interest is felt. Keenly discriminative of character, the author has strongly brought out in each his personality. The sketch of Principal Shairp himself, written by Professor Sellars, and introducing the work, is in fine harmony with the rest of the book.

In "Great Senators"* Mr. Dyer gives many interesting reminiscences of the Congressional leaders of forty years ago. Bright, racy, descriptive of many private schemes and wire pulling plans, it is a book at once to awaken and to satisfy curiosity. The author writes in a fearless style, and handles no character with gloves on. One is occasionally surprised at his estimates, but on the whole they are fair and just. Among the senators described, are Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and Benton.

* Great Senators. By Oliver Dyer. New York: Robert Bonner's Sons.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR FEBRUARY, 1890.

HOME NEWS.—February 1. The Indian Six Nations open a council for the discussion of citizenship and land in severalty.

February 3. The wife and daughter of Secretary Tracy lose their lives in the burning of their home in Washington.—The Hon. Seth Low is installed as president of Columbia College.

February 4. Celebration in New York City of the centennial of the Supreme Court of the United States.

February 6. A free library, to cost not less than \$1,000,000, is offered the city of Pittsburgh by Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

February 10. The President signs the proclamation opening the Sioux Reservation.

February 12. Lincoln's birthday is commemorated in many of the larger cities.

February 13. The Methodist Book Concern celebrates its centennial.

February 14. The House adopts the new code of rules.

February 18. The department of superintendence of the National Educational Association opens its convention in New York City.

February 19. Annual session in Washington of the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

February 20. Dedication of the Carnegie Library in Allegheny, Pa.

February 22. Death of John Jacob Astor.—A dam gives way in the Hassayampa Valley, Arizona, causing the death of many persons and the destruction of \$1,000,000 worth of property.

February 24. Chicago secures the World's Fair of 1892.—The twenty-second annual meeting of the Freedmen's Aid Society opens in Chicago.

February 28. The North American Commercial Company secures the contract for taking fur seals in Alaska.

FOREIGN NEWS.—February 3. Mr. Parnell's libel suit against the London *Times* is compromised by the payment of £5,000 to the plaintiff.

February 6. Opening in Melbourne of the Australian Federation Conference.—A commercial treaty between Germany and Turkey is signed.

February 13. Death of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

February 14. The University of Toronto is destroyed by fire.

February 18. Death of the Hungarian statesman, Count Andrássy.

February 20. Death of the French statesman, Count Napoleon Daru.

February 26. Two thousand Liverpool dockmen go on a strike.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

THE MAKING OF ITALY.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

PART I.

THERE is no part of the continent of Europe on which geographical unity would seem to be more strongly impressed by the hand of nature than on the peninsula of Italy. It is no doubt equally impressed as the Iberian peninsula, the land whose geographical name is Spain, while politically it forms the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal. On the Scandinavian peninsula, that which contains the kingdoms of Norway and Sweden, we can hardly say that geographical unity is so strongly impressed. Norway and Sweden together are cut off in a marked way from the rest of the world, by the ocean and by the inland sea, but they seem almost as strongly cut off from one another by the long range of mountains which parts them. That range undoubtedly parts them far more thoroughly than Italy is parted by its Apennines or Spain by its *sierras*. South-eastern Europe is a mass of peninsulas within peninsulas, where we may draw our supposed natural boundary at almost any point that we choose. There is no land clearly marked out for separate unity, like the Italian, the Spanish, and the Scandinavian peninsulas.

Of the Spanish and Italian peninsulas each has points in which it makes a nearer approach to geographical unity than the other. Spain, in the geographical sense, is a much more perfect peninsula than Italy. The range of mountains which parts it from France coincides with its wide isthmus, and thus completely fences off the peninsula from the B-May.

central main-land of Europe. Italy in truth is not a peninsula at all; it is a peninsula with a piece of the central main-land joined to it. But in the general look of the map, that piece of the central main-land is almost as boldly marked off from the rest as the Spanish peninsula is. The land on each side of the Po seems plainly to form one whole with the peninsula to the south of it, and not with any of the central lands to the north, east, or west.

Italy, then, in the sense which the word has commonly borne since the beginning of the Christian era, takes in, not only the long narrow peninsula between the western Mediterranean and the Adriatic, but also the land fenced in by the Alps, the valley of the Po. The name sometimes has been used in a wider sense than this, but only in a purely artificial and political sense. Everybody understands by Italy so much of the continent of Europe as stretches from the Alps to the strait of Messina. But does the name take in any thing further? Does it take in the three great islands of Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily? All these have had much to do with Italy at various times, Sicily above all. Sicily lies so near to the peninsula that it may seem almost to be naturally part of it. Corsica and Sardinia are farther off; they are nearer to Italy than to any other part of the main-land; but they are hardly so near as to seem naturally a part of it. And, though Sicily comes very close to Italy at one point, the body of the island stands away from it. How far Sicily and the other islands have been practically parts of Italy we shall see as we go on.

Italy, then, or the continent at least, is one of the best marked out of European lands. We next ask, Is the political unity of Italy as clearly marked as its geographical unity? Italy has now a marked political unity which contrasts with the other two peninsulas with which we compared it. The Spanish peninsula contains two wholly independent kingdoms. The Scandinavian peninsula has but one king, the king of Sweden and Norway. But Sweden and Norway are two kingdoms. They form one power as concerns the rest of the world; but each is a distinct kingdom, with its own laws, and administration, far more distinct than two states of the American Union. Italy, on the other hand, is one political whole. The territory which we have defined as Italy does at this moment contain two separate states, the kingdom of Italy and the commonwealth of San Marino. But the commonwealth is altogether surrounded by the kingdom, and it is so small as to be of no practical importance. It is a curious survival of past times, not at all like the separate kingdom of Norway or the perfectly independent kingdom of Portugal. Otherwise the land which is geographically marked out as Italy is united by the strictest political union. No part is in any way separate from or dependent on any other part. No part has any separate laws or administration apart from the rest.

But this full political unity of Italy does not answer our question as to its national unity. There is often political unity without any real national unity. This brings us to a much wider and harder question, What is a nation? There is, perhaps, an ideal definition of a nation to which no existing nation exactly answers. Let us take the two simple tests of language and government. The ideal nation would be where a single government takes in all the speakers of one language and no speakers of any others.

No nation exactly answers that definition, and the greater any nation is, the further it is likely to be from answering it. Thus, among speakers of our tongue, the existence of Great Britain hinders the United States from answering to it, and the existence of the United States hinders Great Britain from answering to it. But, among the smaller powers of Europe, some, as Denmark and the kingdom of the Netherlands, come very near to it, and among the great powers some much nearer to it than others. Germany comes nearer to

it than Russia, France nearer to it than Germany, Italy nearer than France.

All but the older Italian Kingdom speak Italian. There is a wide difference of dialect between different parts; still one language is acknowledged as the common language of the whole kingdom. A little French, a little German, a little Slavonic, is spoken within the borders of the Italian kingdom; but only in such small districts as to be of no practical importance. The parts of France where other tongues than French are spoken are much larger. On the other hand the fact that there is a cry for *Italia irredenta** shows that there are speakers of Italian outside the Italian kingdom. But they are much fewer than the speakers of the German Empire or even than the speakers of French outside the French Republic. There is not, as there is in the case of English and German, another Italian-speaking power. Till very lately there was no such thing as an Italian colony; and in the formal use of words there is none still. But things look as if Italian might possibly displace Spanish in some of the American lands which were first settled from Spain.

Italy, then, without actually answering the ideal standard of a nation, comes nearer to it than any other of the great European powers. Speaking roughly, the land called Italy is geographically well-defined, and it is occupied by the Italian nation. We have now to see how the Italian name came to be applied to the land which we now call Italy, and how the present Italian nation grew up within that land. These two processes form what we may call the *Making of Italy*. They are in themselves distinct; but they have largely influenced one another, and it would be hard in telling the story of either to keep them quite asunder. That a name should spread implies the growth of unity of some kind among the lands over which it spreads. And the use of a common name, when it comes naturally and gradually, acts most powerfully in strengthening unity among those who share it.

The name of Italy, then, has spread gradually over the lands which form modern Italy from the extreme south. At the origin of the name, as at the names of many other lands and nations, we can only guess. The

* Unredeemed Italy, or unemancipated Italy, referring to Trieste and other districts bordering on northern Italy, which, thoroughly Italian in race and language, have been ceded to Austria.

name of *Italy*, in its earliest use, took in only the western of the two small peninsulas into which Italy divides at its southern end. The oldest Italy was the toe of the boot; it answered pretty nearly to the land now called Calabria. When Thucydides* wrote in the fifth century before Christ, the name had not got beyond this use. Taranto, lying between the two peninsulas, between the heel and the toe, was not held to be in Italy. When Polybius† wrote in the second century before Christ, the name had spread very widely. Its use then was nearly what it is now. In formal language it took in the whole peninsula; in common language it was beginning to spread beyond the peninsula, and to take in, as now, the lands on each side of the Po as far as the Alps. That popular language should in this way outstrip formal language shows how strongly marked a natural boundary the Alpine barrier was felt to be.

It would be hard to trace the steps by which the name thus spread; but the cause for its spreading is easy to see. It was the growth of the Roman power which first gave any kind of measure of unity to the Italian lands. As far as we can go back, the greater part of the Italian peninsula was occupied by nations which, with a good deal of difference among themselves, was still in blood and language more nearly allied to one another than to any people outside the peninsula. This is very roughly put; but it is accurate enough for our purpose, though it leaves a hard question unsolved and even untouched, namely, who the Etruscan nation was. At the time that we are speaking of, they still lived as a separate people in the north-western part of the peninsula, and in earlier times they had held a much larger part of it. About them there have been many questions, whether they were part of the general Italian stock, or a remnant of an older people, or strangers who had come into the land from a far country. Setting the Etruscans aside, the rest of the nations of the peninsula of Italy clearly had a certain unity. These may have been some small survivals of earlier races, and in the southern part, above all in the land first called Italy, there were many Greek colonies. In the seventh and and sixth centuries before

Christ, some of these Greek colonies in Italy were among the greatest cities of the Greek name. But as the Italian nations grew and advanced, the power and prosperity of the Greek cities lessened, and in the end all came, step by step, under the power of Rome.

The growth of the power of Rome was the first making of Italy, the making of the first Italy. A single Italian city, destined to be the mistress of the Mediterranean world, that is of the civilized world of the age, began by gradually becoming mistress of all Italy. By the end of the third century before Christ (B. C. 296), the whole of the peninsula had come, in one shape or another, under the power of Rome. Italy contained a mass of cities and districts, standing in various formal relations to Rome, but all under her practical supremacy. But all were in name, allies and not subjects. Presently Rome began to make conquests out of Italy, to win provinces, that is lands avowedly subject or dependent. This at once marked the distinction between Italians and provincials, between Italy and the provincial lands.

The policy of Rome was a policy at once of union and disunion. The Italian cities and lands stood in no relation to one another; Rome kept them as much apart as she could. Still all stood in a certain relation to Rome, a relation higher than that of the provincial, lower than that of either the Roman citizen or the Latin colonist. *Italia* became the name for this kind of relation; Italy became the name of a land, all parts of which had something in common, something which marked them off from the rest of the world.

The other lands which lay outside the Italian peninsula, but within the natural boundary of Italy was Liguria to the south-west, Venetia to the north-east, and Cisalpine Gaul between them. Of these names *Venetia* alone remains in use; but as yet it is the name of a land only and not of a city; there was no *Venice* for some ages to come. The conquest of these lands by Rome was made between the year 282 B. C., the year of the foundation of Sena Gallica, or Sinigaglia,* and the year 183, when these northern conquests were secured by the foundation of Aquila at the head of the Adriatic. Thus the

* (Thu-sid'i-dēs.) (About 471-400 B. C.) An illustrious Greek historian and general. His great work is his "History of the Peloponnesian War."

† (Po-lib'i-us.) (About 206-155 B. C.) Also a Greek historian. See "Latin Courses in English," pp. 219-220.

* (Sē-nē-gāl'ya.) The first colony founded by the Romans in Cispadane Gaul (Gaul lying south of the river Po, or *Padus*). The town will be found marked Sena Gallica on the map of Italy in the "Outline History of Rome," lying on the Adriatic Sea.

whole land which we now call Italy was so far united as to be all under the Roman power. But the lands outside the peninsula were not yet formally called Italy, nor had their people the rights of Italians.

About ninety years later, B. C. 90, it was shown how much had been practically done toward a union of Italy. Most of the Italian states, weary of their dependence on Rome, strove to set up an Italian power with a capital called *Italia*. This scheme was not carried out; but the result of the war between Rome and her allies which followed, was that the citizenship of Rome was gradually extended to the states of the Italian peninsula. A little later (B. C. 65) Cisalpine Gaul was incorporated with Italy, and Liguria and Venetia also were fully incorporated by the time of Augustus. Only the Italy of Augustus stretched somewhat farther to the north-east than the kingdom of Italy does now. Trent (Tridentum) and the peninsula of Istria, now parts of the dominions of the house of Austria, was then and long after reckoned as Italian.

A kind of Italian unity had come through the growth of the power of Rome. The name of Italy had got pretty nearly its present meaning. Italy was a privileged land, as all its free inhabitants enjoyed the rights of Roman citizens. Under Augustus, Italy was mapped out into eleven administrative divisions. That is to say, Italy became one land; it was no longer a collection of separate states standing in various degrees of dependence on one ruling state. Still we can hardly say that any steps had been taken toward the formation of an Italian nation. Italy was the center, and, so to speak, the home of the Roman Empire; but the essence of that empire was that it should stretch far beyond the bounds of Italy. And when the union which the empire enforced upon so many nations, did gradually lead to the formation of a new artificial nation, that nation was not Italian but Roman. That is, as the Latin language and Roman citizenship was gradually spread over Gaul, Spain, and other provinces, men began to feel themselves and to call themselves Romans in other lands just as well as in Italy. Rome was the head of the whole empire, not of Italy only. Italy was a well-defined geographical whole, the central land of the Roman Empire; but there was not under the old empire, there could not be, a separate Italian nation.

In the third century B. C. the emperors left off living at Rome and kept their courts at various places which were found more convenient for military defense. Presently the empire began to be parted off between two or more Imperial colleagues. Those who reigned in Italy lived at Milan, afterward at Ravenna. When Constantine parted out the empire into *prefectures*, *dioceses*,* and *provinces*, he gave two new meanings to the word *Italy*. One of these never became any thing more than a formal name. Of the four prefectures, that of Italy took in three dioceses, those of Italy, Illyria, and Africa. So the prefecture of Gaul took in Spain, Britain, and a small part of what we now call Africa. But, except in this purely formal way, no one ever spoke of Spain as being part of Gaul or of Carthage as being in Italy. So the *diocese* of Italy, part of the *prefecture*, was Italy only in an artificial sense. Not only were the three great islands, Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica, reckoned as part of it, but also Rætia, the land just to the north of Italy, between the Alps and the Danube. Now Rætia has never been thought of really as part of Italy. With the islands the case is somewhat different. There was already a certain tendency to count them as Italian, and that tendency doubtless was strengthened by their being grouped with Italy into one administrative division.

The *diocese* of Italy contained seventeen *provinces*, of which the islands made three and Rætia two. Twelve were left for Italy in the common sense. Now the use of the word *province* in Italy should be noticed. Anciently a *province* had been a foreign land, a subject land, a possession of the Roman people. In Italy, strictly so called, there could be no such thing as a province. But now that the whole empire was on a level and no land had any privilege over another, the word *province* lost its old meaning. Instead of a subject land, it meant simply an administrative division in Italy or anywhere else. We now come to the gradual break-up of the Roman Empire in its western lands. In the course of the fifth century A. D., Gaul, Spain, Britain, Africa, gradually fell away, and Teutonic kingdoms arose in all. Italy thereby got a new unity of a strange kind.

* This use of the name must not be confounded with its ecclesiastical usage which it bears, the extent of a bishop's jurisdiction. This was a purely civil use of the word which did not last very long.—E. A. F.

† The Teutons were a people of ancient Germany.

For a few years there was an emperor reigning at Ravenna or Rome whose dominions were pretty nearly confined to Italy. But this state of things did not last long. All their lives emperors ruling over the Eastern lands of the empire went on at Constantinople, the New Rome. In the year 476 an event took place whose formal and whose practical aspect were very different. It is a mistake which confuses all history to say that the Roman Empire came to an end in that year; but the succession of separate emperors in the West, reigning at Rome, Milan, or Ravenna, most certainly did come to an end. In name Italy was re-united to the dominion of the single emperor who reigned at Constantinople. Practically it became the dominion of barbarian kings, who acknowledged a merely nominal supremacy to the emperor. From 476 to 493 Odoacer, a chief of barbarian mercenaries, ruled with the title of Patrician; it is a thorough mistake to call him *king of Italy*. Indeed in those days there was no such thing as a territorial title of any kind. Kings called themselves kings of a nation, Goths, Franks, West-Saxons, any others, not of a land. So when in 493 Odoacer was, under an Imperial commission, overthrown by Theodoric, king of the East-Goths, Theodoric was king of his own Goths, but not king of Italy. Toward the Roman people of Italy he was in theory a lieutenant of the Roman emperor at Constantinople.

Italy might seem to have become the seat of a barbaric kingdom just as much as Gaul or Spain. But the keeping up of the nominal tie enabled that tie to become practical again before long. Under Theodoric there was a greater chance for the formation of an Italian nation than there ever had been before or than there ever was again for a long time. That is to say, if the Gothic power had lasted, the same process might have gone on in Italy which did go on in Spain and Gaul. A new nation gradually might have been formed by the fusion of Roman and Teutonic elements. An Italian nation might have grown up with a speech of its own—a separate branch of the general Romance family—with a well-defined land of its own. But this was not to be. The growth of an Italian nation was to be a much longer business than the growth of a French or a Spanish nation. The chief reason for this was that Italy had not so thoroughly parted off from the empire as Gaul and Spain

had. Not only did a nominal tie still bind Italy to the Roman Empire: more than this, Italy was Italy, the old central land of the empire, and contained its ancient capital.

In the sixth century, after the death of the great Theodoric, the Gothic power in Italy became weak, while the empire, now seated at Constantinople, became stronger. It thus became possible to do in Italy what would not be done in Gaul and Spain, to end the work of the fifth century. The Emperor Justinian sought to win back the lands which had been lost to the empire. In a long war with the Goths (537-554) the whole of Italy, with Sicily, was won back to the empire; so was Africa, so was South Spain; so were the islands of Sardinia and Corsica. Italy was now ruled by an exarch or governor who lived at Ravenna.

It is hard to say what might have come if this state of things had lasted. It was only for about thirteen years that the Emperors kept the whole of Italy. Justinian did not see his own work destroyed, and that was all. In 567 new Teutonic invaders, the Lombards, poured into the country. Had they occupied the whole of Italy, there would have been again the same chance that there had been under the Goths, that of the growth of a nation formed, like the other Roman Latins, out of the union of Roman and Teutonic elements. And something of the kind no doubt did begin from this time in parts of the country. But the process was far slower than in Gaul or Spain; and Italy now became more dis-united than it had ever been since the first growth of the power of Rome. Not only was there nothing like national unity; there was not even union under one common power. For the Lombards never conquered the whole of Italy. The Emperors kept a large part. Most part of northern Italy came under the Lombard power, and the Lombard kingdom. The name of Lombardy still abides; but the Lombard kingdom, stretched on both sides of the Po. And there was another Lombardy in the south, the duchy of Benevento, and another in the middle, the duchy of Spoleto. The Lombards gradually enlarged their borders; but the Emperors kept a straggling territory and some detached points. Venice—now coming into being—Istria, Rome, and Ravenna, with a large part of central Italy, the two southern peninsulas, and the three islands remained to the Popes.

(To be concluded.)

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL CLUB IN ITALY.

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VI.—THE RENAISSANCE IN ARCHITECTURE AND SCULPTURE.

THE Mediæval Period began to merge into the Modern ; imitative architecture took the place of that which had grown naturally out of the conditions of things in Italy during the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries when whole communities wrought with true architectural instinct on the memorable metropolitan churches of the Italian commonwealths. Hence it has been truly said that St. Peter's at Rome or St. Paul's at London were not genuine Roman buildings though they affect a classical style of ornamentation ; they are marble phantasms conjured up by Michael Angelo (me-kel an'jā-lo) and Bernini and Sir Christopher Wren * from their studies in Roman art ; and even the Walhalla at Munich and the Madeleine at Paris and Parliament of London are pseudo-Greek or Gothic, more or less servile copies of ancient originals.

The transition period between the two, the Ancient and the Modern, is formed of the Renaissance, the artistic hyphen, the rainbow-bridge that hangs between and unites indissolubly the Old and the New. Italy had always been pre-eminently the land of churches : and so it remained during the Renaissance when the papal power and influence reveled in worldly wealth and numberless new sanctuaries were commenced while old ones were altered or restored. Rome, Florence, Genoa, Venice, and Milan are vast museums of the fifteenth and sixteenth century churches that show how extraordinarily brilliant was the sunset of the Middle Ages ; and the rise of the Jesuits diffused a new style of floridly gorgeous ecclesiastical building through every land that they visited.

So this Renaissance style has been given the name of the Classical style of church architecture, a style that sprung up among the ruins of Ancient Rome and was molded

by the great artists of the papal court into such daring undertakings as St. Peter's.

On the northern side of the Alps the Reformation proved an effective styptic* to church architecture of every kind. That region was already full to overflowing, of churches and cloisters wrenched from Rome : the need was supplied ; and for a time the church architect had a sorry profession.

Another very singular effect of the Renaissance was the sudden upgrowth and assertion of individualism. Prior to the Renaissance all the memorable structures were the results of guild-work, of communal association, of devout and worshiping bands of masons and builders who worked congregationally and chorally, as it were, for the peace of their souls no less than for the filling of their pockets, on these high monumental poems in marble, and did not care that their names should be known. Their individuality perished in the general activity.

Now it is altogether different. The mention of the Renaissance instantly brings up names : now we begin to hear of Arnolfo, of Nicola Pisano, of Brunelleschi (broo-nel-les'kee), Alberti, Bramante (bra-man'tā), Michael Angelo, Palladio, Peruzzi (pa-root'-see),—a noble army of architects and individuals whose names are imperishably attached to the churches and palaces they planned and directed. The master-mind controls the the whole : *this* cathedral is a part of Alberti's (āl-bēr'tee) soul ; *that* palace is the glorified realization of one of Brunelleschi's dreams.

Italy owes the development of the new Classical as distinguished from the Mediæval styles practically to two men, the Florentine Filippo Brunelleschi (1377-1444) and L. B. Alberti (1404-1472). The latter more particularly is the architect who revived the dead language of classical architecture, and built the church of San Andrea at Mantua, which was the direct forerunner of the innumerable churches, from St. Peter's downward, that have been erected in Italy, in most parts of

*(1632-1723.) A celebrated English architect. "The great fire in London in 1666 afforded him a favorable opportunity and ample space for the exercise of his talents. . . . His master-piece is St. Paul's Cathedral."

*A medical term meaning something which serves to arrest a hemorrhage ; hence applied to any thing of a restraining character.

Europe, and in Latin America, since that time. Brunelleschi domed over the great octagon of the cathedral* of his native city (left unfinished by Arnolfo and Giotto (jot'o), after he had studied the marvelous globe of the Pantheon† at Rome; and thus he became the inspirer of Michael Angelo who boasted that *he* intended to put the Pantheon on top of St. Peter's. Alberti wrote the copy-plate, so to speak, which generations of artists have copied and re-copied after him.

A glance at San Andrea and St. Peter's (brethren carnally as well as architecturally) will furnish the types of the widely disseminated Classical style: *ex pede Herculem*.‡

Alberti, the builder of San Andrea, had been classically educated and became so enamored of Latin that he adopted it as his literary language. His Latin treatise on architecture is not yet obsolete. His church is as Latin, as classical, as himself. It is cruciform, without side aisles, and at the intersection of nave and transept,|| is surmounted by a dome with tall round windows. The vault is of the sort called a coffered wagon-vault,§ and the pilasters rest against the wall, the beauty of the proportions being such that San Andrea is one of the most perfect churches in Christendom (317 ft. long by 53 wide, for nave and transepts; height 95 ft.). Its interior is richly ornamented in panelings, moldings, and cornices, and it possesses a fine central arch. Scores of more or less successful imitations of this church exist all over the world.

The style so successfully founded on classical traditions by Alberti and called the Basilican was further developed by Bramante, townsman of Raphael, born at Urbino in 1444 (when Brunelleschi died) and died in 1514. As Alberti built the happiest specimen of the Renaissance basilica, so Bramante left behind him at Lodi a charming Renaissance-Byzantine church in the domical manner that

is surmounted by a dome 50 ft. by 150 ft. in height supported on four semi-domes. He also added a remarkable dome to Sta.* Maria delle Grazie (del'lâ grât'see) at Milan. But probably the age has nothing to show so ornate, so beautifully chiseled, so flowered and encrusted over with rare designs, so radiantly, we might almost say so foolishly, beautiful as the façade of the Certosa at Pavia, built after the designs—or dreams—of Borgognone (bor-gōn-yo'nā) (born 1473). This front is a landscape in stone, a brocaded velvet in marble, and a painting without color, a multitudinous bas-relief and carved arabesque mimicking in marble what Raphael was contemporaneously doing in paint for the *loggie* of the Vatican. Such were some of the buildings that form the distinctive characteristic of the *Cinque-Cento*,† and ante-date St. Peter's.

Oldest St. Peter's dates from 90 A. D., and was said to mark the spot where the Saint was crucified. *Basilican* St. Peter's was begun in 306 by Constantine and Sylvester.‡ *New* St. Peter's was begun by Pope Nicholas V. who tore down the old basilica of St. Peter's and died in 1454 leaving only a small part of the new church above ground. Then half a century later Michael Angelo suggested to Julius II. that a magnificent mausoleum might be made for him out of Nicholas' abandoned work. Bramante prepared designs different from Rossellini's (the original designer's), and the foundation-stone of the great sanctuary was laid in 1506. Then Julius died, and the mighty babe so long in swaddling clothes, was handed over to Raphael to nurse (1514), who, after working with it for six years, passed away in 1520; and Baldassare Peruzzi (1481-1536) "reigned in his stead." Peruzzi had hardly altered Raphael's plan to suit himself before he died in 1536, and was succeeded as architect by the celebrated San Gallo (1570-1546). In ten years he was dead, having exhausted himself in his efforts to remedy the gigantic mistakes of his predecessors, when the building fell into the hands of Giulio Romano (joo'le-o-ro-

* This cathedral was the Santa Maria del Fiore. Its dome is the largest in diameter in the world.

† See note on p. 126 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November 1899.

‡ A Latin proverb, meaning "we recognize a Hercules from the size of the foot, that is, we judge of the whole from the specimen."

§ Any part of a church that projects at right angles to the main body; it is one of the arms in a cruciform church.

¶ A coffer in architecture is a sunken panel or compartment in a ceiling which is of an ornamental character. A "wagon-vault" is a vault or roof having a shape like an inverted U.

* A contraction for *santa*, the Italian form of saint.

† (Ching-kwe-chen'to.) An Italian word meaning literally 500, but it is understood to have *mille* written before it, thus making the number 1,500. The name is applied to the sixteenth century.

‡ (About 270-335.) The first of the two popes who bore this name. He concurred with Constantine in convoking the Council of Nice. The feast of St. Sylvester is celebrated in his honor on December 31.

mā'no) and Michael Angelo. The latter clung to the form of the Greek cross as proposed by Raphael and Peruzzi and saw the mighty dome practically completed at his death in 1564. Fontana, Della Porta, Maderno, and Bernini (1598-1680) put the finishing touches to the structure, the latter having added the piazza with the encircling colonnades and fountains. Sixtus V. erected Caligula's obelisk * before the church in 1586.

Thus was this sublime structure completed after two hundred years of building, at an expense of \$50,000,000, and after painting, sculpture, mosaic, and architectural art—the finest pencils, the most daring chisels, the most multifarious ingenuities, the rarest quarries—had run themselves dry in its service. St. Peter's, the great architect-killer, sums up all the glory and all the weakness of the Renaissance. Architects cry out against it and hiss it from their presence; yet all find something to admire in it—the huge façade (357 ft. long; 144 ft. high), the great cupola (613 ft. in circumference and 300 ft. above the roof), the graceful colonnades, the enormous height (448 ft. from pavement to pinnacle), the fabulous wealth of ornament in the interior, the huge uplifted vaults and towering piers, the matchless effect of the whole at a distance, and the ark-like nave big enough to house a town. The antagonisms that are within it are nowhere harmonized: the parade of Classical details, the essentially Mediæval method of their application, the substantially Latinized Gothic result.

And yet for all this, St. Peter's is unique, incomparable in its two hundred yards of length.

The great churches that followed it—St. John Lateran, the domed churches mirroring themselves in the green and blue canals of Venice,—San Carlo at Milan, the Carignano (kā-rēn-yā'no) at Genoa, and the wonderful Annunziata there, all these would lead us too far; we must hasten to the unchristened side of the Renaissance that filled Florence and Venice, Vicenza and Genoa, Mantua and Milan, Turin and Rome, with villas and palaces and municipal buildings that charm and delight us to-day. This will open a new and marvelous picture-book to the student, and in this, the realm of Civic and Domestic Architecture, the Renaissance was original and rich beyond compare.

* This stupendous obelisk was brought from Egypt to Rome in the reign of Caligula.

Venice is the Italian city that shows greatest continuity and highest luxuriousness in the evolution of its homes for citizen and doge. There is something deliciously Oriental in its palaces which developed a pointed and ornate Gothic of their own and for several hundred years (thirteenth to eighteenth century) showed a singularly elegant style. From 1630 to 1680 San Micheli (mē-kā'lee), Sansovino, Palladio, Da Ponte, and Scamozzi gave a grand architectural development to the city. The period from 1680 to 1780 was extremely rich in palaces of the decadence; but after 1780 the city died architecturally. The exquisite cluster of buildings on the great Square epitomizes all of Venice,—St. Mark's (Byzantine), the Doge's Palace (Gothic-Classical of many commingled patterns), the arcaded Procuratie Vecchie (procu-rā'she vek'kye) on the north side of the Piazza, the Library opposite the Doge's Palace (Classical), the great bell-tower, and the picturesque Tower of the Pigeons. Among the palaces the most sumptuous are the Vendramin, the Cornaro, the Trevisano, the Camerlenghi, and the Pesaro, each a marvel, yet hardly more beautiful than the innumerable houses of unknown citizens that uplift their graceful proportions from every side of the town.

In Florence all the greatest palaces were built in a single century (1430-1530). Of these the most famous are the Riccardi (Medicean) begun by Michelozzo (mē-kēl-ot'so) in 1430, and the Pitti, now celebrated as a gallery of painting and sculpture ascribed to Brunelleschi, Michelozzo, Ammanati, and Fancelli (fan-chel'lee). Then followed a rosary of great palaces,—the Rucellai (by Alberti), the Gondi (by G. da Sangallo), the Guadagni (gwā-dän'ye), and Nicolini (attributed to Bramante), and the Pandolfini (designed by Raphael); all buildings of heroic size fit only for the residence of princes like the Medici and showing high genius and taste in the utilization of Classical details for purposes of a civic or domestic kind.

Then began at Rome in the fifteenth century a series of noble structures which have lasted down to our day,—the Palazzi Veneziani (A. D. 1468 and 1475); the Belvedere Court of the Vatican, commenced in 1506 from the designs of Bramante, but now spoilt by the Vatican Library; the famous *loggie**

*(Lod-jee.) See note on p. 644 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March.

of the Vatican, built and painted by Raphael; the Cancelleria of Bramante; the elegant Farnesina villa built by Peruzzi (1510-14); the Palazzo Farnese, grandest of all Italian palaces, built by Sangallo (1530); and the great group of civic buildings on the Capitoline due to Michael Angelo. The Vatican is a world in itself. Fourteen hundred years ago (498) the popes erected their first dwelling near St. Peter's; and popes and prelates have wrought on these dwellings for themselves ever since. The length of the existing palace is 1,151 feet, its breadth is 767 feet. In it are 8 grand staircases, many museums and chapels, 20 courts, and 11,000 chambers of all sizes. It contains the celebrated Sistine Chapel where Michael Angelo painted his "Last Judgment," a *Dies iræ, dies illa** in colors. The galleries are the most famous in the world, and hold, in sculpture, the Belvedere Apollo, the Me-le-a'ger, the Antin-o-us, the wonderful group of the La-o'co ön, precious works of Canova and Thorwaldsen,† and busts, statues, and mosaics numberless, from the ruins of Rome; in painting, the "Last Judgment," Raphael's "Transfiguration," School of Athens, *stanze*,‡ and *loggie* (52 subjects); his cartoons executed in tapestry for Leo X.; Domenichino's (dō-men-e-kee'no) "Communion of St. Jerome"; and Titians, Caravaggios (kā-rā-vād'jō), Peruginos, da Vincis (vin'chee), Murillos, and Guidos of priceless value. These vast galleries radiate in all directions and embrace not only reminiscences of the 256 popes from St. Peter to Leo XIII., but an encyclopedic review of nearly all art, classical, mediæval, and modern, Etruscan, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman.

The mention of Canova and Thorwaldsen, the greatest of modern sculptors, brings in review Italian sculpture, a subject for which we have left ourselves but little space.

The great, the luminous names in Italian

sculpture, ancient and modern, are Nicola Pisano, Ghiberti (gee-ber'tee), Donatello, Luca della Robbia, Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini (chel-lee'nee), Gian Bologna, and, in our day, Canova. These eight names represent stars of the first magnitude and cover a period of six hundred years. Other names without number might be mentioned, but it is impossible to discuss them here.

It has been truly said that Mediæval Italy found her Phidias in Nicola Pisano, from whom the renaissance of sculpture dates with the same certainty that humanism, the love of Greek and Latin literature, dates from Petrarch; for from Nicola the Pisan to Cellini and his wonderful carvings there is a direct series of plastic artists bound indissolubly together. His actuating principle was to combine the study of nature with the study of antiquity; all the rest have followed him from his dim thirteenth century on. His teachers were singular indeed: an antique sarcophagus representing in carved reliefs the story of Phædra and Hippolytus* and a marble vase sculptured with the Indian Bacchus and his train of Mænads.† From these he drew and drank inspiration for the "Adoration of the Magi," carved on his Pisan pulpit, the "Circumcision," and the "Inferno," the Sienna pulpit, the shrine of St. Dominic at Bologna, and the fountain playing in the blue sunlight of Perugia marketplace. He founded a school of marvelous carvers. Many, like Orcagna (or-kän'ya), began as goldsmiths and ended as painters, poets, shrine-builders. Giotto, Andrea Pisano (son of Nicola), and Orcagna fill the fifteenth century with their architectural sculpture,—sculpture pictorial in its effect, minute, tender, decorative, full of feeling and character, monumental in extent and elaborately beautiful in detail and workmanship. They wrought on cathedral-fronts like that of Orvieto, and transformed them as has been said into monumental jewels.

After these came Ghiberti and Donatello, discussing early in the fifteenth century, draw-

* "Day of Wrath." The expression as given is the first line of the famous Latin poem written by Thomas of Celano (a Neapolitan village), about 1250. The whole line translated would read, day of wrath, that day.

† (Tor-wawld'sen.) Bertel. (1770-1844.) A celebrated Danish sculptor. "As a sculptor of bas-relief he surpassed any of his contemporaries; and some of his smaller works in this department, as the 'Day' and 'Night,' modeled in 1815 at a single sitting display a fertile vein of poetic imagination and executive refinement."

‡ A large saloon and three smaller apartments of the Vatican whose walls and ceilings are covered with the frescoes of this artist are called collectively the "Stan'ze of Raphael."

* Phædra, the daughter of Minos, king of Crete, was the wife of Theseus, king of Athens, but she loved Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, who was of her own age. He, however, repelled her love, which soon turned to hate. She used her influence over her husband, and led him to imprecate the vengeance of Neptune upon his son. A series of disasters then befell Hippolytus, until Diana took him under her fostering care.

† A name given to the followers of Bacchus, which is derived from a Greek word meaning to be mad. In their worship of the god they acted like people maddened.

ings for the bronze gates of the Baptistery of Florence. Quercia (*quer'cha*), Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Donatello, engaged in this famous competition, with Donatello, only sixteen years old, as referee. The work was awarded to Ghiberti (born 1378), who worked on the gates (like Goethe on his "Faust" and Tennyson on his "Idylls") for fifty years, producing results so lovely that Michael Angelo declared they were worthy to be the Gates of Paradise. In them he reproduces a great series of Bible stories in landscape-bronze as delicate and striking in its effects as stained glass.

Donatello (1386) is the mighty Christian artist who wrought bronze Magdalens and realistic Baptists, marble St. Georges, and heroic, fearless bronze Davids. Florence, Naples, Sienna, Prato abound in his sepulchral subjects, dancing boy bas-reliefs, and masterly saints. Verocchio, the goldsmith-sculptor of the equestrian statue of Bartolomes Colleoni,* was his pupil (died 1488).

Ghiberti, Donatello, Luca della Robbia,—a trinity of names for a trinity of talents filling and flooding the fourteenth and fifteenth century with sculptural beauty; Donatello, lord of rugged realism, Ghiberti prince of effeminate grace, Luca della Robbia (1500-1580), sweetest of Madonna artists, praised by Dante in the very fires of the "Purgatorio," worker of exquisite earthenware whose pure white on pale blue preserves dainty angel-faces and subtle draperies, and in whose glazed terra cottas dwells a world of tender grace.

By his side Michael Angelo seems a Titan indeed, as Hyperion beside Hylas†; yet each was true and perfect in his field. As sculptor, architect, and painter, Angelo (1485-1564) was equally great: the dome-builder of St. Peter's, the painter of the "Last Judgment," the sculptor of the Moses and of the tomb of the Medici, the writer of noble sonnets to Vittoria Colonna.‡ In him Dante had lived again—his twin—the two fierce Florentines who most have magnified their native land and most have energized it. Three hundred years separate the dome of St. Peter's from

the Divine Comedy; but they are brethren. Dante is the illuminated Elias of the Dark Ages preaching the Michael-Angelesque Renaissance to come.

By the side of Angelo, Gian Bologna seems a dwarf, a pigmy devoted to mythological Mercuries and Neptunes and Aphrodites; yet his work is fine in itself, even though artificial and factitious in its method. Benvenuto Cellini (1500-1569) is a singularly interesting creature,—artist, autobiographer, goldsmith, assassin, politician, poet, and sculptor all in one breath—a dainty, devilish sort of man who could carve the most beautiful things with his chisel and use the stiletto with fatal fury. His own wonderful statue of Perseus holding the streaming head of Medusa,* at Florence, is an image of the man: every line in the bronze instinct with beauty and horror, with genius and desire, with sin and cunning. His gold and silver cups and plaques and candelabra shine with an uncanny fire, just as his memoirs written by himself do. He is the foil to Michael Angelo in this splendid age, "the age of adventurers, bandits, bullies, Ishmaelites, and tyrants."

These great men—Angelo, Cellini—were artistically childless.

Only in our day did Canova (1757-1822) rescue Italy from the hands of the artistic barbarians, and renew the grand memories of the Italian prime. He was born near Venice and lived a noble and generous life filled with devotion to plastic art. His study of nature and the antique drew him away from the theatricalities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and directed him where to find inspiring models for his Venus and Adonis, his Graces, his Perseus, his great monumental tombs in Rome and Venice, and his Psyche. Canova went further than any other Italian in the expression of voluptuous grace, sensuous and soft tenderness, beaming youth, and honeyed maidenhood.

* One of the three Gorgons, the sisters who were placed in the gardens of the Hesperides, and who had the power of turning into stone all who looked upon them. By means of a mirror, Perseus, a Greek hero, approached Medusa and, guided by the reflection which lacked all evil power, he struck off her head.

† In connection with this and the following paper treating of Mediæval and Modern Art, it would be well for the circles to read Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," in which she explains the artistic symbolism, colors, legends, etc., which constitute so much of Italian art.—J. A. H.

* A famous brigand of the fifteenth century.

† Hyperion, one of the race of the gigantic Titans, was the father of the sun, moon, and dawn. He is the original sun-god.—Hylas was the son of King Theodamus (of the Dryopes) and a nymph.

‡ (1490-1547.) An Italian poetess.

LIFE IN MODERN ITALY.

BY BELLA H. STILLMAN.

II. THE CITIZEN.

THE side of Italian life which foreigners most see is that of the city, and this generally only in winter residence. Here, as elsewhere, the city population of all classes is that which most feels the impulse of progress, and here the general life is a mosaic of the most varied colors. But in spite of all the antagonisms and oppositions of tints, one gathers an *ensemble** of tone—a general impression, which distinguishes Italian city life from that of the country and from the city life of other lands. Considered merely as existence, life in Italy has attractions which no other country offers, and which make it to our Western natures seem like an enchanted land. To escape work and uneasiness, angles and exigencies, hurry and nervous exhaustion, and find at the same time artistic and intellectual interest, there is no refuge like it. If Italy is one of the most beautiful countries of Europe, the Italian is on the whole, and making comparison of wholes, the politest and most sympathetic of Europeans. This may be said without respect to details which may not be agreeable.

It is impossible for the foreigner who has not spent the summer as well as the winter in Italy to feel the charm of the place, for the individuality of the people is quite hidden by the tourists and the fashionable world who seem entirely to populate the large cities in winter. It is not till all these have gone, the tourists to ravage other lands, the aristocratic world retired to its country seats, the lesser circles of "society" dispersed at the various bathing resorts or watering places, that the cities dispose themselves to enjoy life after their own fashion. All the bustle and business subside; the large stores put up their shutters for good; and those of their owners who can afford to, go out of town. We get rid of the aristocracy and the foreigner—all the exceptional elements, and see Italian life pure and simple. The people who remain behind resign themselves with a very good grace to doing nothing, and to getting through the

heat with as little discomfort as possible.

In some cities this is no easy matter; the large towns of the North, such as Turin and Milan, are intolerably hot and oppressive during the late summer and early autumn months. The wide, unsheltered, stone-paved streets absorb the heat till they become like ovens, and give it out at night, so that the air is then no cooler than by day. Florence is, from its position in a hollow, one of the hottest of Italian cities in summer. Before midday the town seems dead. The white glare of the streets, and the heat which seems to come even more from the walls and pavements than from the sky, keep every one indoors, and hardly a sound is heard but the ceaseless cry of the *cicala*,* which is as relentless as the sunshine itself. At sunset the people stream out and crowd to the shaded walks and gardens about Florence, such as the Cascine and San Miniato.† There is no malaria in the valley of the Arno, so that the cooler hours of the evening, and the open expanses, bring none of the dangers which make some parts of Italy so much dreaded at nightfall. The only drawback of Florence in summer is the heat of the day. It may easily be imagined that only people who cannot help themselves remain in Florence all the year round; even the little shop-keepers manage to escape to some one of the neighboring villages for a few weeks' relief.

Of the large cities, Venice and Rome are the two where the summer is pleasantest. Venice is, in fact, a fashionable resort during the months of June, July, and August, and a great many visitors, both Italian and foreign, come here for the sea-bathing. It is the city of all others which lends itself most kindly to those simple, open-air festivals in which

*(*Sì-cà'la*). The same as the *ci-ca'da*, or locust.

† The "Cascine" (*cas-seen'*) is the name of a park. It is about two miles in length. "It affords delightful and refreshing walks to the traveler fatigued with sight-seeing. The name is derived from a farm to which it once belonged (*cascina*, that is dairy)."—"San Min-i-à'to" is the name of one of the heights a little south-east of Florence, upon which is a church built probably in the twelfth century, and is one of the few existing examples of the Pisan Florentine style. Both hill and church are now used as a burial ground.

(**Ong-som-bl.*) A French word meaning the whole; all the parts taken together.

Italians of the middle and lower classes delight, and in which a brass band and fire-works are the staple of the entertainment. Here these are not accompanied by the usual rush and noise which make them wearisome in other cities. The gondolas and barges glide noiselessly in the wake of the music; the illuminations and fire-works are reflected in the dark, still water, so that their effect is doubled, and becomes quite fairy-like in its shimmer; and the noise of the crowd, instead of being echoed back by high walls, dies away over the wide lagoons. Life during these months in Venice is necessarily lazy and languid, for the air is terribly relaxing. The day passes in going to and from the Lido,* where the baths are; in resting and getting cool before and after the bath; in bathing and in eating. The evenings are spent in drifting in a gondola, or—which is much more to the taste of the Italian portion of the visitors—in eating ices and in listening to the band in the square of St. Mark.†

Rome is delightful in the summer time though abandoned by its fashionable world. The days are, perhaps, as hot as in Florence, and, during the mid-hours of the day, no one pretends to do any thing. The laborers after their dinners lie asleep on their faces along the narrow slip of shade under the houses, and every one else keeps within doors. From twelve to four the whole city takes a *siesta*. But about three or four o'clock a cool sea breeze sets in which lasts all through the night and which reduces the heat to a degree quite easy of endurance. Flagging spirits revive, and the whole town goes out for the evening. There is music on the *Pincio*,‡ a promenade concert in the *Piazza Colonna* three times a week, with the additional treat of electric lighting in the square. There are also cafés round the squares, where one sees a family of jolly citizens refreshing themselves, perhaps dividing two ices between father,

mother, and three daughters, and enjoying each spoonful; and other cafés in gardens which have their own music. For the poorer people there are half-penny ice-cream stalls, and melon booths, which make a lovely line of color, with their rows of crimson, yellow, and green fruit, and Chinese lanterns.

The Romans are especially fond of making excursions into the country, and all through the summer the villages on the neighboring hills, the *Castelli*, as they are called, keep up a series of little fêtes to lure the inhabitants of the capital out to them. Many of these are got up merely to attract excursionists, but others are genuine and have special and antique usages attached to them. Thus on St. John's day*, every one goes to Albano to eat snails and roast pig stuffed with garlic—the latter delicacy being sold in the streets. The other *Castelli* have each its fête and its specialty.

It is difficult to have any close acquaintance with the working classes of the cities. The only people the stranger generally comes in contact with are the tradespeople and the servants, and unfortunately these generally show their most unlovely side to the inquiring foreigner, and make him form an opinion which is generally unfavorable. But before making any wide statement one must again remark that it is impossible to arrange Italians under one classification as each province has its characteristics, which vary much in the different cases.

The Italian working classes, taken as a whole, are sympathetic and charming, though they have some qualities which are exasperating when one has to come in practical contact with them. What is very admirable is their thorough democratic spirit, and this has a great deal to do with the charm of manner for which Italians are celebrated, and which they undeniably possess. They have no notion of belonging to a "lower order," or of having a superior in the world. They can understand that other people may be richer and more powerful than they, but it never strikes them to be cringing on that account to any one above them in social rank or to

* The Italian word for the tongue of land which separates Venice from the sea. It may be reached by one of the small steamers which ply back and forth several times a day, making the trip in about twelve minutes.

† A square paved with blocks of trachyte and marble, 192 yards in length by about 90 in width. "On three sides it is inclosed by imposing structures which appear to form one vast marble palace, blackened by age and exposure to the weather; on the east side it is bounded by the Church of St. Mark and the Palace of the Doges . . . This square is the great focus of attraction at Venice."

‡ A hill in the northern part of Rome, known as the "hill of gardens." The famous gardens of Lucullus were located here. It is now a fashionable resort.

* "One of the most joyous festivals of Christendom during the Middle Ages, was celebrated on midsummer's eve, St. John's eve. . . . In England, we are told, the people were accustomed to go into the woods and break down branches of trees which they brought to their homes and planted over their doors amid great demonstrations of joy, to make good the prophecy respecting the Baptist, that many should rejoice in his birth."

imitate those who have more money to spend than they. Snobbishness and socialism are equally rare. What Madame de Staël,* in "Corinne," says of Italians in general is still true of the working classes—they are unusually free from false pride and self-consciousness. Another great virtue which they possess is frugality. It would astonish a Saxon workman to see on how little a poor Italian family can live. But if their nature and the climate make them easily contented and cheerful, they also lead to idleness and improvidence. Nothing but hunger will make an Italian work, and they live from hand to mouth always. It is nothing unusual for the wife of a respectable citizen to go out to service, and keep her husband on her wages while he is out of work. Can any one imagine the indignation of—say an Englishwoman of the same class—if such an expedient were suggested to her?

The tradespeople as a class are not sympathetic—perhaps because one comes in contact with their worst side. The Tuscans are a strong exception, however, to this rule. They have the reputation, among Italians, of being drivers of sharp bargains—but the manner of a Florentine tradesman is so ingratiating that you feel willing to be a little cheated. He pulls out half his goods for you, is delighted if you buy the smallest object, and does not grumble or show temper if you do not find what you want. The women who serve you have the manners of little duchesses. With all that, they are just as honest as the Romans, who, in addition to any slight failing they may have in that direction, are as surly and apathetic as possible. Very different is your reception in a Roman store from what you experienced in Florence. When you enter a shop, very probably the men behind the counter go on conversing together, and pay no attention to you. At last one comes slowly up to you, and while you are explaining what you want, goes on with his conversation. He thinks they have nothing to suit you. You ask to be shown what they have. No; he is sure it will not suit you. When you finally

have prevailed upon him to take the trouble to show you something, he allows you to examine it, to pull it about yourself, and, if you like it, to buy. But woe to you if you cannot be satisfied; he scolds you out of the shop. If, in Rome, you chance upon a polite tradesman, you say: that is a Tuscan, a German, or a Jew. The Piedmontese is not as polite as the Florentine, but sufficiently civil, and anxious to please you for his own sake.

The merchants in Italy, and especially in Rome, seem to have no conception of large principles of business. They trade like pedlars, trying their best to overreach each customer, and give him less than the honest equivalent of his money. The whole system of buying and selling is one of haggling. The cook haggles over the price of meat per pound, and goes from one butcher to another to try and drive a harder bargain, and get her *kilo** of beef for two francs instead of two-francs-ten-centimes.† The butcher, on his side, pretends that owing to the drought or to some equally pertinent cause, beef has gone up a penny the pound. From the cook and the butcher all up the scale of buyer and seller the same attempt to overreach goes on till one comes to the noble marquis, your landlord, who condescends to let the upper stories of his palace and who tries to get twice the reasonable price of his apartment from the foreigner who wishes to spend a quiet and inexpensive winter abroad. Not only does the landlord fleece his tenants, he pockets half the allowance for the porter's wages, seizes upon every opportunity for making the tenant pay, and shirks every penny of expense that falls to his share. The tenant goes elsewhere next year, and the apartment stands empty—but the landlord chuckles at his own acuteness at pocketing an extra fifty francs a month.

But if the tradespeople and landlords are detestable, the servants are not always so, and there is no more sympathetic and intelligent creature than a good Italian servant. The race, unfortunately, is dying out, as it has long since done in more progressive lands; but from certain districts, especially Tuscany, whose servants are renowned all over Italy, one still gets delightful specimens. They are

* (Stäl.) The full name is Madame de Staël-Holstein, (1766-1817.) A French author and a lady of great genius. Her maiden name was Anne Louise Germaine Necker. During the Reign of Terror in France by her courageous efforts she succeeded in saving the lives of several persons sentenced to the guillotine. By her independence she incurred the displeasure of Napoleon who banished her from Paris and then from France, to which she returned only after his abdication.

* A contraction of the word kilogram, a French measure of weight equal to about 2½ pounds.

† A franc is worth about twenty cents, and a centime is the one-hundredth part of a franc.

mostly peasants by birth, and however long they live in towns they keep a naïveté and simplicity that are most winning. One must not expect from them any of that formal, impersonal behavior in which English servants excel. Far from hiding their feelings they show them freely upon every occasion, and their good-nature makes them extremely officious. They look upon themselves quite as one of the family, and consider your guest as theirs also. It is more like the feudal system, in which the master gave food and shelter and protection and the vassal lent him his arms in return. From eight to fifteen francs a month (\$19 to \$36 a year) are considered fair wages; though, needless to say, the foreigners have to pay twice and three times the price. As to food, they eat what the family leaves, and that, in an Italian *bourgeois** establishment is never much.

The household economy of the middle classes here is a curious exhibition, to any English-speaking person, of the violation of all a Teutonic housewife's theories and practices. There is an utter want of comfort, an unhomelikeness in their homes, which to us is repelling. Almost invariably the servants and children are unwashed and unkempt; the apartment grimy and pervaded by a smell of cooking, and all in a state of desperate untidiness, except the drawing-room, where the chairs and tables are arranged with gloomy precision and which smells close and uninhabited. It is true that in Italy, professional men earn salaries so small that to us they seem ridiculous. When we know that a doctor's fee (according to Italian custom) is a dollar, it is easy to calculate what his average income must be. Small as it may be, though, there is no clerk in London with a salary of £100 a year whose wife does not manage to make his home twice as attractive as that of any Italian with twice that income. The reason is that an Englishman of moderate means, if he is a prudent man, lives within his income, but is quite satisfied if, when all the Christmas bills are paid, there is a small balance to his credit. The Italian, on the contrary, has to hoard up every franc he can spare to form a dowry for his daughters, for without one they have no chance of getting a husband; while the larger their fortune the better the establishment they will make in life. Marrying one's daughter may be

said to be the chief end of man in Italy.

Therefore the father works and the mother shaves off every unnecessary ounce of meat and butter from the daily fare; the cook goes with her basket from shop to shop trying to beat down the butcher's price for the 1½ pounds of soup-meat, which surrounded by pickled pepper-corns, is to serve for the family's dinner. You may even see the master of the house himself early in the morning haggling with the butcher. The women of the family economize by never wearing a dress in the house; a petticoat and loose bed-jacket is their indoor costume. The family often dine in the kitchen, and never have a fire in the bitterest weather; in fact, you often find well-to-do families living in an apartment in which there is no fire-place, although for three months at least, in almost all parts of Italy, a fire is quite indispensable to comfort and health.

The same people who live in this way at home, although they never give a dinner or an entertainment of any sort, have very likely a box at the theater, and even a private carriage, for it is necessary that the girls should be seen, and if possible get a reputation for beauty to help out their dowries. Even if they cannot manage this degree of luxury, the mother takes them out every afternoon most smartly dressed, their gloves and little shoes quite perfect, their hair most daintily coiled, and walks them about in the fashionable streets—not to be recognized as the same young ladies who at home in the morning were more slovenly dressed than the servants, listless, dragged, and unattractive in the last degree.

The education of the young girls seems to tend to the one object of getting them a husband. Once they leave school, which happens at fifteen or sixteen, they seem neither to work nor to play, but to wait for the expected suitor to present himself. The Italian girls whom I have known seem bored and listless, but reconciled to their dullness by the idea of doing what they like when once they are married. One pretty friend of mine asked her mother why she would not let her go out alone sometimes, when she was too busy to go out with her herself, since all English girls went about alone, even in Rome, and were never troubled. "And how should I find you a husband, then?" asked the lady; and the daughter accepted the argument as unanswerable. The father and brothers are rarely at home but for meals—for where

* (Boor-zhawau.) A man in the middle rank of society.

would they sit, and what should they do? They cannot see their friends in such a house. So they spend their evenings at the cafés, where for four cents they can have a cup of black coffee, read the papers, and see their acquaintances. It must be said, however, for the Italians, that they take the duty of marrying their girls well very seriously and earnestly to heart. If the father dies without having made sufficient dowries for his daughters it is the duty of the eldest son to take his place, and he rarely thinks of marrying himself or of allowing himself any relaxation until his sisters are "settled." I have known many cases of men who have made considerable sacrifices, and in the most ungrudging manner, in order to accomplish this duty. They would consider the family degraded by letting their sisters earn their own living as long as they were able to support them. The girls may paint, or embroider, or do any other work that comes under the heading of *fancy work*, but if they seriously try to help themselves by teaching it is a tacit admission that they give up any pretense of being ladies, and are looked upon as little more than servants. Nothing surely illustrates more clearly the degree of refinement reached by society than the way in which such questions are considered.

I believe a great effort is being made in the direction of educational reform; but as far as my experience goes, the generality of young

women in the middle classes are badly educated, according to our standards. As to mental training, I believe there is every facility for women to learn as much book-lore as in any other country; but in moral and physical training they are very backward. At the best public school in Rome I have known growing girls of fifteen complain of constant pains in the chest, from too confining habits of study. They take no exercise, except the daily stroll in the crowded streets alluded to before. Then they have neither physical nor moral independence. When they leave school, the young ladies lie abed till eleven or twelve in the morning for want of an occupation. They are not *intellectual women*, but neither are they good housewives. They are nothing but women who are going to be married. And as the ideal of the domestic life is not comfort at home, so the domestic education is, according to our standard, defective and narrow. Sentiment enters little into betrothal, and cannot be expected to develop much in married life, which is formal, matter-of-fact, and rarely tinged by romance; but on the other hand is generally prosaically equable and satisfactory to the parties most concerned. Marriages are arranged by the parents, and accepted by the girls with satisfaction if without enthusiasm, and pass generally without trouble or scandal. This, too, is probably in the vein of antique life.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

BY PROFESSOR ADOLFO BARTOLI.

PART II.—RENAISSANCE—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE sixteenth century is the direct consequence of the preceding one inasmuch as it developed those elements which the humanistic* philology of the fif-

teenth century had introduced into national learning. The highest historical and esthetic feature in the Italian literature of this age is to be found in the union of the classical form with the purity of the Italian idiom.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, literature had been mostly Tuscan; it became Italian in the sixteenth.

This new epoch of literature opens with Ludovico Ariosto (1474-1533). He was born at Reggio, of a Ferrarese family, and spent nearly his whole life at the court of the Este

* Between the latter part of the seventeenth and the close of the eighteenth century, four distinct theories and methods of the pedagogic art arose, which are usually named the pietistic school, the humanistic school, the philanthropic school, and the eclectic school. The first held that religious and moral instruction should be made more prominent than intellectual acquirements. The second contended that the ancient languages, especially Greek and Latin, should be the foundation of education. The third made philanthropy its basis. The fourth believed in no exclusive school, but sought to teach the hitherto

neglected classes, such as the blind, deaf, etc.—The profound study of the classical authors, however, in Italy since a much earlier date had been held to be the essential part of education.

family, at Ferrara. We owe to him the perfecting of the epic romance.

In his *Orlando Furioso*, he treats the same subject as Boiardo in his *Orlando Innamorato*, but far surpasses the latter in style and conception. Ariosto often aims at sharp satire while ridiculing the vicious habits of mankind, and teaches morality and preaches political virtue while deploring the servility and cowardice of his contemporaries and the cupidity of princes. As for his style, every part of his poem shows the exquisite form of classical art, without excluding that simplicity and frankness which are its most valuable ornaments and the least easily obtainable. It lends itself to every idea with equal facility—grave or gay, high or low alternately.

Amatory lyrics, in the sixteenth century, were studied in form, but wanting in originality. The numerous writers of this class of poetry sought rather to imitate Petrarch than to express any deep and real feeling, hence they were called "Petrarchists." The first who claims mention here is Cardinal Pietro Bembo; a Venetian (1470-1549), well-versed in Latin literature, the author of much harmonious verse, rich in every quality of style and diction but a cold and often slavish imitator of Petrarch.

Such imitators were numerous in the sixteenth century but none soared above mediocrity. They not only failed to reach their model but even fell far short of the grandeur of the fifteenth century lyric writers such as Lorenzo de' Medici and Poliziano.

But another class of lyrics, the gay and satirical, rose to a high degree of perfection during this period. Francesco Berni of Lamporecchio (lām pō-rēk'ke-o) in Tuscany (1496-1535) was the author of sonnets and *capitoli*,* the pleasantry in which often hides biting satire. Even when he merely jests, Berni is, beyond all other writers, witty, joyous, and incomparable in his simplicity. The gay and thoughtless existence led by middle class society in the Cinque-cento† is faithfully mirrored in the poetry of Berni. His numerous imitators were styled "Berneschi"; the chief among them is the Florentine Anton Francesco Grazzini (fran-ches'ko grat-sē'nē), surnamed Lasca.

* (Cā-pee'to-lee) An Italian technical name for a species of poetry consisting of stanzas of three lines.

† (See note on same word under "The Archæological Club in Italy" in the present issue.

Besides the comic satires of Berni, there was another class of an especially moral tendency, modeled on the Horatian satires. Here Ludovico Ariosto bears the palm for the variety in his subjects and the elegance of his style.

Among the many forms of classical scholarship, which the sixteenth century revived, we must mention didactic poetry. The majority of this numerous class of writers took for their model, the Georgics of Virgil. Among them was Giovanni Rucellai, a Florentine (1475-1526), who composed a poem on "Bees" specially remarkable for its facile verse and graceful diction. Luigi Alamanni, also a Florentine, wrote on "Agriculture" in general, amplifying the plan of the Georgics. Erasmo de Valvasoni of Friuli (1523-1593) wrote on "The Chase," Bernardino Baldi (1553-1617) on nautical subjects.

The drama also flourished in the sixteenth century. For the most part, however, Italian writers of tragedy confined themselves to the imitation of Greek and Latin models, especially of Euripides,* Sophocles, and Seneca. Poor in original ideas, they were content to reproduce the situations, sentiments, and conceits of ancient tragedies but without that strength and reality which immortalized the dramatic monuments of Greece. The first specimen of tragedy was given us by Gian Giorgio Trissino of Vicenza (1478-1550) in *Sofonisba*, which treats of an incident in the Carthaginian War. It is weak in style and poor in conception.

Comedy was not much better in this respect than tragedy; it still gave evidence of the imitation of Plautus and Terence. Thus Bernardo Dovizi, called from his birthplace Bibbiena (1470-1520), imitated in his *Calandra*, the *Menechmi* (me-nek'me) of Plautus; Gianbattista Gelli (jān-bat-tis'ta jel'ee) (1498-1564) imitates in his *Sporta* the *Aulularia*, and so forth.

Even Ariosto, who wrote seven comedies, could not divest himself of this habit of imitation. The sixteenth century counts but

* (U-rip'i-dēs.) (480-406 B. C.) One of the great tragic poets of Greece. He composed either seventy-five or ninety-two tragedies, according to different authorities, of which eighteen only are now in existence. It is said that Socrates seldom went to the theater except when the tragedies of Euripides were enacted. — (Soph'o-clēs.) (495-405 B. C.) Also a great Grecian tragic poet, author of more than one hundred tragedies of which only seven are now extant. Between these two poets there was an animated rivalry,

one comedy worthy of admiration. It is the *Mandragola* (the mandrake) of Nicola Machiavelli (măk-e-ä-vel'ee) in which the great writer satirizes the customs of his day, and places on the stage, characters copied from real life in its most comical aspect, instead of the faded and colorless reproductions of Latin comedies. The great and original merit of this comedy consists in its faithful portraiture of the society of the period and its powerful character-painting.

Among the different dramatic styles of this period, we must mention the pastoral drama, of which the *Aminta* of Tasso, and the *Pastor Fido* of Battista Guarini (1538-1612) are examples. In these works little, if any thing, is pastoral. They are useful to show how far artistic idealism had been carried by the Italians.

We must now speak of the prose writers, and in the first place, of the historians and political writers. Foremost among these stands Nicola Machiavelli (1469-1512). His principal works are the *Istorie Fiorintine*; the book of the *Principe*; "Discourses of the first Decade of Tito Livio"; and the "Art of War."

Machiavelli's political system is (according to Villari*) of a twofold character. It teaches a new theory of statesmanship and at the same time constantly applies this theory to the Italy of his day, seeking every practicable means of establishing her as a nation and guiding her back to true greatness. He sincerely believed that all great events were produced by the will of some great man and was equally convinced that Italy could be happy and great only by being united, that this union could only be accomplished by a princely reformer. Hence the conception of his *Principe* (the prince), which unfolds the theory of the ordering and constitution of a state by a man who identifies himself with it, but whose own individual conscience is, so to speak, wholly annihilated. The "Prince" must unscrupulously remove from his path every obstacle to the accomplishment of his great enterprise. To the wicked as to the virtuous prince, Machiavelli gives, with equal impassibility, the counsels necessary to reach his intent. These counsels are invariably inspired by a deep study of what has really happened in past times, and unfettered by any regard for morality.

* (Vě-lä'ree). Pasquale (1827-—). An Italian scholar and historian.

To dare is every thing—for the end sanctions the means. In order to assure freedom, virtue, and morality in Italy, it is necessary to constitute it a strong, united, and independent nation. Such an undertaking belongs by right to a prince; the means to this end are supplied by history and experience. As for the people itself, it must perfect and consolidate the edifice by its freedom, by the practice of public and private virtues and by its armies.

From this arose the idea of the *Discorsi*, which tend to demonstrate that, the state once founded, the people must take the government into its own hands, render it prosperous and strong, and govern it with order and virtue. Hence the treatise on the "Art of War." A nation must be strong if it would be free, therefore it is necessary to revive the glory of the Italian army. Thus, the founder of political science is also the first modern writer on military subjects.

Side by side with Machiavelli stands another celebrated statesman and historian, Francesco Guicciardini (fran-ches'co gwët-char-dee'nee) (1482-1540), author of a History of Italy from the coming of Carlo VIII., down to the death of Clement VII. (1494-1534), and of other political works. In his history, he endeavors, with the most painstaking accuracy, to ascertain the truth of facts, sounding their causes and bearings with rare acumen. In his political works, he studies each fact individually from a practical point of view. He shows a spirit of close observation and a deep knowledge of the habits and passions of mankind. Both Machiavelli and Guicciardini are excellent prose writers, the former, clear, concise, and practical; the latter, imposing and eloquent; at times, perhaps, rather prolix and obscure but yet a master of style and language.

Around these two great men, many lesser writers of history group themselves; and among these the most noteworthy are, Benedetto Varchi (var'kee), who left us important particulars on the Florentine Republic and the siege in 1529; Scipione Ammirato, who surpasses all others in precision, and Paolo Paruta of Venice, much valued as an historical and political writer.

Biography, too, was well represented. Giorgio Vasari wrote the "Lives of Artists," a book still held in high esteem as a History of Art. Benvenuto Cellini (chel-lee'nee) wrote his Autobiography (1501-1570). He was a

Florentine goldsmith and a sculptor of a strange and restless temperament. He worked for the Medici at Rome and at Florence and for Francis I. at the Court of France. This book is one of the most original in the sixteenth century, for the familiar and talkative strain in which it is written, for the peculiar and striking picture it gives of the courts of Rome, Florence, and Paris, and for the portraits it contains of many famous persons of the time.

Boccaccio had many imitators in the sixteenth century, but none attained to the perfection of the *Decamerone*. However, the *Novelle* (tales) of Matteo Bandello, a monk and bishop (1490-1560), and those of Grazzini Giralaldi Erizzi (a-rit'see), and others are useful for reconstructing the history of public and private life during this century.

Plentiful, too, were the orations and letters. Giovanni della Casa, Giovanni Guidiccioni (gwē-deek-cho'nee), and Bartolommeo Cavalcanti wrote many orations of historic or literary value. Among the letter writers, Torquato Tasso (of whom we shall speak shortly) occupies the foremost rank.

Innumerable were the treatises and dialogues. We will only mention the *Cortigiano* (courtier) of Baldassare Castiglione (bäl-däs-sä'rā cas-teel-yō'nā) (1478-1529) in which the writer gives his ideal of life at court in the sixteenth century, and *Galateo* of Giovanni della Casa, in which the rules of good breeding are inculcated.

With the name of Torquato Tasso (1544-1595) we close the period of the Revival of Learning, the general character of which seems to have been a return to the ideas, feelings, and aspirations of Paganism. In Tasso, Christian thought and feeling breathe and he, therefore, is alone to be considered as the legitimate heir of Dante Alighieri. Yet, his own soul was torn by its struggles and conflicting feelings. He wavered constantly between sensualism and idealism, between mysticism and art. The internal struggle was so fierce that it drove him mad.

Tasso's principal work is the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, an epic poem in twenty cantos, founded on the exploits of Godfrey de Bouillon (boo-yong), who in 1099 freed the Holy Sepulcher from the Turks. It is a poem of great beauty; every sentiment is treated with delicacy and tenderness; the verse is admirably harmonious and expressive; full of deep feeling tempered by severe reflection.

Some episodes, as that of Olindo and Sofronia, may be mentioned as models of perfection. Yet the poem is not without faults. The style is often artificial and bombastic and the antithetical affectation of the period, the abuse of metaphors, and conceits often render the descriptions monotonous and prolix.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

These faults of Tasso's style increased in the writings of the following century, and a period of literary decline began, to which the name of *Seicentismo* has been given. By *seicentismo* is meant exaggeration, affectation, pomposity, the visible effort to find strange expressions, extraordinary metaphors, and artificial ornaments. What has been termed *barocco** in art becomes *seicento* in literature. Nor was this confined to Italian literature in the seventeenth century. It seems to have been a general evil; in Spain it was known as *gongorism*, in France as *precieuxeté*, and in England, euphuism; and it was undoubtedly the outcome of the Spanish influence in Europe. It might as well have been called Marinism, for its most characteristic representative was Giovanni Battista Marini of Naples (1569-1625), the author of a poem entitled *Adone*, in which every thing is bombastic and far-fetched, in which strained metaphors, conceits, and similar puerilities abound. Marini had many followers, the most celebrated among whom are two Bolognese,—Achillini (ä-kēl-lee'nee) and Preti. Even prose was not exempt from Marinism, and a vast number of books appeared written in this style, devoid of sense and fantastic and extravagant in diction.

But it was not long before signs of reaction against *seicentismo* began to appear in Alessandro Tassoni of Modena (1565-1635), and Traiano Boccalini (trä-yä'no bok-ä-lee'nee) of Loreto (1556-1613). While, in Italy, manners, arts, fashions, seemed all to incline toward fanciful exaggeration; while the corruption of the nobility, the abject cringing of the courtiers, when, in short, the whole mass of baseness, cowardice, and ignomy which the Spanish dominion brought in its train, was weighing down Italy, these two writers, unacquainted with each other, rose

* (Bä-rok'ko.) The origin of the word is uncertain. It is applied to any thing odd and fantastic in style; it designated especially the kind of architecture which prevailed in Europe during the eighteenth century. The word is often used interchangeably with *rococo*.

simultaneously to crush out these evils, by ridicule. Tassoni wrote a mock-heroic poem entitled the *Secchia rapita* (the rape of the bucket); *Boccalini*, a prose work, the *Ragguagli di Parnaso*, likewise mock-heroic. Tassoni also openly lifted his voice against the foreign domination, in his "Philippics" against the Spaniards. Another protest of the first half of this century against *seicentismo*, is to be found in the lyrical poetry of Chiabrera (ke-ä-brä'rä) (1552-1637), who endeavored to revive the style of Pindar and Anacreon. Fulvio Testi (1593-1646) wrote on subjects of high civil importance, in a style imitated from Horace. Another writer of the period of reaction is Galileo Galilei (1564-1642), who adopted a clear, simple style, the very opposite extreme to the empty wordiness of the *seicentisti*.

In the second half of this century the Academy of Arcadia was founded in Rome by Crescimbeni (krä-shēm-bā'nee) (1613-1728) and Gravina (1664-1718). Its object was to combat and destroy the depraved literary taste of the day. It was based on the idea that in order to reform literature it was sufficient to go back to its simplest form and to the portraying of the simplest mode of life. Some of the Arcadians, of whom there were thousands, are charmingly delicate in style, but their fundamental fault is their emptiness. In seeking to be simple, they become silly, vapid, and insignificant.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

While the Arcadians bleated their pastoral sonnets and songlets, Italian literature, under the influence of the new ideas and scholarship of Descartes, Bacon, and Galileo, was bearing new and wonderful fruits in the field of history. Giovanni Battista Vico, a Neapolitan (1668-1744), founded the philosophy of history in his *Principii di scienza Nuova*. In this work he investigates the beliefs, language, manners, of the earliest ages, and endeavors to trace the laws which govern the rise and fall of civilization.

Apostolo Teno, a Venetian (1669-1750), contributed largely to historical learning by his *Dissertazioni Volsiane* and his *Note alla Biblioteca dell' Eloquenza Italiana di Giusto Fontanini*.

Pietro Giannone (jän-no'nä) (1676-1748) investigated the history of manners, learning, civil and ecclesiastical laws in the kingdom of Naples. Scipione Maffei (mäf-fä'ee) (1675-

1755) reconstructs the history of Verona by the help of its monuments; and last, yet greatest of all, comes Ludovico Antonio Muratori of Modena (1672-1759), who, in his extensive work, *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, arranged and illustrated the sources of Italian history in the Middle Ages. In his *Antichità Italiane* he studies the institutions, customs, laws, religions, and learning of the Middle Ages, and in the *Annali d' Italia* he relates, with unfailing judgment, the events of Italian history from the birth of Christ down to his own time.

The study of social science accompanied that of history. As soon as the Spanish dominion had ceased, the Italian princes commenced a work of useful reform, and philosophers, economists, and publicists flourished and increased. Antonio Genovesi (jä-no-vä'zee) (1712-1769) wrote on political economy; Gaetano Filangeri (fee-län-jä'ree) (1752-1802) in his valuable work entitled the "Science of Legislation," endeavored to establish a perfect and logical system of legislation. Cesare Beccaria (bek-ä-ree'ä) (1735-1793) in his book, *Dei delitti e delle pene* (on crime and its penalties), helped to render the penal system more humane and to obtain the abolition of torture.

The resurrection of modern literature in Italy begins with Guiseppe Parini of Bosisio in Lombardy (1729-1799). A humble priest, who had lived nearly always at Milan, entirely changed the forms of the old Italian art, and with his powerful genius created a new art fitted for his purpose. The Nobility of Milan, like that of the rest of Italy, passed their days in shameful idleness, intent only on the pursuit of pleasure, sunk in effeminacy or interested only in the most frivolous pastimes. Parini made this mode of life the object of his biting satire in a poem entitled *Il Giorno* (the day). In this work, while pretending to instruct a young gentleman in the thousand trifling occupations which make the sum of his day's employment, he overwhelms him with bitter jests and ridicule. The caprices of fashion, effeminate customs, vicious habits, luxury, idleness, and emptiness of heart and brain are portrayed with delicate yet mordant irony. This is the only specimen of really polite satire which Italian literature possesses. Nor must we omit to mention that Parini's poem equals in form the best works of our literature. The way in which he expresses with propriety and ele-

gance, even the humblest employments of the young lord, whom he feigns to teach, is admirable. And yet more so is the art with which he uses blank verse. In this he was imitated later on by another great poet—Ugo Foscolo.

Parini was the first but not the only satirical writer in the second half of the eighteenth century. Gianbattista Casti (1721–1803) ridiculed the court customs of the time in his

Animali parlanti. Gaspero Gozzi (got'see), a Venetian (1713–1787), touched with delicate irony upon the vices of his day. He copied the manner of Lucian. Ruder and sharper in his satires was Guiseppe Baretta of Turin (1716–1789), who spent many years of his life in England. In his *Frusta letteraria* he scourges the men and books of the period with most violent sarcasm and somewhat excessive mockery.

KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY A. BEERS, M. A.

Of Yale University.

IT is Browning's dramatic method to select for treatment a passage of history or a story that already has been told, and to give an entirely new turn to it by a deeper and subtler interpretation. He undermines the previous narrator and blows all his trenches into the air. Paradox is the spade with which he digs his complicated system of subterranean galleries. He will never take the obvious, superficial explanation which has satisfied the historian or even the poet. Take his poem "The Glove," for example. This is the old anecdote of the French court lady who dropped her glove into the lion pit to test the devotion of her lover. The gentleman leaped into the pit, picked up the gauntlet, clambered out in safety, and then threw the favor in the lady's face. Very properly, thought Leigh Hunt,* who had versified the incident before; and so thought the king and all the courtiers. But Browning's version is an apology for the dame, who detected a false ring in the professions of her cavalier, and whose distrust of him, Browning justifies in the sequel.

In the annals of modern Italy our poet came upon a mysterious transaction—"a terrible event without consequences," as Voltaire† called it—which piqued his curiosity and set his mind at work upon the hidden motives and the character problems involved. This was the abdication in 1730, of the throne of Sardinia, by Victor Am-a-de'us (Vittorio Amedeo) in favor of his son, Charles Emmanuel (Carlo Emanuele), and his unsuccessful

attempt to take it back again a year later. The event, as Voltaire said, had little historical importance; but to understand its dramatic capabilities, we may follow Browning a little way in his study of the theater of its action—the Italy of the early years of the eighteenth century. He made himself familiar with all the "documents in the case"; but of the authorities that he cites, the only one easily accessible to the English reader is Lord Orrery's* "Letters from Italy," and especially his fifth letter, dated at Turin, October 16, 1754, about a quarter of a century after the episode which it narrates and which forms the subject of Browning's tragedy.

At the opening of the last century Italy was in a wretched condition. The peasantry who tilled her fertile soil were crushed by a taxation which exacted half of the annual proceeds of their toil. The city republics had lost their ancient liberties, even though some of them still remained republican in form. The maritime states of Genoa and Venice saw their commerce decayed and their nobility impoverished. Venice was deprived of the Morea† by the Turks in 1714; Corsica revolted from Genoa in 1730. The foreign trade passed into the hands of the Portuguese, the English, and the Dutch; and one by one their fleets, their colonies, and their naval stations were stripped away from the two proud trad-

* (Or're-ry.) John Boyle, the fifth earl of Orrery. (1707–1762.) An English politician and author.

† The name given to the southern part of Greece, the part anciently called Peloponnesus. The Italians named it Morea from its resemblance to a mulberry leaf, *moro* being the Italian word for mulberry tree. The Turks conquered the Morea in the latter part of the fifteenth century; the Venetians took it from them in 1699 and held it until 1714.

* (1784–1859.) A popular English poet.

† See note in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October 1889, p. 91.

ing aristocracies which had held "the gorgeous East in fee" for centuries. The Medici family, which had extinguished freedom in Florence and ruled her with splendid oppression, itself became extinct in 1737. As in the wars of Francis I. of France and Charles V. of Germany, in the sixteenth century, Italy still remained the favorite field for the struggles of battle and diplomacy between the other nations of Europe. Spain and Austria fought over Sardinia, Naples, and the Two Sicilies.* Milan was annexed to Austria in 1706. Parma was handed over now to Austria and now to Spain. Tuscany fell to a grand duke of Lorraine, after the extinction of the Medici, and was governed from Vienna by a regency. Every treaty between the great powers† parceled out the soil of Italy afresh. Even those states which preserved a nominal independence were linked and dis-linked in endless permutations and combinations of alliance or hostility, by royal marriages, inheritances, dynastic changes, with which the people of Italy had no more concern than if they had occurred in Patagonia. The Popes, who might have been rallying points for a national movement, intrigued selfishly with foreign powers; bent only on preserving the revenues of the states of the church intact, or on adding now and then a fief,‡ like Modena, e. g., to the papal possessions. Italy was learning that "to be weak is miserable"; above all, when to weakness is added that "fatal gift of beauty" which Filicaja|| celebrated and deplored in his famous sonnet.

Against the strong, consolidated monarchies of the North she had no chance politically and her whole civilization suffered from her political weakness and disunion. She who had been the mistress of all the arts in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, had fallen in intellectual progress far behind England, France, Germany, Holland, barbarian lands which had kindled their torches at hers, in

the splendid age of the Renaissance. In painting, sculpture, architecture, there was an utter decline. In poetry the fantastic excesses of Marini and the *Concetti* school had been followed, as elsewhere in Europe, by a frigid "classical" taste, correct but impotent. Music was the only art in which Italy was to hold pre-eminence in the eighteenth century. In philosophy, in the natural sciences, in political speculation, and in general learning she must resort for new impulse to the west of Europe. It was the age of academies in literature; the most famous of which was the "Arcadians," whose pastoral affectations answered to the frivolous intrigues of the petty Italian courts and capitals, in an age without earnestness and a country where no healthy public life was possible.

In the letters of English travelers in Italy during the first half of the eighteenth century, there is constant mention of the general air of poverty and decline. Smollett, Gray, the Earl of Orrery, and others speak of the empty palaces, the ruinous gardens, and neglected public works. Boyle describes Pisa as resembling "a fair city which some furious pestilence has lately depopulated"; and affirms that "Florence and, indeed, most of the towns in Italy, except Bologna, are in a visible state of decay."

But though Italy, at the opening of the eighteenth century was merely a geographical expression, and even the idea of Italian unity had to wait over a hundred years for its birth, a power was growing slowly into shape which was destined to bring about the *fact*. The position of the house of Savoy, with its new kingdom of Sardinia, among the states of Italy, is strikingly like that of the house of Hohenzollern with its electorate of Brandenburg and its kingdom of Prussia among the German principalities. They were alike in their military tradition and in their tradition of absolutism, as well as in their policy of economy at home and of steady aggrandizement and extension abroad. Browning makes King Victor say to his son,

I left you this the absolutest rule
In Europe: do you think I will sit still
And see you throw power to the populace?

And in the reign of that son, Lord Orrery describes the cities of Savoy and Sardinia, such as Chambery at Susa, as poor and filthy, but extremely well fortified. He adds

* A name given to a former kingdom of southern Italy which included the province of Naples and Sicily with several islands, among which were Ischia, Procida, Capri, and the Lipari and the Egadi archipelagoes. It ceased to exist as a kingdom when Victor Emmanuel II. annexed it to his new kingdom of Italy in 1860.

† See note in the April issue of this magazine, p. 39.

‡ An estate granted by a superior power to another on condition of military or other services.

|| (Fe-le-kä'yä.) Vincenzo. (1642-1707.) An Italian lyric poet. The sonnet referred to is entitled *L' Italia*, and is considered the finest in the Italian language.

that the King of Sardinia is an economist. He is served in the "most royal, and most frugal manner"; that the Turinese "are, *regis ad exemplum*,* great economists"; and that "if the officers of state had not an income arising from their patrimony, their salaries would not afford them food or raiment. All of which reminds one of the frugal rule of old Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, father of Frederick the Great.

It had long been the ambition of the dukes of Savoy, as it was of the electors of Brandenburg, to erect their possessions into a kingdom. The wish was fulfilled when in 1713 the treaty of Utrecht gave Sicily to Victor Amadeus, with the title of king. In 1720 the Quadruple Alliance† forced him to exchange Sicily for Sardinia, of which he became the first king:—first king of a kingdom which finally grew into the kingdom of Italy, even as the electorate of the Hohenzollerns widened in time into the imperial headship of Germany. But it will not do to pursue the parallel too far. Prussia has relied almost entirely upon its army. The problem which confronted the new monarchs of the house of Savoy was a very different one, and diplomacy has been one of their main arts from the time when Victor Amadeus balanced himself carefully between Austria, France, and Spain, down to the time when Cavour made profitable alliances with Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel got Venice by joining Bismarck against Austria in '66.

The King Victor of Browning's tragedy had made a great figure in the wars of Louis the Fourteenth's time, a niece of which grand monarch he had married; which did not prevent him, however, from taking part against the French and being by them defeated and driven from his duchy of Savoy. His great kinsman, Prince Eugene, the foremost soldier of the time, except, perhaps, the Duke of Marlborough, had got him restored to his possessions and launched afresh upon his career of self-aggrandizement. He had figured also as a politician and had intrigued unscrupulously, and upon the whole successfully, in his own interest. But after he had been ten years on the throne of Sardinia he played the politician once too often; and this brings us to the point which is dealt with in Browning's drama.

* Following the example of the king.

† The alliance of England, France, Austria, and Holland, against Spain.

The story as given by the Earl of Orrery is briefly this. The king had involved himself in a disadvantageous treaty with France and "determined to resign his crown to his son, who, being under no such engagements, might openly repair the injudicious step which his father had taken." This same device was afterward practiced by other rulers of the house of Savoy; but Victor, perhaps, was impelled to the step, in part, by the famous example of the emperor, Charles V. of Germany. The formal abdication took place in September 1830, at the royal hunting seat of Rivoli, nine miles from Turin. Here Victor, who had kept his intention a secret, prepared a scene which must have been highly theatrical, and which lends itself with little change to the purposes of the mimic stage. The princes of the blood, the cavaliers of the Order of the Annunziata, the grantees of the court, the chancellor, the ministers, and the chief judicial officers of the kingdom had all been summoned. In their presence the king bade the Marquis del Borgo read aloud the document in which he resigned the throne to his heir apparent, Charles Emmanuel. After the reading of this he turned to his son and exhorted him to defend the purity of the Catholic faith; to do justice to all men, but particularly to the poor and weak; and to have a diligent care of the army "as the upholder of the authority of the government, the conservator of the public peace, and the defense of the independence of the state." Then he wished his successor a prosperous reign and bestowed upon him the paternal blessing.

The Italian historian from whose account these details are quoted (Carlo Botta*: *Storia d'Italia*) informs us that the prince and the spectators were moved to tears by this "unforeseen spectacle," and that Victor was the only one who preserved a serene and unmoved countenance. The old king had taken advantage of his retirement to marry his mistress, the widow of an officer named Sebastian. With her he withdrew to Chambery, the ancient capital of Savoy. He had reserved to himself a fixed annual pension of 300,000 *lire* and a dowry of 100,000 *scudi*† for his new spouse.

*(Carlo Giuseppe.) (1766-1837.) An Italian historian.

† A *lira* is an Italian coin of the same value as a franc, that is, worth between nineteen and twenty cents of our money. A *scudo* is a silver coin worth about ninety-six cents.

But the life of a retired country gentleman at Chambéry did not long content the fiery, restless, scheming soul of the ex-king. "Perhaps," moralizes Lord Orrery, "there are charms in a crown of which you and I have no idea. Thus far is undeniable, few princes have ever resigned it without regret."

Victor's motives in resigning his crown have been variously interpreted. Browning follows Lord Orrery in the view that finding himself embarrassed by contradictory pledges given to two of the great powers, who had been bidding against each other for his support, the crafty and selfish old *intrigant* unloaded his responsibilities on his son, and then stood aside to see how he would extricate himself. Charles displayed unexpected skill; the foreign affairs of Sardinia took a favorable turn; and the exigency having passed, Victor was ready to re-take his crown. Lord Orrery even suggests that he had "extorted from his son a private promise of restoring the crown." It is fair to add that Botta, while acknowledging that current rumor in Italy and in Europe attributed this motive to Victor, supplies reasons for his abdication, which are less disgraceful to his character. He explains the act as the result of a sudden resolution springing from "his unstable nature, his fervid imagination, his desire of preserving, in the wars which he saw were at hand, the reputation of a successful soldier"; reinforced by "the example of Charles V., and by his conviction that he had a son capable of governing." All authorities impute a strong influence to the nagging of the Marchioness di Spigno (speen'yo), Victor's former mistress and now his wife. She was of an intriguing, ambitious temper and wanted to be a queen.

Within a year from the date of his abdication the old king was plotting to regain his power. He corresponded with a discontented faction in Turin. Under a pretense that the air of Chambéry disagreed with him, he removed to Rivoli and then to the palace of Montcallier (Moncalieri, mon-kā-lē-ā'rē) still nearer to the capital. Thence he wrote to the Marquis del Borgo, commanding him to return his written act of resignation. He also rode to the citadel of Turin at night and demanded admission, which was refused by the governor, San Remigio. The ministers of the new king were true to his interests and the army served him well in this crisis. Victor was put under arrest at Montcallier and kept a

prisoner there till his death in October 1732. The Marchioness di Spigno was "abruptly torn from him" and confined in a monastery. She was still living when Lord Orrery was at Turin (1754), but "no longer dangerous, being very old, very infirm, and enormously fat." The Italian historians give a frightful picture of the old king's rage when arrested. He uttered the most horrible imprecations and struggled impotently to defend himself, striking, kicking, and biting as he was dragged out of bed by the soldiers. "He was treated with respect but guarded with the closest strictness. He often desired to see his son. The interview was promised, but the promise was not performed. Rage, grief, and disappointment ended, in less than two years, the life of this unhappy prince."

All the historians agree that Charles acted for the best in resisting his father's attempt to retake the throne. But the state necessity which compelled him to an act that had the look of filial ingratitude, was a cruel one.

Browning's picture of the young king is a very noble and touching piece of dramatic portraiture. He represents him as slow of comprehension, diffident of his own powers, suffering acutely from his father's sneers at his incapacity and dominated even to the last by Victor's will. For it is in the conclusion of the play that the dramatist has taken that license which Shakspeare and all dramatists, in fact, have taken so freely and has departed from the letter of history to reach a subtlest touch of poetic truth.

In the last act of "King Victor and King Charles" the old king is led in under arrest, to the presence of his son sitting crowned and sceptered. Fiercely he demands the crown and Charles yields it at once, only reproaching his father that he should have tried him thus. But Victor's heart is broken with the thought that his son would have denied and so disgraced him, and he dies with the crown on his head. He has carried his point, but the royal credit of the young king must be saved. Some version must be given out in public which will serve for "history":

Charles—how to save your story? Mine must go!
Say—say that you refused the crown to me!
Charles, yours shall be my story! You im-
mured

Me, say, at Rivoli. A single year
I spend without the sight of you, then die—
That will serve every purpose—tell that tale
The world!

ROMAN MORALS.

BY PRINCIPAL JAMES DONALDSON, LL. D.

Of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland.

III.

IN noticing the practical effects produced by the conception of the unity of the race as propounded by the Stoic philosophy and as embodied in the extension of the Roman franchise, we begin with the position of women.

Throughout the articles on Roman history which have appeared in this magazine, stress always has been laid on the family as a special feature of the Roman constitution. But care must be taken not to confound the Roman family with the modern family. The latter is based entirely on near kinship; the former was an artificial combination designed to continue a race of warlike men and often separated those who were nearest to each other in blood. The Roman family had a strong hold on the Romans and survived to a late period. It had curious results in the case of women. Originally the wife was placed entirely in the power of her husband. She became by marriage a member of his family and held the place of a daughter. As we have seen, he could sell or kill her. But it is probable that at an early stage of Roman history the sale of a wife was forbidden and the power to kill was restricted.

Most of the matters that concerned the relation of husband to wife were referred to a council of friends which could and did limit the husband's powers. In process of time it became the custom for the wife not to enter the family of her husband but to remain in that of her father. The father supplied her with the means of living, in the shape of a dowry and at his death often left her a large fortune under the care of a guardian who allowed her practical independence. The husband was not bound to support her in the first instance. The obligation fell on a considerable number of intervening relationships and it was only when these failed that the duty had to be undertaken by the husband. Thus the Roman family system produced this strange anomaly, that the mother did not belong to the same family as her sons. They were in the family of their father, she was in the family of her father. And as all property

came by inheritance to the members of the family, the mother could not succeed to the property of an intestate son, nor the son to the property of an intestate mother. The wife was, in fact, a stranger in many respects, to what we should now call her own family, viz., her sons and daughters and their children, and her position was altogether singular.

The Romans insisted that marriage should take place only when the consent of all parties concerned was given and that it should be a community of goods and of life cemented by love. No actions for breach of promise were permitted, because the marriage at the moment of its commencement should be an act of deliberate mutual agreement. And the marriage could be dissolved, after certain legal forms had been complied with, whenever one of the two contracting parties desired its dissolution. In this state of matters the Roman women enjoyed a great amount of freedom and respect. They cultivated their minds, they enjoyed society, they frequented the lectures of philosophers, they studied music, they entered into the political projects of their husbands, and they engaged in works of philanthropy.

Much is said by later writers such as Juvenal and Martial on the licentiousness and capriciousness of the women of their day, but so many instances of good and noble Roman women are recorded that we cannot doubt that these writers exaggerated. At the same time this civil separation of wife and mother from close connection with husband and children produced by the old Roman family idea was anomalous in the highest degree. A curious exhibition of it is given in Plutarch's *Life of Cato of Utica*: Hortensius, desirous of being united in kinship and family to Cato, endeavored to persuade the latter whose daughter Porcia was the wife of Bibulus and had borne him two sons, to give her in turn to him. But Cato replied that he loved Hortensius, and he considered it strange for Hortensius to speak about the marriage of his daughter, who had been given to another; on which Hortensius disclosing himself did

not hesitate to ask Marcia, the wife of Cato. Accordingly, Cato seeing the earnestness of Hortensius did not refuse but he said that Philippus, the father of Marcia, must also approve of it. When they had seen Philippus and informed him of the agreement, he did not give Marcia in marriage except in the presence of Cato, and Cato joined in giving her away!

The contract of marriage between Cato and Marcia was legally dissolved with the consent of her father to whose family she still belonged, and a new marriage contract was legally entered on between Hortensius and Marcia. Marcia lived with Hortensius to the day of his death and then remarried Cato.

The narrative throws a flood of light on Roman ideas of marriage. The remarkable feature about it is that the children are considered to belong exclusively to the father.

But the feelings of motherhood were recognized in later times and kinship became a strong tie, whether those who were kin were in the same family or not. The claims of nature began to be preferred to the claims of an artificial state. The Emperor Claudius was the first to break through the Roman family system by bestowing on a mother the inheritance of her children, but it is uncertain whether he did this by an arbitrary exercise of power or by a decree. Most likely it was the former, since it was not till 158 A. D. in the reign of Antoninus Pius that a decree of the senate was passed by which matrons who had three children or freedwomen who had four, received the privilege of becoming heirs to the property of their intestate children. A reciprocal alteration took place in the reign of Marcus Aurelius and his son Commodus in 178 A. D., when a decree of the senate was passed entitling sons and daughters to succeed to the goods of an intestate mother.

The ties of nature received recognition in other ways. In the civil Roman family the son had no property, for he was under the control of his father, and he never, therefore, had an opportunity of contributing to the comfort of his parents by voluntary expenditure of money. But when the Roman family system began to break down, the emperors insisted on the discharge of the duties of kinship. The son was bound to support his father or mother, if they were needy, and for the same reason the father was forbidden to expose or suffocate his child on penalty of death and he was obliged to rear all who were

born to him. And when a dissolution of marriage took place, a decree of Diocletian left it to the judge to determine with which of the parents the sons or daughters were to remain. In short, the old Roman family was broken up completely, the natural family claimed its rights and prevailed, and importance was attached to the individual, as he obtained the franchise because he was a free subject of the empire.

The growth of the feelings of humanity in imperial times is still more evident in the case of slaves. The idea of the relation of the master to the slave remained the same. The slave continued to be regarded in the eye of the law as the property of his owner and he often was exposed to horrible cruelties and utterly barbarous treatment, especially during the reigns of wicked emperors. But a moderating influence was at work and found expression in many rescripts and decrees. Even in legal documents the lawyers propounded the philosophical principles of stoicism. It was held to be contrary to nature that one man should be the owner of another. These principles did not lead the lawyers to propose the abolition of slavery. The imperial jurists accepted slavery as an institution of civil society and they dealt with it as a fact. But their prepossessions were in favor of liberty, and the imperial laws favored the manumission of slaves and the extension of freedom. Facilities were given for manumitting slaves and many of the regulations relating to bequests and inheritances aided in securing freedom for the slave.

But it was especially in the circumstances of the slave that the softening influences of humanity showed themselves. In republican times the slave was allowed by custom to possess a little property. A kind master encouraged his slaves to honesty and diligence by promising to them the privilege of having money for their own uses; and sometimes slaves accumulated so much as to purchase their own freedom. But this money did not belong legally to them but to their masters who could at any time claim it as their own. This custom continued in imperial times and further privileges were bestowed. Masters often permitted their slaves to make their fellow slaves heirs to their possessions, provided these slaves formed part of the same household. And a slave might become a member of a burial society with the approval of his master, and if he paid his entry money

and his monthly contributions regularly, the society provided him with a worthy funeral and a suitable resting place for his ashes.

A slave could not marry. He was supposed to have no father or mother or relatives, being a mere article of commerce. But human nature rebelled against this monstrous conception. Even in comparatively early times good masters allowed their upper slaves such as the bailiff of a farm to associate with female slaves permanently and to form families, which lived together in the same houses. In imperial times these unions became much more frequent, and though they were not marriages, as marriage could take place only between free citizens, yet the connection was viewed as something approaching to marriage, and the united slaves were spoken of as husband and wife and the children as sons and daughters. The law took note of these unions and the relationships which arose out of them. Care also was taken in the sale of slaves that their families should not be broken up but that all the members of a family should be sold only as one lot.

In the time of the republic no effort was made to prevent the cruel treatment of slaves. But whenever imperial government began, we find the will of the emperor interferes to check unbridled savagery toward them. As far as we know, it was only on one occasion that Augustus exercised his power for this purpose, but the story shows that a mild and merciful emperor had free course in mitigating the sufferings of the distressed. Vedius Pollio, who was himself a descendant of slaves, was in the habit of feeding his lampreys on human flesh, flinging into the fish-pond the slaves whom he condemned to death. One time while he happened to be entertaining Augustus, the slave who poured out the wine broke a crystal cup, whereupon Vedius in the presence of Augustus ordered him to be thrown to the lampreys. The slave fell at the feet of the Emperor and prayed for his intervention. The Emperor entreated his host to recall his cruel order, but his appeal did not move him. He then requested Vedius to show him all the other cups which were in his possession, and when they were brought, he gave orders that they should be smashed to pieces. And he furthermore commanded that the slave should be set free.

In the reign of Claudius it seems to have become usual to expose slaves who were sick and infirm and whose recovery was expected

to be slow, on the island of Æsculapius, called also the *Insula Tiberina*. The Emperor passed a law that all who were thus exposed should become free and should not come under the power of their masters, if they recovered, and that if any one instead of exposing his slave, chose to kill him, he should be held guilty of murder.

Hadrian showed great consideration for slaves. He banished for five years a matron who on the slightest pretexts had treated her female slaves barbarously. He prohibited masters from killing their slaves and subjected them to trial for so doing. He put an end to the workshops or prisons, at least those that were private, in which slaves were huddled together in vast numbers, and he made many other humane regulations. Antoninus Pius legislated still more definitely. In his day neither Roman citizens nor any others under the sway of Rome were allowed to inflict excessive or causeless cruelties upon their slaves, for by one of his constitutions any one killing his own slave causelessly was as much amenable to justice as the man who killed a slave belonging to another.

Doubtless many other regulations were made in favor of the slave, but our information is imperfect. We know that at an early period in the empire the prefect* of the city of Rome and the governors in the provinces were entrusted with the duty of hearing the complaints of slaves and doing them justice.

There was nothing that the Roman owners of slaves dreaded more than treachery within their own households, and the murder of a master led to the indiscriminate slaughter of all his slaves. This fear continued in imperial times and in the reign of Nero the senate passed a decree which Tacitus does not stigmatize, but speaks of as made to serve the purposes of justice and security, to the effect, that if any one was killed by his own slaves, those also who had been manumitted by testament and had remained under the same roof should be put to death along with the slaves. Tacitus tells us that the sympathies of the masses were with the abused slaves, as they often stood up for mercy in opposition to the senate. He relates how the prefect of the city was murdered by one of

* A Roman officer holding command as director or president. There were several classes of officers bearing this name placed in charge of different departments, such as the prefect of the aqueducts, prefect of a camp, of the city guard, of provisions, etc.

his slaves, but that the masses of the people were so irritated at the idea of sacrificing many innocent lives that they broke out into mutiny. A few of the senators sided with them but the majority of them were opposed to every innovation and sanctioned the slaughter of all the slaves. But the multitude did every thing they could to prevent such a violent and unreasonable act, and Nero succeeded in carrying out the decree only by lining the road to the execution with a large array of soldiers.

Matters seem to have changed much between the period of Nero and that of Hadrian; for we are told of the latter emperor that when a master was slain in a house, he ordained that in the inquiry, torture should be applied only to those slaves who by their nearness might know something about the matter. A slave, of course, could not be a trustworthy witness nor take an oath, but the truth might be extracted from him by torture.

We must say a word on the gladiatorial fights and the combats with wild beasts. These brutal sports fascinated the Romans and so blunt did custom make the conscience that some of the best Romans praised them as if they encouraged a contempt of death and the exercise of endurance. Seneca is almost the only writer who protested against them. In one of his letters he tells how he went to a midday spectacle expecting jokes and some relaxation, but met with the hideous sight of human gore. The combatants he allows were criminals, as was now the custom. "Some one," he says, "has committed a robbery: what good reason in that is there for hanging him?" "He has murdered a man." "Because he did so, he deserved to suffer the penalty of death, but what have you done, miserable one, to deserve that you should gaze on his death? Do you not understand this, that examples fall back on those who made them? Give the immortal gods thanks that you are teaching him to be cruel who cannot learn to be so."

At one time owners could hand over their slaves for these sports at their own caprice. But early in the empire a law was passed that only slaves guilty of crimes could be so treated, and any owner who sold for this purpose a slave not condemned by a judge was amenable to justice as well as the purchaser. Hadrian further ordained that no owner could sell a slave, even though criminal, for gladi-

atorial purposes, without expressly mentioning the object for which he was sold.

The mild and gentle Marcus Aurelius did every thing he could to mitigate the ferocity and cruelty of these sports. He ordained that the combatants should fight with blunted weapons. He enrolled the gladiators and slaves in his army and carried them off to his wars, amid the indignant cries of the populace who balked of their amusement exclaimed that the Stoic Emperor wished to make every citizen a philosopher. When a boy who danced on the tight-rope fell, he ordained that mattresses always should be placed below the tight rope to break the fall.

The Romans were so passionately fond of these cruel sports that even Christian emperors for a long time did not venture on stopping them. Their abolition was due to the daring of an ascetic, Telemachus (tê-lem'akus), according to the well-known story related by Theodoret.* He came from the East for the express purpose of trying what he could do, and entering the *stadium* while the hideous spectacle was going on, he endeavored to separate the combatants. The eager spectators were enraged at his interference and stoned him to death. But the Emperor Honorius was so impressed by the event that he put an end forever to the demoralizing exhibitions.

Many of the decrees in regard to slavery during imperial times partake of the spirit of Christianity, but it cannot be affirmed that they directly proceeded from it. The sense of human brotherhood, as we have seen, was prominent in the Stoic philosophy and the writings of the pagan authors of the second century are brightened by compassion for the poor, by interest in the slave, and by a belief in the essential equality of all men. But the love of man as man was emphasized in Christianity and was an inherent feature of it. It did not proclaim a crusade against slavery as a civil institution; but Christians accepted the slave as a brother; they often placed him in the highest positions in the church; they associated him with themselves in every Christian work; and they regarded him as an heir of eternal life. Such action had a powerful influence in mitigating the hard lot of the slave and in bringing about the emancipation of large numbers.

* (The-od'o-ret.) (About 390-457.) An eminent Christian writer and ecclesiastic.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN MAP SERIES—NO. VIII.



Struthers & Co., Eng'rs, N.Y.

MAP QUIZ.

1. Locate the 16 provinces and large divisions of the present kingdom of Italy.
2. To what country does Corsica belong?
3. What are the principal harbors on the west coast? on the east?
4. Locate Elba, the island to which Napoleon retired in 1814.
5. Where is Carrara, from which the famous marble takes its name?
6. Trace on this map the variations in boundary described by Freeman in the present issue in the article on "The Making of Italy."
7. Where is the republic of San Marino, next to Monaco the smallest state in Europe, located?
8. In what province is the famous winter resort known as the Italian Riviera located?
9. What lake famous for its beauty lies in Lombardy?
10. What is the most extensive gulf indenting the Italian peninsula?
11. How many groups of the Alps touch Italy?
12. Where is the church of San Andrea, called by Harrison in the present issue, "one of the most perfect in Christendom," located?
13. Locate the cities described on p. 136 of present issue: as famous for "villas and palaces and municipal buildings."
14. In what province is the old duchy of Savoy, the scene of the action of "King Victor and King Charles" in present issue, now included? (See map in April issue.)
15. Where was Chambéry the ancient capital of Savoy? (See map in April issue.)

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[May 4.]

CHRISTIANITY is a remedial system. It presupposes guilt and ruin. It announces free forgiveness, provides in its own way for the formation of a holy character, and secures for all who believe, happiness and eternal life. These announcements I desire briefly to examine in the light of reason and experience. I do it under the conviction that the best way to defend Christianity is simply to state it. It is largely its own evidence.

I. I begin with what Christianity presupposes—our guilt and ruin.

The fact of man's sinfulness is clear; the startling thing is what Scripture teaches as to the degree of it and God's feeling toward it. We imagine that sin is in our acts only, and that our hearts are ever better than our lives. Scripture tells us that it is our nature, and that our hearts are ever worse than our lives.

Theology proceeds to define this sinfulness—as its custom is. It pronounces man to have "fallen very far from his original righteousness." Popular thought, which delights in clear and vivid utterance, describes this depravity as "total." When we speak of *total* depravity, it is not meant of course that all men are alike bad, because totally depraved; for Scripture recognizes all the shades of character that are recognized by common sense. In our Lord's day there were young men whom He loved, as there were scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, whom He strongly denounced. Nor is it meant that all men are as bad as they can be; for "evil seducers shall wax worse and worse." What it means is that sin has tainted *every part* of our nature, changing affections into passions, self-love into selfishness, searing, darkening, and enfeebling the conscience, and making even our intellectual faculties less vigorous and clear. It means that *every act* and *every feeling*, even in the best of us, is wanting in holiness, through deficiency in its measure, fault in its motives, or through the absence of that general regard for God's will and claims which is essential to all divine virtue. It means, finally, that there is *no hope of salvation* for any of us through the merit of our doings or

tears. If saved at all, it must be through free mercy. This depravity is as much a fact of experience as it is of revelation. It is as clearly an induction as any law of science. Gravitation is proved by the fact that all bodies, when free to move, show a tendency to move toward one another; and man's depravity is proved by the fact that when left to himself he always displays a proneness to evil. . . . All our knowledge of the lower animals and of natural objects is gained from their doings in the one case, and from their sensible qualities in the other. We speak of the disposition and properties of each. We talk of the faithfulness of the dog, of the ferocity of the tiger, of the poisonous nature of the foxglove, ascribing to each a prior tendency that accounts for the peculiarities we see. It is just thus we verify the doctrine of human sinfulness. The passions and the selfishness which have prevailed in all nations, and which nothing seems able to subdue, justify the statement that in man's very make as he now is, there is something that leads him astray. To assert depravity is simply to assert the quality of a species. It is accurate to talk of human depravity, intending thereby to affirm the existence of a prior universal disposition to sin, as it is to affirm the most certain laws or the soundest generalizations in science. Our nature is not more certainly rational than it is sinful.

And yet there is much in relation to this truth that is matter of faith. That this tendency to sin was not our *primeval* condition, that there was once a golden age of innocence and happiness is a matter of revelation, though poetry and traditional history have preserved some fragments of the truth. The *degree* of our sinfulness, the *guilt* and the *misery* of it, are also largely matters of revelation, and accepted less from experience in the first instance than from faith.

And this is all natural. The fact of our sinfulness is ascertainable by experience. The degree of it is not. We are not only born with depraved tendencies, themselves unconscious of their depravity, but when we begin the process of self-scrutiny, the depravity which is natural to us has been further con-

firmed by habit, itself a second nature. The very instruments, therefore, we use in detecting the quality have lost much of their discriminating power. . . . The whole framework of society, moreover, assists this work of deception. Sin loses its odiousness, and ceases to be felt as sin, when we are surrounded by it; just as the impure air of a room remains unnoticed till having changed it for fresh air outside we attempt to enter it again, or as the enormous weight of the atmosphere becomes imperceptible by being universal.

Nor is the influence of our likes and dislikes to be forgotten. When conscience speaks, men find it more pleasant to silence it than to obey its teaching. The faculty by which men judge of sin is delicate in proportion to the dignity of the office it has to discharge. Its structure is as tender as that of the eye: and both are in our own keeping. A diseased organ may be relieved, as we know, by healing the disease or by paralyzing the nerve; and so there are two ways of escaping an angry conscience. We may cease from the evil that provokes it, or we may resolutely refuse to listen to its voice. . . . Need I say, how all these hindrances to the formation of an adequate conception of the degree of our sinfulness are strengthened by the mysterious silence which God preserves in His Providence. Among His judgments, as among His mercies, we walk by faith. For His name's sake He defers His anger; but men fail to understand His forbearance. All things, they say, continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. Stricken or perplexed by the admonitions of conscience, men go forth under the open sky, and all seems peaceful there. There is no handwriting upon the wall of that temple to confirm the voice of terror that had spoken within. The lover of pleasure, the idolater of gain, the wrong-doer, the prosperous despiser of God, is not now struck down in our streets; and men are thence confirmed in their hope that they are not guilty, or that sin is less of an evil than their fears had supposed.

And what is the conclusion of all this reasoning? Simply that Scripture teaching on sin is sustained by history and by experience; and yet, through the corrupting influence of depravity, we have no adequate sense of the completeness of our ruin.

[May 11.]

II. As a remedial system, the central truth

of Christianity is the death and resurrection of Christ. The most obvious ground that can be taken on this theme is, that the death of Christ is an expression of His own love and of the love of the Father, and a proof of His sincerity; as His resurrection is a proof of the divineness of His mission, and a pledge of our own. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" He foresaw and foretold His approaching sufferings, and steadfastly set His face to fulfill them. This is not the manner of deceivers. The reality of a future life is now proved not by argument, but by fact. He,—not His teaching but Himself,—is to us the Resurrection and the Life! I have called this the most obvious ground. It is ground defined in the creeds of the early Church, as it is accepted by all classes of Christian people. It may be called low ground. It treats of no mysteries—unless it be of the love that prompted Him to die, and of the mighty power whereby He rose from the dead. It says nothing of the spiritual significance of His dying. And yet what yearnings of human nature are met by these simple announcements—the Divine love, the victory of man over the grave.

But the Cross has deeper significance. All Christians are exhorted to consider it and to be conformed to it—to have in them the same mind that was also in Christ Jesus.

To consider it and to be conformed to it! What views it gives of human nature. Men made like you and me have put Him to death. Some have thought that virtue needs but to be seen in order to be worshiped. Here the divinest virtue becomes incarnate, and on the Cross men are doing what they can to extinguish it forever. . . . What views it gives of the evil of sin! All the suffering He sought to alleviate, the leprosy and the death; all the suffering He encountered, the perverseness and cruelty of His persecutors, the desertion and unbelief of His disciples, His tears and agony and cryings, all had their origin in moral causes which it was the work of His life to remove! . . . What views it gives of duty! Men murder Him and He prays for them. The Father forsakes Him, and still He trusts Him. Had He been content to blend Saduceeism and Pharisaism and Heathenism into one religion—to sanction all as meaning

the same thing, He need never have suffered. But He assailed them all, and of His faithfulness the Cross was at once the evidence and the result. . . . What views it gives of a holy, noble life ! How possible it is to conquer the material by the spiritual, to mortify all that is gross and earthly, to be in contact with sin and death and emerge the nobler for suffering. How blessed to deny ourselves, and by self-sacrifice to leave the world holier and happier than we found it. By the Cross, multitudes have been crucified to the world, and the world to them. Never has there been in the history of the race a mightier power than this moral power of the Cross !

But it has still deeper significance. Many passages of Scripture speak, as we have seen, of His sufferings as of something in which we share : many others speak of them as of something in which we have no share. "He died, the Just, for the unjust." "He Himself bare our sins in His own body on the tree." His Cross touches our hearts, and strengthens our will, teaching self-denial and submission ; it also pacifies our conscience, doing for us what we could never have done for ourselves.

The feeling of guilt is universal. Men have instinctively the conviction that law must be vindicated. Sin means guilt, and guilt means punishment. Nor is it possible, as it seems to me, apart from the Gospel, to free the human mind from the misgivings which these terms imply. The provision of the Gospel for meeting these misgivings is in the Cross. "The life" our Lord there gave He gave as a "ransom for many." The "blood" He there shed was shed for "the remission of sins." Justified by faith, we have peace with God. We believe in the Divine love. We believe no less in the Divine holiness. We accept a free pardon, looking for the mercy of God unto eternal life ; and yet we hold that the sanctity of law and the holiness of God are as completely maintained as if the guilty had been condemned !

[*May 18.*]

III. The first effect of the Gospel when men believe is forgiveness, the cancelment of the guilt of sin. Its chief design, however, as a remedial system is holiness. The "great and precious promises" it reveals are given that we may become "partakers of a Divine nature." The New Testament knows nothing of a salvation that consists only in pardon.

Men are saved in the fullest and truest sense just in proportion as they are holy. This arrangement is surely reasonable ; and yet it is so rare in religious systems as to be an evidence wherever it is found of an origin higher than human.

The dependence of forgiveness on faith, and the freeness of forgiveness, coming as it does at the beginning of a Christian life, have often been urged as objections to the Gospel. But if the truth be exactly stated, the objections cease. Justification through faith—a free pardon on believing—is no doubt the Scripture teaching ; but the faith which justifies—the belief of the heart—is from its very nature the beginning of a holy character. Let a man believe that Christ is the gift of the Father's love, that His self-denying life is the noblest model, that in dying He did homage to law, that we deserve what He suffered, that the chief evil under the government of God is the sin which He dies to remove ; and the belief is inseparable from holiness. The moral quality of the faith is not, indeed, the meritorious ground of forgiveness, but still it is an essential element of the faith which is required if we are to be forgiven.

The freeness of forgiveness and its place at the beginning of the Christian life is no less striking. To some it may seem as if the arrangement would have been more conducive to holiness had the Gospel bidden men to be holy that they might be forgiven, instead of saying "Be holy, because you are forgiven." But there are grave reasons in human nature against this change ; and the holiest men have recognized the wisdom of the Divine order ; "Ye are risen with Christ, therefore set your affections upon things above" : "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits which are God's." Most religious systems teach the duty of holiness in some sense, and promise forgiveness. It is the *order* of these blessings that distinguishes the false system from the true. The Gospel proclaims a free pardon, and then supplies motives which influence the will, and impel men to holiness ; the motives owing their force to that faith which is at the outset the germ of a holy life.

On the nature of this evangelical holiness I cannot now insist. It is essentially the admiration and the practice of whatever is true and righteous and loving ; not of the first two only, but of the three combined. It is begun in

the soul through the force of motives as various as the instincts of men, the fear of punishment; the desire of happiness, the yearning of the heart after something nobler than any thing the world contains; often by personal attachment to Christ, loving loyalty to Him for what He *has done for us*, a feeling not the highest in the Christian life, though leading to the highest, viz., attachment to Him for *what He is*. It always involves in a world like ours self-denial,—the subjection of the lower principles of our nature to the higher, and of our will to God's. In its highest form it teaches us to use every power and gift in promoting the holiness and the happiness of all around us.

It is the design of the Gospel not only to teach this holiness, but to produce it in individual character and in national life. With this view it reveals truths that purify the heart, supplies motives that influence the will, and it adds the promise of that *Divine help* which the most thoughtful heathen writers, philosophers, dramatists, historians, have affirmed to be essential if a man is to attain to Divine virtue.

If we know these things, and have felt them, we need no further evidence of their truth. We have the witness in ourselves, as clear and as strong as the evidence either of reason or of science.

[May 25.]

IV. But finally, the remedial system of the Gospel would be incomplete if it did not make provision for human happiness. The desire of happiness is an instinct of our nature, to which God appeals as often as He appeals to conscience itself. Our happiness is dear to Him!

The first provision of the Gospel for the promotion of human happiness, whether in individuals or in nations, is identified with that great spiritual change which begins the religious life. Under the government of God, sin and misery are indissolubly joined. If men will love sin, if they will be selfish and passionate, they must be miserable. It is probably impossible for the blessed God Himself to make bad men happy. But let their hearts be changed, let them love what God loves, and hate what God hates, and a foundation is laid for happiness that nothing can overthrow.

And when once this foundation is laid, and men agree with God on all the great princi-

ples of His government, His acts—the administrative part of it so to speak—need create no fear. The announcement is as true now as it was in the first age: "To them that love God all things work together for good." The inspired reasoning is as conclusive as when the Apostle first used it—"He that spared not His own Son, will He not with Him freely give us all things." The command is still binding, "Be *care-full* for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgivings, let your requests be made known unto God." Disappointments and trials will come; but meanwhile a thousand sources of pleasure are open to us. For every thing beside, we commit our way unto God, having no anxiety but to do His will and to bear it, knowing that what He does is ever "wisest and kindest and best."

Of course these lessons may have a place in our creeds and exercise no influence; but let them be believed by the heart, become principles of our individual and national life, and misery becomes impossible. We have "days of heaven even upon earth!"

Perhaps it may be said in reply, This argument requires that men love part of the Gospel and act upon it, even before they are persuaded of the truth of the whole. I concede it: and plead the more earnestly for Christianity on that ground. In common life, the neglect to act on what we know to be true and right in small things makes men incapable of ascertaining what is true and right on a grand scale. And besides, our own nature vindicates Christianity in this respect. The morbid excitability of one part of our frame is best relieved by the increased activity of another. An irritable faith is a symptom of defective action elsewhere, and is often best cured by attention to acknowledged duty. Doubts, which no arguments can remove, will often melt away amidst the warmth and vigor of active love. Practice what you already believe—do His will as far as you know it. Whereto you have attained, walk by the rule you admit, and in due time all else will be made plain! This arrangement is itself a reasonable law; and becomes in turn a fresh evidence in support of our faith. —*The Rev. Joseph Angus, M. A., DD.**

* (1816—.) An English Baptist clergyman; the president of Regent's Park College; author of several handbooks, and editor of the best edition of Butler's *Analogy*. "He was one of the revisers of the English New Testament for the American Bible Union, and visited the United States in 1873 as a delegate of the Evangelical Alliance."

THE SERVIAN KINGDOM.

BY ALBERT SHAW, Ph. D.

IT was at a moment of extraordinary interest that I visited Belgrade last June. King Milan's abdication several months before had filled all Europe with apprehension of disturbances that would lead to a general war. Pan-Slavist* political agents, in the service of Russia, had been industriously fanning the flame of Servian national ambition. The air was full of vague allusions to the "Greater Servia" which was to be formed by the union of all the neighboring regions whose people are of kindred origin and use the Servian language,—Servia proper, Bosnia-Herzegovina (hert-se-gō-vě'nä), Montenegro, the upper parts of Macedonia, and possibly Croatia and Dalmatia.

The boy king, Alexander O-brě-no'vitch, who had succeeded his father Milan, was about to proceed to Zitcha for the ceremony of anointment on the very spot where the ancient kings of Servia, in the glorious days before the Turkish domination, were consecrated by the patriarchs of the Servian national church. But before going to Zitcha, King Alexander with the regents and the high officers of state was to visit Kossovo, in Roumelia; for on that memorable battleground, just five hundred years before, in June 1389, the Turks had made the conquest of Servia. The young king and his suite were to attend a memorial service in the monastery chapel at Kossovo and were to lay the foundation-stone of a monument to the Servian heroes of 1389. The day was to be observed solemnly throughout the country. The celebration evidently had been arranged by the agitators for their own political ends. It was believed that the revived memories of a once powerful and extensive Servia would aid the schemes for a prospective inflation of the kingdom. But the Obrenovitch dynasty was not included in these ambitious designs, and it was gravely feared that the young king would be kidnaped while absent from Bel-

grade upon this pilgrimage to comparatively wild and solitary districts.

There was reason enough to fear. Prince Karageorgevitch* was a claimant of the Servian throne and was in the confidence of the Russian emissaries. A Karageorgevitch had in 1868 assassinated the Obrenovitch who was Milan's predecessor on the throne, expecting to secure the succession himself. This family had joined in the intrigues that drove Milan from the throne; and its designs toward Alexander were any thing but friendly. Milan had cultivated Austria as against Russia, and the Obrenovitch house was regarded as pro-Austrian. The kidnaping of the Prince of Bulgaria by Russian emissaries four years previous, was fresh in mind. Moreover, Prince Nicolas of Montenegro had just returned from St. Petersburg loaded with honors and praise as the Czar's most faithful friend; and he entertained ideas of the consolidation of South Slavonic territories with himself as king of the "Greater Servia." It was a critical moment; but its fateful possibilities were too clearly anticipated and too sharply watched by Austria-Hungary to be realized. The Kossovo celebration was held without exciting incidents, and Alexander's anointing was duly accomplished.

But before any further remarks upon the present condition and possible future of Servia let us glance briefly at the country's history. The South Slavs have a longer record of civilization than the Russians. Coming from the region of the Carpathian Mountains in the seventh century, the Servians and their kindred tribes soon occupied a considerable part of the Balkan peninsula. For several centuries their fortunes varied, but they were upon the whole a prosperous people and they held their own against the powerful Bulgars who were their neighbors on the east, the Magyars who dwelt to the north of them across the rivers Danube and Save, and the forces of the Greek Byzantine Empire, which were again and again their antag-

*Pan-Slavism is a scheme for uniting all the Slavic races into one confederacy. The Slavs are one of the largest and most powerful groups of nations of the Aryan race; they occupy at the present time almost the whole of eastern Europe and a large part of northern Asia, including especially the people who speak the Russian, Polish, Bulgarian, Bohemian, and other related languages.

*(Kä-rä-george'vitch.) In this name the termination *vitch* means son, and it then reads the son of Kara George, which is more commonly written Czerny (cher'ny) George (Black George).

onists upon bloody battle-fields. The Serbs of that period had their independent national church of the orthodox Eastern faith, and their own flourishing literature. Sometimes they were divided into several principalities and sometimes they were united under a strong ruler, as had been the case for a considerable period previous to their loss of independence in 1389.

There is nothing in all history more romantic and thrilling than the story of the gradual conquest of south-eastern Europe by the Turks in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and of their gradual expulsion in the period since Prince Eugene's* day. Hungary, lying north of the Save and Danube, regained its freedom from the Mohammedan yoke two hundred years ago; but these rivers remained the nominal boundary of the Turkish Empire until 1878 when the Treaty of Berlin, following the Russo-Turkish war, gave Serbia its full independence. Until that time Serbia was tributary to the sultan; and until a very short time previous, the noble fortress of Belgrade, occupying the promontory at the confluence of the Danube and the Save, and looking far out upon the low Hungarian plains, was occupied by a garrison of Turkish soldiers.

But it must not be thought that Serbia, like Bulgaria, had remained until the outbreak of 1876, crushed and wretched under the misrule of Turkish task-masters. The real war for Servian independence had been fought in the early decades of this century, at about the time when Greece was struggling to throw off the yoke. The Turkish rule had become intolerably oppressive. The janizary "deys"†

* (1663-1736.) The youngest of the five sons of the French Prince Eugène Maurice of Savoie-Carignan, Count of Soissons. His parents designed that he should enter the priesthood, which design met with his own decided opposition. The French king attempted to force him into the church, and for this and the treatment to which his mother was subjected by her enemies, he left France and entered the service of Austria, and took so active a part in the campaign against the Turks as to win great fame. The French in vain made repeated efforts to win him back to allegiance with them. He commanded the Austrian troops in the war of the Spanish succession, frequently fighting against the French. He was a most successful general, holding in Austria a position similar to that held by Wellington in England some years later.

† The jan'izaries were a body of Turkish infantry, which was organized as early as 1362 by Sultan Amurath I. It was originally composed of the captive youths taken in war who were trained for this service. They were a body of picked men and soon became a formidable means of defense; and, still increasing in power as time passed, they frequently mutinied against the sultans themselves.

had made life a burden, not only to the Christian Serbs, but also to the common farmers and villagers of Turkish origin and Mohammedan faith who had settled in Serbia, and together they rose against the "deys" under the leadership of Kara George, a fierce plebeian adventurer who developed splendid qualities of leadership. The old aristocracy of Serbia had been annihilated by the Turks; and the people were upon a level of ignorance and poverty. Much of Serbia was covered with oak forests, in which great herds of swine roamed, feeding upon the acorns. The characteristic Servian of the time was a swine herd. Kara George's struggle was at first directly against that military order known as the janizaries, which the Turks themselves destroyed at a later day because its tyranny had become unendurable. The revolt began in 1804. Russia countenanced it and rendered some assistance. What had begun as a joint movement of Servian and Turkish proprietors against a military caste, grew into a war for independence. But Russia's friendship was selfish and insincere. In 1813 the Turks were allowed to reconquer Serbia and to ravish the country with fearful depredations. Kara George fled to Hungary.

Some years before, a vagrant orphan boy, Milosch Tescha, had come into the farm-yard of a small proprietor named Obren and begged for a morsel of bread and a night's lodging. He explained that he was homeless and ill. Obren found use for the lad, and Milosch remained in his family and herded the pigs in the dark forest. His faithfulness was rewarded by adoption as Obren's son, and he took the name of Obrenovitch. This orphan lad was the founder of the royal house of Obrenovitch and the ancestor of the little king who was anointed at Zitcha last June.

In 1815 a new rebellion broke out among the Servian foresters, who pledged themselves to win their country's independence or die in the effort. Young Milosch Obrenovitch was their leader. They were few in numbers, but they knew their hills and for-

Dey was the title given to their commanding officers. They held a similar position among the Turks that the Prætorian Guards held among the Romans, and in the eighteenth century were virtually the rulers of Turkey. Sultan Mahmoud II. resolved to exterminate them. In 1826 he issued a decree which he knew would occasion a revolt among them, and when the revolt occurred, troops prepared beforehand were ordered to suppress it. Within three months 25,000 janizaries were killed, and the remainder exiled.

ests, and they waged a guerilla warfare that was terribly effective. In two years they had practically gained their end. Milosch, who could neither read nor write, and who had spent his life with the swine, now found himself the most famous and popular man in all Servia; and he began to dream of the dignities and honors of a reigning prince. But Kara George's brilliant services to the country had given him a claim to the sovereignty; and he now returned to assert his rights. But he was promptly assassinated. Whether Milosch had given the order or not is a question that will perhaps never cease to be disputed among Servian politicians and historians. Milosch was proclaimed Prince, and was confirmed by the Porte, the Turkish government exacting an annual tribute from the country but allowing it to govern itself. Milosch kept his seat until 1839 when he was forced to abdicate and leave the country, Russian intrigues, as usual, being at the bottom.

Milosch's abdication was in favor of his son Milan, a prince of seventeen, who was found dead in his bed one morning after a reign of three years. Was it a case of murder? The question never has been satisfactorily answered. But it is known that Kara George's son Alexander (Alexander Karageorgevitch) had at that moment made all his arrangements to be declared prince. The Turkish government, however, insisted upon seating Michael Obrenovitch, the second son of Milosch, upon the throne of the Servian principality. Michael was arbitrary and obstinate, and his unpopularity reached a climax when he proposed to place a tax upon the chief source of Servian income,—the immemorially free pasturage of swine in the national oak forests. The indignant population rose up and drove him across the river to Hungary.

Alexander Karageorgevitch's opportune moment had at last arrived. He was promptly declared prince, and he ruled with comparative intelligence, substituting European methods and ideas for the Asiatic customs that had hitherto prevailed. But he made the fatal mistake of failing to conciliate Russia. At the opening of 1859 (he had reigned nearly seventeen years) an intrigue stimulated by Russian gold drove him from the throne and from the country. And now the old original Milosch re-appears, after twenty years of well-spent ostracism. He had lived in Roumania, in Hungary, and in

Vienna, and recently had visited St. Petersburg and made his peace with the Russian government. He re-ascended the throne at the patriarchal age of eighty; but reigned only a few months, dying in the spring of 1860. His son, the banished Prince Michael, who had been out of the country nearly twenty years and had learned much by travel and experience, now ruled at Belgrade for the second time, and in a manner highly advantageous to the country.

His reign was marked by a struggle against the Turkish garrisons that still remained in Servia, and he secured their absolute withdrawal in 1867, upon a promise to continue the tribute money and to protect the mosques and sacred places of the Mohammedan element that remained. But the Mohammedans had almost disappeared. The mosques in Belgrade were soon reduced to two; and last year I found only one remaining. A very few years before, the minarets of Belgrade as one descended the Danube were a sight that travelers seldom failed to describe.

Prince Michael was assassinated in a most dastardly way in 1868 while walking in his park near Belgrade. This crime was committed at the instigation of the head of the rival family, Karageorgevitch, which from the opening of the century has contested with the Obrenovitch house for the dangerous and anxious seat of Servian authority. But again the heir of Kara George was frustrated. Prince Michael had no son; but upon returning to the throne in 1860 he learned that a young lad, Milan Obrenovitch, the son of his deceased younger brother, was growing up in neglect and obscurity at Bucharest, the capital of Roumania. Michael sent for Milan and subsequently placed him in charge of Professor Huet at Paris to be educated. He was pursuing his studies there, at the age of fourteen, when his uncle's assassination left the Servian throne vacant. Prompt action on the part of the military authorities at Belgrade, by whom the young Milan was at once proclaimed prince, secured him the honor that the rival family had plotted to usurp. Milan was crowned in 1872 at eighteen, and three years later was married to Natalie, the daughter of a Russian military officer.

In the next year, 1876, Servia declared war against Turkey. Herzegovina had been in revolt for a year, and Montenegro under Prince Nicholas had taken up arms for inde-

pendence. The Bulgarian massacres had aroused the indignation of Europe, and all the Christian provinces of European Turkey were preparing for a determined struggle. But Serbia was overpowered easily by the great forces the Sultan sent against her, and nothing but the intervention of Russia averted a ravaging of the country. In the following year Russia formally declared war against Turkey in behalf of the Christian populations of the various Slavonic provinces of the Ottoman Empire, and was joined by Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, and the other revolted districts. As the net outcome of the great war, Serbia received some territorial additions and secured independence from Turkey after nearly five hundred years of subjection. The popularity of the Russians was now in Serbia, as elsewhere in the Balkan states, a sentiment of unbounded enthusiasm. But Russia's domineering and tyrannical interference in the army, in the elections, in every matter of policy, soon alienated the Servian government and drove it to a close intimacy with Austria-Hungary. In 1882, Milan assumed the title of king, and Serbia like Roumania took its place as a full and sovereign member of the family of European nations.

Both unfortunate and discreditable have been the jealousies and dissensions of the young states of the Balkan peninsula since their emergence from Turkish rule. In 1885 when Bulgaria took possession of her southern province,—a step whose propriety from every point of view was manifest,—Prince Milan with a large force of Servians invaded Bulgaria. He was completely routed, and the pursuing Bulgarians under Prince Alexander would have gone all the way to Belgrade but for Austrian threats. Every one knows that boundary lines in the Balkan region are in the near future to be materially changed. Macedonia and most of what remains to Turkey must before long be ceded to the Christian states. Each is anxious lest the others obtain undue advantage; and thus Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Austria-Hungary are all ready to pounce upon Macedonia at a moment's warning. When Milan attacked Bulgaria, the Austrians were confident of maintaining their influence in Serbia, and they desired to prevent an aggrandizement of Bulgaria that might ultimately pave the way for a return of the Russians.

But Austria could not foresee the events that have wholly changed the situation. Rus-

sian intrigues at Belgrade made Milan's position extremely difficult. The king was more fond of his pleasures than of the serious cares of government; and often he would drop the burdens of state and take the train for Buda-Pesth or Vienna where with boon companions he would spend the days and nights in revelries unworthy of a young sovereign whose kingdom was in a position of critical danger. But the genial Milan had no great liking for affairs of state. His wife Natalie, Russian in blood and in political sympathy, continually was engaged in intrigues which should give the pro-Russian party the ascendancy in the parliament and the executive cabinet. Milan was loyally and faithfully devoted to Serbia; and he maintained the Austrian intimacy as the only safeguard against what he believed to be designs of Russia upon Servian independence. The political antagonism was increased by personal incompatibility; and Milan succeeded, October 1888, in divorcing Natalie and driving her from the kingdom. To allay the popular feeling that had been aroused against him by this act, Milan promulgated a new and liberal constitution; but difficulties increased from day to day, and he surprised Europe in the spring of 1889 by abdicating in favor of his twelve-year old son, Alexander. He named the three regents who should manage the government until the attainment by Alexander of his eighteenth year, specified that Natalie should not be allowed to return to Belgrade, exacted the regents' pledge that the deposed and banished Archbishop Michael should not be reinstated to declare the divorce null and void, and reserved the right to superintend his son's education.

Austria was thunder-struck at Milan's withdrawal. The Russian influence at once gained the ascendancy at Belgrade. Michael returned from Russia. The "Greater Serbia" propaganda was revived with boldness and zeal. The Kossovo celebration was arranged. Prospects of war were, for a time, altogether too favorable. Thus far, peace has been preserved; but that Serbia must at some time in the early future be a prominent factor in a general struggle for the re-adjustment of political boundaries in south-eastern Europe seems inevitable.

It is impossible in the peaceful atmosphere of America to realize the almost hourly anxiety in which the people of south-eastern Europe live, and the extent to which they are

developing their military resources. But their progress in the arts of civilization in the past decade would have done credit to the most favorable circumstances. Servian advances are not so marked and striking as Bulgarian ; but it must be remembered that the Servian people have been practically independent for seventy years, and that the events of the recent war meant much less to them than to their down-trodden neighbors, the Bulgarians. These recent years, however, have witnessed in Servia, as elsewhere in the south-east of Europe, a great revival of interest in education and literature. Common schools abound and the government supports several advanced institutions.

Belgrade, a city of thirty or forty thousand people, beautifully located at the confluence of the Danube and Save, and for many centuries a famous strategic point, in these last years has been transformed into a modern European town, with comparatively few relics of its old-time Oriental character. Its Mohammedan element has disappeared almost absolutely. Its principal streets are broad and well-paved, and its parks, palaces, barracks, and various public appointments are those of the newly-furnished capital of a third-rate but ambitious kingdom.

The Servians are a more vivacious and picturesque race than the Bulgarians, but they have, as a race, no such sturdiness and force of character and no such capacity for self-government. This is said less in disparagement of the Servians than in praise of the Bulgarians, who seem as capable of progress in institutional life as the Swiss. The Servians are more excitable and fickle. They have, however, a number of statesmen whose ability has given them European eminence ; and the whole tone and spirit of the country is liberal and progressive.

As yet Servia is a pastoral and agricultural region. Its diminished forest areas still pasture great numbers of pigs, and in its meadows graze the long-horned white cattle that are destined for the abattoirs* of Buda-Pesth and Vienna. Sheep, also, are a principal source of Servian wealth, gradually outranking the swine in that respect. The principal crop of Servia as of the entire lower Danube valley is Indian corn ; and while wheat also is grown extensively the maize furnishes the

chief bread-stuff of the people. The wheat is barged up the Danube to the great mills of Buda-Pesth. The farm-work is done with old-fashioned implements, and the corn-fields are full of women and girls in the early summer months, dressed in bright peasant costumes and hoeing merrily, while in an adjoining hayfield, perhaps, the traveler will see a row of men each swinging a short scythe. The trade of Servia is almost entirely with the countries lying westward, and Austria-Hungary monopolizes most of it. The exports are, as I have indicated, grain and animals. The country people are, to a great extent, still found in the old patriarchal family groups, each group including a number of separate but kindred households, and the tract of cultivated land being the inalienable possession of the family as a whole. Villages own their environment of common pasture land and their tract of forest for fuel. The costumes of the peasants are, perhaps, the most picturesque now remaining in Europe.

On Sunday mornings at a very early hour one finds all the roads leading to Belgrade lined with low open wagons of the country people, who come to town for early mass in the churches, and then proceed to the market square where the scene is as interesting as any that is seen in the market-places of Oriental lands. Some thousands of peasant women in bright gala-day attire of distinctly national fashion, buy and sell vegetables, live geese, delicious cherries and plums, and all sorts of native wares and products ; while in an adjoining square the men trade horses, market young bullocks, or dispose of their loads of hay. It is hardly agreeable to reflect that within a few brief years the Servian peasants will abandon their charming national dress for the styles of clothing that now prevail elsewhere throughout Europe. But the isolation of the Balkan states will soon be a thing of the past ; and the old customs will die out with the invasion of those Western ideas that must inevitably follow the railroad, the common school, and the modern methods of industrial production. The loss of certain picturesque peculiarities, however, does not involve a lessening of the national and race consciousness. On the contrary, education, an active press, and a rising literature are strengthening in the people their devotion to their own language and their aspirations for the future of their race.

* (A-bat-wor.) A French word meaning a public slaughter-house in a city.

COLOR-BLINDNESS.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD L. NICHOLS.

Of Cornell University.

THE phenomenon which goes by the name of color-blindness, or Daltonism,* has been known for considerably more than a century ; but it is in connection with the recent development of systems of colored lights for signaling, upon our railways and at sea, that its importance has come to be widely recognized. Extended studies of color-blindness have been made of late years in the hope of lessening the dangers with which its prevalence threatens those who travel. These investigations, begun by Professor Holmgren, of Upsala, have borne double fruit. They have since been pursued, sometimes under the auspices of governments or corporations, sometimes by individuals, in nearly every civilized country, and have made the means perfectly clear by which disasters, due to the color-blindness of employees, may be avoided ; they have also suggested lines of research, to which, in turn, the science of physiological optics has been greatly indebted.

Public attention has been called repeatedly to the subject of color-blindness in its relations to the public welfare. Hundreds of thousands of persons have been examined in this country and in Europe ; bills have been introduced into Congress and into our state legislatures, providing for the examination of mariners and of those employed in the railway service ; various methods of testing have been proposed, and the relative merits of these methods have been discussed, and yet there is an almost universal misconception of the nature of the phenomenon.

One of the most prevalent mistakes concerning the nature of color-blindness consists in confusing it with mere ignorance of the names of colors, or in supposing that it is due to some lack of observing power which can be overcome by a proper training of the color sense. It is often confounded with that dull-

ness of perception which shows itself in the failure to distinguish between shades that are closely related to each other in hue, or that differ only in saturation. The inability to draw the line sharply between blues and green, for example, is very commonly ascribed to color-blindness ; although that is a matter in which the color-blind find no greater difficulty than those of normal vision. One occasionally meets with the opinion, also, that color-blindness is not a distinct phenomenon but is merely a name given to extreme cases in which certain individual peculiarities of color perception, common to us all, are very strongly marked.

This confusion of ideas is not to be wondered at when we consider that the term "color-blindness" itself is a misnomer. The color sense in those who possess the peculiarity of vision known by that name, is fully as keen as in the remainder of the human race ; their system of colors is complete in itself and perfectly developed. The nature of the phenomenon is such that although to the color-blind the outside world presents an aspect entirely different from that which it affords to those of normal vision, the former individuals are, as a rule, unaware of their condition, or at most, very dimly conscious that their sense of color differs from that of their neighbors.

In order to understand precisely what color-blindness is, we must obtain a clear idea of the physiological basis of the color sense. Nothing in the physiology of the special senses, perhaps, is better established than the fact that all color impressions are due to the combination of three fundamental sensations. It is generally considered that these correspond to what we call red, green, and violet. It seems probable that there are three sets of nerves running from the retina to the brain, and that each of these is capable of carrying but one kind of message. When the first of these sets of nerves is stimulated in any manner whatever, the impression conveyed to the brain is invariably that which we call red. The stimulus may be due to any sort of light which happens to fall upon the retina ;

* So called after the chemist John Dalton, who was himself color-blind and who gave a detailed description of the peculiarities of his own color sense in the *Memoirs of the Philosophical Society of Manchester*, 1798. Probably the earliest contribution to the literature of the subject was that made by Dr. Priestly twenty years before.—*E. L. N.*

it may be due to a shock or blow, to the action of the electric current or even of some powerful drug. This particular set of nerves, in whatever way it may be excited, gives us the impression commonly ascribed to red light. In the same way the second set always conveys to the brain the sensation of green, and the third set that of violet. Now each of these sets of nerves is acted upon to some extent by all the rays of the visible spectrum, and the color sensation which results when any wave length or set of wave lengths falls upon the retina, is made up of the three fundamental impressions, red, green, and violet. Whenever the three are equally strong we get the impression called white; otherwise the result is a sensation differing from white, the precise tint being determined by the relative intensities of the three components.

In studying the action of the various rays which make up the visible spectrum upon these three sets of nerves separately, we find that the set which gives us the sensation of red is affected most powerfully by those wave lengths which lie at the red end of the spectrum; the intensity of action rising very rapidly as we pass from the end of the visible spectrum into the bright red, where it reaches a maximum. It then falls off through the orange and yellow and green, but does not disappear entirely until the very end of the violet has been reached. The green-carrying nerves are also affected by red light, but much less powerfully, the action increasing as the wave length diminishes, and finding a maximum in the full green of the spectrum. From this point the sensation of green also begins to fall away, but not so rapidly as that of red; it is still quite marked in the blue and extends, with diminishing intensity, into the extreme violet.

Finally, as we continue to trace the action of different portions of the spectrum upon the eye, we find the sensation of violet rising slowly from very small intensities in the red and yellow, and becoming more and more prominent as we pass through the green and blue, until in the violet it also reaches a maximum. The result of this is, that even in the simplest color sensation all three sets of nerves will be stimulated in some degree. When a ray of red light, for example, falls upon the retina, there will be a powerful stimulus of the red-carrying nerves accompanied by a moderate stimulus of those

which convey the sensation of green and an exceedingly faint effect upon those to which we owe our sense of violet. A yellow ray, like that emitted by the glowing vapor of sodium, will affect the red and green-carrying nerves in nearly equal proportion, and the violet nerves feebly, but to a somewhat greater extent than red light would do. In the case of green light the green-carrying nerves will be most strongly excited, but their message to the brain will be accompanied by impressions due to less active stimulus of the sense of both red and violet. In the blue, finally, the impression of red, though feeble, will still be present, the sensation of green will be much stronger than that of red, while the predominant message sent to the brain will be that due to the action of the violet-carrying nerves.

Such is, in brief, the most generally accepted theory of color sensation. By its aid we can define color-blindness simply, and explain the very singular, and at first sight, surprising phenomena which are classed under that head. Color-blindness, from this point of view, consists in the absence of one of the three fundamental color sensations. Three distinct varieties are possible, of which red-blindness, where the red-carrying nerves are absent or fail to act, is most frequently met with. Green-blindness is also quite common, but violet-blindness is very rare, and may be left out of consideration. The person who is red or green blind possesses a complete system of color sensations based upon two primary colors instead of three. Every wave length of the visible spectrum has its definite hue for him, but no portion of it appears precisely as it does to those of normal vision. If he is red-blind the red end of the spectrum is dark, a sort of olive green tending toward black. The wave length which presents to him the sensation of purest green, lies probably in the yellow. In the green and blue his sensations are those which arise from the mixture of the fundamental green and violet, differing from those of the normal observer only in the entire absence of the fundamental red.

The circumstances under which red-blindness is most likely to reveal itself, are, therefore, those under which it becomes necessary to distinguish between pure reds and some shade of dark green. To the red-blind, the ripened strawberry does not differ essentially in color from the leaves among which

it nestles. They are liable to mistake a piece of scarlet cloth for a dark green or even black fabric. In the case of the green-blind, on the other hand, the entire spectrum is made up of red and violet; to their eyes the region of the green is dull and almost colorless, but they are compensated in a measure for the absence of one important component, by being able to perceive the red and violet, in a degree of purity and saturation which lies quite outside of the experience of the rest of the race. They are, however, liable to confusion in the attempt to place certain classes of colors. They are in no danger of mistaking scarlet for olive green, but greens of all kinds afford them no end of trouble.

The following interesting testimony concerning the nature of the color sensations of the green-blind, from the point of view of an exceptionally well-qualified observer, who is himself color-blind, is from the pen of Dr. William Pole, F. R. S.

In my own case, he says, which I believe is a typical one, my long-wave color is most vivid and positive, and it is an absolute certainty that its maximum splendor is excited by the buttercup or by the pigment chrome yellow or by the sodium line; whereas, objects that I hear called green give me no definite impressions at all; sometimes they assume a debased, dirty, washed-out buttercup color; sometimes they look black, or gray; and sometimes they even give my opposite sensation, blue.*

What is true of the appearance of the spectrum to the color-blind, applies to every experience in which color perception plays a part. They live in a world which those whose eyes are of the prevailing type cannot enter. To the green-blind, for instance, the sunlit cloud, the snow-covered landscape, are of a beautiful roseate hue; to the red-blind they are of a fine sea-green. Nature presents herself to them in a different dress from that in which others are privileged to see her; and yet, remarkable as it may seem, although color-blindness is extremely common, at least four per cent of the male population of the civilized world being either red or green blind,† its existence is, in most cases, entirely unsuspected.

* Dr. William Pole, on "Color-Blindness"; *Nature*, Vol. 20, p. 477.—*E. L. N.*

† Among women color-blindness is comparatively rare, and among primitive races, so far as we can judge from the very incomplete statistics which have been obtained, it appears to be much less prevalent than among those of

Those of us who are possessed of normal color perception spend an entire life-time without knowledge of the color-blindness of our neighbors; and those who are themselves color-blind, unless they chance to fall under the hand of a competent examiner, grow old without becoming definitely aware of the fact. What most of us learn about color, is really but little more than a system of color names. We hear certain pigments called yellow, and we learn to call them yellow, too; without inquiring whether the impression which they make upon us coincides with that which they make upon others. In the case of the color-blind, whenever the color sense fails, other senses are brought into play, which among those of normal vision are but little developed. Differences of light and shade, minute distinctions of texture and surface and other subtle means of identification enable them to avoid palpable blunders. The selection of red and green lights for purposes of signaling, for example, is one which would lead color-blind persons into continual confusion were they to depend upon their color sense alone; and yet such persons, when placed in positions where they are repeatedly called upon to make the distinction, will go on for years without a mistake.

Dr. Pole, in the article from which I have already quoted, says:

I have had a great deal to do with railways, and although there can be no doubt about my color-blindness, I do not recollect that I ever experienced any difficulty in distinguishing a red lamp from a green one. They are always strongly contrasted in my eye, and often when I have passed at night through Cannon Street Station [London], I have amused myself by watching the changes in the imposing array of signals exhibited there.

The faculties which are brought into play by the color-blind in such cases, are analogous to those by means of which the mariner distinguishes with ease and certainty the various classes of lights with which he has to do along the coast. To the land'sman upon the ship's deck at night, all white lights present much the same appearance; but to the sailor,

European stock. Professors L. I. Blake and W. S. Franklin, of the University of Kansas, who tested 446 students of the Indian School at Lawrence (285 of whom were males) found but three cases of color-blindness.—See "Transactions of the Kansas Academy of Science," Vol. XI., p. 105. Similar investigations among the negroes of the South and among certain natives of the South Sea Islands also indicate comparative immunity to have existed.—*E. L. N.*

ships' lights, house lights on shore, and the rays from various light-houses, are quite distinct and unmistakable. The problem of distinguishing red and green lights upon the part of the color-blind, is a much simpler one. To the red-blind the green light, unless very dim, offers no difficulties; to the green-blind the red light is commonly unmistakable. Under conditions of atmosphere with which they are familiar, the recognition of either, without the direct aid of the color sense, is an easy matter. Occasionally, however, circumstances arise in which the most familiar objects take on a new guise. At such times all the subsidiary and indirect methods by which the deficient color system has been supplemented, fail, and mistakes costly in human life and property are liable to result.

Fortunately the means of detecting color-blindness are perfectly well-known, and it lies within the power of every corporation engaged in transportation, to ascertain definitely the character of the color sense of their employees. The best method is one of remarkable simplicity. A large number of colored worsteds are laid upon a table. The set includes a variety of shades of red, magenta, purple, green, and violet, and a few yellow and blue samples, together with grays, drabs, and browns. A pale green sample is placed at one side, and the person to be tested is requested to lay beside it all those which to his eye, resemble it in color. If the subject is color-blind, the result is most interesting and instructive. The ease and certainty with

which he makes his selections are very striking. His color sense is evidently as complete, and unerring, according to his standards, as that of an observer with normal vision, but it leads him to a totally different result. He selects certain greens, but most of the worsteds which would be taken by a person not color-blind are left untouched. In their place he chooses grays and drabs and browns and pieces of undyed wool and sometimes corn and straw colors, with certain shades of magenta, lake, and reddish purple. With pale magenta as a guide, the selections are no less surprising to one who witnesses the test for the first time, but they are also indicative of a definite system. The results taken in connection with those obtained when a scarlet sample is presented, afford the data from which the type of color-blindness may be definitely determined.

This is the "Holmgren" test, so-called from the Swedish professor who introduced it. It is unerring in its results and can be used by any one. No technical training is required to distinguish between normal and color-blind vision by its aid, although considerable experience and a thorough knowledge of the science of color is necessary to enable the examiner to decide definitely between cases of red and green blindness.

With so simple a method at hand, there is no reason why every one should not have the opportunity of ascertaining the character of his color-sense. The advantage of such knowledge to the individual and to the community is obvious.

MORAL TEACHINGS OF SCIENCE.

BY ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY.

IV.

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is the part of prudence to face every claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt.—
Emerson.

WE have now traced in a very general and imperfect manner how the laws of life have worked from plants upward. The outline is necessarily very rude, both because it has been given so briefly, and also from the imperfection of our

knowledge. Still we have established some general truths which we now can apply to the conduct of our own life.

The first of these upon which all the rest depend, is the invariability and steady unswerving action of the Will of the Author of all things, as expressed in the laws of the universe. This world is not one in which by chance or by solicitation we can escape the consequences of our acts or reap that which we have not sown. In inorganic nature we know that a flash of lightning travels according to definite electrical and atmospheric laws; the earthquake occurs in accordance

with the conditions of the globe at a certain time and place. In mechanical plant life the weakly seedling is destroyed by wind or weather unless it possesses some faculty of adapting itself and obtaining nourishment and support. In the animal world the creature which from want of intelligence, from inheriting a weakly nature, or from some other defect, fails to find food and protect itself, invariably will be cut off in the struggle for life. And in man, hard though it appears at first sight, the child who through faults of its ancestors inherits disease of body or mind, who through bad training and surroundings develops vicious tendencies, who through ignorance or want of judgment loses his way in life, must pay the full penalty of weakness and mistakes, unless by the help of others or the effort of some faculty in himself, he can adapt himself to the conditions of life.

And this brings us to the point so often made an excuse for self-indulgence. If we are thus held so firmly in the grip of inheritance and training, how can we be responsible for our actions and our upward or downward course? The answer which science gives, leaves us no loop-hole of excuse, nor does it oblige us to enter into the vexed question of free-will, which is as hopeless as the origin of life itself. For from the very beginning of animal life we see a power of "choice" developing, together with consciousness. Any one who has studied animals must have observed a dog hesitate whether he will follow his master or stop to eat some tempting morsel. No doubt he will decide according to his nature and training, but decide he *must* and he shows that he exercises the power of choice. In the same way a drunkard once excused himself to me, that he must drink for he had inherited the tendency; yet he could not deny that the "choice" lay with him to take or refuse the glass, for as I pointed out, the very fact that he could *recognize the tendency* showed he had a faculty within to resist it—which he did and became a sober man.

From the earliest beginnings of animal life upward, we see gradually dawning this balance of indecision, out of which responsibility springs. The higher the creature, the more personal experience and choice take the place of fixed mechanical instinct, till in ourselves the power of reflecting upon the consequences of our actions, and *remembering* how we

have succeeded or failed according to our decision, brings a sense of right or wrong action, where in mechanical instincts we see only fitness or unfitness to succeed. Thus, as in obeying the laws of chemistry or of physics, man subdues them to his purpose, so in obeying the laws of life he succeeds in the struggle for existence, and the power by which he does, so like *all power* in the universe, emanates from God.

But now we find ourselves in the midst of a new order of things. Through long ages this power of intellect and moral purpose, strengthened and developed in the struggle of man with man, and man with nature, on the one hand, has drawn us nearer and nearer to the Great Power from whom we derive this higher life, while on the other, it has become a fearful possibility for evil. The plant which saps the life of another, performs a merely mechanical art. The bird, whose instinct of self-preservation urges her to migrate and neglect her young, forgets them as soon as they are out of sight, and feels no remorse. The dog or other animal which gratifies the strong instinct developed through all nature for the purpose of reproduction, never thinks of the instinct again till the next occasion occurs. But man, remembering in all these cases the pleasure or the pain, the fitness or unfitness of his action, and deliberately resolving to repeat or to avoid the pleasurable sensation which is unfitting; to persevere in, or to neglect, the effort which is fitting, *works out his own development or degradation and knows that he is doing so*.

It is when we recognize this, and remember how all the forms of happy, vigorous life have sprung from the selection of those best fitted for their existence, that we begin to ponder how far we are fulfilling the conditions of our life, and to value the lesson taught by the working of natural law, that the two great necessities of self-preservation and reproduction have led, on the one hand, to the effort of each individual to succeed, on the other, to a mother's care extending gradually to sympathy among all members of one community, and to that love and devotion to others which become in ourselves a strong motive power, urging us to seek the good of the whole living world. It is in the balance of these two instincts, the duty we owe to ourselves, and the duty we owe to our neighbor that the moral conduct of life consists.

Let us take the lower ground first and consider how a man who thinks only of himself is yet forced if he wishes to succeed at all, to obey to a certain extent the laws of right and wrong, because they have their roots in the very foundation of existence. Does he wish, for example, to enjoy life, then he must keep in bodily and mental health. We see that if a plant is hurried on too fast to flower and seed before it has stored up strength, it grows weak and dies early. So a young man who uses up his life too fast, either by dissipation or by over work and privation, unfits himself for the struggle of existence. But there is a difference in the two cases : by work and self-denial he *is* preparing for life and gaining on one side, even if he loses on the other by want of judgment ; in dissipation it is *all loss*. Turning night into day for pleasures which are only for the moment, burning away his strength with intoxicating drinks, wasting his manhood by irregular passions, he is inevitably incapacitating himself for a long and happy life. Nay, even if he prefers a "short life and a merry one" he is on the wrong road, for he is reducing his power of enjoyment both bodily and mental. Each excess lowers his vitality, each immoral action debases his senses, and he becomes less and less fit to survive in the struggle for existence.

Such facts as these force themselves even upon the most selfish ; but when a man's actions are chiefly harmful to others, it is not always so obvious how they recoil upon himself. Yet if we consider a moment we must see that if courage, strength, ability, power of endurance, industry, perseverance, determination, and self-control are weapons with which we fight the battle of life, so, too, are truthfulness, honesty, justice, unselfishness, gentleness, and sympathy.

Yet how few men realize the inevitable result of scant honesty, of untrustworthiness or injustice ; and think no harm, for example, of exacting a full day's wage and idling so as to do only half a day's work ; of scamping work done by the piece and passing by a flaw which may ruin the machine of which it forms part ; of starting a speculation in which they themselves may gain much if it succeeds and lose little if it fails, which failure, however, would involve the ruin of many ; of taking advantage of the pressure of life to pay starvation wages ; or of a large command of capital to create a monopoly by which thousands suffer to increase the wealth of one. So long

as they keep within the law, many men would laugh to scorn the idea that they are not right in getting all they can, and giving as little as they must.

True, the voice of religion always has been lifted up against such actions, but how if men do not believe that the eye of a just God is over them or that it is forbidden to "grind the face of the poor" or to take unjust advantage of others ? The answer of science is that these commands of religion are not mere dogmas, but literal statements of the truth. The scrutiny of the laws of the universe, which are the will of God, has never ceased to act since the world began ; and *imperfect and unfit work whether in plant, animal, or man, renders that being less fit in the battle of life, while unfair advantage and hurtful actions toward the community create opposition which is a barrier to success*. The workman who slurs over his work, and the man who cheats his neighbor, are challenging the world to protect themselves against fraud, and the law of Natural Selection will as surely cull out and uphold the workshop in which honest work is done and the shop in which honest goods are sold, as it does the healthy and the vigorous in lower life. Nor is this all, for a country in which trustworthiness and honesty are losing ground, will be at a disadvantage in the competition with countries in which the moral standard is higher, and as the country suffers, every individual suffers with it.

In like manner the master who pays no heed to justice between man and man in the treatment of his work-people or heaps up wealth unjustly, becomes a parasite sapping the life of others without equitable return. The antagonism here, the self-defense to which the struggle for existence gives rise, will be the antagonism of those who are ground down, and in the bitter war of labor against capital, of poverty against vast wealth, the country and all in it suffer.

Have we not to some extent lost sight of this truth in the present day ? In the rapid advance of civilization during the last hundred years, have not the whirl of machinery, the spread of commerce all over the globe, the opportunity of making colossal fortunes, the herding together of men in our great cities, and the absence of personal intercourse between those interested in any great enterprise, driven the moral question almost out of the field ? Is not the habit growing upon

us of treating men as money-making machines to be obtained at the least possible cost, forgetting that antagonism always is created when one living being takes from another without rendering back in due proportion, whether in kind, in gratitude, or in sympathy? Do not strikes and labor combinations, and our fierce social hatreds, warn us that in political economy, as in the science of life, the law of mutual help must work side by side with that of personal gain?

The question is no doubt a very difficult one, the interests involved are so many and the results produced so complicated, that even those who seek honestly and have ample experience are often inclined in despair to give up the problem as hopeless. But at least it is something gained if we can establish from the laws of nature that to grind down to the bare limits of subsistence, those who work for us, and to try to make the balance even by charity, is only to create antagonism on the one hand, and parasites on the other.

And meanwhile this spirit of "each one for himself," which is being woven into the very fiber of the present generation is doing infinite harm; for the love of self, already made strong enough by the battle for self-preservation, is increased until the narrow circle of one small life is all that each considers. Then it is that a man, step by step, loses sight of all his true relations to his fellow-beings, and either deteriorates into a mere lover of pleasure or gain, or drifts into crime. Many of the worst, because most cold-blooded and heartless, crimes of our day can be traced to this utter disregard of any thing but personal gratification or gain. For when a man's own desires become the whole end and aim of his life, he does not hesitate to sacrifice others to them. Therefore, whether it is money or position, or sensual gratification he seeks, the passion becomes stronger than all other considerations, and he is led on to embezzlement, to fraud, or even, when detection becomes imminent, to carefully planned murder to remove any difficulty from his path.

Happily, however, this low motive of "self" is not the foundation of morality, for were it so, then, indeed, existence would be the cruel, heartless struggle that some even now would have us believe it to be, in which each would coldly calculate how much service to others would secure most benefit in return and in which all the higher emotions of love, gratitude, self-devotion, and sympathy would have no place, since to rise upon the downfall of others would be the highest ambition of all.

But it is not so. We have as yet touched on only one, and that the lower side of the question. We have been considering the arguments which might influence such men as look upon "right and wrong merely as matters of expediency as to what will best serve their own ends," and have shown that even on these grounds, they must be honest, trustworthy, just, and to a certain extent regardful of others; lest, having the laws of life against them, they should be crushed under the more vigorous and healthy natures.

But from the very start of life the care of our "other selves" has been educating living beings in the higher altruistic qualities. It is the absence of this higher side which above all things makes the bad man or woman, for without it they are blind to the whole end and object of our being, which consists in finding our happiness in others and all in God. And this can be founded firmly on science as on religion (as indeed must be the case with all that is true), for upon it rests the existence and continuance of all races and species of beings from the beginning of time. Without self-preservation and the protection of the individual, life could not exist; without self-sacrifice and preservation of the young, life could not continue; and thus the actual existence of a world of living beings has its foundation in the service of others. It is when we turn from the depressing atmosphere of self to this higher instinct which seeks the good of all, that we mount from earth to heaven.

End of Required Reading for May.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG.

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!"

St. Mark sets the peal for an hundred chimes clear;

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!"—

Thus the low prayer of my swarth gondolier.

THE purple curtains of the west
Have almost hid the sunset's fire,
Which, flaming Venice-ward, a crest,
Lights softly dome and cross and spire.
Deep lie the shadows in lagoons
Far as Chioggia's sails and reeds;
The air with landward perfume swoons;
My oarsman bows and counts his beads.
Our craft rides silent on the stream;
And, floating thus, I idly dream.

And dream? Ah, fair queen of the sea,
Not all thy witchings can enthrall
And fold the wings of memory.
A thousand leagues one tone can call,
A thousand leagues one picture bring
In fadeless form and scene to me;
And though thy angelus thrilling ring
Out o'er the Adriatic Sea,
I hear through all its rhythmic rung
Those dear old songs my mother sung!

O angelus-hour to heart and soul,
O angelus-hour of peace and calm,
When o'er the farm the evening stole,
Enfolding all in summer balm!
Without, the scents of fields—the musk
Of hedge, of corn, of winrowed hay—
The subtle attars of the dusk;
And glow-worms like some milky way;
Within, as from an angel's tongue,
Those dear old songs my mother sung:
"From every stormy wind that blows";
"Softly now the light of day";
"Thou hidden source of calm repose";
"I love to steal awhile away";
"My days are gliding swiftly by";
"Depths of mercy can there be";
"Jesus, look with pitying eye";
"Rock of ages cleft for me";
"Savior, on me thy grace bestow";
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!"

Sweet were the echoes that fell on the ear;

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!"

I worshiped betimes with my swarth gondolier.

TENNYSON.*

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

PART I.

AFTER a wrestling bout with the giant
Browning, after the din and tempest
of Swinburne, it is difficult to speak
temperately of Tennyson. The moment we
enter his presence, we have escaped chaos,
we are rid of unprofitable labor, we are no
longer stunned by the empty sounds of fury;
we have no blasting to do to get at his mean-
ing, we have no wish to put him out as a
general conflagration. Once more in the

Enchanted Land, we are guests of the lord of
it. As runs the story of the "wise birds,"

The spirits of Sun-place have whispered him
words;

he sings, we listen and are at rest. It is a
great privilege in these forgetful, distrustful,
and rebellious days, to meet again one of the
good old order of the Sons of Song, large
brained, large hearted, serious, self-contained,
hopeful, clear, and sweet of speech.

If Chaucer was the "first finder of our fair
language," Tennyson is the last finder of it;

* Special Course for C. I., S. C. Graduates.

and because of this, not less than because of his years, is to be numbered among the fathers of song. The initial tribute due him is, that long as he has sung, he has never misapprehended nor forgotten his office. In quick sympathy with the rapid development of knowledge characterizing the period, the one singer found in the front rank of the marvelous march of science, while absorbing all and subduing it to continuous use, he has encroached on the province neither of the pulpit, of the platform, nor of the editorial chair; but, leaving to moralists and propagandists what is rightfully theirs, reverently has kept the old poetry road. The name Tennyson is at once a synonym for genuine, unadulterated song and an antidote to every vicious *mixum compositum* of literature; throughout the laureate's work, poem by poem and line by line, is heard a sovereign rebuke to the effrontery of every species of rattling, brassy poetastry and husky mongrelism.

We hear, of late, hoarse apostate voices raised to banish youth and beauty—as if that could be, and poetry remain!—but we of the old-fashioned sort must hold constant, insisting on the indispensable service of these as the spring whence issue all the rivers of song, whence issues this last river of it, the long, golden flow of Tennysonian melody, for a half century singing up the commonplace to the level of the rare, for a half-hundred years singing the monotonous days bright with ever-changing radiance. Has Tennyson fallen short, has he offended? He may be forgiven all for the sake of his allegiance to the beautiful, which is but another word for the good. All latter-day clamor to the contrary, we must still believe that the poet is a servant of beauty. Each singer has his own way of serving; Tennyson has his way, as individual as it is faithful. Keats was truly the chosen darling of beauty, his wavy head was seldom raised from her breast, where it soon sank, pillowed forever. Tennyson, of a hardier nature, a man grown, beauty's lover, is a true son of the rugged race of man; who, if a familiar figure at gatherings of the gods, is there in the employ of the good mother ground. He goes but to return duly, bringing with him lavish gifts for our solace and delight. This poet has wings, still in his highest flight he soars no higher than the heart and head of humanity. He is forever mindful that always

. the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business, is the undoubted stalk
True song doth grow on.

We have said that Tennyson may be pardoned many shortcomings for the sake of the bottom virtue of being first and last a poet. If a poet of the ground, he is, unlike Shelley, poet of the air; if he is unlike Keats in that even the realized fairy-land of Greece cannot draw him from the parent soil; if, unlike Wordsworth, he is always a poet, he has still fewer points in common with the Georgian torrent, the resistless misanthrope who deemed his habitual achievement an impossibility. "No poetry," Byron writes Murray, "is *generally* good—only by fits and starts—and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there." The sparkle criticism does not apply to Tennyson. His is the steady glow betokening the poet always a poet; and by this constancy, this excess, of light, perhaps, the clearest-sighted of his readers—accustomed to the heavy dappling of shadow in the region of fit-and-start song—are not a little blinded. A recent observer has registered a much wiser saying than Byron's, applicable alike to the work of the poet singly and to that of his period: "Great excellence has from the beginning of things been more uniform than mediocrity." Uniformity of great excellence—the expression is pre-eminently pertinent to the verse of our venerable representative of song for the present time.

Nor is uniformity of excellence all; the uniformity is discoverable along many distinct, widely diverging lines. When we consider Tennyson we must bear in mind not simply inimitable lyrics, some of them unsurpassed in any language; not simply magic landscapes, so mating the mind and heart dwelling on them that it were hard to say whether they belong most to nature or to man—the human rippling of the "Brook Song," the human honey-dropping of "The Talking Oak"; not simply the exquisitely rich descriptions of "A Dream of Fair Women," or of "The Palace of Art"; not simply the profound passion of "Love and Duty," or the burning words of "Fatima"; not simply the exhaustive satire of "Sea Dreams"; not simply the august dramatic power of "Morte d'Arthur," "Tithonus," "Ulysses," or "St. Simeon Stylites," these vying in might and magnificence with the

lines of the blind Titan of the "Paradises"; not simply the manly strength, the womanly loveliness, the day and the night, the wondrous round of the seasons—the twofold passion of earth and of the soul, borne to us in the wholly new strains of the "Idylls"; not simply their composite, epic picture of humanity in its might and in its weakness, fragrant, permeated with the very breath of nature and quick with her fervor, yet hung aloft in the upper realm of art; not simply this nor yet that weight of golden grief, that luminous load of sorrow, that water-murmured burden of philosophy (all of it that poetry will bear), that long glorious toil up through the darkness of doubt to the white height of hope and peace—the divinely isolated "In Memoriam";—not simply one, but all, of these and their high-born kindred we must remember when we would take the stature, not of the English lord, but of the English poet, plain old Alfred Tennyson.

Nor yet will uniformity of excellence along distinct, widely diverging lines suffice for thoroughness of purpose. If we stop here we shall not get the measure of Tennyson. So careful and clear a critic as Mr. Gosse stops here in a recent communication to *The St. James's Gazette*, and, consequently, does not take the poet's measure.

To argue, as Mr. Gosse does, that Tennyson has not headed a moral reform, has not inaugurated a revolution of opinion, does no more toward settling the question of his "intellect or knowledge" than to assert that he has not compiled a volume of the "New English Dictionary," or that he has not met and routed the oratorical forces of Premier Gladstone. If, on the other hand, we are to remain within the circle of poetry, we have simply to reply to Mr. Gosse's statement, "No pretense is made by the admirers of Lord Tennyson to claim for him eminence over all his contemporaries in intellect or knowledge," is too sweeping. Eminence in intellect and knowledge over his contemporaries in song (we have nothing to do with others) is just what some of us do claim for the laureate. And if asked on what this claim is grounded, we answer, on his sympathy with essential truths, the poet's truths, the truths that tell us "how to live well." By his grasp of these, and by the absence of attempts to grasp things unessential, to grasp at things out of mortal reach; in other words, by his power of discrimination, by the

rare quality of sound judgment on vital questions, we claim that Tennyson has demonstrated his superiority in intellect and knowledge to any English singer of his day, Wordsworth excepted. What was it Thackeray said to Bayard Taylor? "Tennyson is the wisest man I know." And what did Fitzgerald write of the poet when he was midway in the twenties? "I felt a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own; this (though it may seem vain to say so) I never experienced before, though I have often been with much greater intellects; but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind; and perhaps I have derived some benefit in the now more distinct consciousness of my dwarfishness."

As to the "new worlds" and the "undiscovered regions of thought," it is not too much to say that, since the exhaustive discoveries of the ancient Hebrew and Greek poets, the *great* poets of all lands and times have found ample room for the play of their powers in traversing anew and reporting more in detail, according to the bent of their several abilities, the regions and worlds they were not the first to enter—the domain that every man enters that is born into time, and that every such man must abide in, whether he will or no, till under cover of the dismissing shadow he takes his way, once and for all, out of it. Tennyson, then, shows his superiority in intellect by refusing to strain after new regions and new worlds, and by husbanding his strength for a right interpretation of so much as is interpretable of the regions and worlds so familiar and yet so dimly seen.

The grand mistake of Tennyson's most intellectual compeer, according to our notions, has been his standing on tiptoe for the discovery of new worlds beyond the ken of song; this and his neglect of the requirement of song, second only to respect for its boundary lines—expression. He has stood on his tiptoes and his followers have stood on their heads; yet, here we are, in the same old regions, in the same old worlds. The great poet is not given to gymnastics either in thought or in speech; avoiding the indignity of antics, he simply stands fair and square on his feet. So Tennyson stands, toe and heel, on solid ground. A nice balance of noble faculties, wholeness of power—this, we take it, indicates strength of intellect.

There is no crack like that, for example,

in the great brain of lovely old Cardinal Newman; there was no twist like that in the great brain of Browning; and, if Swinburne may be named in such company, no abnormal development. Tennyson is superior in intellect to these one-sided poets in that he is two-sided; to these half-poets in that he is a whole poet; he discriminates *and* sings, he sees, knows, *and* tells. While Mr. Gosse is right in ascribing to Tennyson's work the quality of "various perfection," this is by no means taking the measure of the poet. As cannot be said too many times, "the power of the poet turns on intellect." So it would seem that the task Mr. Gosse set himself was not so "difficult" after all; the application of a few first principles—beneficent things to be so often neglected—would have rendered it comparatively simple.

Finally, Tennyson's admirers do claim for him superiority in intellect and in knowledge over his contemporaries in song, one and all; and the reason for their claim is to be found in the old definition of the great poet, the old and eternal definition, formulated anew by Matthew Arnold: "The great poet is he that makes the most powerful application of *essential* ideas to life; this *always under the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth.*"

In this application, *rare* is the kind or class of poetry, the mold of grace or of might, the color and shape of loveliness or of strength, that is unrepresented in the mental creations of Tennyson. A clear, steady outlook on the world, an eye as sure to catch the gold of the star as the star is to give it out to the darkness—the gift of the seer; sympathy, earnestness, desire swift and strong, thrice admirable under perfect control—the gifts of temperament; melody, marvelous melody and harmony of utterance, illumination, the last far charm of art, the occasional accent beyond the reach of art—the gifts of voice,—all this must be found in a great poet; it is all found in Tennyson.

This seems to us the fact to begin with in an attempt to reach the secret of the laureate's power. From this starting-point, we naturally proceed on direct lines, and we are not likely to be bogged in secondary questioning which finds him neither an epic nor a dramatic poet, which finds he has spoken cautiously, perhaps narrowly, on questions political and theological, has failed to prove himself in person or by pen a graceful mover in society, or the halest of fellows well met; and

which for a culminating discovery, finds he has not risen to the sublimity of Mr. Swinburne's notion of woman. English magazines may content themselves with this secondary questioning; we must deny ourselves what—we were about to say it—has become a British privilege. Froude says:

The best and bravest of my own contemporaries, determined to have done with insincerity, to find ground under their feet, to let the uncertain remain uncertain, but to learn how much and what we could honestly regard as true, and believe and live by it. Tennyson became the voice of this feeling in poetry; Carlyle in what was called prose.

Let us attain to this notion of Tennyson's mental strength and valor of spirit, and we shall hardly stick fast in the quagmire of lesser findings. If there remain any danger of it, we have but to recall the high primary fact that for more years than span the average life of man his song has flowed, a full river of delight, nourishing on either bank nearly every beautiful variety of growth known to the inexhaustible soil of song. It were meet to pause and reflect upon the blessings that have come of this long, long summer of song. Poetry is not the only gainer by it; the sister arts also have been great gainers, and corresponding gain, immense benefit, has accrued to the souls of men. To Tennyson more than to any other man of to-day we owe the atmosphere in which song and music and painting and sculpture may live. Enough, more than enough, has been said about the little poem, "The Flower"; there could not be too much said about it were it to point out the world's gain instead of the poet's loss and his petulance! consequent on it. Personally, we have never found any of the seed sprouting elsewhere as it did in the home garden; we have not been able to discover that the poet has suffered loss, taking the word in the narrowest, the selfish, sense. On the contrary, since the scattered seed has proved thrifty enough to remind us, now and then, of the parent stock, the poet, as we see it, has been decidedly a gainer, having received the reward of a lavish benefactor; while the world has been a gainer by reason of an air congenial enough to the best interests of man to continue among its treasures, the steadily imperiled, the always assaulted sense of beauty.

The severely "classic" taste of Fitzgerald led him to decide that we have the heart of Tennyson in the volume of 1842. "In Memo-

riam" had to him the "air of being evolved by a poetical machine"; though he did not omit to add, one of the "highest order." What we understand by this is, that in so sustained a work there is wanting the impression of the inevitable, the inevitable as it is shown, for example, in the matchless bugle song. True it is that the effect produced by a lyric which might have leaped forth, finished, all aglow with the amazing radiance that is beyond the reach of labor—true it is that this effect cannot be produced by a long poem; but, on the other hand, neither can the lyric, however spontaneous, however suggestive of the god, evidence the sturdy staying-power justly recognized as an important part of the great poet's heritage. If the "lyrical æstrum" of "Mariana," of the "Lady of Shalott," is not to be found in "In Memoriam" or in the "Idylls," neither is the lyrical æstrum of "L' Allegro," of "Il Penseroso" to be found in "Paradise Lost" or in "Samson Agonistes." In estimating the genius of Tennyson, we need not, we should not, occupy ourselves with his round sixty years of singing; still we can illy spare "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and the "Idylls of the King." With "Becket," forceful as it is, with "Queen Mary" and "Harold," with the "Cup," and the "Falcon," and emphatically with the "Promise of May," the case is different: these we may Fitzgerald out of the count.

If we are to omit the "Promise of May," it is equally a duty to pass "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" this, not because of the presence of any particular sentiment, but simply because of the absence of poetry. We deny the right of criticism to affirm that this piece of writing is an expression of personal sentiment; by so doing, the privilege of the poet is violated, and his province miserably narrowed. Neither of the "Locksley Halls" necessarily reveals more than the phrase and accent of speech of the young or of the old Tennyson. All we safely can say is, that the old "Locksley Hall" is poetry, that the new "Locksley Hall" is not. And it would seem hardly less kind than wise to but whisper this, and to lay aside the later production unread, repeating only in thought,

You are old and dim, Sir,
And the shadow of the earth eclips'd your
judgment.

Though as Fitzgerald rightly said, we had
E-May.

the heart of Tennyson in the work of the first twenty years of his authorship, now that we have the "Princess," "In Memoriam," and the "Idylls," what is the proper attitude to assume toward these grand amplifications, these splendid supplements, possible to the increased wisdom of years? Shall we begin rightly with their two-fold gift of wisdom and beauty by opining that the poet is over-modest in asserting that the great threnody does not solve the mysteries of life; by deciding that the joints show too plainly in the "Idylls," or that the dénouement is ethically or esthetically deficient? This is to begin at the wrong end, at the little end, at the British-privilege end. Let all this be left till we get to it. Native sympathy, naked sight, will see the death song as the gentlest yet the manliest of records, the brave unbroken reverie of grief, the quiet quest of united heart and head, endeavoring to fathom and voice their sorrow, to find as far as in us lies, a solution for and a stay against torturing mystery, to find solace for an ever present, all but insupportable, loss. We shall come upon philosophy, great philosophy, in these renewed breathings of profoundly pathetic music, yet the philosopher will not once displace the poet; and we shall share in a complete victory of song when sturdier bards, in the clash of thought and voice, have come out with soiled plumes and broken blades, ay, bleeding with mortal wounds. This tallest poetic monument of our time displays, throughout, the unchallenged, unshared characteristic of Tennyson. Sustained as the effort is, close as the one high theme is held to, the thing said once is not to be said again; no hand not the author's own, has the cunning to better it. Native sympathy and naked sight will see in this slow, patient growth of as many years as Chatterton lived, a much fuller, more diversified and extensive flowering than that of "Lycidas" or of "Adonais." There will be found the rich report of long and solemn vigils, of a close and protracted watch on nature and on man; a report which beyond the imposing presentation of personal discoveries, sums up the discoveries of others, among whom are numbered the strongest intellects and best hearts of our day. Full trust, lucid exposition—never black analysis—courageous prophecy,—here is a return to the old office of the poet: it is, after all, not the mourner but the seer, the teacher,—it is, after all, the seer, the teacher, that is foremost in

"In Memoriam." The great truths of morals and religion are once more set up, this time in the trying light of modern learning and with the unobstructed subtilty of modern art. Such being the view of "In Memoriam," the "Idylls" will appear firstly as of the shadowy, evasive substance of legend; secondly it will be seen that the far-off, elusive material is subdued by consummate workmanship to the use of the poetic art of to-day, setting forth once more, in a manner fresh as admirable, valiant, struggling man and the lovely rulers, right or wrong, of his fortunes.

The poet is a teacher, but the teaching must not be that of the schoolmaster, flat didacticism, instruction laid down in "utter nakedness." Habitually vital and interesting in matter, always straightforward, chaste, and beautiful in speech—always a poet, and in many points a poet of the first rank of masters of

High and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted,—

This tells in outline the story of Tennyson's genius. And which shall we call him, the poet's poet or the people's poet? Here we gain another glimpse into his individuality, his sweep of feeling, his elasticity of intellect, his power of accommodation. It would be difficult to name another poet whom we could commend with like confidence to every inquirer, from the man of business to the visionary, from the shop-girl to the scholar, from

the artisan to the artist. Again, a poet of nature, like Burns, he is equally a poet of art, like—whom?

The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.

In the union of art and nature, in the creation of an all-pervading, all-absorbing atmosphere, Tennyson yields to none; and Milton and Coleridge excepted, we have had no other so emphatically a master of the music of words—words rich in meaning, since Shakspeare. Mr. Stedman says of his music that it is passion itself; a statement to be profitably pondered by those of the opinion that passion is not among Tennyson's possessions. The faculty of musical utterance, as Coleridge observes, is not an attachment to the poet, but an integral part of the imagination. Coleridge thought in music when he wrote verse, Tennyson thinks in music. The music and the meaning in his lines are more than interwoven, they are interfused; and so perfect is the fusion that, at the least touch of an altering hand, the play of iridescent evanescences is over, the charm has vanished. This mystic voice, perhaps the rarest of gifts to mortals,

Overtakes

Far thought with music that it makes,

and, attesting virtues but imperfectly expressed by the phrase, the Virgil of English verse, affirms the enchanter.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

IT has taken the American people a long time to learn to appreciate the value of an efficient navy, if indeed they even now fully appreciate it. We were so busy after the War in the reconstruction of states and the paying of our honest debts and the developing of our Western country and getting rich generally that we scarcely noticed what other nations were doing, nor did we even pay attention to what was said when told that such naval ships as we had were rotten and useless. Matters in this respect went from bad to worse until the time came when naval officers when visiting foreign ships were galled by the delicate attempts of foreign officers to avoid comparisons in describing

their engines of war; while the American citizen traveling in foreign lands held his head aloft in honest pride until he happened to see his own flag at a spanker gaff.

Of course this state of affairs had to come to an end. It is a curious fact that a map wrought the change. Some patriot in the Hydrographic Office made a chart of New York and her harbor, and with one leg of a pair of dividers placed on the city hall, swept circles around it until a large slice of the sea was inclosed off Coney Island by the tenth circle. In this circle he drew a picture of a British iron-clad at anchor and underneath it wrote the ominous statement that from that anchorage the ship could easily drop

shells weighing 1,800 pounds at the feet of the blind goddess on New York's municipal building.

It was startling. New York was the metropolis. If it was at the mercy of a foreign iron-clad no one of the 19 other great sea-ports was safe. The alarm spread until at last the people awoke to realize that they had failed to obey the Divine command to "seek peace and pursue it," for they had wholly neglected to do those things which alone can insure peace—they had neglected to make themselves strong.

Then they set about mending their ways, and found that there was not a plant in the country that could produce an armor plate or build a modern rifle. We might have bought plates and rifles but we did the wiser thing: we built the plants. But first of all we began to build such vessels as we had plants for, and now after six years of uninterrupted labor we find that we have made a magnificent beginning.

The most important portion of our work so far has been in the building of guns, because good guns on poor ships is a better combination than bad guns on good ships. We have the best guns made. No longer ago than 1884 our old ships were armed with 9-inch smooth bores from which 10 pounds of powder pushed a 70-pound projectile with an energy of 847 foot-tons. Now we build 10-inch rifles from which a charge of 425 pounds of powder hurls a projectile weighing 850 pounds with an energy of 25,990 foot-tons. That projectile can pierce 26 inches of solid wrought iron, or any iron-clad afloat. That no larger gun is needed or can be used to advantage on a ship is now conceded by European experts.

Of equal worth is the new rapid fire guns of from 4 to 6 inches, which an American lieutenant has invented and perfected, for they will pierce 4 inches of steel armor at 1,000 yards and can hit a 6-foot target five times in 31 seconds, at that range.

Another weapon of naval warfare brought to a state of perfection in America, that is nowhere approached by foreigners, is the torpedo. We have every sort of torpedoes that others have worth having, and we have the aerial torpedo exclusively. As applied to the torpedo boat *Vesuvius* (a boat that in its class is nowhere equaled for size or endurance), this torpedo apparatus consists of steel tubes so connected with chambers of compressed air

that 200 pounds explosive gelatine can be thrown with accuracy to a distance of a mile and there detonated. It is agreed by naval officers that the explosion of this charge on the deck of a war ship would break in the beams and destroy her more delicate machinery. Plunged into the water within 21 feet of her and there exploded, the shock would send her with absolute certainty quickly to the bottom.

Meantime we have been building ships. Some naval men think we have built too few iron-clads; some that we have built too few cruisers; some complain because we have built but two torpedo boats. It depends on the man. He who like McClellan on shore would have built forts, wants steel-clad battle ships. The naval counterparts of dashing Phil Sheridan want swift cruisers moderately protected. We cannot build successfully what might be called an all-round war ship. We must design a ship either to cruise around the world or to stay about the home ports and protect them. It does not require any great technical knowledge of naval affairs to understand that since we are so far from possible enemies that their thick-clad ships would have difficulty in reaching us in a condition to fight, and since we could do the possible enemies greater damage with swift cruisers of great endurance than with slow battle ships (battle ships are necessarily slow) we ought for the sake of peace to build many more cruisers than battle ships. We best can defend ourselves by preparing to damage the enemy rather than by preparing to act on the defensive. Nevertheless, we need iron-clads to meet iron-clads.

It is because of these considerations that of the new naval ships built or provided for, 11 are armor-clad and 31 but slightly protected. Of the eleven, 3 are really battle ships, 5 are old monitors now to be remodeled, 1 is a harbor defense vessel, 1 is a nondescript invented by a Hoosier, and 1 is a steel-clad ram—a mighty good fighter if properly built.

Two of the battle ships, the *Maine* and the *Texas*, are now building at Brooklyn and Norfolk. They may be called steel hulks with armored belts 10 to 12 inches thick to protect their machinery and with 2 turrets on deck to carry guns of 10-inch and 12-inch calibers. The turrets are 10 and 12 inches thick respectively and the base of each turret is defended by a thick steel redoubt. In the matter of armor and armament they are the best

of their size. If built on honor so that they attain the speed of 17 knots required of them, they will be the swiftest battle ships afloat. They are smaller by several thousand tons than a number of foreign battle ships, but they are likely to be remarkably efficient. Plans of a third ship somewhat larger (7,500 tons) recently have been completed. It is probable, all things considered, that these three ships will be such good fighting machines that our naval officers would tumble over each other in their eagerness to take either one into battle with any thing afloat, did the occasion arise. But the recent reaction in English, French, and German sentiment on the subject of battle ships armored as these are, and the tendency to build thick curved protective decks over large, swift hulks instead, bids us consider well the plans of the ships we are to build as sea fighters in the future.

The harbor defense vessel which is to be built in San Francisco is really a monitor, with 16 inches of steel armor on her sides, 2 turrets with 16 inches of armor and steel barbettes around the turrets 14 inches thick. One turret is to carry a 16-inch rifle and the other a 14-inch rifle. It is likely that when completed she can whip a fleet of battle ships in a fair fight, though because of the inefficiency of all 16-inch guns so far built, it is to be hoped that 12-inch guns only will be used on her.

The five old monitors are to be improved by building the modern steel barrette about the base of each turret. Each one will carry four 10-inch rifles, and the 10-inch rifle is the most beautiful weapon ever given to a war ship. They will carry also rapid fire guns.

The plans of the nondescript invented by Congressman Thompson of Indiana are not complete. She is a sort of monitor but has an oval deck not over 4 inches thick instead of the thick vertical side wall. She is to carry heavy guns and a dynamite gun, but her distinctive feature is a number of tanks and pumps by which she can be partly submerged when going into action. If the plans are carried out rightly she will be a valuable addition to the navy.

The idea of partly submerging a boat is a good one and will be applied yet where it is more needed—that is to say in torpedo boats. The ordinary torpedo boat is worthless outside of smooth water. England owns 207 of them and not one was found

available or even habitable during the naval maneuvers last summer. Some day a smart Yankee will devise a boat with an oval steel-clad deck that will be just awash. The deck will be so thick that rapid fire projectiles will glance from it. The boat will be so large that it will have great power, and its crew can live in comfort; and yet it can approach the enemy almost unseen because almost under water. That is the style of a torpedo boat for Secretary Tracy to keep in his eye when building the fleet he proposes.

There is a fleet of 13 little 2,000 ton monitors lying asleep under coverings of paint and tallow in James River. Their engines and guns are worthless, their hulls first-class. Congress should provide that their turrets be removed and in place of the turrets steel wells should be built. Then in each well should be placed an 8-inch rifle mounted on a carriage of a sort that will lift the gun above the brim of the well while it is fired and then drop it down out of sight again. These vessels would thus become efficient harbor defenders and the expense would be very small. Their efficiency would be increased by the fact that they would be visible scarcely a mile away.

The ram is not yet planned, but it is to be at once a ship and its own projectile. With an armored deck, a duck-bill nose, and powerful engines, it will be a terror to an enemy trying to blockade an American port.

From the armor-clads we pass to the cruisers. Graceful in outline, swift in movement, powerful in battery, and of great endurance, these ships must ever be the favorites with the active, courageous, fighting men of the navy. Nothing has so cheered the hearts or revived the ambition of the American naval officers as the completion and successful trials of the new cruisers. From the *Dolphin* and the *Petrel* of less than a thousand tons displacement to the stately *Baltimore* of 4,413 tons, and all armed with the best weapons precisely suited to their size and service, there is not a ship but is of the greatest value to the navy.

Not since the War of the Rebellion ended has there been an event in the history of the navy to interest the people as did the trial trip of the *Baltimore* that began on September 14, 1889. She was headed away to sea, and while builders and naval inspectors watched with equal anxiety her machinery, she plowed the waves left behind by a great

cyclone, for four hours. And then with a cheer that a little later was heard around the world, blue jackets were sent to lash brooms to her mast-heads. Uncle Sam had been the laughing-stock of the world but now he was on top again, for he had the greatest cruiser afloat. She had averaged 19.6 knots an hour, an unequalled record for speed, had covered 20.2 knots in the third hour, an unequalled event, and had gone through it all, leaving her grate bars straight and her coal-heavers in condition almost to do it over again. And she has since done better.

The *Charleston* built at San Francisco made 19.5 knots, although her counterpart, the *Naniwa Kan*, built in England, made but 18.9, after twenty-one trials over the measured mile, and since going into commission has never exceeded 12.

To describe the 31 unarmored ships in detail would be to print a wearisome array of figures. It is enough for the patriot to be assured that from the much reviled *Dolphin* down to the latest one accepted by the Department, there has been in each a constant improvement with use. If the ones to be built shall prove equal to these, and there is no reason to suppose they will not, the Yankee ships will excite the admiration of the world.

But let not the reader forget that their number is 31, and that the coast line of the United States is 20,000 miles, and that the sea where the enemy's commerce sails is vast beyond ordinary comprehension. We have only made a beginning.

Of the men of the navy something must needs be said. Of the officers every citizen of the country can speak with just pride. Of the men before the mast it can only be said that we are better off than we were. Dagos and Dutchmen and the cast-offs of the Cannibal Islands once manned our ships. Admiral Luce's apprentice system has improved this. Boys of sound health and good morals may now enter the navy and within three years earn \$24 a month and board. It is possible that when of age they may earn from \$45 to \$60, and may attain to the rank of warrant officers with pay as high as \$1,800 a year. But no apprentice, no matter what his ambition and learning and ability, can win under the law a commission,—an un-American prohibition.

Although American naval seamen are the best fed, best clothed, and best paid sailors in the world, further inducements are needed to make Yankee boys give up for life all thoughts or hope of ever enjoying the comforts of home and family. Some way of keeping the ambition of the men constantly excited is needed, and the same may be said of the officers to a certain extent.

As the population of the country increases, and the condition of the poor becomes worse, the number of native lads to ship will increase. Even now there are many thousand boys whose outlook for the future would be much brightened by going to sea, and the chief business of the naval officers is, as it should be, to improve the material at hand. In every respect but one, apparently, the improving process is all that could be asked.

That one failure is in marksmanship. We have been so busy making beautiful rifles that we have forgotten all about the necessity of learning to shoot them. The invention of the wonderful rapid fire rifle makes the creation of a corps of skilled riflemen imperative. As a matter of fact there are not three skilled marksmen to the thousand men in the navy, nor is there any provision of law worth mentioning for training men to shoot a rifle. The system of target practice provides but 20 shots a year for each man, and even these shots are fired helter-skelter and serve to train no one.

It should not be forgotten, as it has been, that some men learn to shoot accurately with little trouble, while a million shots a year would not give skill to others. Some way of selecting those naturally adapted to become marksmen should be found. Having found it, money must be provided for cartridges, and more than that, valuable prizes, possibly increased pay, and certainly some exemptions from onerous duties should be the rewards of skill attained.

The value of this skill in time of battle—in fact the absolute necessity for it—will be plain to all who will stop to consider that one well-aimed shell from a little 4-inch rifle would ruin the heaviest gun on the largest battle ship afloat. It might happen that a seaman on a small Yankee cruiser could sting to death the great guns of an enemy's battle ship and so win the fight against tremendous odds.

SALMON P. CHASE.

FORMERLY CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

I BECAME the Private Secretary of Chief Justice Chase by accident. I had studied shorthand as a preparation for a literary career, and, hearing of the Chief Justice's interest in young men in what Bulwer calls "the first barren foot-path up the mountain of life," I wrote to him, asking his good offices in securing for me a position as secretary with some public man in Washington. By return mail I received an answer informing me that his private secretary had just resigned, and if I came to Washington at once I could have the place, adding that, as the position was a confidential one, it would be well to come fortified with several strong letters of recommendation. I procured the necessary letters, went to Washington, and became the Private Secretary of the Chief Justice of the United States.

I had never seen Salmon P. Chase until I answered his letter in person. He was sitting in the conference room of the Supreme Court, engaged upon the consideration of an important case then pending. He was at that time in his sixty-second year, and to all appearance in the full vigor of his magnificent manhood—he was six feet high and weighed two hundred pounds, and was as straight as a Tuscarora Indian. He had a very commanding appearance, and as he walked along the marble corridors of the Capitol his presence was felt. He was naturally a very austere man, and seldom unbended, even at home. He was just as abstemious in his words as in all other things. He talked little, drank little, and never used tobacco in any shape or form, and did not like it to be used in his presence. His life was regular and his tastes simple, rising at six o'clock in the summer and seven in the winter. In good weather he took a short walk before breakfast, returning in time to join his family at morning prayer. The breakfast hour was eight o'clock, after which he joined his secretary in the library, where he spent an hour reading over his letters, dictating answers to them, or preparing his opinions. At ten o'clock he left his house to

go to the Capitol, always walking when the weather was fair, and riding in the cars in bad weather. From eleven o'clock to three he presided over the Supreme Court of the United States; after its adjournment walking back to his house. Arriving home he took a lunch of crackers and tea, and then went vigorously to work on his opinions, remaining so engaged until dinner, which was always served at six o'clock. His table was elegant, but not epicurean, and consisted always of three courses and a dessert.

The Chief Justice always dressed in black when in Washington, and I was very much astonished to see him appear in light pantaloons, sack coat, and slouch hat on the morning that we started on the Southern circuit, in May 1869. Miss Chase told me she was afraid her father would become so attached to the slouch hat that he would want to wear it after his return to Washington, which she seemed to think would be lowering the dignity of the Chief Justice. He liked to entertain during the Washington season, but he said his official salary, which was at that time only \$8,500, would not allow him to do so. He paid \$2,000 a year house rent, and kept four servants—a butler, cook, housemaid, and chambermaid. He hired a two-horse carriage at \$150 a month and was in the habit of driving out to Edgewood in the spring and early summer afternoons.

The Chief Justice always took a kind personal interest in my affairs, and when he found, soon after my arrival in Washington, that I was paying a high price for poor meals at a restaurant, he invited me to dinner every day for a month, until I had secured a suitable boarding house. During the Christmas holidays, he received a magnificent turkey from a Maryland friend, and, in our afternoon walk on the day it was to be served, he invited me to dinner, saying that, as I was a Marylander, I must enjoy the fine Maryland turkey. It was during these daily walks that the Chief Justice unbended more than at any other time. They say no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. I cannot

speak from personal experience, never having held that situation to a great man, or any man. But Chief Justice Chase was always great—whether presiding over the Supreme Court, or presiding over the dinner table, whether in his library, in the parlor, or on the street.

He never spared himself when there was work to be done, and midnight sometimes found him at work, preparing or revising an opinion. His handwriting was scarcely decipherable. In his early life, Mr. Chase wrote a beautiful, highly finished hand, but when I knew him it had become very irregular, and he had the habit of writing above the line, under the line, and on the margin of the paper, all of which made the the copying of his work a painful task. The Chief Justice had a large library in his house on I Street, consisting chiefly of law books, history, and biography. There was scarcely a novel in the whole collection. Mr. Chase read the reports of the Supreme Court in preparing his opinions, but besides these he read only the daily newspapers, and only two or three of them. Indeed, his social and official duties left him very little time for reading of any kind. In his library my days and nights were passed, sometimes overwhelmed with work, but not often, and, except when the Supreme Court was in session (October to April) the duties of Private Secretary were light and easy, affording at all times ample leisure for literary work, a taste which the Chief Justice encouraged, and promoted by introducing me to prominent editors.

His favorite indoor amusement was playing chess. His game was strong, but not scientific, and I soon discovered that he did not like to be beaten too often. When not too busy, he played chess for an hour after dinner. We usually played in the parlor, and did not stop when a visitor was announced, unless it was some distinguished person. When I first began to play chess with the Chief Justice, I was out of practice, and lost about two games out of three, but this was soon reversed after I looked up my manual and studied out the best openings. When he saw my game had improved, he asked me whether I had been studying any work on chess, and upon my answering in the affirmative, he told me to let chess books alone, that I played well enough. In summer, his chief out-of-door amusement was playing croquet, and, in this peculiarly feminine game, he took the

liveliest interest, always trying hard to win. In this game, he was no match for Mrs. Sprague, who was the most brilliant croquet player in Washington. He disliked cards, and there was not a pack in his house.

Mr. Chase, though so distinguished, was far from being a rich man. He had it in his power to make millions while Secretary of the Treasury, but he quitted the office poorer than he entered it. His entire income from his salary and private fortune did not exceed \$15,000 a year, and, although his family was small, his position required him to keep up an expensive establishment. His younger daughter, Miss Janet Ralston Chase, was not married at that time, and the family included only the Chief Justice and this daughter. Kate Chase, the eldest daughter of the Chief Justice, was the pride of his heart. Like him, she was ambitious, and while he aspired to the highest political honors, her ambition was to be a social queen. Her beauty, wit, and grace made her one of the most brilliant belles of Washington while she was yet in her teens. Her father's position, first as a United States Senator, and afterward as Secretary of the Treasury, made her a conspicuous figure in the social world. At the age of twenty-four Miss Chase married William Sprague, the young millionaire senator from Rhode Island, who had been governor of that state when he was only twenty-six years old. The world deemed this a brilliant match for Miss Chase. As usual the world was wrong, for it was a most ill-sorted marriage. Governor Sprague was far inferior to his wife in mind and manners, and she, discovering when too late that his heart could not be fired with high ambition, turned her mind and soul to promote the ambition of her father.

When the Democratic Convention met in New York on the 4th of July, 1868, it was thought possible that Chief Justice Chase might be nominated as a compromise candidate. Mrs. Sprague came to New York and used all her unrivaled powers of fascination to secure her father's nomination. She had a suite of apartments at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and her parlor was crowded day and night with persons all working for the same object. Some delegates were coaxed, to others promises were given, and upon all were brought to bear the power of her conversation and the charm of her irresistible beauty. For days and nights she worked in her father's cause, confident that should he

be nominated his election would follow, and then her highest ambition would be attained—she would be the lady of the White House, the uncrowned queen of American society. But the “Chase movement” did not move smoothly; the Democrats demanded more than the Chief Justice was willing to yield. He could not swallow even so tempting a bait as the presidency when he was asked to abandon those principles which had made him one of the greatest Americans of his time. Mrs. Sprague’s disappointment was very great. I think that she was really more disappointed by the failure of the presidential dream than her father was, for he was still a leading figure in the world—the head of one department of the Government, but she was only the wife of William Sprague.

I first saw Mrs. Sprague in the spring of 1869. She was then twenty-nine years old and in the prime of her rare beauty. Tall, slender, and graceful, her sparkling vivacity, dashing manners, and brilliant powers of conversation fitted her to adorn any society. At that time she had only one child, Willie, who has turned out to be a chip of the old block. I knew her chiefly in her home life or in the society that made her house on the corner of Sixth and E Streets one of the favorite resorts of Washington. She occupied in some respects the same position of confidential adviser to her father that the late Miss Bayard did to the Secretary of State. She managed her household with great firmness, and was the absolute mistress of a princely establishment, with a retinue of servants, the chief of whom was a French cook, who received \$1,200 a year for his services. As an example of her manner of dealing with refractory servants, it may be mentioned that on one occasion the coachman was told to do something in the house. He refused, saying his duty was on the box of the carriage and nowhere else. Whereupon Mrs. Sprague ordered out the carriage, and kept the coachman sitting on the box all night.

Once I said to the Chief Justice that my friends thought it was very generous for him to appoint me his Private Secretary, a young man, at that time almost unknown, and without any political influence.

“I had a hard enough struggle in my early life,” said he. “When I first came to Washington to push my fortune, I asked an uncle who was a senator to obtain for me a clerkship in one of the departments. He told me

he would rather give me a dollar to buy a spade with which to work my way in the world. I thought my uncle was unkind, but I have long since known he acted wisely in not getting me an office, and I attribute all my good fortune in life to that refusal. Had I secured a clerkship at that time, I should probably have remained a clerk all my life, and, instead of now being the Chief Justice of the United States, be the Chief Clerk of a department.”

Salmon P. Chase worthily won all the high honor that he gained. For years after removing to Washington he went through the daily drudgery of teaching a boys’ school, studying law during his spare hours under William Wirt, the father of one of his pupils.

It was at Mr. Wirt’s house that he met the beautiful Miss Cabell, and then began the only romance in his life. He was thrown into her society every day, and each day added to his interest in the lovely Southern girl. Love inspired him to write verses which, however, were rather cold when we remember that they were intended to express the passionate sentiments of a lover. The proud Virginian beauty accepted Mr. Chase as an escort to parties, receptions, and the theater, and she found him a very agreeable companion in the parlor, for he was clever and intelligent; but she would not think of marrying a poor young school-teacher, with his own fortune to make and apparently with little prospect of making it at that time. Miss Cabell made the same mistake in declining Mr Chase’s addresses as the lady did who refused to marry Louis Napoleon when he was living an obscure exile in England after his escape from the prison of Ham, and thereby “refused a crown,” as the future Emperor said to her. Perhaps Mr. Chase’s unfortunate love affair was the cause of his leaving Washington and removing to Cincinnati, which he did soon after passing the bar. He got so bravely over his passion, however, for Miss Cabell, that he lived to marry and bury three wives before he was forty-five. The aroma of that early love still lingered many years afterward. Once, when the Chief Justice was visiting Richmond with his daughter, a niece of his first love—another Miss Cabell, equally celebrated as a belle and beauty—called upon Miss Chase, her father recalled with tender feeling the circumstance of his youthful love and its result. When he spoke of his first sweetheart there was a pathos in the voice of the calm and dignified Chief

Justice, which was as rare as it was interesting.

Chief Justice Chase was one of the most methodical and systematic of men, and he required punctuality from all who were brought into close contact with him. It was his rule—a rule rigidly carried out—that all the day's work should be finished before stopping for the night. His own writing table was always in order, and he allowed no disorder in those about him. He was all his life a close student, either of law, politics, or finance, and when he was made Chief Justice, his legal studies had been neglected for fifteen years, during which he had been deeply engrossed by public affairs, first as United States Senator, then as Governor of Ohio, and finally as Secretary of the Treasury. After his appointment as Chief Justice he devoted twelve hours a day to reading, his only exercise being a short walk in the morning before breakfast.

He was a deeply religious man all through life. He read morning prayers every day in the presence of every inmate of his house, down to the humblest servant. He prayed with profound feeling and a solemnity that was exceedingly impressive. He detested profane swearing, and it was a very bold or very thoughtless man who would dare to swear twice in his presence. I remember once hearing a prominent New York politician in criticising a leading New York editor, say, "I do not hesitate to pronounce him a fool, and were I speaking to any person but you, Mr. Chief Justice, I would call him a d—d fool." Thereupon he received a rebuke from Mr. Chase's angry eye, which, no doubt, the flip-pant speaker did not soon forget.

He was fond of society, and from his youth, when he was a poor school-teacher patronized by William Wirt, was accustomed to meet the best people. When quite a young man, he was brought into personal acquaintance with Jackson, Clay, Van Buren, John Quincy Adams, and other leading men of the day, yet he seldom or never mentioned them. With all his proud consciousness of commanding talents, Chief Justice Chase was a very modest man.

I do not remember ever hearing Chief Justice Chase make a joke or tell a story. He never indulged in light or trifling conversation. He did not possess in the slightest degree the charming quality of humor. He was always dignified, generally grave, and some-

times severe. Accustomed to deal with great national questions and to decide cases in which immense interests were involved, his mind could not easily descend to the minor matters of every-day life. He was not a good judge of character, and no great public man of his day had more false friends. He was, apparently, a very strict and exacting master of his house, but he was really extremely kind and lenient. His butler drank all the best wines in the cellar, and filled the bottles with water; yet, when his dishonesty was discovered, he was dismissed with scarcely a reprimand.

One instance of his quickness at repartee that came to my notice was when he was visiting the South, after the Civil War. Mr. Chase was introduced to a very beautiful woman who prided herself upon her devotion to the "lost cause." Anxious that the Chief Justice should know her real sentiments, she remarked as she gave him her hand, "You see before you a rebel who has not been reconstructed." "Madam," replied he with a low bow, "you are so perfectly constructed that any reconstruction is absolutely unnecessary." He liked the society of beautiful women, and one very handsome lady in Washington, when he was past three-score, never failed to interest him. Whenever she appeared at Miss Chase's afternoon receptions, he was sure to be present. This lady married an Italian nobleman, and is now one of the most beautiful of the five American ladies who adorn the court of King Humbert.

On the wall opposite to where the Chief Justice sat in his library, were engraved portraits of Washington, Lincoln, and Hamilton, whom he regarded as the greatest men this country ever produced. It is not generally known that Mr. Lincoln, desirous that Simon Cameron should resign his position as Secretary of War, offered him the mission to Russia. Chief Justice Chase, in a letter to Judge Jeremiah S. Black, dated July 4, 1870, gives the following account of this affair:

Mr. Cameron had expressed a wish to retire and take the mission to St. Petersburg some time before he actually withdrew, and I believe he was the first to suggest to President Lincoln the name of Mr. Stanton. I held, myself, several conversations on the subject of Mr. Cameron's retirement, his appointment to Russia, and the nomination of Mr. Stanton as his successor, with President Lincoln and Mr. Cameron. And

I called on Mr. Stanton to ascertain if he would accept the post of Secretary of War if tendered to him. Ultimately, when, as I supposed, the matter was fully understood, Mr. Lincoln addressed a note to Mr. Cameron, tendering the mission to St. Petersburg, and signifying his willingness to accept his resignation. The note was brief, and seemed curt. But Mr. Lincoln, on his attention being drawn to its tenor, said he intended to make it all it should be, and another note was substituted, expressing what he declared to be his real sentiments. Mr. Cameron was not removed. He resigned because, as he stated at the time, he preferred the mission to the secretaryship, and he did recommend the appointment of Mr. Stanton as his successor.

The modesty of Chief Justice Chase prevented him from mentioning the very important and honorable part he took in the matter. When Mr. Cameron received the President's note offering him the mission to Russia he was wounded by what he deemed its unfriendly tone, and so expressed himself to the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Chase immediately called upon the President, and suggested to him that it was not exactly the kind of note that should be sent to the retiring Secretary. "Well, then," said the President, "write what you think proper, and I will sign it." Upon which, Mr. Chase wrote a more cordial and friendly note to the Secretary of War. Mr. Cameron then resigned and accepted the mission to Russia.

Chief Justice Chase was often accredited with the ambition to be President of the

United States. This is a high and noble ambition, and few men have been more worthy of reaching it. When he was holding a Federal Court in Charleston, South Carolina, in May, 1869, the Decoration Day for the Federal dead occurred, and he was invited to be present. In his answer to the invitation, the Chief Justice said: "My duties in the Circuit Court will not permit my being present, as I should like, on the occasion of the decoration of the graves of the Federal dead, but I avail myself of the opportunity to express the hope that the time is not far distant when the North and the South, having forever buried and forgotten the unhappy differences of the past, will decorate, alike, the graves of both Federal and Confederate dead." This sentiment was misinterpreted by some persons. A prominent New York banker even went so far as to write to the Chief Justice, and accuse him of being actuated by an ambition for the presidency in expressing such views. In reply the Chief Justice said, "I never was so ambitious as some unambitious men have thought me. My only ambition now is to see this country once more united and peaceful and happy."

In reviewing the political career of Salmon P. Chase one remarkable fact stands out prominently: to whatever position he was elevated, whether Senator, Governor, Secretary of the Treasury, and Chief Justice of the United States,—all requiring different and distinct abilities,—he distinguished himself in each and all.

FROM CATHEDRAL TO CATHEDRAL.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

SECOND PAPER.

WHEN you leave a Cathedral town, you still further realize the advantage of traveling on the road instead of by railway. As you turn again and again and fancy that each time you must be looking your last on the gray towers, and yet journey onward for miles before they finally fade out of sight, you learn how the Cathedral dominates the surrounding country—at Ely a symbol, as it were, of its old domination over the life of the fenland and its islands. You can look back from the railway it is true; I remember only last summer watching the

towers of Laon and the huge mass of Rheims Cathedral out of sight from the window of a railroad carriage. But it was not quite the same thing; you cannot control your speed; you cannot linger at the spot from which it seems to you the view is finest, as when you are on foot or on a cycle. And the Isle of Ely, rising from the vast level of the fens, holds its own as well as many another higher hill-top upon which as fair a church is set.

When we left Ely, our next destination was Peterborough, but the route we followed was not the most direct; there are many roads to choose from, though there is but one railway

line. And all the country hereabouts has the great charm not only of beauty but of association with some of the most important events and stirring deeds in English history. It was the scene of many a conflict between Saxons and Danes, between Saxons and Normans; and how often has Oliver Cromwell ridden over these very lanes between the meadows and pastures he helped to reclaim. The first town we came to after Ely, where he was governor, was Huntingdon lying pleasantly along the left bank of the Ouse, sloping pleasantly upward from the bridge, which connects it with the old village of Godmanchester; and in Huntingdon, consisting mainly of one fair street, which toward the north end of it opens into a kind of irregular market-place, and then contracting again, soon terminates. Cromwell, during his early years, lived for a long time in a house which, though twice rebuilt since his time, is still familiar to every inhabitant of the town. It is to countless places of this kind, you might otherwise never visit, that the tour of the Cathedral cities will bring you.

Over a delightful road, winding, twisting between hedges, we rode on, through Stilton, a little village with an old, gray, gabled inn, hanging out, from a wonderful piece of wrought iron work, the sign of the Bell, to Norman Cross. Here we stayed all night in a delightful old-fashioned inn; the house itself was not so very ancient; it had none of the picturesqueness of the Bell at Stilton, but the landlady was the typical English hostess of earlier generations—"both cleanly and conveniently handsome"—plump and jolly, watching us with honest pleasure as we made the most of the only too substantial meal she had spread out before us, and inviting us into her garden to pick her gooseberries. And never have I, even in England, seen any thing more immaculately clean than the large airy bedchamber with its plentiful supply of towels and water and enormous tub. There is no railway station near; the inn stands almost alone on the roadside. The landlady depends for custom on sportsmen during the shooting season, and on cyclers, with whom fortunately the North Road is a favorite thoroughfare all the year round. I have never been able to find out the origin of the name of this delightful inn. I asked the maid if there was an old cross anywhere near, and her answer was, no, but there was a nice new one painted in front of the house!

Peterborough lies very near, within about a couple of hours' ride through pretty, quiet byways. It is a larger town than Ely, and no longer, as in the first centuries of its existence, dependent upon the Cathedral; now it has quite a brisk life of its own, and is an important station on the Great Northern Railway. From the number of commercial travelers whose boxes filled the wide hall at the Bull, it certainly seemed to us most prosperous. For here, as at Ely, we spent the weeks we gave to the Cathedral, in an inn where our days passed very much in the same fashion; but a small part of the time were we indoors.

Peterborough—the Golden Borough of the Saxons—was one of the old abbeys that sprang up in the fenland, dotting it with veritable treasure islands, the monastic buildings being shut in with orchards and rich pastures, and filled with gold and silver and precious gifts offered by the faithful to the saints whose shrines were set up within their walls. It was the scene of many an incident recorded in "*Hereward the Wake*," a book to which whoever would learn something of the old Benedictine life may turn with profit.

An idea of the age of the abbey can be formed when it is realized that though the nave of the church as it stands dates back to Norman days, two buildings already had preceded it on the same spot. The destruction of the second of these older buildings is related in one of the quaint legends of Peterborough, for every cathedral has its own goodly supply of miracles. It seems that one day early in the twelfth century, a certain abbot, who could have been but small credit to his abbey, trying in vain to start the fire in his cell, began in most un-abbot-like fashion to curse, going from one awful blasphemy to another, until at last he shrieked, "*The devil kindle thee!*" and even as he said it, the entire monastery was in a blaze.

Barbarians from over seas and the bad temper of un-monk-like monks no longer threaten the security of the church—the monastery of course went the way of all monasteries some three hundred years ago. But there is another no less dangerous enemy abroad in the land: the restorer who has worked such worse than ruin at St. Albans, who has disfigured the beauty of so many churches of earlier times. He was hard at work when we were at Peterborough. There were good reasons, I believe, for his restora-

tions. The central tower threatened to give way, as it, indeed, had two or three centuries ago, when one of the great piers supporting it had been stayed with iron braces ; but, according to the architects, there was nothing to do to avert this last threat but to take down the tower and rebuild it, which was in process of being done, and a great pile of scaffolding rose at the end of the nave, entirely cutting it off from the choir. The discovery, too, had just been made that the transept roof was rotten and would have to come down, and it was impossible to foresee the day when Peterborough would throw off the yoke of the restorer. To restore this roof, they were, in the most barbarous manner, simply knocking holes through the fine old Norman painted roof to put up ropes and pulleys ! Even overrun with workmen, however, the Norman nave could lose nothing of its impressiveness ; the architects who succeeded the Norman builders may have surpassed them in grace and lightness, delicacy and loveliness of detail, but they never equaled those old men in the solemnity and intensity of religious feeling they gave to their holy places.

And besides, Peterborough, which in so many ways has shared the fate of Ely, was shorn of much of its ornament during the civil wars, and but few traces of its old wealth of shrines and brasses and tombs are left ; and its choir and transepts, without the scaffolding, are bare enough. But its glory is really its west front. And it is strange how each of these great churches, so alike in general plan, has some one distinguishing feature which stamps it with individuality. There is no confusing in one's memory the façade of Peterborough with that of any other church in the whole length and breadth of England. Three enormous arches, deeply recessed, each with a gable above, making here a huge porch, give it the same majesty of effect which impresses one so strongly in the French cathedrals, and as a rule is wanting in those of England. All text-books of architecture will tell you that architecturally this front is all wrong, for north and south gables are deceptive, and do not truly end the aisles as they should ; but many of the mistakes and deceptions of men who were artists as well as architects are more beautiful than the scrupulous adherence to truth of builders with a lesser sense of beauty.

At Peterborough we saw little of the life

which centers about every cathedral, and is entirely distinct from the interests of the town. The old gate-way opening into the inclosure seemed an impassable social barrier between the sacred precincts and the outer world, as if cloistered nuns and monks dwelt beyond it. In the town it was almost easy to forget the Cathedral hidden behind the streets, where men were busy about other things ; but you could never lose sight of it in the country round, and the greatest charm of a long stay in a Cathedral city is the habit one falls into of walking far beyond the rows of houses and shops into the open meadows during the beautiful long summer evenings ; a charm of which the tourist of a day must ever remain in ignorance.

When I look back to the ride from Peterborough, it seems to me a shame that any one who travels to see the country or for pleasure should miss it. Byroads winding with little rivers, white thatched villages, the gray church with fine Norman tower and door-way of Caistor, the long stone wall inclosing the beautiful Park of Burleigh House, by Stamford Town, where the Lord of Burleigh brought the village maiden of Tennyson's poem, Stamford itself, a gray stone city with lovely gray churches and old gray many chimneyed almshouses on the river banks ;—these are what I remember best of the journey. But when we left Stamford, a storm was raging, rain pouring in torrents, wind blowing a hurricane. We fought against it as far as Grantham ; but as we believe one of the great virtues of a cycle is that it will fit into a baggage car in an emergency, we here took the train for Lincoln.

The fact that Lincoln is off any great railway line keeps many people from visiting it. But it is really one of the most picturesque of all the Cathedral towns. Its chief beauty is its position. The Cathedral stands on the brow of a long hill range, just where it slopes suddenly and steeply to the valley of the Witham, beyond which it rises again, to stretch far away southward above a vast plain at its base.

There are plenty of practical reasons that explain why so many old monasteries and churches are beautiful for situation, built almost always in the fairest valleys or on the most commanding heights. But it seems in Lincoln as if the psalmist's praise of Zion must have rung in the ears of bishops and priests, until they too sought to make their

holy town the joy, if not of the whole earth, at least of all the country round about; it should be a delight to weary travelers on the high road, as to dean and chapter in their carven stalls, to the shepherd in far pastures as to the canon within the close. Certainly, wherever you go, you see the gray towers; they overlook the High Street with its street cars; from far above the wharves and ships and gabled warehouses of Brayford Pool, they throw deep reflections into the quiet waters; they keep guard above meadows and elm-lined roads; they are always within sight of anglers on Witham bank, of foot-ball players on the broad common, flooded in the evening with the light of the setting sun, of sweethearts wandering along the high foot-path on the opposite height. The hill is really the characteristic feature of Lincoln; the long winding roads, the short precipitate streets, the steps, the terraces, the rows of houses above houses, the glimpses between busy shops or high garden walls, now down to the broad plain, now above to gray towers, give additional picturesqueness to its group of great buildings, its quaint old houses and churches, its masses of red fluted roofs showing through the foliage, already so picturesque in themselves.

And the hill still separates the town above from that below, as it did in the days when the Norman conquerors took possession of the height, and set upon it their castle and cathedral, while Englishmen retreated to the valley, and, with true English conservatism, went on building churches, the towers of which still stand, in the old Saxon way, though the newcomers were showing how much more beautiful they might be made.

Now, below hill many factories rise on Witham banks and rows of small houses for workmen line long streets like those of manufacturing towns at home. But even the factories add in a way to the beauty of Lincoln; the smoke from the tall chimneys curling upward, weaves a veil, sometimes dark and dreary, sometimes soft and luminous over the lower town, bringing out in strong relief the fairness of the Cathedral city on the hill-top; nowadays, it is worth noting, when the Old World is filled with just such startling contrasts, men are much less indifferent to picturesqueness, whether it be of ivied ruin or crumbling minster walls, than were their forefathers who knew nothing of the machinery which Ruskin thinks has filled

England with the abomination of desolation.

Above hill was a sleepy old Cathedral town that woke into life only on Saturday evening, when three small boys, a donkey, and an old man held a market in the large square between the Cathedral and the castle-gate, and on Sunday morning, when the band marching with soldiers from the barracks to service, and stray detachments of the Salvation Army did their best to drown the Minster chimes. It was up here we had our quarters in an absurd little house, half of which had been pulled down to make way for a new street, and from our windows we overlooked the square, or Castle Hill as it was called; opposite was an old timbered, gabled house; at one end the west Minster towers rose above Exchequer gate, the entrance to the Minster yard, at the other were the blackened, ivy-grown castle turrets. We used to see the Bishop, in his white robes and red hood, passing to and from service with his chaplain. And at all hours the Canons were sure to be wandering about the Cathedral, and were always only too anxious to point out its special beauties to stray visitors. Indeed, the Cathedral seemed altogether more in harmony with the town, more conscious of the outer world. In others we had been to, the service might have been held solely for the benefit of the clergy and their families; never more than a mere handful of people listened to the lessons and the anthem. But at Lincoln Minster, the late Sunday evening service always was celebrated in the nave, and then everybody from above and below hill crowded to it and not a chair was left vacant. This is really the way to see a great cathedral, the way it was meant to be seen, not empty and desolate, but filled with worshippers and resounding with songs of comely praise.

I would advise all who go to Lincoln to live on the hill, though they need not go into lodgings unless their stay, like ours, is likely to last for months. The principal hotels are below, but there is an excellent inn, the White Hart, just under the shadow of the Minster towers. We found a Harvard professor and his wife there, and there they had made their home for the past six months. And, indeed, that is not at all too much time to give to the town. There is so much to see and learn in it. All the many races, who passed through and helped to settle it and shape its history, have left traces of their pas-

sage and settlement. There are earthworks of the old Britons; a heavy town gate and paving and basilica of the Romans; towers of the Saxon Colswegen and his colony below hill; the castle and at least some little part of the Cathedral of the Normans; and the beautiful old Jew's house to show to what power and wealth his people had attained in Lincoln of old. It was in this house, the boy of the old ballad, the little St. Hugh of Lincoln, was murdered by the Jew's daughter:

She led him in through one dark door,
And so she has through nine.
She's laid him on a dressing board
And stuck him like a swine.

Then out it came the thick, thick blood,
And out it came the thin,
And out it came the bonny heart's blood,
There was no more within.

She's rolled him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep,
And thrown him in St. Mary's well,
'Twas fifty fathoms deep.

When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And all the boys came home,
Then every mother had her own son,
But Lady Maisy had none.

In the Cathedral, if you choose, you can go on tracing this history through successive ages, when, many as were the troubles of the town, no new conquerors came from over seas to capture it. The Angel Choir of the

thirteenth century is one of the loveliest examples of the Early English period. The south-east doorway, the elaboration of ornament on the exterior belong to a still later date. Even Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, was at work here, in its cloisters. The Reformation and the civil wars left in choir and chapels, marks of their destructive zeal. Certain commonplace additions belong to the eighteenth century. And the modern restorer, though fortunately kept somewhat within bounds, also has added his restorations to this long record.

But if you learned nothing, you would still stay in Lincoln for the pleasure of strolling in the Minster yard, with the beautiful gray mass rising from the smooth green and dwarfing the little old gabled and bow-windowed dwellings of the Canons; of wandering into the Vicar's court with its great tree overshadowing the low gray stone houses; no younger than the Angel Choir, and to the ruins of the Bishop's palace, by this time, probably, restored, and up and down the streets with their gables and quaint bits of other days; of walking to near little villages, with red brick cottages and prim gardens tumbling down the hillside, and to the broad parks surrounding stately mansions; of following, when the sun is low, the course of the river and the dykes and the canals that flow through the town below hill and cross the plain.

WOMAN'S WORK IN ARCHÆOLOGY.

BY FRANZ XAVER KRAUS.

Translated from THE CHAUTAUQUAN from the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

IT may seem remarkable that the branch of archæology which has attracted most decidedly those women who are devoted to this science is iconography. This study deals with the images and forms under which artistic ideas have found expression. Art among all people is expressed by symbols and allegories before it becomes historical and dramatic. The mysterious charm of the symbolic world appeals especially to the feminine fancy. It finds its clearest echo in the depths of woman's soul. I can believe that there must be a peculiar charm to women in seeking for the symbolic forms in which the religious and artistic world of the past

found expression and in interpreting them.

It is still further remarkable that England has produced the largest contingent of women workers in this field. Of the four women spoken of in this paper, three belong to Great Britain. I believe that the freedom of action which is allowed to the English woman explains this fact as it does also the fact that the number of literary women is greater there than in any other great land of culture.

Let us begin with that English woman of whom most is to be said.

Anna Jameson was the daughter of a young miniature painter, Brownwell Murphy, and was born in Dublin in 1794. Her early childhood

was passed in what for Ireland was a perilous time; her father was connected with the agitation of the unfortunate island, and escaped ruin only by his flight to Cumberland in 1798.

Little Anna grew up in plain circumstances; her lively mind and the distressed condition of the family were the motives which very early led her to literary work. Poems and tales were her first productions. A journey to Paris and Italy soon opened to her a new and broader horizon.

The notes gathered on this journey appeared anonymously as "The Diary of an Ennuyée." "The Loves of the Poets" and "Celebrated Female Sovereigns" followed. Her travels in Italy had awakened her artistic instincts and they were quickened still further by a journey through the Netherlands. Her mind was filled with Rubens, Rembrandt, Ruysdael. They took Shakspeare's place with Mrs. Jameson. She had studied the great dramatist for some years and had gotten the hint of her essays on his female characters which appeared under the title of "Characteristics of Women." A trip to Germany in 1833 was an epoch-making one for her intellectual life. She quickly won sympathy in the best literary circles, especially with Tieck, whose translation of Shakspeare she regarded highly.

In Weimar she sought the "empty throne of genius," and was received by the nobles as well as by Goethe's daughter-in-law, who became her friend. In Dresden she was charmed by the Sistine Madonna. Her acquaintance with Moritz Retzsch, whose sympathetic illustration of Schiller, Goethe, Bürger, and Shakspeare, who at that time were making a great noise, was a delight to her. She believed that Retzsch, if any one, would succeed in interpreting the idea of Miranda, Caliban, of Titania, since in him were mingled the grotesque, the comic, the mild, the wonderful, the fantastic, the elegant. In Frankfort she is charmed with Madame Schroeder-Devrient. She sees Dannecker's Ariadne and give us a critical judgment of his statue of the Savior. She found this artist standing one day with evident joy before this work. Turning to her he said, "When one has done a thing like that he will live," and he added that when he was asked where he got the model of his work, that laying one hand on his head, the other on his heart, he was accustomed to answer, "Here and here."

Mrs. Jameson greatly desired an acquaintance with A. W. von Schlegel. She described his conversation as "like a lyre with seven strings: philosophy, art, poetry, politics, love, gossip, and the weather. There are professors like Paganini, skillful on a single string, others who know how to play the whole instrument, and who strike each with a master hand. Schlegel is of the latter class. He can play bass and treble and alone give a complete concert. No one can talk nonsense like him, no one else in a few hours can be in turn a critic, a philologist, a poet, a philosopher, and a man of the world; no one can tell a more charming story or make happier use of an incident. He told me many interesting things. One morning I was looking at a splendid copy of 'Corinne,' given him by Madame de Staël. 'Do you know,' he said, 'that I figure in that book?' 'In what character?' I asked. He told me to guess, and laughingly I said Count de Erfeuil. 'No, no,' he replied, 'I am immortalized in the Prince of Castel Forte, the thoughtful, gracious, self-sacrificing friend of Corinne.'"

With Munich, also, then beginning to be a city, Mrs. Jameson was pleased. She considered it after Vienna the most beautiful of cities. She was treated like a princess there. From all these fine experiences a work in four volumes, "Visits and Sketches," resulted.

Again the next year we find her at Berlin and Weimar, but a journey to Canada where her husband had a position, broke up these studies of European lands. She returned to England in 1838 where she devoted herself with more intensity than ever to her early studies of the history of art, Waagen's writings on Rubens were her immediate motive for it. A series of articles on the Italian Masters for the *Penny Magazine* was the next fruit of her studies. They came out again in 1858 and 1859 and were translated into French. In January 1842 "A Handbook to the Public Libraries in and near London" followed. In 1841 she went to Paris where she met Rio, a great event in her life, as she thought. With him and Triqueti she studied the Louvre collections and learned much. The first volume of Rio's "Christian Art" had appeared shortly before this. Many years later Rio told with zest the reception this book met the first year after its appearance. The publishers sold just twelve copies of it, and Delécluse, the art writer on the

Journal des Débats, asked Rio once in all earnestness, if in it he had aimed at the mystification of the public. Until then the art opinions of Diderot and Cochin advanced in the eighteenth century, had had absolute sway in France. The eclectic school of the Bolognese was regarded as the highest point of Italian art. Caracci, Domenichino, Guido Reni, counted for more than Raphael. Only a few years before Châteaubriand, France's greatest writer, had expressed the same opinion of Italian art. Rio advanced the theory that Italian art had advanced to Raphael, and that after his death it had declined, and that the eclecticism of the Bolognese was only a part of this decline. This is self-evident to us today, but to the France of 1838 it was incomprehensible and it needed the powerful influence of Montalembert, Caumont, etc., to help the new idea through. Mrs. Jameson took her hint from it, and from now we see her giving herself up with the entire energy of her being to the study of early Christian art, especially the Italian, and undertaking the work of her life, the great iconography of Christian art.

"Sacred and Legendary Art" appeared in 1848. Robert Peel cannot be considered an authority in the history of art, but his appreciative letter to the author whose "eloquent and beautiful volumes" he prized, is an example of the impression the work made in cultured lay circles. Longfellow gives another evidence of this impression. He wrote Mrs. Jameson from America, "Your book has brought me an experience like that a famous organist once produced when suddenly while her fingers seemed busied with other duties, without warning she opened the keys of her instrument and poured forth an unbroken storm of melody. There lie your books and it seems as if they had pressed upon my thoughts and wrung from them unbroken music. God bless you for this book."

"Sacred and Legendary Art," which has been through seven editions, was followed by three other works which were enlargements and continuations of it. "Legends of the Madonna," "Legends of the Monastic Orders," and the "History of Our Lord and of St. John the Baptist."

Mrs. Jameson undertook in her three last-named works the special work of her life, to give a complete iconography of Christian art. At least the weightiest themes in the subject are treated in these six volumes: the repre-

sentations of God, of Christ, the Madonna, Apostles, of numberless martyrs and founders of orders. Neither before nor since has the subject been handled with equal skill or extent. The earlier iconographical work was pure dilettanteism. For the first time in the history of classic archæology the principles of modern criticism had been applied to the iconography of Greece and Rome and a scientific model free from such reproach had been presented. Mrs. Jameson was the first who ventured to make such an attempt on any large scale. It was clear to her that in order to accomplish her great task two things must be done; she must not be satisfied with incomplete material or that gathered in a haphazard way; she must not only see and prove every thing attainable by the monuments, but the witness of literature and poetry must be placed parallel with that of the plastic arts. It was clear to her that they would throw light on each other, and that one who wished to lay claim to the name of an archæologist must study the spirit of a people in its monumental and literary remains.

Mrs. Jameson strove to catch the spirit of the early Christian times from the works of the Fathers. She saw in the hymns of the Middle Ages, in the writings of the mystics, the source of the art ideas we find in the wall and glass paintings of our cathedrals, in the entrancing creation of a Fiesole. She had the special advantage of knowing Dante. Nothing appeared to her merely dry fact or wearisome nomenclature. On each subject she gives a little essay. It teaches us what place the Madonna or St. Catherine or some other saint has won in past centuries. We see the lovely forms swimming before our eyes in all the poetic charm which the childish imagination of the Middle Ages gives them, in all the power which they exercise over the mind, and which, however we may look upon the religious side of the question, certainly has had the effect of creating forms of endless beauty, pictures of indescribable ideality.

If all which we admire and love in Italian art is an eternal, human possession belonging to us all, Protestant or Catholic, then is the learning which has opened these representations to the mind, also of common and noble value, since through it we can enter into sympathy with them. Mrs. Jameson's life work was to bring art nearer to us and, at least, for the English, she has done this.

On her own soil Mrs. Jameson had a rival. Louise Twining cannot be compared to her in extent of literary work nor wealth of mind, but her iconographical publications, "Symbols and Emblems of Early and Mediæval Christian Art" and "Types and Figures of the Bible illustrated by Art," enjoy a fine reputation. They have circulated not only in England but also in Germany, and have gone through many editions. Miss Twining has not been content merely with gathered materials but has sought fresh matter in unedited letters and MSS. She has an honorable place in the literature of Christian archæology.

Far more important is the work of a third daughter of the island kingdom, Miss Margaret Stokes, if I do not mistake, the daughter of a Dublin professor, who has given herself up to the study of Irish antiquities. Her share in the publication of Lord Dunraven's great work on Irish architecture established her reputation. She then enriched Celtic learning by an original work of the first order, in which she published the early Christian inscriptions collected by George Petrie, a work which has come to be regarded as the first sure ground won from the Christian epigraph for the science of the Celtic language and for its literary history. Her latest task is a little book, which I am glad to recommend to all visitors to London and Great Britain as a guide to the early Christian art relics of the island. It belongs in the series of art handbooks gotten out by the South Kensington Museum. Following the casts and exhibits of the museum it gives briefly a learned and complete survey of the early Christian monuments of Ireland and England. We have nothing like it in Germany. It is a remarkable witness to the thorough scholarship and the sound critical judgment of the author. No man could have done better than this brave college girl.

Two women must be named who have been great treasures to their husbands, whose magnificent investigations and excavations have filled the world with their fame: Mrs. Dr. Schliemann of Athens and Madame Dieulafoy of Paris. I cannot give my judgment as to the really masculine culture of the two ladies, but they both deserve high esteem for their courage, self-denial, and sympathy with high scientific ends, for their perseverance and energy. These names always will be a proof that tasks which require physical en-

durance, courage, and risk can be opened successfully to and supported for women.

Let us now turn to the Eternal City and enter the palace of a lady who to-day undoubtedly leads the ranks of women archæologists. Donna Ersilia Caetani-Lovatelli belongs to one of the most illustrious families of Rome. The Caetani has after the Colonna and Orsini the highest rank in the Roman nobility and has extensive possessions which the late Duke Don Michel Angelo Caetani-Sermoneta managed admirably. Don Michel Angelo had in his youth a fine teacher, Emilio Sarti, skilled in philology and archæology. To this man and to his constant intercourse with the most distinguished friends of archæology in Rome he attributed his wonderful acquaintance with the ancient monuments. But it was due as well to his own constant work and to his astonishing knowledge of Dante, whose Divine Comedy he knew by heart at twenty-five, and of which he wrote in his later years, "I am constantly more and more impressed and charmed by the Divine poem." Love of antiquity, acquaintance with the ancient monuments, and joy in them were in his house such a matter of course that his daughter learned these things while at her play, as other children imbibe with their mother's milk the idle caprices and whims of women of the world.

Intercourse with the great scholars who sought the Caetani Palace resulted in setting the young girl eagerly at work at the science of archæology. The Princess is as familiar with Latin and Greek literature as are our cultured academic philologists. I quoted to her one day something from Châteaubriand or Lamertine, I did not know which. "But you know," said Donna Ersilia, "from whom the sentence came," and then she quoted the original from Euripides. Donna Ersilia was married to Count Lovatelli of Ravenna, a marriage whose happiness was broken some thirteen years ago by the early death of her husband. Several sons and two charming daughters were the fruit of this marriage. She is a careful mother, but that does not prevent her from applying herself to her studies. Especially after the death of her husband did she seek in archæology comfort and relief from her pain. "I was a wife and mother at eighteen. Soon after the birth of my oldest son I began little by little to turn to study without thinking of writing any thing for publication. That it came to

that was pure chance, and then after I began to write, I went on and on to where I am to-day."

A series of archæological essays earned her admission into the Royal Academy of Science. She is also a member of the German Archæological Institute and one of the Society of Friends of Early Christian Art founded by Rossi and Bruzza. But above all, her house has become the rallying point for the archæological world of Rome—I might say of Europe. Donna Ersilia has withdrawn entirely from the time-taking and frivolous pleasures of high life. She has made her salon a rendezvous for those whom study has attracted to Rome. There the greatest scholars may be found discussing the rendering of an old text or the interpretation of a word on an antique sarcophagus. In knowledge of these things the beautiful and majestic lady of the house is equal to her guests. To give an idea of her learning let us look at the fruit of her mind. Her published works, the most of which have appeared in the pamphlets of the Academy of Lincei, in the bulletins of the archæological commission of Rome, or in the *Nuova Antologia* have been collected recently in a neat volume. They begin with an essay first published in 1878. The longer essays discuss a cinerary urn with representations of the Eleusinian mysteries, an antique mosaic with a scene from the circus games, a bas-relief of the marriage of Helen and Paris found on the Esquiline, the base of a column with a representation of the Nile, a little marble head which belonged to a boy attendant of a charioteer, a mosaic of a circus charioteer, an exquisite marble statuette found in 1878 on the Campo Verano, which represents a naked boy playing with nuts, a glass vessel with a scene representing the worship of Dionysius,

and finally a charming representation of Cupid and Psyche. Never has this exquisite old myth been treated more beautifully or tenderly than in this essay. Not all the studies of this illustrious investigator were collected in the above mentioned volume. In 1882 two other little books appeared, one of which treated the feast of roses customary among the ancients, which also has found an echo in the Middle Ages and in our times among Christian peoples; the other under the title of *Tramonto Romano* presented the melancholy reflections awakened in the archæologist in the midst of the wonderful gardens of the Villa Mattei where she could view the ruin of the Coliseum.

The last work of Donna Ersilia's of which I can speak, and it is her most valuable work, is called "Thanatos." It shows a wide range of reading in ancient and modern literature and a great familiarity with the best things which have been said on death. It shows a fine comprehension and a deep penetration into the meaning of art works which handle this fruitful theme. The learning of the author and the gentle melancholy of her temper have produced a noble work.

Literary labor is for one a livelihood, for another the gratification of a taste, to many both. Among the women who in our times have taken part in archæological investigations, we find those who have sought in the study, recreation, diversion, comfort; at least to one of them archæology has been also a guard against the wants of life. The success of these women protects the science from the charge of being an occupation unsuited for the sex to enter. What they have done should be an incentive to others to try their strength.

THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

BY IRENE PUTNAM.

BORN with the springtime, dying with the roses,
 On wing of zephyr floating in pure sky,
 Rocking in lap of flower that scarce uncloses,
 Drunken with fragrance, sunshine, clarity;
 Shaking, still young, the dust from his frail wing,
 In heaven's eternal vastness, breath-like, vanishing;
 Behold the Butterfly's enchanted destiny!
 He is like man's desire, which ne'er reposes,
 And still unsatisfied, and tasting everything,
 Seeking for joy, at last returns to the sky.

RENUNCIATION.

BY H. T. SUDDUTH.

'TIS a tree, not sterile-clipped of waving boughs,
Rejecting air and sun and from the cup
Of Nature drinking bane,—but gathering up
Bland strengths from earth and air and sky that rouse
To fuller, grander life and, like the brows
Of the immortals, bending but in strength
When o'er its head and through the forest's length
The giant storm king sweeps in mad carouse !

Renunciation? 'Tis but to forego
Darkness for light ; to make of haunting truth,
That flies the fever and unrest of youth,
A calm and sweet reality that through
The years to come shall brighten still and grow
Till all of life is beautiful and true.

PRESENT POLITICAL PARTIES IN GERMANY.

BY THOMAS BERTRAND BRONSON, A. M.

Of Michigan Military Academy.

THE *Reichstag* is composed of representatives elected by the direct and universal suffrage of all the qualified voters of the German Empire. It includes, therefore, delegates from all existing parties, and a consideration of these will enable us to form a conception of the political condition of Germany.

The parties of the *Reichstag* in the order of their position in the house, from right to left, are the German Conservatives ; the Liberal Conservatives, or German Imperialists ; the Ultramontanes, or Center ; the National Liberals ; the German Liberals, including the Progressists ; the Democrats and People's Party ; and the Social Democrats. There are several smaller factions, which are more or less dependent upon, and incorporated in, the larger divisions, namely, the Poles ; the German Hanoverians, or Guelphs ; the Clericals, Protesters, and Autonomists, of Alsace-Lorraine ; and the Danes from Sleswick.

Owing to the peculiar situation and development of the different political states and institutions of Germany, rising from the misty chaos of centuries of jealousy and disunion, made more complicated by the rela-

tions between church and state, this seemingly large number of parties is not a matter of surprise. The historian wonders that the different states have so far forgotten ages of prejudice and self-aggrandizement as to form a united empire, in which, with the natural exception of the Guelphs and of the Alsace-Lorraine, no party exists which has for its sole aim the advancement of special local interests. However bitter party feeling, and however fierce the internal strife in parliamentary circles, all differences would vanish at a time of serious intervention or of actual danger from without.

In considering the politics of Germany the first and most important factor is the government, which has been represented for the past twenty years by Prince Bismarck. Bismarck was, indeed, the very center around whom the parties revolved, and without whom, it seemed that for a time at least, affairs might lose their equilibrium. He was instrumental more than any other in building up national unity. His was the guiding hand in the Sleswick-Holstein question of 1863-4, in the war of 1866, in that of 1870-1, and in the formation of the empire.

Notwithstanding these important services, by many of his recent theories, by his semi-ultramontane church policy, by his protective schemes, resulting in retaliation on the part of Austro-Hungary and Russia, and by other economic measures, Bismarck brought his later administration into disfavor with many of all classes and parties. He has been censured for accepting the clause granting equal elective franchise, with no distinction in regard to classes or to education, a clause that had its origin in Austrian, ultramontane, and local interests to make the constitution unacceptable to Prussia and the house of Hohenzollern. Conservatives and Liberals alike have claimed that equal suffrage is suitable only for a republic. The fact that the Social Democrats already hold nearly forty seats in the *Reichstag* shows that this assertion is not without foundation. During the time of national enthusiasm in 1871, it lay within Bismarck's power to secure military and diplomatic unity and to establish even an imperial ministry. This he failed to do. On the other hand, the abolition of the diets, his repeated attacks upon the rights of the representatives of the people to free speech, and an unwillingness to relax his feudalistic policy have caused much of the Chancellor's unpopularity.

It is not our purpose here to consider at length the commercial, the financial, the economic, or the social policy of Bismarck. In spite of his claim to scholarship in jurisprudence and national economy, it may be doubted that he possesses a thorough knowledge of the first principles of political economy, and that he is familiar with even the fundamental works of that science. His economic policy has been such as to be styled "social-aristocratic," or "social-oligarchical." He has ever been closely united to the conservative element, and has been attached especially to the landed nobility, classes more ignorant than he in the domain of economic science.

The Chancellor's success has been most brilliant in diplomacy, but he met his equal in Leo XIII. Bismarck's position toward ultramontaniam is most difficult to define. At one time he is to be found on the fence, at other times on both sides of it. He has said that a concordat with the Pope since the proclamation of infallibility is impossible, while his policy for the past ten years seems

to point to such a relation, favoring the Pope with no adequate return. Long has Roman Catholicism been asserting its claims, and both secretly and openly reaching out to secure an effective hold upon northern Germany. This work is being accomplished in a systematic way, through convents, Catholic societies, and charitable unions. The steady growth in the number of its representatives in civil and official life makes known with what success.

Since the Protestants comprise sixty-three per cent of the population of the empire and number nearly one and three-fourths times the number of Catholics, it is not surprising that the apparently wavering policy of the Chancellor has created distrust and dissatisfaction, and this the more, since, at the foundation of the empire, he had the opportunity to deal a death blow to ultramontaniam by espousing the cause of the old Catholic party as friendly to the state, in opposition to the new Catholicism, or Vatican church, as antagonistic to the state.

The path that Bismarck has followed has not been a smooth one. To him it may have been a pleasant one, for he seems to have delighted in opposition. But his changing policy, his antagonism to all parties, his attraction and repulsion of the National Liberals, who are the natural mediators between the throne and the people, have wrecked many of his favorite schemes.

The German Conservatives (*Deutschconservative*) on the extreme right, are the reactionists. In connection with them are Antisemites, Agrarians, Bimetallists, and Corporationists. To this party belong largely the nobility and country squires, also divines, reactionary officials and scholars, army officers, and others. After the fall of absolutism in Prussia, in 1848, a conservative party was formed in connection with the "New Prussian Journal," or *Kreuz-zeitung*. In 1873, we find in Prussia an old Conservative and a new Conservative faction, the former strongly reactionary, the latter more liberal. Later the two were united, and, in 1876, the German Conservative party was organized, extending over other divisions of the empire—Saxony, Bavaria, Baden, and Hesse.

The relations of the party to the government are usually harmonious. But among some noble families the feeling still exists that as blue blood flows in their veins, as that in the line of Hohenzollern or of Haps-

burg. Through the legends and recollections of former knighthood the party has preserved principles and motives transmitted from the Middle Ages. In the science of government, in financial, industrial, and other economic questions, its members are the most biased and the most ignorant of all, excepting, perhaps, the Social Democrats. Their policy is neither broad, nor generous, nor philanthropic, but selfish and short-sighted. In land, tax, and money measures they are ever on the side of their own personal interest. In regard to the army they are opposed to many improvements and reforms, to shortening the time of service, to doing away with the partiality shown the nobility in military and civil appointments, and to relieving the trouble in promotion in the army by the advancement of the most competent and by encouraging officers to enter other professions. Though not so firm and positive on the Jewish question and in church politics the nobility are united with all liberal citizens against ultrajudaism, exclusivism, ultramontaniam, radicalism, and socialism.

The Antisemitists are compelled to prosecute their plans mostly in secret, for fear of revenge on the part of the Jews, who possess so firm a hold upon financial and business circles. No public organization against the Jews exists. However, in 1885, in Prussia, a statute was passed limiting Jewish immigration from other German states and from foreign countries.

The Liberal Conservatives (*Freiconservative*) had their origin in the disaffected condition of the Conservative, or *Kreuz-zeitung*, party in reference to German affairs in 1866-7. Since 1871 they have been known as the German Imperialists (*Deutsche Reichspartei*). In addition to some of the elements of the German Conservative party—land-owners and other magnates—they include officials, scholars of a moderately conservative tendency, representatives of industrial interests, and many diplomatists. Although the party is, as a whole, protectionist, it favors a free-trade tariff-union with Austro-Hungary. While not aggressive, the party is anti-ultramontane, and next to the National Liberals, with whom it has many points in common, is the firmest opponent of the Center.

The Ultramontane (*Centrum*) party was organized in the Prussian House of Deputies, in 1870, and in the *Reichstag* in 1871. It is the

successor to the Catholic party of Prussia, which existed as early as 1850. To avoid giving offense the party has never assumed the name Catholic, nor ultramontane, nor one that indicates any general line of policy, but calls itself simply the "Center." In fact, it seems to have no defined policy excepting to oppose the government and the interests of the new German Empire. Its history has been one of continual opposition. It has never taken the part of peace-maker. Some maintain even that the Center is not entitled to a place in the *Reichstag* as a political party, that it has in reality no interest in the nation, but only in the Catholic church and Germany's relations to the Pope.

Ever since its foundation, however, the Center has played an important rôle in the politics of the empire. Beginning in 1871 with sixty-three members it has steadily increased and now possesses considerably more than one-fourth of the three hundred ninety-seven seats in the *Reichstag*, making it by far the strongest party. Its stronghold is Bavaria. Bavaria is entitled to forty-eight delegates, the largest number next to Prussia. Three-fourths of these are members of the Center. Prussia's representation is two hundred thirty-six, of whom a little more than one-fifth belong to the Center. Saxony, with twenty-three, is third in number of delegates, and sends no member to the Center.

Under the remarkable generalship of its leader, Dr. Windthorst, of Meppen, the Center has been able to show comparative unity. Nevertheless, it has within its ranks all elements from feudalism to socialism, and supporters and opponents of protection and of all important economic questions.

Two wings are plainly distinguishable, the one liberal and democratic, the other conservative. Even in church doctrines the party is not agreed. There are advocates *pro et contra* the Jesuits, the infallibility dogma, and other tenets. It is probable that the time will come when these incongruous elements may be so played the one against the other as to divide the party and destroy its influence. The obloquy cast upon the Center by many must be taken with allowance. The history of the past twenty years reveals the fact that there are questions upon which all can agree. Doubtless, many members of the Center are men of patriotism, who would support the empire in preference to the exclusive demands of the Vatican.

In reading the political history of Germany, seldom will it be that the interest and sympathy of the unbiased critic are not enlisted for the National Liberals (*Nationalliberale*). If there was ever a political party unselfish in its purposes, working only for the good of the nation, ideal, and at the same time practical, that party is the National Liberal. Through its influence and that of the unions that immediately preceded its formation, Germany was enabled to win the victories and experience the enthusiasm of 1866 and 1870. The fundamental principles of the party are not of recent origin, but have existed for centuries. They are found in the writings and aspirations of Germany's greatest writers and thinkers, and may be expressed in the words: *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles, über Alles in der Welt!* Germany, Germany above all in the world!

As early as 1848 a club was founded in Leipsic, called the German Union, with the motto, "German unity, democratic monarchy, not a Republic!" Within two weeks from its foundation the club had two thousand members. Other similar political associations came into existence, but found serious obstacles to their success. The selfish local interests of the governments of single states maintained the ascendancy. After the peace of Villafranca, Prussia's claims to the leadership of Germany grew in favor, and through the important changes and developments of 1863-6 resulted in the North German Confederation. At this time, in 1866, the National Liberal party, under that name, was organized in Prussia from a union of members of the left Center, the Progressists, and the Old Liberals. In 1867 it appeared in the North German *Reichstag* with eighty members, the strongest party, and held this position until the "secession."

Assuming the task of mediating between the government and the other parties wherever a compromise could be effected, and at the same time following the line of positive liberalism, the party has had a difficult work to perform. It has been forced to fight the enemy on either side and the elements of disunion within its own ranks. Bismarck, though enabled to carry most of his measures solely through the assistance of the National Liberals, often fiercely attacked them, and nearly drove them into the opposition.

In the first *Reichstag* of the new empire, in consequence of a military resolution, the par-

ty was in danger of dissolution, and, in fact, voted for and against in equal numbers. Yet the feeling was healed and in the next *Reichstag* the party reached the number of one hundred fifty-two delegates. In the elections for the third legislative period the National Liberals were opposed for the first time by the Progressists, resulting in a heavy loss to each. In the elections for the fourth *Reichstag* both these parties suffered severely from the reaction throughout Germany in favor of the strongly conservative parties, occasioned by the Nobiling and Hödel outrages in attempting to take the life of the Emperor. In the fourth *Reichstag* seventeen members, actuated largely by personal motives, withdrew from the party; and at the opening of the fifth *Reichstag* twenty members, free-traders, separated from the party and assumed the name Liberal Union. These were the so-called "secessionists." By these losses the membership of the party was reduced to sixty-one.

To the National Liberals belong the great majority of scholars, the educated and better class of citizens, and a part of the nobility. Before the secession it was by far the most national in extent of representation. The party is not bound by any fixed platform, or definite program, but decides upon questions as time and circumstances seem to require. At present it is protectionist, but always has treated the subject as an open one, and during the first years of forming and strengthening the empire, refused to make of this a party question.

The National Liberals are the most decided opponents of ultramontaniam, and of exclusivism in every sense, local, individual, and social. Politicians on the left, reproach them as a Bismarck party. This is unfair, for, although the government has accomplished much through the party, the party often has opposed it and at times almost without support. The treatment of the party by the Chancellor himself clearly indicated that he did not consider it a government party. The majority of the party has always remained true to its principles, to take a moderate course, and with Germany united to exalt her at home and throughout the world. The cause of its present defeat lies in the fact that a sweeping wave of socialism and of opposition is passing over Germany, refusing to be satisfied with moderation, and eager to cast off the heavy burdens of taxation and

oppression. Notwithstanding its misfortunes and in spite of its defects, the National Liberal is the party of the future. The principles that it represents cannot perish.

The German Liberal (*Deutschfreisinnige*) party is, in the new *Reichstag*, second in point of numbers. It was formed in 1884 by a union of the Progressists (*Fortschrittler*) and of the Secessionists, or Liberal Union. The two wings have never become wholly united, do not always vote alike, and two associations still exist, but with the purpose of working together wherever possible. Both agree in the following demands: an accountable imperial ministry; universal, equal, direct, and secret franchise; yearly granting of taxes by the *Reichstag*; freedom of the press, of assemblies, and of unions; equality before the law; universal military service; shortening the period of service; justice in taxation; no tax or economic policy in favor of special interests; no monopolies.

The right wing, being an offshoot of the National Liberals, possesses many of the characteristics of that body. Its members are largely representatives of the coast cities, of large commercial and export interests, of banking and insurance companies, with a strong element of learning, intellect, statesmanship, and patriotism. In church politics and on the Jewish question, though inclining to the position of the National Liberals, they are neutral. In the free-trade question they take not the broadest view, but favor selfish class interests.

The left wing, the Progressists, came into existence as a party in Prussia, in 1861, organized by members of the Old Liberals and the Democrats of that period. It has men of ability, but the majority of its supporters are short-sighted and narrow, in a word, *Philistines*. It embraces various elements of Jew and Gentile. It is politic in its methods of procedure, and is most expert in wire-pulling. It is not always consistent in its actions, does not always show its colors, and is subject to pseudo-progressive ideas. It has done good service in agrarian, protective, social, colonial, and monopoly questions. It prides itself upon its readiness to stand ever in defense of the oppressed. It favors a firm liberal government and would not be averse to a constitution in which the real power should be parliament, and the king a figure-head. From politic motives the party says little on Jewish and ultramontane questions,

the former, that it may not lose the wealth and support of the Jews, the latter, that it may keep peace with the Center, a breach with whom would cost it a large number of seats. The watchword for elections is: "No monopolies; no new burdens for the people; no restraint of right and freedom; no exception laws; no abrogation of the elective franchise."

The Democrats have no organization extending throughout the empire. The number of adherents is small, and many are Jews. Their representation in the *Reichstag* has varied from three to nine, Würtemberg sending half, Prussia, Bavaria, and Baden the others, and even this small number do not appear to be in harmony. Attempts to form a North German Democratic party, in 1884, and to unite the northern Democrats with the southern People's Party, in 1885, proved unsuccessful. The Democrats are openly in favor of a republic, separation of church and state, and toleration of nationalities. They vibrate to some extent between the Progressists and the Social Democrats, and by their votes often assist in electing candidates of those parties. Though the party has existed twenty years, its own banner makes no headway, for real republican principles do not thrive in German soil. Between "blue" and "red" democracy the lines are not clearly defined.

The Social Democrats (*Sozialdemokraten*) have already succeeded in capturing twice as many seats in the *Reichstag* as the Imperialists possess. Socialism is the same throughout the world. It flourishes better, perhaps, under a monarchical form of government than elsewhere. Owing to the severity with which all gatherings and publications of a socialistic tendency are treated in Germany, it is extremely difficult to obtain definite information regarding the proceedings and plans of such organizations. The place where their power is most felt is at the ballot box, for Bismarck has put into the hands of the enemy a mighty weapon. Germany offers the strange spectacle of having among the deputies of her most powerful national assembly, men, who, excepting during session, are forbidden a residence in her capital. But the laws against socialism fail to prevent its growth.

In regard to the remaining small parties, the feeling of the Guelphs against Prussia is diminishing, and the Danes are few in number and offer little hostility to a Germanizing

policy. On the other hand the German element and spirit are not increasing rapidly in Alsace-Lorraine, and their national exclusivism renders slow and difficult the Germanization of the Poles.

The combinations of parties that may be formed for elections are many and the fluctuation in the strength of their representation has been great. To the casual observer the workings of the *Reichstag* may seem of little importance and to have slight influence upon the government, the Chancellor, the real power. This is not the fact. With the entire nation to support it, such an assembly can be no other than a mighty and persistent force. Bismarck's assertion that it is continually demanding more rights and ever contending against the government is true. Conflict has been between the government and the *Reichstag* ever since the foundation of the empire, and will continue until the government becomes far more liberal and exhibits greater readiness to enter into plans of reform.

Upon William II. devolves a colossal work. In addition to the *Kulturkampf* and to Germany's military and economic questions, not least perplexing is the solution of her social problems. In the recent election the socialists cast over a million votes. In thirty-six districts comprising the large cities the socialist vote has had a remarkable growth, being in round numbers, in 1884, two hundred sixty-four thousand, in 1887, three hundred fifty-four thousand, in 1890, five hundred seven thousand. This rapid increase indicates that sooner or later there will be but two great parties in Germany, the one voracious and grasping, the other resisting where and best it can.

With the retirement of the iron Chancellor and the appointment of a *novus homo* as his successor, begins a new era in the history of the empire. All Europe is alert, cautiously observing the young Emperor, and fearing lest, like Phaethon, he drive his chariot too heedlessly, and kindle a conflagration that can be quenched only by the blood of millions.

THE LITERATURE OF THE IRISH.

BY JOHN HULL.

THE wonder is that Ireland has so much literature, distinctly national, rather than that she has so little, when compared to the neighboring countries of Europe. Persons acquainted with her history since the English invasion know that the conditions imposed upon her by her rulers were not favorable to the fostering of learning among the Irish people. But the Irish, having a love for literature from the remotest antiquity, sustained their reputation as preservers of letters during the centuries of alien government. The great bulk of the Irish are manual workers, poor in pocket, though rich in patriotism; and the condition of their lives prevents their giving financial encouragement to any great literary enterprise of their own; so, many of the brightest literary geniuses of the Emerald Isle are lost to their country, and neither their names nor productions convey national associations. In America, Ireland is represented by only one great newspaper; and no great magazine, at home or abroad, represents the national aspirations of the Irish race, at the present time.

But there is a literature common among the Irish, wherever their lot is cast. It is to be found in the mansion of the wealthy and refined as well as in the humble home of the laborer. It is the literature which keeps alive the spirit of Irish nationality and makes each succeeding generation patriots, no matter on what part of the globe they have found a habitation.

There are the various histories of Ireland, telling of her former greatness and the subjection of her people; the lives of her saints, who helped to Christianize the world, and who gave free education to students from all parts of Europe, "ere the emerald gem of the Western world was set in the crown of the stranger." Then, there are the lays of her poets, the works of novelists, and the biographies of her patriots who suffered in dungeon and on gibbet for the cause of freedom. So well are the Irish acquainted with these works that among the people who are too poor to own the books their contents are familiar.

The history of Ireland tells the reader that

thirteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, when the sons of Milesius with a numerous body of select troops from Galicia, in Spain, invaded Ireland, they found the island inhabited by the descendants of Partholan, a descendant of Japhet, son of Noah. It was ascertained that Partholan, his wife, his three sons and their wives, and one thousand soldiers landed in Ireland two hundred seventy-eight years after the flood, and came there from Greece. But what appears singular about the conqueror and the conquered, is that they spoke the same language. Indeed, Doctor Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh, who was confined in the Tower of London, where he died in the year 1587, in his Irish grammar, says, "The Irish language was the only one spoken by the natives from the coming of Partholan three hundred years after the flood until the present day."

The origin of the Irish language is lost in antiquity. The alphabet consists of but seventeen letters, which the Irish literati used from the most remote period of their written history.

A further perusal of Irish history instructs us that nine hundred years before Christ a great university was founded at Tara, which preceded all others of the kingdom in rank and dignity. The reader is told also that the whole body of literati of ancient Ireland had but one chief, and he was the arch-druid. This body was exempt from all civil jurisdiction, and acknowledged no power but that of the arch-druids and their delegates. Large estates were settled on them and their posterity. Their persons were sacred, and they enjoyed uncommon privileges. The duties of the chief bard was to celebrate in verse the achievements of his chief and his house; he made birthday odes and went over the names of the illustrious dead. They also attended their patrons in field of battle to animate them in their engagements and bear witness to their exploits. As a specimen of the work of the ancient Irish bard, an Irish annalist gives the following verse from an ode to Gaul MacMorni, by the poet Fergus, at the battle of Canucha, which was fought in the latter half of the second century of the Christian era:

Goll mear Mileata : ceaps na Crodhachta.
Laimb fhiel arracnat : mian na Mordhachta.
Mur lain lan teime : Fraoch nach Bhfuarthear.
Laoch go lan ndeabhna : reiam an readh
Churriabh.

And here is the historian's literal translation:
Gaul vigorous and warlike : chief of the intrepid.

Unboundly generous : the delight of majesty.

A wall of unextinguished fire : rage unremitting.

A champion replete with battles : directing the rage of heroes.

The historians also tell us of the religion and government of the ancient inhabitants of the island. They worshiped the sun under the name of Bel; next to the sun was the moon, which was called Samhain.

The feast of Bel was proclaimed by fires and other public rejoicing on May eve, and that of Samhain on the eve of November. The stars were also adored, and the solemn oath taken on important occasions was : "By the sun, the moon, and the stars." They had likewise their river and mountain deities, those who presided over the hills and those who ruled the valleys; but next to the sun and moon, Neptune was the principal deity.

The doctrines of the transmigration of souls and their immortality were inculcated carefully. The druids taught that the soul must pass from body to body, till by a series of ages and actions it became a pure emanation from the deity, purged from all terrestrial vices, and worthy to be returned from whence it came. The vices in one life were punished after death by that soul's being transformed into some quadruped most remarkable for such depravity. Was a man addicted to gluttony, the soul after his death was judged to animate a hog.

After death the souls of the brave and the generous and the humane were revived in others who were still more noble and pure. In turn they became pure spirits and returned to the deity.

From the year of the world 3110, till the English invasion, Ireland, except while interrupted by intestine strife, was governed by a triennial parliament, consisting of a supreme monarch, four provincial kings, ollamhs, or doctors of science, with representatives of nobilities and towns, with deputies representing other interests. Most of the laws enacted by this parliament have been translated into English at the expense of the English government, but I am not aware that the work was ever published.

The Lives of the Irish Saints is a very popular book among the devout Irish of the Roman Catholic creed. These saints are

counted by the hundreds ; one authority says there were three hundred of them, but it is doubtful if any of them were canonized by Rome, and their names are seldom if ever found in the litanies printed in the authorized prayer-books of the Roman Catholic Church. But the Irish saints of the Christian Church, who lived and labored after the time of St. Patrick were active, zealous, and vigorous propagators of the religion of Christ. Camden, an Englishman, and one of the most distinguished scholars and historians of the sixteenth century, writing of the state of religion and letters in Ireland in the sixth century, says :

The Irish scholars of St. Patrick profited so notably in Christianity that in the succeeding age Ireland was termed *Sanctorum Patria*. Their monks so greatly excelled in learning and piety that they sent whole flocks of most learned men into all parts of Europe, who were the first founders of Luxieu Abbey, in Burgundy ; of the abbey of Bobis, in Italy ; of Wortzburg, in Franconi ; St. Gall, in Switzerland ; and of Malmesbury, Lindisfarne, and many other monasteries in Britain.

An entire book is devoted to the life of some one of these saints. First in the rank of Irish saintship stands St. Patrick. Many volumes have been filled with an account of his life and work. By most Irish Roman Catholics it is accepted as truth that Patrick was sent from Rome to Ireland by Pope Celestin, about the year A. D. 432.

The story of Patrick, as related in most of the books devoted to his life, says that he was captured in Brittany by the Irish soldiery during one of their incursions into that country, and was brought to Ireland where he remained a slave for seven years. On the death of Paladius, whom the Venerable Bede tells us was sent to Ireland by Celestin in the eighth year of the reign of the Emperor Theodosius, Patrick was selected as his successor. But there are learned Irish writers who contend that Patrick had no connection with Rome. Indeed it is stated even by Roman Catholic writers that Ireland first received her Christianity from the Asiatic churches, to whose mode of discipline the Irish Church adhered before, during, and for centuries after the death of Patrick. During the whole of Patrick's mission in Ireland, it is said on good authority, he never made the slightest pretense to Roman supremacy ; and the Irish annalists tell us that there were Christian

missionaries in the fourth century, who not only preached but founded churches in Ireland. Although in the year 325 the council of Nice issued a decree for observing the feast of Easter everywhere, on the Sunday immediately following the vernal equinox, the Irish Church held the feast on the fourteenth day of the first moon, according to the custom of the Asiatic churches, for centuries after. O'Halloran, a Roman Catholic writer, in his History of Ireland, says :

The Irish, from political interests, and their dread of foreign yoke, were the constant and avowed enemies of Rome. This hatred was as conspicuous in the days of Christianity, as we have seen, as in those of paganism, and it will not be now controverted, that they owed not the seeds of Christianity to Roman missionaries.

It nowhere appears, says the same historian, in the annals of Ireland that there was a friendly spirit manifested between the Church of Rome and the Church of Ireland from the time of Patrick until after the English invasion in the twelfth century.

The bull of Pope Adrian IV. to Henry II., granting him the sovereignty of Ireland, was given on condition that the English king would restrain the progress of vice, correct manners, plant virtue, and increase true religion, "saving to St. Peter the annual pension of one penny for every house in Ireland." Pope Alexander, confirming the bull of Adrian, says :

We pursuing his footsteps, do ratify and confirm the same, reserving to St. Peter and to the Holy Roman Church, as well in England as in Ireland, the yearly pension of one penny from every house, provided that the abomination of the land being removed, that barbarous people Christian only in name be reformed.

These bulls may be used as evidence that the church of Ireland gave no allegiance to Rome until after the twelfth century.

Another eminent Irish saint whose life is embalmed in a separate book which is extensively read by the Irish Roman Catholics, is St. Bridget. She was born during the lifetime of St. Patrick, and has been declared perpetual patroness of Leinster. Her festival is celebrated with great devotion on the first day of February. It is said by her biographers that the fame of her sanctity spread over Europe, and at Seville, in Spain, at Lisbon, Placentia, in Italy, at Tours, Besançon, Namur, Cologne, and even in London, churches

were dedicated to her. She also wrote many books, three of which are still extant.

Ireland has many poets, and but one great one—Thomas Moore; Moore's *Melodies* are known in every Irish home. The music of ancient Ireland is full of softness and harmony, and Moore's *Songs of Ireland* are interpretations in verse of the language of his country's melodies—an adaptation of words to a rich mine of Irish music which outlived the fierce incursions of the Dane and the relentless wars of the English, and was preserved in the peasant's hut during the deadly pressure of the cruel penal laws when every thing Irish was shut out from the pale of civilized life. Moore was thoroughly Irish in heart, in feelings, and in principles. He was born in Dublin in 1780, and was educated at Trinity College during the revolutionary movements which stirred the people of Ireland during the last part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. But although a patriot full of love for his country, he held aloof from the secret organizations of the time, which brought so many good Irishmen to the dungeon or scaffold, or sent them into involuntary exile.

Had Moore written nothing but his "Irish Melodies" his name would be famous and he would be well deserving of the gratitude of his countrymen. But his "*Lalla Rookh*" is a great poem which places him in the front rank of British poets. In that poem he gives his fire-worshippers the wrongs and feelings of Irishmen and further endears himself to the hearts of the Irish people. Among Moore's other works, are "*The Memoirs of Captain Rock*," which is a history of Ireland in itself; "*Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*" an Irish patriot, of 1798, who, it is said, was poisoned in prison by the English emissaries of Dublin Castle; and "*The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*." The last named is a very ingeniously written book, sustaining the creed of the Church of Rome. It is popular among the Irish Roman Catholics, not because it proves to their satisfaction that their church is right—they are perfectly sure of that—but it gives the Protestant creed some severe stabs, and the Irish enjoy that kind of literary warfare.

The poet whose songs stand next to Moore's in popularity, among the Irish, is Thomas Davis, the poet of 1848. It has been said that Moore was a poet by nature, and Davis a poet by choice. But his songs stirred the Irish

heart during the troublesome years of '47-'48, when young Ireland, tired of parliamentary agitation, was preparing with the sword to wrest from England what O'Connell and his followers failed to win with tongue and pen. Davis was a Protestant, and labored with his pen to extinguish the fires of religious intolerance, which have done so much mischief in Ireland, and to unite Roman Catholic and Protestant to recover their country's independence.

He sang :

Let the orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother;
The everlasting green for me,
And we for one another.

The religious bigotry, which has been kept alive in Ireland, for political purposes since the ascension of William of Orange to the throne of England, is now on the wane; some of the ablest and most trusted leaders of the Irish people to-day are Protestants, and Thomas Davis contributed his share toward the happy change which promises so much to the country's welfare.

The novelists of Ireland, with national associations, are numerous. At their head as a writer of fiction stands Charles Lever, but holding a commission in the English army, his works do not breathe the national spirit which would make him popular with the masses of his countrymen. His books have been extensively read in England as well as in Ireland, and lately there is a large demand for his works in the United States. Gerald Griffin was, perhaps, a more promising story writer than Charles Lever, but he died in young manhood without a full opportunity to display his abilities as a novelist. Love of Ireland permeates all his works and places them in harmony with the aspirations of the people whose characteristics he so truly delineates in his stories of Irish life. Dion Bouicault's popular Irish play, "*The Coleen Bawn*," is a dramatization of Griffin's Irish story, "*The Collegians*." The story "*Willy Reilley and his Coleen Bawn*" is a production of the Irish novelist William Carleton, and is one of the most widely circulated of Irish novels. Carleton, like Griffin, is intensely Irish, and is considered the best and most faithful interpreter of their character and delineator of their life and manners.

Samuel Lover is another Irish novelist who made himself popular among the people of

England and Ireland by his very entertaining and witty stories, "Rory O'More" and "Handy Andy." But there is little pathos and no patriotism in his productions, yet there is a demand for them for the mirth which is in them.

"Michael Dwyer," "Life of Curren," "Irish Scholar in the Penal Days," "Hugh O'Neill, or the Red Hand of Ulster," are historical works which have a large circulation among the Irish.

The most popular of all books among the Irish is the "Life of Robert Emmet," Ireland's young patriot who for high treason was hanged and beheaded in Thomas Street, Dublin, in the year 1803, at the age of twenty-three years. Emmet was the college friend of the poet Moore, and the sad fate of the young revolutionist inspired the Irish bard when he sang,

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,

Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

These lines allude to a passage in Emmet's

speech in the dock, when Lord Norbury asked him why the sentence of death should not be passed upon him. It does not pay rulers to hang men who represent the aspirations of a people. Emmet's headless body has surrounded the government of England, in Ireland, with more dangers and annoyances than any dozen live patriots that ever devoted themselves to the cause of Ireland. The story of his life, trial, sentence, and death has made thousands and thousands of Irish rebels against England. The Irish mother tells the story of Emmet to her children and they in turn tell it to their own sons and daughters, until the patriot's name is more venerated by his people than any other Irishman that ever lived.

There are a few Irish works, mostly of political import, which have been published during the last decade, but the Irish writers whose productions are popular belong to past generations. If Gladstone succeeds in giving Ireland a native parliament there may be a revival of Irish literature of a high order, but in her present provincial state it is not likely that Ireland will produce any great poets or prose writers to compare with the past.

THE FAITH CURE.

BY J. W. HAMILTON, D.D.

THE Life story of Faith must be autobiography. The unbeliever could not write the life of faith. The author himself would discredit the biography. To him the subject of the memoir would be only myth. The story at best could be only a very unsatisfactory contribution to the study of myths. Faith is not myth. Myth is nothing; faith is something. There are no unbelievers who have no faith. There are persons who choose at times not to believe certain things. But the choice is often most arbitrary.

Disbelief like unbelief has its system of faith. To deny something is to believe something. Disbelievers are not believers of nothing. There are no persons who disbelieve all things.

All persons are believers. They differ only as they differ in the things believed, unbelieved, or disbelieved.

Belief is as much fact as knowledge. Truth may be as much truth, when assented to by the mind, with simple reliance on testimony, as when it may be mathematically demonstrated. One method will not discredit the other. Reason will not discriminate to depreciate faith: nay, "faith is a higher faculty than reason." The reasoner must not rely on his methods solely, in determining matters of faith. Faith is its own interpreter.

Faith in God can never be mathematically demonstrated.

God's answer to faith must be accepted, simply because it can be believed. Nevertheless there are methods of faith, evidences of faith, and results of faith as certainly as there are laws, principles, and conclusions which the rationalized understanding comprehends. Faith is the natural law of the spiritual world. The reason may employ all its resources to examine, but it is beyond

its sphere and power to deny the results of faith.

The all important element of Christian faith is the presence and power of God. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Given the presence of the Infinite God in the earth there is nothing unnatural, but every thing natural, possible, and probable with Him in the supernatural things which are attributed to Him. The wonder is not that He is a worker of miracles but that there is not more of miracle-working wherever He is.

Neither is there any thing unnatural to the believer in prayer nor any thing impossible, nor, indeed, improbable in answer to prayer. "If thou canst believe," Jesus said, "all things are possible to him that believeth." Aaron's rod is turned into a serpent, the Red Sea goes back before the hand of Moses, the walls of Jericho fall down before Joshua and the sun and moon stand still in their course, at the word of his command, fire falls on Mount Carmel in answer to the prayer of Elijah, the Shunamite's son is raised to life again, just as the dead man who was let down into the sepulcher revived and stood upon his feet when he touched the bones of Elisha; the three children were delivered from the fiery furnace, Daniel was taken alive from the lion's den, and Jonah out of the great fish's belly; so also was the deaf and dumb man healed who believed on Jesus of Nazareth, the man with the dropsy, the ten lepers, the nobleman's son, and the man born blind; by faith Peter walked on the sea; out of weakness others were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens; and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword.

Much of the mystery and confusion of the unbeliever and disbeliever in dealing with all spiritual things and miraculous things come of their practical atheism. The error of unbelief and disbelief is in putting God away; He is not recognized as before all things; in all things, and upholding all things by the word of His power. To live far away from God is not to know the exceeding greatness of His power. "It is not reason," Jean Ingelow said, "makes faith hard, but life."

But what of the Faith Cure? Will the prayer

of faith save the sick? Do the Scriptures teach that God will heal them that have need of healing? Have there been persons "on whom this miracle of healing was shewed"? Are there instances of such healing which can be verified nowadays?

In the discussion of these questions there must be "the proper cure of . . . prejudices."

The "medicine bag" has long been a mystery bag. Webster's definition of medicine is "any substance administered in the treatment of disease." It would be difficult to find any substance which had not been so used. "Medicine in its primitive state comprised a recognition of the relative virtues of different articles of food, an empirical use of medicinal herbs and roots and superstitious rites. For ages it was merely traditional usage in families or communities." Disease was superstitiously "ascribed to evil spirits or to the displeasure of divinities," and the "medicine men" were a sacerdotal order. In Egypt where the methodical study of medicine began, "at first the method pursued was to expose the sick by the wayside that passersby who had suffered from similar maladies might recognize them and declare the means of cure."

The art of medicine at one time consisted almost wholly of directions for the use of amulets, which were considered as a protection from evil influences. These amulets consisted of "a precious stone, a plant, an artificial production, or a piece of writing. These were suspended from the neck or tied to any part of the body for the purpose of warding off calamities and securing some specific object." Charms and talismans were frequently employed to guard against plagues and fearful maladies. Rings bearing precious stones were supposed to possess occult virtues which would not only heal the sick but control character and conduct. Divination by words or characters was often resorted to for protection and deliverance. Arithmancy, or the superstitious use of numbers, served to invoke blessing and not unfrequently as a kind of exorcism to drive out evil spirits and disease. Many kinds of birds and varieties of eggs were secured and kept for purposes of good or evil omen.

In all Roman Catholic countries the relics of the saints are implored to heal the sick. These relics include the bodies of departed saints, fragments of their bodies, articles or portions of articles which they have used,

such as clothes, vestments, rosaries, and the like. The Church of Rome also "venerates relics of Christ and His Blessed Mother. Such are the holy nails, lance, spear, or fragments of the True Cross, the girdle, veil, etc., of the Blessed Virgin." The Catholic Dictionary which bears the imprimatur of John Card McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, says, "Catholics believe that God is sometimes pleased to honor the relics of the saints by making them instruments of healing and other miracles."

But one will not be required to go abroad to find superstitious preventives of disease and remedies for it. The writer has simply called to his aid the women who happened to be in his home, as he writes this paper, for instances of such antidotes, with which they are familiar. One avers that if an onion be stolen from a grocery store, rubbed on a wart, and then buried where no one can find it, the wart will go away. Another, an elderly lady of intelligence declares, that she was once induced to kill a striped snake and then bite through its skin in the hope that thus her teeth would be preserved from decay. The same lady says she knew a man who lived on Cape Cod, that was persuaded by a colored physician to bind a live toad on his eyes, and so long as the toad lived, wear it to cure blindness. The girl in the kitchen solemnly affirms that she knew a girl near her home, away down East, who "caught tree-toads and allowed them to hop from a tumbler down her throat to cure a consumption; when the cold weather came on and the girl could not find the toads, she died."

Many wonderful phenomena which are now "embraced under the names of hypnotism and somnambulism and which as animal magnetism or mesmerism, stirred the world in the latter part of the last century and far into the present, were known and used from the earliest times in the service of mysticism, prognostication, and religion by the priests of ancient Egypt as well as by the old Indian fakirs, Greek oracles, Roman sibyls, mediæval magicians, exorcists, conjurors, pneumatologists," etc.

Modes of healing have not been overlooked which are dignified in our time with such names as "The Science of Being," "The Science of Health," "The Science of Immortal Life," "Koreshan Science," "The Spiritual Science," "Science of Metaphysics," "Mental Science," "Mind Cure," "Psycho-

athy," "Phrenopathy," "Pneumatology," and "Christian Science."

What are the remedies which have not been used to heal the sick? It would seem less difficult to enumerate the few appliances which have not been used than the many which have been used. "The so-called allopath, the homeopath, the isopath, the physiopath, the eclectic, the botanic, the cold water curer, the electrician, the so-termed Christian Scientist, and the faith worker," which according to a recent writer "constitute the more prominent modern representatives of the healing art," all have their counterparts in the numberless unclassified self-taught practitioners, who administer their medicines according to their respective experience or particular notions. The whole range of remedies from brimstone and molasses to the simple exercise of "the power of mind over matter," have been traversed by these various schools of medicine. And it must be conceded that all the schools have succeeded. Calomel boasts no more of its cures than "the metaphysics" of "Christian Science." What is it that has not cured the sick? "High potencies" have held on their way, when disputing with heavy doses of still more heavy drugs. All schools of medicine and all itinerant charlatans have their testimonials: wherefore dispute their claim?

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has somewhere said, that of every thousand persons who are sick, nine hundred will recover and fifty will die with or without physicians, and it is by no means clear whether the remaining fifty are killed or cured. Whether faith or fancy, drugs or nature, attend that "mysterious and pathless power" which has to do with all prescriptions and all patients where the sick are healed, God alone knows. And the poor people who suffer, doubtless will continue to employ their neighbors who are physicians, "without authenticating the value or the quantum of the charges," until all may know that both pure science and applied science have succeeded to perfect genius.

But no one of all the superstitions or "sciences" or schools of medicine should be confounded with the "prayer of faith" which has saved the sick. "There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."

Whence came the knowledge of "effectual prayer" which avails to save the sick? It could come only from God's promises and His fulfillment of them. Do they not begin with

the book of Exodus in the Old Testament and continue through almost all the books of the Bible down to the exhortations in the last chapter of the Epistle of James in the New Testament?

They are not denied : they cannot be gained. Have not the promises been fulfilled?

To the woman who said within herself, if I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole, Jesus said, when He saw her, Daughter be of good comfort : thy faith hath made thee whole.

To one of the ten lepers, who fell down on his face at the feet of Jesus giving Him thanks, the Man of Nazareth said, Arise, go thy way : thy faith hath made thee whole.

To the man born blind, but whose eyes the Man of Miracles had opened, Jesus said when He had found him, dost thou believe on the Son of God?

He answered and said, Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?

And Jesus said unto him, Son thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord I believe.

Have all believers faith adequate to heal?

When Jesus rebuked the dumb and deaf spirit which possessed the young man mentioned in the Gospels, the spirit cried and rent him sore, and came out of him. But Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up : and he arose.

When He was come into the house the disciples of Jesus asked Him privately, Why could not we cast him out?

And He said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting.

Instances are recorded in both the Old and New Testaments, where prayers were offered with great importunity, yet were not answered.

David besought God for the life of his child ; and David fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth. And it came to pass on the seventh day that the child died.

Paul said, There was given to me a thorn in the flesh. . . . For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me, and He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee : for My strength is made perfect in weakness.

But a much more significant instance is recorded of the Son of Man.

After He had eaten the passover with His disciples He went out with them into the Mount of Olives. And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane : and He saith to His disciples, sit ye here, while I shall pray. And He taketh with Him Peter, and James, and John, and began to be sore amazed, and to be very

heavy. And saith unto them, My soul is exceedingly sorrowful unto death : tarry ye here and watch. And He went forward a little, and fell on the ground and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from Him. And He said Abba Father, all things are possible unto Thee : take away this cup from Me : nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt. And being in agony, He prayed more earnestly and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.

Nevertheless Pilate delivered Him to the people and they crucified Him.

There are "ills without a cure." There is a law of death as well as a law of life on the earth. All persons must die. When causes are come which lead to prolonged illness or death some wise purpose must intervene in the very nature of government if the inevitable consequence is to be averted. Wisdom may see purposes of needed discipline or greatest usefulness in the order of nature which may prolong suffering or induce death. Against such wise purposes, prayer ought not to prevail.

There will be conditions of faith, therefore, to direct the "effectual" prayer. The professional "faith curer" who will not respect the conditions, can only resort to sorcery or delusion. The New Testament affords an instance of such professional quackery.

When Simon of the City of Samaria saw that through laying on of hands the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money, saying, Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost. But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter ; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. . . . I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.

The nature of "healing faith" is specific, as, "in fact, all medicines will be found specific in the perfection of the science." Paul said in the enumeration of the gifts of the spirit,

To one is given by the Spirit the Word of Wisdom. . . . To another faith by the same Spirit : to another the gift of healing. . . . God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily, prophets, thirdly, teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings. . . . Have all the gifts of healing?

To this last question, all will answer, Certainly not. "Prayers are heard in heaven," said Spurgeon, "very much in proportion to

our faith." But all faith is not inflexible, nor "invincible in prayer." "We do not say," Dr. Daniel Steele says, "that the healing of the sick is the result of ordinary faith in God, but rather of an extraordinary faith wrought by the Holy Spirit for this specific purpose. . . . This gift of faith must be discriminated from the grace of faith. . . . The grace of faith, when exercised in prayer, is always accompanied by the condition 'if it be Thy will.' The gift of faith is the assurance beforehand that it is God's will to bestow the thing desired. Hence those who have experience in the charisms of faith for healing—the writer has no such experience—say that there is no *if* in this kind of prayer. It is an unconditional grasping, not of the written promise but of God Himself."

A single question remains to be discussed: Has the faith of healing been exercised in the Church since the days of Christ and His Apostles? Dr. Whedon in his Commentary on the Acts of Apostles (VIII., 24,) says, "We agree with that class of thinkers, including Dr. Samuel Johnson, Baxter, Wesley, and, at the present day, Dr. Bushnell, who maintain that supernatural events of various classes are not confined to Scripture alone but that the narratives affirming them are too numerous and too well authenticated to be rationally rejected summarily and universally. These narrated events may be roughly classified as (1) Fictitious; (2) Preternatural; (3) Supernatural; (4) Miracle." His discussion and illustration of the Preternatural in Acts III., 4, is most interesting. He says:

Every scientific physician knows that faith predisposes the patient's system toward health. "It is," says the celebrated physiologist, Dr. Carpenter, "to a state of fixed expectation with implicit confidence that we may fairly attribute most if not all the cures which have been worked through what has been popularly termed the 'imagination.' A couple of bread pills will produce copious purgation and a dose of red poppy syrup will serve as a powerful narcotic if the patient have entertained a sufficiently confident expectation of such a result." This fact no doubt accounts completely for a large amount of the *miracles of healing* in the later Christian Church, especially in nervous cases. The preternatural is the avenue through which the supernatural may reach us. And we may even say that our Lord and His Apostles often used the preternatural receptivity of the patient, arising from faith, to pour in upon the patient the

supernatural force that worked the miracle.

The tendency of all such denial as that which refuses to accept the testimony of intelligent good men who are well-accredited in all other matters relating to cases of healing by faith in prayer similar to what are authorized and instanced in the Old and New Testaments, is to invalidate all testimony. "The testimony of the early Christian writers, such as Tertullian, Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Origen, and others, is regarded as an invincible proof of the existence of the books of the New Testament in the second and third centuries as the universally accepted standards of Christian truth." And yet to invalidate the testimony of these same early Christian writers when they relate instances of supernatural healing is to invalidate their testimony to the nature and scope of the Sacred Canon. A recent writer who seeks thus to escape the force of the evidence given by the Apostolic Fathers and the Apologists of the second century says:

I have for some years past been reading, as I have found leisure, that magnificent translation (Edinburgh: T. T. Clark) of the Ante-Nicene Fathers. To say that I have been astonished, is to speak feebly. John Milton was well acquainted with the Fathers and despised them. . . . The fact is that no person of candor and judgment without a theory to maintain, reading the Ante-Nicene Fathers, and weighing their general style, would conclude it probable that miracles were wrought far along the second century.

But "our belief or disbelief of a thing does not alter the nature of the thing," was a saying of Archbishop Tillotson. We are not yet ready to discredit Luther and Melancthon, the Scotch Worthies, such a man as Bengel, not to say such eminent and pious Methodists as the late Bishop Simpson and the honored senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Thomas Bowman.

It is God who sustains all things and who works through all things to His purpose. Why should He be hampered by man's experience in the knowledge of His law? Not all natural laws are known. If they were, God has power to add to His laws or to suspend them for the working of His will.

If the supernatural was called in to introduce Christianity, why may it not be important to continue its presence in the Church to perpetuate Christianity?

Who but the Father and His children may know the things which will yet be revealed to him that believeth?

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE CLASS OF 1889.

To one who has watched the Class of 1889 from its beginning to its graduation, the roster of names printed on the last pages of this impression has none of the barrenness of a record, none of the unmeaning dryness of a chronicle. On the contrary it pulsates with life, force, and significance. More than four years have passed since the class was formed. Hundreds of those whose names are now announced as having completed the course, entered it with hesitation. They had put their studious habits by years ago and doubted if they would enjoy re-forming or even if they could re-form them. Others entered the new company, who had passed into middle life without ever knowing before any opportunity for culture. They grasped at the proposed plan with the eagerness of those who see, at last, long-deferred dreams becoming realities. Many took it up who rejoiced that they found there a systematic plan for carrying out an hitherto incomplete course of study. Many saw in it the means by which they could keep apace with their boys and girls. A multitude of different conditions, different motives, marked these C. L. S. C. graduates at the beginning of their course.

If we read between the lines of names the history of the four years, it is easy to follow the changes which gradually came over these graduates. The desultory habit of picking up anything which entertained, gradually disappeared. Frivolous, crude, and weak literature lost its charms. The pleasure of knowing things became genuine and keen. The articles and books which frightened once because of their gravity and severity, became deeply interesting. The whole mental attitude was changed. Not less marked was the change in their relations to others. The work of the young students in the family became an object of interest to them. They found themselves able frequently to give help or to suggest, and derived pleasure from the sense of new power which came to them. Conversation assumed an unsuspected importance. They had something to say. They felt new interest in their church, their schools, G-May.

their town or municipal governments, and they found that as their interest and intelligence increased, their influence increased as well.

The changes in individuals are not all that are to be read between the lines. In many a village a group of readers formed the nucleus for an intellectual life. Through their efforts a library was begun, a lecture course supported, thought was awakened, and discussion started. The village once conscious of intellectual wants sought to satisfy them. More books were bought, more magazines and papers taken, until, at last, study and conversation replaced idleness and indifference. The quickening of the life of the village is one of the problems of these times. Besides the public school and the church no organizations exist frequently to stimulate communities. A Chautauqua circle to which an earnest few gives serious thought and determination is capable of reconstructing a village's habits and ambitions. The Class of '89 can point to more than one such reconstruction.

Sadly enough not all that this roster suggests is so inspiring. Many who began with as honest a purpose to complete the course as those who have succeeded, were compelled to drop out. Sickness or poverty or heavy duties barred their way. The record of their effort and their honorable failure is not the least valuable chapter in the history of '89. To them ought to be especially inspiring the fact that many names which are in the present list are of persons who for reasons similar to their own dropped out of earlier classes. One of the greatest advantages of the plan of home study is the fact that it is never too late to carry it on. The limitations which hedge his path may prevent a reader's completing his course in four consecutive years, but they do not forbid his going on with future classes.

To the '89's who look over this record of names and say sorrowfully to themselves, "I tried to put my name there, I could not help my defeat," or to those who perhaps might have finished the work if they had mustered a little courage, a little more perseverance, we would repeat that helpful C. L. S. C.

battle-cry, "Never be discouraged." If the hindrances have been too great to permit a graduation with the '89's all the Nineties are open.

We take an honest pride in this great class. It has made a thorough test of the Chautauqua plan of Home Study. We believe that the future of its members will be enlightened with continuous study and research and that they will become types of self-culture in its best and broadest sense, that they will be a constant stimulus to those about them and stand as noble representatives of the Chautauqua scheme.

The class of 1889 has a history marked by courage, enthusiasm, conscientious effort. May it have a future as replete with aspiration, determination, progress.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

The fact that the administration of President Harrison has a majority in both Houses of Congress, and the further fact that obstructive parliamentary tactics are excluded by the new rules of the House of Representatives, create a measure of responsibility which for several years no party has borne. This responsibility is the greater because it is improbable that the President's friends will control the next Congress. It is a reasonable demand that the Republicans shall fulfill their pledges to the country while they have the power. It is of unwholesome effect to have any party in power which lacks either the courage of its convictions or the industry to enact its convictions into law. There is always too much insincerity and cowardice in political action. In the present situation, friends and enemies unite in demanding of the party in power the legislation which it has promised.

Four months of this Congress and thirteen months of this administration already have passed, and as yet very little progress can be reported. An unusual number of large legislative contracts are to be carried through, and the proposed laws ought to be before the people for approval or disapproval at the autumn elections. There is, in the first place, a solemn engagement to provide more adequately for the veterans of the Civil War. To administer existing laws and to dole out a few farth-

ing's worth of new bounties, will not fill the contract under which the Republicans came into power. The veterans have fair right to expect much more.

Secretary Blaine's South American plans have been supposed to contain the promise of large results. It cannot be sufficient to have had a congress of all the Americas in Washington; some solid results are required to justify the spectacular preface which the country has witnessed. The people will not be satisfied in this case unless the administration can show that some important advantages have been secured. The Australian ballot system is commanding such general attention, and elections, North and South, are under such a reputation of corruption that the country is not unreasonable in expecting the application of the reformed ballot to the elections of members of Congress. A party which so loudly has professed its devotion to purity of elections ought not to be excused or apologized for, if, with a working and unhindered majority in both Houses, it fails to illustrate its faith by appropriate legislation.

The reform of the Civil Service is a yet more urgent concernment, and the action of the administration will be narrowly watched and strictly criticised at every step of its progress towards or away from a pure, and therefore an improved, use of the public service. It is pretty certain that this cause could be served by new legislation; it is perfectly clear that the candid and complete enforcement of existing law will be required of this administration. It cannot plead, as the last administration could plead, the defects of the Civil Service reform legislation, for the power to perfect the laws is in the hands of the Republicans.

The creation of legal restraints upon the abuses of corporate combinations is one of the new duties which are extremely difficult. Such legislation must preserve the benefits of combination while forbidding abuses; and a failure to make this distinction would be fatal to our prosperity. Farmers and laborers desire liberty to combine to raise prices; indeed, this question is large enough and vigorous enough to kill any party answering it with unwise legislation. The reform of the tariff (in a protectionist sense) so as to reduce the Treasury surplus, is among the things promised the people. The wisdom or unwisdom of the policy does not concern us in this outlook; the promise was definitely and

emphatically made at the last elections, and should be redeemed at par. It is only by the consistent keeping of pledges by parties that the system of party government can be maintained. We have, at length, a chance to hold a party to a strict accountability, and the chance will be fully improved. A worse tariff law might impair some fortunes; a law not seriously different from the old one would impair confidence in the representative system. Unredeemed party pledges sap the very foundations under us.

It is probable that this division of responsibility which has long existed, has disqualified the friends of President Harrison's administration for realizing and meeting the full responsibility which is now upon their shoulders. For years no one party has stood under this burden. It was always possible to plead that "the other party hindered us." That plea will not serve at the next elections. The magnitude of the questions before Congress increases the responsibility of the majority and makes it certain that a strict account will be demanded.

SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT.

There is always a hazard that a body of people who unite for social purposes will become a mere hodge-podge. It cannot be otherwise where there is so great diversity in human temperaments and tastes. Cold-blooded conservatism is thrown into the company of enthusiastic, importunate radicalism; sturdy, active young people of the world fall in with dreamers and impressionists; the grave and the gay; the ardent and the cold; the awkward youth unaccustomed to social customs and the polished man of the world; the tired teacher and the fresh young woman of leisure; opposites of innumerable kinds confront each other. There is a natural antagonism between them. Yet upon their union depends the quality of their social life, if not its very existence. This union is all a matter of the skill with which they adjust themselves to each other and to the general habits of the coterie. It will be granted that every person has a definite relation to every person he meets. It ought to be granted, if it is not, that it is possible to find what this relation is and establish it. Thus the old may become the dearest friends and companions of the young if they have the tact and patience to adjust themselves to their tastes; but if

they refuse to do so, and demand service and homage because of their age—they may receive them, and fail quite of that more intimate and beautiful relation. The serious and the gay ought to temper each other. Friction between them is because one or both fails to understand the other's character. The man with a hobby is by no means necessarily a bore. He may become very entertaining if one knows how to ride with him for pleasure and not as a business. The taciturn, half-sneering student is not a bad fellow, if you know how to take him. Not even the poor dude is entirely waste material, for if one have half a grain of humor he can enjoy him without descending to ridicule. There is something to enjoy, to profit by, to sympathize with in every person met in social life, if we have the wisdom, the skill, the unselfishness to get at it.

But if there is no response? There is the point for the exercise of the finest grade of adjustment. In fitting one's self into social life it is necessary to remember that there are people to whom one is most perfectly adjusted when he keeps away from them. Arthur Schopenhauer wrote, "One is always common to some body." There are undoubtedly people to whom all of us (and natural repugnance to the thought does not make it false) are disagreeable, tiresome, weak, or irritating. It may be no fault of ours, perhaps not of theirs. The reasons for personal dislike are frequently subtle beyond analysis. We may be too narrow or too broad, too crude or too fine. It may be a case of physical repulsion. The fact remains. There is no necessity for suspecting unkind feelings to be at the bottom of it. Probably there are none; the natures simply do not fit.

Now if one have tact, sense, and a touch of humorous appreciation of the situation, he will keep himself where there can be no chance of friction, yet do it so delicately that there will be no sign of avoidance.

There are people who declare that this effort at social adaptation is a weak compromise. They will not countenance habits, opinions, and dispositions which they do not believe in nor sympathize with. It is not hard to detect a tinge of self-righteousness in such an attitude. Charity itself, not good manners merely, require that tact, magnanimity, insight, and appreciation characterize and mark all intercourse with men and women.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE fifteenth volume of the *Assembly Daily Herald* will be published in July and August of the coming summer at Chautauqua. The size of the page will be larger than that used last year. The number of issues will be thirty. No pains will be spared to give in the *Assembly Herald* a complete and accurate representation of the great summer Assembly. The lectures on its platform will be reported fully by stenographers. The work of the classes in the College of Liberal Arts, the conferences on various lines of reform, the Round Tables and class gatherings of the C. L. S. C., the discussions of the Teachers' Retreat, all departments of its many-sided intellectual life will be reported. The "lighter vein" of Chautauqua is never slighted by the *Herald*. "Walks and Talks" among its people and its distinguished visitors form a regular feature. The chat of the Amphitheater, of the hotel corridors, and of all public places of interest and amusement enlivens its pages. In short the *Herald* is Chautauqua—in newspaper form. The price of the volume in single subscriptions is \$1.00; in clubs of five or more, to one post-office address, 90 cents each. Attention is invited to our combination offer of THE CHAUTAUQUAN from October, 1889, to September, 1891, and Volume XV. of the *Assembly Daily Herald*, to one post-office address, for \$2.70. After August 1, 1890, this offer is withdrawn. Those who send in their subscriptions to the *Herald* at once, will receive copies of the *Advance Herald*, a fine, large, illustrated sheet containing full announcements and information for every day of the season of 1890 at Chautauqua.

WHAT time Congress had left in March after passing private pension bills and appropriating money for buildings, it gave to public business. The House decided that we should have an Assistant Secretary of War, agreed with the Senate on the Oklahoma bill passed to it last month, adopted the World's Fair bill, for '93, and admitted Wyoming. The introduction of a bill providing Federal direction of the election of Congressmen on petition of 500 voters, opened a fine question for debate. The Senate wisely decided that

the census shall be taken in Alaska. It defeated the Blair bill, but not Mr. Blair, who two days after appeared with a new rendering of his measure. The dependent Pension bill was passed. Mr. Sherman's much amended Anti-trust bill was discussed largely, and assigned to the judiciary committee. In committees, the postal telegraph and the new site for landing immigrants (Ellis Island, New York Harbor) were prominent fresh matter.

A SPASM of cabinet crises went over Europe in March. First Premier Tisza resigned as leader of Hungary in the Austrian Empire. He had served his country for fifteen years and had made a noble record for patriotism and statesmanship. Political intrigue caused his retirement. The French ministry, headed by M. Tirard, went out next. There was not much of a reason for the action; it is not necessary in France to have a reason for resigning. The cabinet had had the good luck to last almost thirteen full months, to put Boulangerism out of sight, and to conduct successfully a splendid exhibition. Nothing more, to judge from precedent, should be asked of a French cabinet. The third break was the resignation of the greatest man of the world in many respects, "iron and blood" Bismarck. It is the only one of the three which has caused universal anxiety. The young king is a mixture of the despot and the socialist, and the possibility of erratic and disastrous movement on his part is very strong.

THE center of political interest in England for a few months, at least, will probably be the Irish Land Purchase Bill introduced by Mr. Balfour, the Irish Secretary. It proposes to devote \$155,000,000 from England's treasury to buying from Irish landlords, if they want to sell, the lands they now let to tenants. The rent to the tenant is to be for the first five years 20 per cent lower than at present, for the next forty-five years 30 per cent lower. At the end of that time the title of the land goes to the tenant. This complicated business scheme is to be managed by a Land Commission. Before attempting to study the bill we advise our readers to go

over Mr. Towse's article in the March issue of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

THE story of the outrages on political exiles in Russia, the horrible traffic in slaves in Africa, and the even worse corruption of its natives by the sale of rum, form a trio of foreign horrors which are daily taking a deeper hold on the serious-minded of the United States. True, these things are not in America, and we have a full chorus of evils in our midst. But is our Government, therefore, free from responsibility in regard to them? We joined in the Anti-Slave Conference, should we not join actively in the prohibitive measures which follow? Should we not join or inaugurate a movement to prohibit the sale of rum in Africa? Is it not time to say to Russia, stop your barbarity? Certainly humanitarianism has become international.

WANDERING somewhere in the labyrinth of Congress is a request from Secretary Blaine, sent in in March, asking for more money toward the restoration of certain manuscript letters and papers relating to our early history. He ought to get all he needs. Little systematic effort has been made in the United States toward preserving historical documents. We could well follow the example of Spain in this particular. That country over one hundred years ago established "The Archives of the Indies," a collection of original papers pertaining to her discoveries in America.

THERE has not been as much "leakage" from the secret sessions of the Imperial Labor Conference convened at Berlin in March, as there usually is from the secret sessions of the United States Senate. The resolutions which have been made public concern chiefly conditions of labor. No girls, and only boys of 14 are to go into the mines; before entering factories children must finish a prescribed course of study; Sunday labor is abolished except where necessary. It is complained by skeptics that these suggestions would be all very well if there was any power to enforce them. It looks very much as if the same power which caused the calling of the Conference would cause the application of its recommendation—and that is the laborers themselves.

ANSWERS to the question, "What is the chief cause of poverty?" formed a symposium recently in a great metropolitan daily. Ed-

ward Atkinson said, "Ignorance and incapacity"; Chauncey Depew, "Lack of self-confidence and of decision, rum, and loafing"; intemperance alone was a sufficient cause to several minds. The majority of opinion was that the causes of poverty are largely traceable to individuals themselves, though several ascribed it to the injustice of governments and society. A significant exercise on this subject is within the reach of everybody: analyze the causes which have produced want and keep in want persons whom you know. The more of this work one does the more convinced he will be that the surest remedy for poverty is learning how to do something well and doing it, practicing in the meantime thrift and temperance.

"GENERAL CROOK believes it is right," has been for many years the best recommendation an Indian measure could have. He knew the Indian better, probably, than any living man. The Apaches, the Sioux, the Cheyennes, and the Chiricahuas learned from him their best lessons in obedience to authority. They learned too that there are honest white men, for he never broke his promises to them, and protected their rights scrupulously from the inroads of the squatter. In a difficult treaty where distrust of the whites affected the Indians, as in the recent treaty with the Sioux, General Crook's influence was powerful. No better Indian policy than his is needed by the government. General Crook's death removes a brave soldier, a Christian gentleman.

WHEN we are told that the inhabitants of Austria speak thirteen different languages and thirty-five different dialects, we feel that the weakness of the Empire is explained. As far as variety of tongues goes, however, the state of Pennsylvania can equal Austria. It takes Bibles in twenty-nine different languages to supply the needs of this state. The number of dialects spoken, nobody knows. Further than in numbers, the cases, of course, are in no wise parallel, for in this country the native speech is almost invariably supplanted in the third, if not the second, generation by English.

DUMAS, *fils*, the French novelist, writes somewhere, "Woman was the last thing God made. He made her Saturday night. One sees how tired he was." We wish M. Dumas could have an experience similar to that of

the co-educational college presidents of this country. A recent symposium of them on the question of the relative aptness of young men and women, gives the latter quite as high a standard as the former.

THE engineer for several years has had a hungry eye on the amount of space between Allegheny and Pittsburgh which the Alleghany river absorbs. He proposes that the river be switched into a new channel to start some five miles above and to end four miles below its present confluence with the Ohio. A strip of land seven miles long and one mile wide would be gained for the city—and the engineer. A similar scheme is proposed for Chicago, to close up the main channel of the Chicago River and connect its North and South Branches with Lake Michigan, thus giving the city a strip of new land in its most valuable portion, and making an almost straight channel the length of the city, which would be constantly cleansed from the lake.

WOMEN who "mind to play the Amazon" are not common nowadays, but not wanting. In the reports of the present war between France and the King of Dahomey a band of female warriors has figured conspicuously, and from one of the towns of S. Paulo, Brazil, a militia company of women is announced. Evidently the demand for "Women's rights" has gone around the world.

THE attention of the *Note Book* recently was called to what was claimed to be the beginning of a serious abuse of orphan children. They were sold, it was said, from "homes" in New York for \$30.00 apiece to manufacturers, presumably into the fate of the "bound boy" of the past. Findlay, Ohio, was mentioned as the terminus of the traffic. Through the courtesy of the Y. M. C. A. Secretary, of Findlay, we learn that two glass factories have obtained orphan boys from New York, that they have been given good homes, not over twelve in a house, are encouraged to deposit each week a sum to their credit, that they will, many of them, become journeymen at a splendid trade before they reach their majority, and that they are contented and happy. The inland manufacturing centers of this country offer fine openings for the uncared-for young of the great cities, but it is of the greatest importance that those who take upon them-

selves the responsibility of employing them, see to it that they have the humane and wise care which seems to be given them in these cases at Findlay.

JUST at the point when we are promised a farsight machine which will enable us to see as far as we now hear, and which sets us a-dreaming of the possibility of sitting in our parlors in the Mississippi Valley and watching the crowds swarm up and down the Corso in carnival time, the telegraph asserts its artistic ability. By means of a chart whose squares are numbered and lettered from side to side and from top to bottom, the points of a picture can be located by wire. The outline formed, the picture is filled in by means of descriptive words. Of the artistic merits of the result the less said the better, of its usefulness in an emergency there can be no question.

IN many parts of the country the only drawback to the delight of summer is the mosquito. The little pest makes constant misery for humanity within its reach. Its extermination or control has been ignored usually as impracticable and impossible. Yet there is a habitat uncongenial to the mosquito. If the land in a vicinity is thoroughly drained, he will go. There are also two enemies which, if allowed free movement, will drive him out. They are the spider and the dragon-fly, but as a rule the human war on these two prevent them from putting the check they otherwise would on the ravages of the *culex*.

THE greatest bridge on earth was opened in March at Edinburgh, Scotland. Its length is 8,296 feet. It stands fifth in the list of highest structures in the world: Eiffel Tower, Washington Monument, Cologne Cathedral, and Old St. Paul's, London. Engineering experts declare it a marvel of skill, the public a marvel of convenience. It is also most unsightly and puts a blot on one of the loveliest views in the world. Lovers of natural beauty are saying to the cheering public with Ruskin, "You make railroads of the aisles of the cathedrals of the earth, and eat off their altars."

THE untrained observer of the heavens can have little idea of the amount of patient work which such a discovery as that announced in regard to the planet Mercury, costs. Schiaparelli, the famous astronomer of Milan, has

for seven years been watching this planet, making most of his observations in full sunlight. His conclusions show that the conditions in Mercury are widely different from what formerly was supposed. The chief point is that the planet's rotation on its axis takes 88 days, the same as its revolution around the sun. The results of such a movement is that the Mercurites, if any exist, possess a world nearly one-half of which lives forever in the glare of a sun whose heat is from four to nine times as great in intensity as in our world, and nearly all of the other half of which is buried in unending darkness and bitter cold. Between these two dreadful extremes are narrow strips of land whose conditions are, probably, not unlike our own.

MR. GLADSTONE has applied a sort of Malthusian doctrine to library-making in England, and the results are very entertaining. The increase of books in England is, he says, passing into geometrical progression. As he can discover none of the checks which Malthus did on the increase of population, he entertains "more apprehension of pressure upon available space from the book population than from the numbers of mankind." Full of benevolence as ever, he makes some capital suggestions as to the housing of the increasing multitudes so as to prevent "the population of Great Britain from being extruded some centuries hence into the surrounding waters by the exorbitant dimensions of their own libraries."

THE reception the world gives to splendid earnestness like Tolstoi's is seldom kind. The great Russian novelist has brought a load of scorn on his own head by his literal interpretations of Christianity, and he replies most pathetically to the charges that his life does not correspond to his preaching:

I do not preach, I cannot preach, though I passionately wish to do so. I could only teach by my actions, while my actions are vicious. That which I speak is not preaching; it is simply a refutation of the erroneous conception of Christian doctrine, and a correct interpretation of its real essence. . . . Look at my life, past and present, and you will see that I am trying to obey. . . . If I know the way home, but am drunk, and follow it unsteadily, tottering from side to side, does this prove that the way is wrong also? If it is wrong, show me another.

If I am unsteady, help me, but do not knock me down, do not rejoice at my fall.

It is probable that the only reflections which a mention of Dr. von Döllinger, the eminent German scholar who died in January, brings to the minds of the majority of Americans, relate to his opposition to the dogma of papal infallibility, and to his profound learning. But Dr. von Döllinger was an illustration of a wholesome fact too often overlooked, that people who are the greatest are the simplest in tastes, the most lovable in life. A friend says of him, "I don't think I ever took a walk with Dr. Döllinger without being touched by the sight of children running out of cottages or from the fields to greet him with smiles and kiss his hand; and I noticed more than once the friendly terms on which he seemed to be with animals." His conversation was always adapted to his associates, and he would charm the young by his interest in things which they had supposed beneath his notice. He was as full of humor as of kindliness.

THE great impulse which has stirred the commercial life of South America in the past decade has opened the way for increased activity on many other lines. The quickening of interests in religious matters has been specially marked. The American Bible Society reports the Bible distribution fifty per cent larger last year than during any preceding year.

THERE has been some criticism devoted recently in the religious press to the practice common among not a few preachers of selecting a text for a sermon from the Bible and the subject from society. We have never discovered a phase of society which the Bible did not have a text to fit nor do we believe that a minister errs who preaches on the practices, the tendencies, the abuses, the needs of the social, the public, the municipal life of his people. The Bible on almost every page gives the most emphatic and wholesome precepts and examples for practical life in the world. Men need to-day above all things in religion to realize that the texts of the Bible are intended to fit the life of the world, and that where Christianity is inadequate it is because its texts have not been so applied.

THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

"Languor can only be conquered by enthusiasm, and enthusiasm can only be kindled by two things: an ideal which takes the imagination by storm, and a definite intelligent plan for carrying out that ideal into practice."—ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

THIS magazine is part of a system for promoting popular education, by giving direction to self-educators either individually or in groups (local circles). While the C. L. S. C. can by no means be a substitute for college, it offers the student what is called the "college outlook," and in thousands of cases has served as an excellent review for college graduates. The course covers a quadrennium and requires less than an hour of attentive daily reading for nine months in the year. The student is expected to fill out question papers which may be used for regular examinations or simply as aids in review and systematic arrangement of information. Examinations are not required. The diploma granted at the end of the course *does not represent a degree of any kind*, and is valuable only as an evidence of four years of faithful reading. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is a "definite intelligent plan" for helping honest, ambitious people in every

sphere of life, to undertake conscientious, careful study for the sake of personal culture and not to win an empty honor.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER.

Answer the following questions: 1. Name in full. 2. Post-office address. 3. Married or single? 4. Age? Between 20 and 30, 30 and 40, 40 and 50? etc. 5. If married, how many children living under age of 16 years? 6. Occupation? 7. Religious Denomination? 8. Graduate of High School or College? Give name of institution. 9. If formerly a member of C. L. S. C., state class. 10. Do you join as an individual reader (alone)? 11. As a Home Circle reader (in a family)? 12. As a Local Circle reader?

Send answers to these questions together with fifty cents (annual fee) to John H. Vincent, Chancellor, Buffalo, N. Y. You will receive membership packet with full instructions concerning books, magazine, and plan of study.

BULLETIN FOR C. L. S. C. MEMBERS.

GENERAL.

THE reports of local circles last year showed that about two thousand people were reading the C. L. S. C. course without registering at the Central Office, or, in other words, reaping most of the benefits of the Chautauqua system without paying the fee which makes the perpetuation possible. Chautauqua has no endowment, and it must be run on business principles. A word to the conscientious is sufficient.

MEMBERS of the C. L. S. C., and especially secretaries of local circles, when sending fees to the Central Office should bear in mind that local checks, no matter how small the amount, cost fifteen cents each for collection. Remittances should in all cases be made either by post-office order on Buffalo, New York, Postal Note, registered letter, or bank draft on New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. A fifty cent check, which costs fifteen cents for collection, is an expensive fee.

TO MEMBERS OF '93.

ALL members of '93 who have not sent to the Central Office answers to the twelve questions on the form of application for membership are

urged to do so at once, as these facts are of great service in making up the record of the class. The questions will be found on page 5 of the general C. L. S. C. circular.

GRADUATE CLASSES.

THE special examinations for students of the graduate course in English History and Literature, are in preparation and will be mailed in a few weeks to all students who have paid the extra fee required for this service of the professors. The papers in literature will be examined by Professor McClintock of Wells College, and those in history by Professor Adams of Johns Hopkins University, and returned with corrections to the student. The value of this examination as a test of the attainment of the student will be very great, and it is hoped that many graduates will avail themselves of the privilege.

THE experiment of a three years' graduate course in English History and Literature has proved most successful, more than one thousand students having engaged in this work during the past year. The course for next year will, it is hoped, meet with still greater favor as it is the

English year in the 'four years' course of the C. L. S. C., and graduates wishing to work with undergraduate circles, without difficulty can adjust their studies to those of the circles. In the preparation of the work for the remaining two years of this course, the experience of graduates

during the past year will prove of great value. Individual readers as well as graduate circles, therefore, are invited to send at once a brief statement of their experience with this new course of study, to John H. Vincent, Drawer 194, Buffalo, New York.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

FOR MAY.

First Week (ending May 8).

"Latin Courses in English." Part II. Chapter III.

"Chautauqua Physics." Chapter VIII. to page 199.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Making of Italy."

"King Victor and King Charles."

"Moral Teachings of Science."

Sunday Reading for May 4.

Second Week (ending May 16).

"Latin Courses in English." Chapter IV.

"Chautauqua Physics." Pages 199-208.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Archæological Club in Italy."

"Italian Literature."

"The Chautauquan Map Series." No. VIII.

Sunday Reading for May 11.

Third Week (ending May 23).

"Latin Courses in English." Chapter V.

"Chautauqua Physics." Pages 208-224.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Life in Modern Italy."

"The Servian Kingdom."

Sunday Reading for May 18.

Fourth Week (ending May 31).

"Latin Courses in English." Chapter VI.

"Chautauqua Physics." Chapter IX.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Roman Morals."

"Color Blindness."

Sunday Reading for May 25.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Roll-Call—Quotations about May.
2. Table Talk—Spring notes. (Reports of recent observations made on flowers, trees, and vegetable life in general.)
3. The Lesson—As given in the corresponding week in the *Outline*.

Music.

4. A special study of the first article in the present issue of this magazine, "The Making of Italy." On blackboard or paper a top-

ical analysis should be made somewhat as follows:

ITALY.

- | | | |
|-----------|---|---------------|
| Its Unity | { | Geographical. |
| | | Political. |
| | | National. |
-
- | | | |
|-------------------------|---|-------------------------|
| Processes in the Making | { | Roman growth in power. |
| | | Roman policy. |
| | | Roman conquests. |
| | | Roman war with colonies |

This should be expanded and extended so as to include all the points made in the article, as, for instance, in connection with Geographical unity, should be written the topic, Comparison with other peninsulas. All places should be located on maps, and, following the author, each topic should be fully discussed.

5. Selection—"The Last Interview of King Victor and King Charles."* Different readers should be appointed for the parts.
6. Character Sketch—Bismarck. To be followed by a general discussion of the man and his work.

SECOND WEEK.

1. Roll Call—Quotations about birds.
2. Table Talk—Spring notes. (Reports of recent observations made on birds, their nests and their eggs.)
3. The Lesson.

Music.

4. Paper—Comparison of Lucretius and Tennyson. (See article on Tennyson in the present number.)
5. Selections—"Impressions of the World's Cathedral," and "Ancient Nicknames."*
6. The working of the problems in physics in *The Question Table*, of the present issue.

HORACE DAY—MAY 22.

And I'll teach

How to charm away care with the magic of song.
—Horace.

A PARTY AT THE SABINE FARM.

Each member of the circle is to personate some friend of Horace to whom direct allusion

*See *The C. L. S. C. Library Table*, page 237.

is made in Chapter V. in the "College Latin Course"—there are twelve or fourteen of them. If these are not enough, other characters indirectly connected with the reading, such as Brutus and Cassius, may be chosen, as allusion is made to the battle of Philippi. Inaccuracies in chronology are allowable as, for instance, the poet's father is to be included, although he probably died before Horace came into possession of the farm. All are supposed to be assembled for a social evening. As the leader, who personates Horace, greets each one as his guest without knowing what character he represents, the latter must make some remark which will reveal himself; for example, should he be Cervus, on expressing his delight at being in the country, he should add, "I've no use for" city life—part of the expression being a direct quotation of his words from the chapter on Horace, and only expressions and allusions found there will be allowable. Should the host fail to recognize him, he may continue the conversation until the guest has three times used some tell-tale expression. Then, should he still be in ignorance, if any one in the company has recognized him he is to step forward and introduce him to Horace. In order that there shall be no duplication of characters and that no one may know who the others are, at some previous meeting the names are to be written on slips of paper and drawn.

The evening should be as informal as possible. Each guest is to furnish a story, and these are to be gathered from any source whatever, thus affording a relief from the strain of things Horatian. They may be read from a book, written as original, or may be arranged from some work to suit the occasion; all must be made short. They are to be brought in in a conversational manner, Horace calling on some to give them, others beginning after one has left off by "That reminds me," etc. For the host's contribution, by request he is to give his autobiography, describe his farm and his pleasure in it, and scatter compliments to his friends. As a diversion during the evening he introduces a soothsayer who, looking forward to the year 1890, tells of the fame awaiting all, especially Horace, and of the praises which during all those ages are to be sung to the Roman poet, and points out future poets who are to be in some respects like him. As proof of these two statements he reads "*Nil Admirari*" and "The Old Man Dreams,"* and very briefly sketches their authors; he points out the likeness between the latter selection and the last stanza on page 370 of the text-book. The old game of "Twenty Questions" restricted

to objects mentioned by Horace in the text would form an amusing and profitable entertainment. It is played as follows: Supposing some one has in mind the "box of nard," mentioned on page 366. He announces "I am thinking of an object mentioned by Horace." The others begin asking him questions which can be answered by yes or no, such as "Does it belong to the animal kingdom?" "No." "To the vegetable?" "Yes." "Exclusively to the latter?" "Yes." "Was it prized chiefly for its beauty?" "No." "For its usefulness?" "Yes." "Was it something Horace possessed?" "No." "Something he requested a friend to bring?" "Yes." The clue is now found and the object guessed.—The whole entertainment will be found to be a good memory drill on this part of the Required Reading.

ADDISON DAY.

Should it be desired to celebrate Addison Day, May 1, it will be quite an easy matter to adapt "Strada's Prolusion,"* arranged from Addison's "Guardian," Nos. 115, 119, and 122. Each one personating a character could give as a recitation any selection he chose, the audience or judges to decide to which one the prize or the highest honor should go.

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll-Call—Specimens of satire.
 2. Table Talk—Current events.
 3. The Lesson.
 4. Full description of the steam engine either from a small model or a complete illustration. A visit to an engine in operation would be better still.
- Music.
5. Paper—Satire and the world's leading satirists.
 6. Selections—"The Winds of Heaven" and "Strada's Prolusion"*(if the latter is not used for Addison's Memorial Day).
 7. Questions and Answers on Physics in the present number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

THE CHAUTAUQUA CORNER.

The Occupant was radiant when last the Scribe invaded the sacred precincts of the Corner.

"What's up?" he inquired.

"I've discovered a gold mine," was the solemn reply.

"Actually or figuratively?"

"Actually."

"Where is it located?"

"Here, in this Corner. You know how dismal I've been over the lack of intellectual com-

* See The C. L. S. C. Library Table, page 237.

* See The C. L. S. C. Library Table, page 237.

panionship, how I've always thought it unsatisfactory and cold-blooded to sit down alone over my books. I never could understand how you, for instance, could pour for hours over books. But I've discovered it now."

"It? What is it?"

"Why the secret of finding your companion in the author of a book or the character of which it tells. Of hobnobbing with him, making a chum of him, you know. I've always thought a book was only a poor substitute for a person, but I'm beginning to see that, if it is a good one, it is the very cream of a person."

The Scribe nodded. "Capital, I'm glad you have hit on that. It is an experience that a reader has to grow to usually, and it is invaluable."

"I really feel as if these authors were my personal friends, and when I settle down for my hour of work I find myself reading in about the spirit I would listen if they were there talking to me. I'm like the children playing school," and the Occupant blushed and laughed half-apologetically.

"Well," said the Scribe, "I fancy we should all of us be wiser if we would learn a lesson from the children's enthusiastic imagination and enliven our daily routine with a little of its sunshine. I've always felt that the reason many people found books dry was, they did not have enough imagination to put themselves in close contact with the author. You cannot enjoy a thing you do not sympathize with. A thing must be real to awaken sympathy. If a character or author become real, it is by aid of imagination."

"Then you think what I've been calling my childishness was really good mental philosophy?"

"Certainly. When you get so that you can come into this Corner and say, 'Good morning,

Horace, I wish you'd tell me that story of the 'Town and Country Mouse' or, 'Prof. Steele, can you help me do these problems on Sound in *The Question Table?*' and feel as if you were going to real friends, you will have learned a practical use for the imagination."

The Occupant mused. "I wonder if that isn't the secret after all, of the way some authors write about the books which have influenced them. I have felt sometimes when I have been reading reviews or criticisms that the writer must have a peculiar mental power which I never possessed. He seemed to feel as if the book he talked of was a living person. Now here is something I came across in Ruskin the other day—you know you recommended Ruskin to me—and it really gave me the blues. I couldn't understand how he could be on such intimate terms with men who had been dead years and years."

The Scribe listened and the Occupant read:

If any one skilled in reading the torn manuscripts of the human soul, cares for more intimate knowledge of me, he may have it by knowing with what persons in past history I have most sympathy.

I will name three.

In all that is strongest and deepest in me,—that fits me for my work, and gives light or shadow to my being, I have sympathy with Guido Guinicelli.

In my constant natural temper, and thoughts of things and of people, with Marmontel.

In my enforced and accidental temper, and thoughts of things and of people, with Dean Swift.

Any who can understand the natures of those three men, can understand mine; and having said so much, I am content to leave both life and work to be remembered or forgotten, as their uses may deserve.

"Now think of sending a person to *books* to learn what your *nature* is. But I believe I began to understand."

And the Scribe left the Occupant still musing over the wonderful thought that in the books of the Corner he might find living companionship.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS.

FOR MAY.

Mr. Edward A. Freeman who is introduced to the readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* in the first article of the present issue, is a widely known English historian. He was born in Staffordshire in 1823; received his education at Trinity College, Oxford, of which institution he was, in 1845, elected a Fellow. In 1884 he was appointed regius professor of modern history in the Oxford University. In the number of his valuable historical works are "The History and Conquests of the Saxons," "The History of Federal Government," "History of the Norman Conquest of

England," "Old English History," and "The Ottoman Power in Europe."

"LATIN COURSES IN ENGLISH."

P. 304. "Pro-tag'o-nist." A Greek derivative from two words meaning first, and actor; applied to one taking the leading part in a drama.

P. 305. "Plautus." We know this great comedian only by his pseudonym. He began his literary career in 224 B. C., and died in 184 B. C., aged it is supposed about 70 years.

"Me-nan'der." (About 342-291 B. C.) A

dramatic poet, called the founder of the school which gave representations of actual life and manners.

"Ar-is-top'h'a-nēs." (444-380 (?).) The most celebrated comic poet of Greece.

P. 308. "Westminster School." This institution, located in London, is known also as St. Peter's College. In the long list of celebrated names made up from its graduates are to be found those of Ben Jonson, Dryden, Locke, and Gibbon. "In obedience to an ordinance contained in the charter of Queen Elizabeth, the Westminster scholars present every year, on three nights just before Christmas a Latin play. The performance, which takes place in the dormitory of the college, with appropriate scenery and costume, is perfectly unique of its kind, and is the only relic of an ancient custom once common to all our great schools. . . . Terence has always been the favorite [author chosen] . . . The performance is preceded by a Latin prologue in which such events of the year as have affected the school are briefly touched upon: and followed by an epilogue in elegiac verse, which of late years has assumed almost the dimensions of a farce in which the current topics or follies of the day are satirized under an amusing disguise of classical names and allusions."—Collins' "*Plautus and Terence*."

An "iambic" foot is one containing two syllables, the first of which is short and the second long, or the first unaccented and the second accented. The following verse is composed wholly of iambic feet:

Thy gēn- | ius calls | thee not | to pur- | chase
fame.

For the definition of dactyl and trochee see note on "Sapphic verse" on next page of this magazine.—"Archaic" forms are those which bear the marks of ancient times; old-fashioned, antiquated.

P. 325. "Libretto." A book containing the words of an opera.

P. 326. "*Syn-a-poth-nes'con-tēs*." A Greek word meaning dying together with. "*Com-mori-en'tes*" is the corresponding Latin word. "Diphilus" was an Athenian comic poet contemporary with Menander.

P. 337. "*Ecrasez l' Infâme*." Crush the base wretch.

P. 339. "Epicurus." See note on p. 350 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December 1889.

"Æ-ne'a dae." A name derived from Æneas, and applied to his son Ascanius and all of his descendants.

P. 340. Fa-vō'ni-us." The name of the west wind, called also Zephyrus, which blew in the spring and promoted vegetation.

"Son of the Memmii." Caius Memmius Gemellus, a tribune of the plebs in 66 B. C. He was himself eminent in literature and eloquence as is witnessed by the fact that Lucretius dedicated this poem to him.

"Mavors." Another name for Mars, the god of war; or rather this was his correct name, of which Mars is a contraction.

P. 341. "Dæ'dal." Ingenious, artful, maze-like. The word is derived from Dædalus, the skillful craftsman of Crete, who built the labyrinth in which the monster Minotaur was kept.

P. 343. "Iphigenia." The daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. The father had once killed a stag belonging to the goddess Diana, and could only appease her by promising to sacrifice to her the most beautiful thing that should be born that year. This proved to be his own daughter, but the king delayed fulfilling his promise. When the Greek fleet set sail for Troy it was becalmed at Aulis, and the seer Calchas declared that the gods would not be propitious until this promise was kept. Agamemnon thereupon sent for Iphigenia and offered her up as a sacrifice. According to some authorities, when she was about to be immolated Diana substituted a stag in her place, and bore off the daughter in a cloud, to Tauris where she became a priestess to the goddess.

P. 345. "Pi-er'i-dēs." A surname given to the Muses, derived from Pieria, near Mt. Olympus, where the Thracians first worshiped them.

P. 347. "Wordsworthian." William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was an illustrious English poet, whose most marked characteristic was a deep love of nature, which he expressed in magical lines and stanzas. "His ideas which seemed almost to defy expression, are not unfrequently conveyed in simplest, clearest, and happiest phrases"

P. 348. "Cen'tau-ry." A plant of the genus *Centaurea*, several species of which grow wild in meadows, one of them being the knap-weed or knop-weed.

P. 355. "Phidian Jove." The celebrated statue of Jupiter which was the masterpiece of the Greek sculptor Phidias (about 490-432 B. C.). It was placed in the front chamber of the temple at Olympia, and, save on great festal days, was hidden by a magnificent curtain. "The god was represented as seated on a throne of cedar-wood adorned with gold, ivory, stones, and colors, crowned with a wreath of olive, holding in his right hand an ivory and gold statue of victory . . . and surmounted by an eagle. . . . The statue reached almost to the roof which was about sixty feet high." It was removed to Con-

stantinople by the Emperor Theodosius, and was there destroyed by fire in 475 A. D.

P. 360. "Sapphic or Alcaic." A stanza of the former kind consists of verses, or lines, of five feet, of which the first, fourth, and fifth are trochees (feet of two syllables, the first one accented), the second a spondee (a foot of two accented syllables) and the third a dactyl (a foot of three syllables, the first being accented). The following verse is an example:

Come' to | me' now' | if' ev-er | thou' in |
kind'ness.

An Alcaic stanza is one invented by Alcæus, consisting of five feet, sometimes of different measures as the following example of an Alcaic strophe will show:

O | might'-y | mouthed' in'- | ven'tor of | har'-
mo-nies,

O | skilled' to | sing' of' | time' or e- | ter'-ni-ty,
God gif'- | ted or'- | gan' voice' | of Eng'- | land,
Mil'-ton a | name' to re- | sound' for | a'-ges.

P. 361. "Dr. Philip Francis." (?)—1773.) An eminent British translator. He was chaplain to Lord Holland, and preceptor of his son, the renowned Charles James Fox.

P. 362. "Bulwer-Lytton," Edward George Earle Lytton. (1805-1873.) A great British novelist, who has also attempted almost every kind of literary writing, poetry, political treatises, and translations. Having come into possession of the large estates of his mother, in compliance with the will, he assumed her maiden name, Lytton, as his surname, attaching it to his proper name Bulwer.

P. 365. "Pe-li'dēs." A name meaning son of Peleus and applied to the Greek hero of the Trojan War, Achilles. — "Pelops." The mythical hero who migrated from Phrygia or Paphlagonia to southern Greece and from whom that land was named Peloponnesus.

P. 366. "Nard." The name of an aromatic plant commonly written spikenard. Horace speaks in Ode II., 7 of the Syrian spikenard. Among the ancients the name was applied to a species of Valerian, of which a well-known representative is the garden heliotrope. — "Sulpicius," Galba. A member of one of the oldest Roman families to whose cellars it is probable Horace had sent casks of wine to be stored.

"Ca-tul'us," Valerius. (87-47 (?) B. C.) His extant works consist of one hundred sixteen poems on various topics and in different styles. Among them is an heroic poem of four hundred nine lines, called the "Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis."

P. 368. "The river Styx." See note on p. 265 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December, 1889.

P. 371. "Pros'er-pine." The wife of Pluto and queen of the infernal regions. — "Æ/a-cus." One of the three judges in Hades, the lower world. — "The Elysian fields." The residence of the departed souls of the blessed. — "Sappho" (saf'fo). A Greek poetess who flourished about 600 B. C. The story told of her is that she fell deeply in love with a beautiful youth named Phaon who did not requite her affection, and that she finally threw herself from a promontory of Leucadia into the sea. — "Al-cæ'us." A Greek lyric poet contemporaneous with Sappho.

P. 372. "Pro-me'the-us." The Titan (one of the sons of Earth and Heaven) to whom and his brother Epimetheus, was committed by the gods the task of making man and all the other animals and bestowing upon them all needed faculties. Prometheus stole for the use of mortals, fire from heaven, which so offended Jupiter that he punished the thief by having him chained to a rock and sending a vulture every day to feed on his liver which grew again as fast as it was devoured. — "The sire of Pelops" was Tantalus who, for having revealed some of the secrets of Jupiter, was punished by being so placed that tempting food and drink were constantly just beyond his reach but which eluded him as he sought eagerly in a starving condition to satisfy himself. — "O-ri'on." The son of Neptune, a handsome giant and mighty hunter.

P. 374. "Eurus." The east wind. — "Titho'nus." The brother of King Priam. Aurora who loved him obtained from the gods the gift of immortality for him, but not the gift of eternal youth, and he consequently shrunk away to a little, decrepit, old man. As he could not die, Aurora changed him to a cicada, or locust.

P. 375. "Parched Daunus." Daunus was the son of Lycaon, king of Arcadia. He crossed over into Apulia and ruled there. This land was scarce of water, and by poetical license the adjective translated parched, which belongs to the land, was transferred to its king.

P. 376. "Mel-pom'e-ne." One of the nine Muses, the Muse of tragedy.

"*Dulce et decorum*" etc. "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country." — "*Justum et tenacem*" etc. "A just man and one tenacious of his purpose."

P. 379. "Phra-a'tes." A king of Parthia. — "Ilia." Another name for Rhea Silvia, the mother of Romulus and Remus.

P. 380. "Iulus." The poem is addressed to Iulus Antonius, a friend of Horace. — "Ic'a-rus." The son of Dædalus the skillful artificer. Having drawn upon himself the anger of King Minos of Crete, he was imprisoned, but having

been released by the wife of Minos, he procured for himself and Icarus wings, by which they could escape from the country. The wings were fastened on with wax, and Dædalus flew in safety over the Ægean, but Icarus soared too near the sun, and, the wax melting, he fell into that part of the Ægean which was afterward called from him the Icarian Sea. "Cen'taurs." A fabled race represented as half horses and half men.—"Chimæ'ra." A fire-breathing monster, which made havoc in Lycia and surrounding countries, and was at last killed by Belerophon, son of the Corinthian King Glaucus.

P. 381. "Dircean Swan." A name given to Pindar, derived from Dirce a fountain of Thebes, near to the poet's birth-place.

P. 383. "The Pisos." It was to the Piso who was consul in 15 B. C. and afterward governor of the province Pamphylia, and to his two sons that this poem was addressed.

P. 385. "Castor and Pollux." Sons of Jupiter and Leda, brothers of Helen of Troy. They accompanied the Argonauts. They perished in war, at least Castor was killed, and Pollux being immortal, prayed Jupiter that he might die with his brother. Jupiter consented that they together should spend alternately one day on earth and one in the heavenly abodes. They were placed among the stars as the Gemini, or Twins, and received divine honors under the name of the Dioscuri (sons of Jupiter).

"Al-ci'dēs." Son or descendant of Alcæus, referring to Hercules. It is thought by some authorities that the name when applied to Hercules is derived from the Greek word *alkē*, meaning strength.

P. 387. "Sertorius." See "Outline History of Rome," p. 134.

P. 390. "Racine" (ra-seen), Jean. (1639-1699.) A French tragic poet.—"Corneille, (kor-nāl), Pierre. (1606-1684.) A French dramatist.—"Otway," Thomas. (1651-1685.) An English dramatist.

"*Mutatis mutandis*." "The necessary changes being made."

P. 392. "Bernini" (ber-neé nee), Giovanni Lorenzo. (1598-1680.) An Italian sculptor.—"Nassau," William III., King of England.—"Kneller," Godfrey. (1648-1723.) An English portrait painter, born in Germany.—"Blackmore," Sir Richard. (About 1650-1729.) An English physician and poet. His writings were severely attacked by Pope in his "Dunciad," and his name came to be a synonym for dullness.—"Quarles," Francis. (1592-1644.) An English author.—"Old Ben." Ben Jonson.—"Surly Dennis." John Dennis. (165-7 1734.) An English writer; a critic.—

"Mæonian." An adjective, referring to Homer, either because he was a son of Mæon, or because he lived in Mæonia.

P. 393. "Eusden" (?)—1730), "Philips" (1671-1749), "Settle" (1648-1723), obscure English authors.

P. 397. "Tau-tol'o-gous ver-bos'i-ty." A super-abundance of words having the same meaning.

P. 398 "Lateranus." A noble Roman, who, for taking part in a conspiracy against Nero, was put to death.—"Longinus," Cassius. A celebrated jurist, who was banished by Nero.

"Democritus," (about 460-360 B. C.), "Heraclitus," (about the close of the sixth century, B. C.), Greek philosophers.

P. 401. "Tully." Cicero, whose whole name was Marcus Tullius Cicero.

P. 403. "Lydiat," Thomas. (1572-1646.) An English mathematician, who suffered persecution for his loyalty to Charles I., and who died in poverty.

"Garrick," David. (1716-1779.) A famous English actor.—"Mrs. Thrale." (1740-1821.) An English authoress, at whose house, for a number of years, Dr. Johnson made his home, and where a select company of literary friends were accustomed to hold regular meetings. After the death of Mr. Thrale she became the wife of an Italian music master, Piozzi.

P. 404. "Getulian beast." An African elephant. Getulia is a country of Africa, lying south of Numidia.

P. 407. "Hecuba." The wife of Priam, king of Troy. On the destruction of that city, she was enslaved by the Greeks, and carried to the Thracian Chersonese. There she saw her daughter Polyxena sacrificed, and her son Polydorus murdered. She vowed revenge, and shortly after killed the two sons of King Polymestor, and tore out the father's eyes. Agamemnon pardoned her for the crime, but Polymestor prophesied that she should be changed into a dog and leap into the sea. One account says that the inhabitants tried to stone her, but that she was changed into a dog and went howling through the country for a long time.

P. 408. "Croesus." The last king of Lydia. He reigned 560-546 B. C. The Grecian philosopher Solon was attracted by the fame of his power and wealth to visit this king, and in reply to the question of the latter, as to who was the happiest man he had ever seen, replied that no man could be accounted happy until his life had ended in a happy way, for no living man knew what miseries might be awaiting him. After Croesus had been conquered by the Persian

Cyrus, he was condemned to be burned alive. On the pyre he called out three times the name of Solon. Cyrus inquired who Solon was, and on being told this story spared the life of Croesus and made him his counselor.

P. 409. "Sardanapalus." An Assyrian king, who lived in the seventh century, B. C., noted for the effeminacy and weakness of his character, and for his voluptuous style of living.

"CHAUTAUQUA PHYSICS."

P. 187. "Bacon." See note in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March, p. 734.

"Locke," John. (1632-1704.) An eminent English philosopher and philanthropist. His great work is his "Essay on the Human Understanding."

"Stahl," Georg Ernst. (1660-1734.) A noted German physician and chemist. —

"Black," Joseph (1728-1799). "Priestley," Joseph (1733-1804), celebrated English chemists.

P. 188 and P. 189. For "Lavoisier," and "Tyndall" respectively, see THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December, p. 350 and p. 348.

P. 197. "Centigrade." A word derived from the French and meaning graduated into one hundred equal parts. This thermometer is also known as the Celsius thermometer, taking the

name from the one who first employed this scale, Anders Celsius (1701-1744) a Swedish astronomer. — "Réaumur" (rā-o-mer), René Antoine (1683-1757). A French natural philosopher. His thermometer is still largely used in Germany and some other parts of Europe. — "Fahrenheit" (fā'ren-hite), Gabriel Daniel. (1690-1736.) A German mechanician.

P. 207. "Prof. Langley," Samuel Pierpont. (1834—.) An American astronomer. Since 1867 professor of this branch of science in the University of Pennsylvania in Pittsburg, and since 1887 assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. He is a member of many foreign and American scientific societies, and has received numerous medals for his service. His most popular published work is his "New Astronomy."

P. 210. In the description of a high pressure engine, for Fig. 226, read Fig. 225.

"Meteorology." "The science which treats of the atmosphere and its phenomena." The term meteor in science is applied to any appearance in the air, such as rain, clouds, snow, etc. The word is derived from two Greek words meaning beyond and to lift up in air.

P. 216. "Cher-ra-poon-jee'." A village in north-eastern India, in the Cossyah Hills, 135 miles northeast of Dacca.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

WILKINSON'S "PREPARATORY AND COLLEGE LATIN COURSES IN ENGLISH."

1. Q. What accounts for the fact that Rome never created anything considerable in the dramatic line? A. She was constantly making tragedy in her history.

2. Q. Who are the two sole surviving representatives of the ancient Roman drama? A. Plautus and Terence.

3. Q. What Greek author lives now almost wholly in the reproduction of his works by these authors? A. Menander.

4. Q. What is true regarding the nationality of Plautus and Terence? A. Neither was a native Roman.

5. Q. What was the practical tendency of their works? A. To deprave the moral tone of Roman character.

6. Q. Of what does the specimen play from Plautus remind the reader? A. The Tempest by Shakspeare.

7. Q. In what does the humor in his scenes mostly lie? A. In the situations.

8. Q. Who is said to have assisted Terence in his plays? A. Scipio Minor.

9. Q. In what respect does Terence differ from Plautus? A. He introduces the reflective element in his writings.

10. Q. Animated by what example did the students of two American colleges present plays from these authors? A. That of the famous Westminster School of England.

11. Q. How is Lucretius represented? A. As a great poet who did not write a great poem.

12. Q. What was the object of his one incomplete work? A. To explore the universe and vindicate man against the ways of the gods.

13. Q. What renowned poem has an object almost exactly opposite to this? A. Milton's Paradise Lost.

14. Q. In what respect were Milton and Lucretius allied to each other? A. In the sublimity and audacity of their attempts.

15. Q. Of what master was Lucretius a most loyal disciple? A. Epicurus.

16. Q. How does Lucretius attempt to solve

the problem of the universe? A. By an atomic theory which required no creative agency and no controlling power.

17. Q. What is the most poetical of his conjectures to account for the motions of the stars? A. That they glide at will through a celestial pasture seeking their food.

18. Q. What creed was held by Lucretius concerning human existence? A. That death ends all.

19. Q. To what living poet is Lucretius likened in genius and temperament? A. Tennyson.

20. Q. What is true of the English translations of Horace? A. That a great proportion of their individual quality is lost.

21. Q. Why should Horace suffer more in this respect than other classic authors? A. Because with him form was the essential part of writing.

22. Q. From what is a knowledge of his personal history gained? A. From his own writings.

23. Q. Into what condition in life was he born? A. He was the son of a freedman.

24. Q. What position did Horace make for himself? A. He became poet laureate of the empire, and the lyricist and satirist of society.

25. Q. In what battle does he ludicrously describe himself as taking part? A. Philippi.

26. Q. How are his writings classified? A. As odes, epodes, satires, and epistles.

27. Q. What lends great English fame to the fifth ode? A. Its having been translated by Milton.

28. Q. Of what American poet is one reminded on reading the selections from Horace on old age? A. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

29. Q. What great Roman poet was a firm friend of Horace? A. Virgil.

30. Q. In the vindication of what American statesman was the opening of the third ode of the third book used with fine effect? A. Daniel Webster.

31. Q. After bemoaning the degeneracy of his countrymen of what noble Roman does Horace sing in contrast? A. Regulus.

32. Q. What Greek poet does Horace describe as worthy of Apollo's lute? A. Pindar.

33. Q. What affords the flavor of satire in the fable of "The Town and Country Mouse"? A. The contrast of the leisurely life of the country with the exciting scenes of the city.

34. Q. What English poet by translating Horace with "modern touches here and there" fitted the Roman's satires to his own times? A. Pope.

35. Q. What shows that Horace was a poet

for all time? A. The fact that he took hold of what is permanent in human nature.

36. Q. Who stands with Horace as a representative Roman satirist? A. Juvenal.

37. Q. How do the productions of the two writers compare? A. Horace toyed with satire, while in Juvenal's hand it became a sword.

38. Q. What is known of Juvenal? A. Nothing but his name and his works.

39. Q. About what time must he have lived? A. At the close of the first century, A. D.

40. Q. What is the legend of his death? A. That in punishment for his satires he was sent to Egypt at the age of eighty to command a cohort, where he died of chagrin.

41. Q. Were Juvenal's productions written as a mere play of wit? A. No, he aimed to paint vice in revolting colors.

42. Q. Of Juvenal's sixteen satires, which is the best? A. The tenth, which treats of the vanity of human wishes.

43. Q. What topics are successively discussed in it as likely to involve disappointment and misery? A. Wealth, power, eloquence, fame, long life, and beauty.

44. Q. What English author has written a powerful imitation of this satire? A. Dr. Samuel Johnson.

45. Q. Who is Johnson's parallel to Sejanus in this poem? A. Cardinal Wolsey.

46. Q. Whom does he match against the Roman's Hannibal? A. Charles XII. of Sweden.

47. Q. In what does Juvenal's genius reveal? A. In the wretchedness of old age.

48. Q. What well-known phrase is traced to Juvenal for its origin? A. "A sound mind in a sound body."

49. Q. What spirit marks the conclusion of this famous satire? A. An almost Christian spirit.

50. Q. What word alone distinguishes it in tone from Bryant's *Thanatopsis*? A. The Christian word, trust.

STEELE'S "CHAUTAUQUA PHYSICS."

1. Q. To what is the term radiant energy applied? A. To what is received from the sun, stars, and other heated bodies.

2. Q. How may it manifest itself? A. In heat, light, or chemism.

3. Q. What is heat? A. Motion.

4. Q. What are its sources? A. The sun, stars, and mechanical and chemical energy.

5. Q. Explain the principle upon which it is believed these sources impart heat? A. Their molecules are in rapid vibration, and set in motion waves of ether which communicate the motion to other bodies with which they come in contact.

6. Q. How does chemical action manifest itself? A. In fire.

7. Q. What causes the phenomenon of fire? A. The combination of the oxygen of the air with the carbon and hydrogen of the fuel.

8. Q. What holds true of all changes from mechanical to chemical motion? A. That no energy is ever destroyed.

9. Q. Explain how heat expands bodies. A. As the molecules receive an increase of energy they swing through wider arcs and push against their neighbors, crowding them beyond their former limits.

10. Q. What is meant by the coefficient of expansion? A. The ratio of the increase of volume to the original volume for a change of one degree.

11. Q. In what class of bodies is this coefficient greatest? A. Gases.

12. Q. What allowance has to be made for expansion in the spans of the Brooklyn Bridge? A. More than a yard.

13. Q. Why do glasses break on the sudden application of heat? A. The surface dilates before the heat has time to be conducted to the interior.

14. Q. Why does a clock tend to lose time in the summer, and to gain in the winter? A. The pendulum lengthens in warm weather and shortens in cold.

15. Q. What is a pyrometer? A. An instrument used for measuring linear expansion.

16. Q. What are the three principal scales in use for thermometers? A. The Centigrade, Réaumur's, and Fahrenheit's.

17. Q. What are the two fixed points used in all of them? A. The freezing and boiling points of water.

18. Q. How do these three scales differ from one another? A. The distance between the two fixed points in the Centigrade is divided into 100 equal spaces; in Réaumur's, into 80 spaces; and in Fahrenheit's, into 180.

19. Q. How are the two fixed points marked on each scale? A. On the Centigrade 0° and 100° ; Réaumur's, 0° and 80° ; Fahrenheit's, 32° and 212° .

20. Q. What led the inventor of the latter to place zero 32° below the freezing point? A. Because he thought that point represented absolute cold.

21. Q. How many degrees lower than he thought, is absolute cold now estimated to be? A. 460° .

22. Q. What is the heat unit? A. The quantity of heat required to raise the temperature of one pound of water through one degree above the freezing point.
H-May.

23. Q. When is a body said to be liquefied? A. When enough heat has been communicated to it to drive its molecules apart and destroy all rigidity.

24. Q. When is a liquid said to be vaporized? A. When enough heat has been applied to drive its molecules so far apart as to make it assume a gaseous condition.

25. Q. How much more space does steam occupy than the water from which it is made? A. 1,700 times as much.

26. Q. Why will water boil at a lower temperature upon a mountain than in a valley? A. Because the pressure on the surface is not so great.

27. Q. What prevents a drop of water on a hot stove, from being in actual contact with the stove? A. The heat by evaporating the water forms a cushion of steam upon which the drop rests.

28. Q. By what three modes is heat distributed? A. Conduction, convection, and radiation.

29. Q. Why does a piece of iron seem colder than a piece of wood, or roll of cloth, when all have been subjected to the same temperature? A. Because of its better conducting power.

30. Q. What is convection? A. The process of heating by circulation.

31. Q. By which of the three modes does the earth receive its heat from the sun? A. By radiation.

32. Q. What is the measure of the elastic force of steam? A. Nearly fifteen pounds to the square inch.

33. Q. By what machine is this elastic force converted into a motive power? A. The steam-engine.

34. Q. What causes dew? A. The surface of the ground at night becomes cool by radiation and condenses the vapor of the adjacent air.

35. Q. Why will it not form on cloudy nights? A. Because the clouds reflect the heat radiated from the ground.

36. Q. What are the different kinds of clouds? A. Nimbus, stratus, cumulus, and cirrus.

37. Q. What causes rain? A. A rapid condensation of vapor in the upper regions.

38. Q. What do variations in the temperature of the air produce? A. Winds.

39. Q. Why do bodies of water tend to moderate the climate of the adjacent land? A. In the summer they slowly absorb vast quantities of heat, which they give off in the cold season.

40. Q. What causes water to expand on freezing? A. The formation of crystals.

41. Q. What is a natural magnet? A. An

iron ore which has the power of attracting iron and a few other elements.

42. Q. What is called the positive pole of a bar magnet? A. The end which points toward the north.

43. Q. What are the laws of magnetism? A. Opposite poles of different magnets attract, and like poles repel one another; the force diminishes as the square of the distance increases.

44. Q. What is induction? A. The process of developing magnetism by bringing a magnetic body and a magnet near together.

45. Q. Who are thought to have invented the compass? A. The Chinese.

46. Q. When did it come into general use among European sailors? A. In the fifteenth century.

47. Q. What is meant by the term, the declination of the needle? A. Its variation from pointing directly north and south.

48. Q. What European discovered the fact of this declination? A. Columbus.

49. Q. Why does the needle change its direction? A. Because the position of the terrestrial magnetic poles is not constant.

50. Q. What is the cause of the earth's magnetism and the variations in it? A. It is not known.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

THE WORLD OF TO-DAY.—NATIONAL AID TO EDUCATION.

1. Who was the first president to favor a national university?

2. What was the chief cause of the renewed attempts in the Forty-Second Congress to found a national university?

3. For what did the bill reported at that time provide?

4. What celebrated land ordinance established the precedent of national aid to education?

5. In what did the chief excellence of the Congressional grant of land for educational purposes in 1862, consist?

6. How many colleges and universities have been called into existence by the above grant?

7. What institutions for the promotion of education and science have been established and are supported by Congress?

8. What is the purpose of the experiment stations established by Congress in 1887?

9. How is the number of pupils in the West Point Military Academy regulated?

10. To whom is due the credit of founding the United States Naval Academy?

11. What number of naval cadets are allowed at the United States Naval Academy?

12. When was the Library of Congress established?

13. By what five ways may the Library of Congress be increased?

14. What is the work of the National Bureau of Education?

15. In what way did the Blair bill propose to furnish national aid to the common schools?

ROMAN LIBRARIES.

1. What was the first important library of ancient Rome?

2. What incident is related by Strabo, the geographer, regarding the concealment of Aristotle's library?

3. According to Vitruvius, in what part of the house should the library be placed, and why?

4. Why were the libraries in private houses put into such small rooms?

5. What three pocket volumes are described by Martial, of the costly *editions de luxe* which private collectors were fond of?

6. How did King Ptolemæus obtain for the two royal Alexandrine libraries, the originals of the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides?

7. When and by whom was the first public library in Rome built?

8. Who made the public library a state institution?

9. What four great libraries were destroyed by fire between the years 80–363?

10. What place of honor was reserved for books in the early Christian basilicas?

11. What pope erected the first building in Rome, under the Christian rule, for the study and preservation of books?

12. What was the usual ornamentation of the friezes of the book-cases in ancient libraries?

13. Were the books arranged on the shelves in the same manner as in modern libraries?

14. According to Cicero, how was the title of a book printed and where was it placed?

15. What were *libri elephantini*, and what library was famous for its collection of them?

ENGRAVINGS.—III.

1. What is the process in wood engraving?
2. What woods are used?
3. How has photography facilitated the process in wood engraving?
4. What is meant by the term "handling"?
5. How is it managed so that a large cut can be produced in a short time?
6. How is stipple engraving done?
7. What is fac-simile engraving?
8. What is tint engraving?
9. Describe the process in anaglytographic engraving?
10. How is an anastalic engraving made?

PROBLEMS IN PHYSICS.—III. SOUND.

1. The report of a cannon is heard ten seconds after the flash is seen. The air being at the freezing temperature, what is the distance of the cannon?
2. A bell is struck at the level of a lake, and its sound reflected from the bottom is heard one second after. What is the depth of the lake?
3. If the velocity of a sound is 1,123.6 feet per second, what is the temperature of the air?
4. What is the length of a sound wave if there are 830 vibrations per second in a temperature of 32° F.?
5. If a string 10 inches long vibrates 200 times a second how many vibrations will a similar string 20 inches long make, stretched by the same weight?
6. The stretching weight of a string being 9 pounds, its vibrations are 300 a second. To what has the weight been changed to make the vibrations 100 per second?
7. If a musical sound is due to 250 vibrations, to how many vibrations will its higher octave be due?
8. If middle C has 256 vibrations, how many will the G above it have?
9. Find the length of an organ pipe closed at one end, the sound waves of which are eight feet long.
10. If 2 strings vibrating respectively 400 and 401 times per second are simultaneously sounded near each other, what phenomena will follow?

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAY.—HORACE.

1. What lines from the writings of Horace (Odes III. 4) name the mountain on which stood his childhood's home?
2. Who was "Orbilius of the birch," made famous by Horace?
3. What does Horace say concerning his father's bounty in supporting him while at school in Rome?

4. What price did Horace pay for having joined the forces of Brutus?
5. How does he say he sought to repair his fortunes?
6. What sorceress and her accomplice introduced in the writings of Horace bear a strong likeness to the witches of "Macbeth"?
7. In what words does Horace (Satires I. 4) disclaim for himself the poet's gifts?
8. What has led the peasantry now residing in the neighborhood of the farm of Horace to suppose that the poet must have been an Englishman?
9. In what words (Odes II. 18) does Horace express his contentment in this country home?
10. According to Simcox, who is the "bore" described by Horace (Satires I. 9) supposed to be?
11. Into the mouth of what rustic sage does Horace put words of good advice to dinner-givers and diners-out?
12. What words from Shakspeare do the following lines addressed to Dellius (Odes II. 3) recall,
"One road, and to one bourne
We all are goaded
To undiscovered shores, from which is no recall"?
13. What was Horace's way of expressing (Satires I. 10) the adage, "To carry coals to Newcastle"?
14. In writing (Epistle I. 7) to what friend does he use the following expression,
"In every state the maxim still holds true
On your own last take care to fit your shoe"?
15. In the *Ars Poetica* in what lines does Horace reveal the secret of writing well?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN FOR APRIL.

THE UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE.

1. "For each single letter 6 cents for 30 miles," with a regular increase in rate to "over 450 miles, 25 cents." 2. In 1875; the action of Congress in the reduction of 10 per cent in the pay of all railroad companies. 3. A plan suggested by Col. Armstrong, assistant-postmaster at Chicago, for putting post-office cars on the principal railroads, in which mails could be made up by the clerks, while in transit. 4. By means of a large V-shaped iron fastened to the inner part of the car, the long arm of which is projected at an acute angle, catching the mail pouch which is hung from a mail crane near the track. 5. Leather mail-pouches, brown; leather horse mail-bags, brown; through registered mail-pouches, scarlet and white duck; mail-sacks made of jute canvas; mail-sacks of cotton

canvas with thirteen blue stripes, for foreign mails; registered foreign mail-sacks, with twelve red stripes; coin sacks made of jute; inter-registered mail-sacks, with vermilion stripes. 6. In various forms since 1792. 7. In 1885. 8. In 1873. 9. From 1 cent to \$4.99 inclusive; the fee is 3 cents. 10. In 1884. 11. From 2 cents per half ounce to 2 cents per ounce. 12. The widows of ex-presidents Adams, Polk, Taylor, Garfield, and Grant. 13. From 75 to over 60,000. 14. Franklin, Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Webster, Clay, Jefferson, and Commodore Perry. 15. Houdon.

THE PROFESSIONS IN ROME.

1. Because so many practicing them were slaves. 2. The law. 3. Publicspeaking. 4. Invective. 5. Partly to the loss of liberty attending the end of the republic, and partly to the difficulty with which a poor man could make his way to the front. 6. "One who wears a brilliant robe of purple, and lives in a splendid house with an equestrian statue of himself in the vestibule." 7. Servile associations, small pay, and small acquisitions. 8. At the end of the republic. 9. "The sum a jockey received for a single race,"—one *aureus* from each scholar. 10. His patrons and friends, and especially the emperor. 11. The want of patronage extended to authors by the rich and great, contrasting the condition of the poet of his time with the wealth lavished on Virgil. 12. About 200 B. C. 13. Galen. 14. To putridity of the "four humors,"—blood, phlegm, bile, and black bile. 15. They found disease only in the tissues.

ENGRAVINGS.—II.

1. "A polished copper plate is covered with a ground of varnish prepared for the purpose, and upon it the design is drawn, line for line, as it is intended to appear upon the paper, with a sharp needle, which scratches through the varnish to the plate and leaves the metal bare. When the design is completed, the surface is covered with aqua fortis. This attacks the spots laid bare by the needle, and bites into the copper. After being bitten in, etching usually receives some finish with the dry point." 2. The process of corroding copper and steel plates with acid. 3. The etching-needle is a sharp steel point fitted into a handle, and is used to remove the coating and expose the metal to the acid; the dry point is an etching-needle used to scratch

lines upon the bare metal, and thus bring out the parts not bitten deep enough by the acid. 4. After the plate has been in the bath long enough for the palest lines to be bitten in, it is removed from the bath and these lines are "stopped out," or covered, with a varnish, which protects them from the acid; this process is done again and again, until the required depths are obtained. 5. Usually brown or black, or a combination of the two. 6. Japanese; parchment; vellum; satin. 7. Painter etchings are the work of artists who engrave their own designs; reproductive etchings are copies of pictures. 8. A method of engraving designed to imitate India ink, bistre, or sepia. 9. The emphasis placed on certain lines to produce the effect which painters produce by actual color. 10. In mezzo-tint the process is from dark to light, in other engravings from light to dark. The drawing is made on a surface previously roughened, and the roughness is removed by scraping and burnishing where lights are desired, and by increasing the indentation for deeper shades.

PROBLEMS IN PHYSICS.—II. PRESSURE.

1. 5,680 ounces. 2. .0723+ cubic feet. 3. $3\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. 4. 104 feet. 5. 624 cubic feet. 6. 424.116 pounds. 7. 648,000 pounds. 8. 1,178.1 pounds. 9. 193.2 pounds. 10. 187.5 pounds.

NEWTON.

1. The breaking out of the civil war between Charles I. and Parliament. Galileo. 2. A rude sun-dial made by Newton, consisting of pins set upon the roofs of adjacent houses. It served as a sort of town clock. 3. That he threw them aside as too easy to require study. 4. His celebrated letter of advice to Mr. Aston, and his attempted experiments in transmutations. 5. History and chronology. 6. The theory that white light is the resultant of innumerable rays possessing different colors. 7. Leibnitz. Flamsteed. 8. That of the differential calculus, a new method of mathematical analysis. 9. His theory of universal gravitation. 10. A mistake in the length of the earth's radius. 11. The "Principia." 12. His favorite dog Diamond upset a burning candle among the papers containing this work and destroyed them all. 13. Newton's niece, who for the last twenty years of his life managed his household affairs. 14. Twenty-five years. 15. Queen Anne, in the year 1703.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.

BRYANT DAY—November 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.

MILTON DAY—December 9.

COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.

LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

HORACE DAY—May 22.

CICERO DAY—June 17.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua.

ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua.

RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after the first Tuesday.

TO what can we trace the pretty custom of giving May-baskets? Has it come down from the time of Athenæus when Greek lovers garlanded the doors of the homes of fair Greek maidens, or is it a relic of the ancient *Floralia*? The custom seems to have existed so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The Scribe recalls how as a youngster there was one morning besides Christmas and the Fourth of July on which he was willing to rise early,—the first of May. He recalls the excitement with which the May-basket was tied to the door-knob, the door-bell pulled, and how he scampered away to a safe hiding-place where he could peer out at the eager hands that untied the ribbon and the bright eyes that scanned the little gifts. How all this comes back to him this morning as he finds a May-basket tied to the door of the sanctum, the flowers being the kind words from the circles, the honey and cakes the record of their progress and growth.

NEW CIRCLES.

CANADA.—First in the basket is a letter from the Acadians of St. John. They choose for their flower the trailing arbutus as emblematic of sturdy growth undaunted by rocky soil and wintry skies; and for their motto, "Reaching forth unto those things which are before." From these signs we venture to guess that the Acadians are an earnest, thorough going company.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Sixteen names, all new, for the great record book of the Class of '93, come from Bernardston.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Knoxville contributes a statement of the organization of a circle named in honor of Pericles, having fifteen members and holding bi-weekly meetings.—New Wilmington Circle indorses the sentiment that it is necessary to the life of a circle that its members

break bread together at least once a year, and has inaugurated an annual banquet fixing the date as New Year's Eve. The first one was a brilliant success. So are all the meetings. The twenty-one members attend regularly and the programs of THE CHAUTAUQUAN are closely followed.—The circle at Kelly Point showed its spirit of enterprise by giving a public entertainment on February 14, the proceeds of which were sent to the Union Class Building fund. Besides doing the regular work, this circle celebrates the Memorial Days and gives frequent receptions.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Ten students have been busily working since October in Wheeling, and send in their names just in time for the May-basket.

GEORGIA.—The circle in Toccon is the result of the influence of a student in Dahlonga, a good work surely, and one whose progress we shall watch with interest.

TEXAS.—Circle number three in Tyler reports itself. It is named the Athenian and has a large membership.—Six friends read together in Waxahachie last year and now have organized the Sappho Circle. The weekly meetings, they say, are looked forward to with genuine pleasure.

OHIO.—An exchange from Toledo sends a marked paragraph to the effect that a circle comprising a half dozen wide-awake young ladies has been organized, to be known as the Vincent of Toledo.—A circle of ten organized in Stryker in January, with the intention of working hard enough to make up for the delay.—The Qui Vive of Rogers writes: "Our little circle has met regularly on Saturday evenings all the year, although some of the number live far in the country and the roads have been unusually bad. We remember all the Memorial Days, follow the programs of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and do all the required work. Our

meetings are so enjoyable that we are sometimes impatient for the evening to come."—A letter from the Minerva of Sandusky describes a prosperous circle of fifteen, meeting Monday afternoons at the various homes. The presiding officer is a graduate of '89.

ILLINOIS.—The Progressive of Chicago tells of at least one member who intends to join the Guild of the Seven Seals.—The word from Champaign is that the work is proceeding most favorably.

MICHIGAN.—A word picture comes from Portland of four faithful students meeting weekly, with white seal memoranda, test questions, and the other elective parts of the course.

IOWA.—A bright little note from the Alpha of Emerson tells of its organization which originated in the desire of some teachers to take up a course of reading. Finding the C. L. S. C. more attractive than any other they began it, and although their first meeting was not held till December, their habits of study have made "catching up" easy.—Kellogg Circle drops us a postal to let us know that it has ten '93's.

NEBRASKA.—The following is from a member of Lexington Circle: "Our circle organized last October and has met one afternoon of each week ever since. We follow the programs of THE CHAUTAUQUAN and make good use of the *Questions and Answers*. A leader is chosen for each subject and the usual method of conducting recitations is by questioning each member in turn. We adhere to the policy of making the meetings instructive rather than entertaining, and the informality allowable with so small a membership as ours is very enjoyable."

SOUTH DAKOTA.—Greetings are sent by the eleven members of Big Stone City Circle.

WASHINGTON.—The Athenian of Tacoma, the fourth circle of the city, gives a glowing account of the rapid progress made by its fifteen members and the delightful manner in which Cæsar Day was celebrated.—Five Bostonians who have removed about as far to the north-westward as possible and yet keep within "The States," write of the circle they have formed in Mount Vernon. It is named Skagit from the county of which their home is the county seat.

OREGON.—An increase from eleven to twenty-two members is the good news from Corvallis.

CALIFORNIA.—A note of introduction to the Filben Circle of San Francisco is received. The circle bears the name of its president, the pastor of the Bush Street M. E. Church. Its active membership is twenty.—The Live Oak of Alameda and Calistoga Circle report their membership each as twelve.

OLD CIRCLES.

AUSTRALIA.—The circle of twelve members in Melbourne has very interesting papers and discussions at its meetings. The time spent in waiting for books is improved in various ways so that as much is accomplished in a year as in circles nearer the Central Office. All of the memoranda were filled out and returned promptly last year, and now the circle is deep in Roman History.

CANADA.—A lecture on natural philosophy with experiments by a specialist and a progressive conversation party were among the extras this year in Central Circle of London.—The rule in the Philomathean of Olessa is to have the questioner retain his office as long as a subject is being studied. In response to roll-call, quotations are given from one author for a month and then a new author is selected.

MAINE.—All the programs of the Clio are published in the local paper of Mechanic Falls, and the secretary kindly sends us several clippings. They show that liberal use is made of all departments of THE CHAUTAUQUAN even to the News Summary.—The report of Freedom Circle is one of perseverance through sickness and irregular meetings, with all the work done and well-done.—Ocean Circle of Kennebunkport since we last heard from there has grown to a membership of twenty-eight.—The Sunrise of Eastport and the Angelo of Winthrop are as prosperous as ever.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Our old friend in Candia, the Charmingfare, is keeping up its reputation for interest and thoroughness.—Six in Milford are graduates, a good proportion in a circle of the size of the Argus. A recent evening was given to a mock town-meeting in which questions of local importance were discussed with much spirit.—The membership in Laconia remains the same as last year.—The Archers of Tilton are fortunate in having an enthusiastic leader, and the thirty-five under his instruction seem to be endowed with the same spirit. A rule of the circle is that no one shall do any thing unwillingly. In March a public entertainment was given, entitled An Evening with Longfellow. After appropriate tableaux, music, and recitations, the refreshments were served by Priscilla, Evangeline, Minnehaha, and others whom Longfellow has immortalized.

VERMONT.—Extra work is imposed by the Minerva of Barre and all take pride in having it done well. The number of members is limited to fifteen.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A pleasant method of fixing in memory the events of Roman history has been used in some of the meetings of West Acton Cir-

cle. Each member selected a character and told the story in the style of an autobiography. The test was in finding how many of the listeners could tell the name of the supposed narrator.—It makes one almost dizzy to read of the many things accomplished outside of the regular work of Wellesley Hills Circle,—receptions, drives, Memorial Day celebrations, lectures on science, lectures on literature, and all entered into with the enthusiasm which has made the circle such a success.—The Mnemosyneans of Southbridge, true to their name, remember to send in their report promptly. They meet at the home of the superintendent of schools and devote the evening to recitation and the reading of essays and selected articles.—In the informal meetings held by Central Square Circle of Woburn, the required reading is talked over and questions asked about it. Occasional essays and debates complete the program.—Lummi's Circle of Stoneham has a fine membership list, thirty-six, and twelve are post-graduates.—Newton Circle has found that inviting friends to the meetings is an easy way to secure new members, a hint to other circles, by the way.—The Pioneer of New Bedford keeps up to the times by requiring an item of news from each member, help in criticizing a new book or painting, and facts about the author or artist. If a whole evening cannot be spent for a Memorial, slips of paper with quotations from the author's works are distributed, and the holder must tell in what book or poem the sentiment occurs.—A strict adherence to the required work is the policy of the Raymond of Lynn. One reception is given each year.—Vedic Circle of Freetown enrolls nineteen.—The second year of the Browning of Sheldonville is nearly finished.—The interest is unabated in Erving Circle although the meetings have been somewhat irregular because of prevailing illness.

CONNECTICUT.—Rainbow Circle is planning to have special exercises for the close of the year, as all but one of its members graduate. May the Scribe remind these students that graduating day is called also *commencement*?—Hall Circle of West Hartford sends out its programs in advance, and gives an occasional suggestion like, "Answers *not* to be in the words of the book"; "All are expected to take part in the Table Talk, the subject of which is —"; "Wear your C. I. S. C. badge."

NEW YORK.—The artist of No Name Circle of Brooklyn shows much inventive ingenuity in the designs for programs, a different decoration appearing on each. The cyclostyle is used, being much cheaper than printing. The sixth year of this circle finds it with its full quota of member-

ship, fifty, and the average attendance is very near that number.—For two years the Round Table of Addison has followed the programs of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. One evening of the past winter was taken for reading the play of Julius Cæsar in connection with the Roman History.—"Let us work in harmony and for each other's good," is the motto of Canton Circle. The two who graduated last year retain their active membership.—The Athenians of Little Falls had a Roman Saturnalia on New Year's Eve. Each guest wore the cap of Roman freedmen and exchanged presents of pottery.—"We never did more thorough work than this year," writes the secretary of the Mary A. Lathbury of Manchester, which was organized in 1883.—The Bryant of Webster likes the idea of alternating recitations and has devoted one meeting to Roman History, the following to Political Economy.—The afternoon and evening classes of Le Roy join their forces once a month to celebrate the Special Memorial Day.—There are twenty-eight Neapolitans this year in Naples.—Once a year Whalen Circle of Macomb assists in a public entertainment, the proceeds of which go toward some local benevolence.—The two circles of Gouverneur hold occasional union meetings.—Walton Circle enrolls twenty-six.—The Vincent Circle of Buffalo held in March a farewell reception to its leader, the Rev. W. D. Bridge, who is about to return to pastoral work in Massachusetts. The loss of so valued a leader will test the inherent strength of the Vincent, but there is every indication that the circle will continue to exert as in the past, a strong social and intellectual influence. The career of the circle has been somewhat phenomenal: organized two years ago in a Methodist church it quickly became a neighborhood gathering and its membership of sixty-five included no less than six different religious denominations. To its untiring president and scarcely less to its indefatigable members is due the success of this organization. It has held fifty-one meetings in the past two years. Three times the question of bi-weekly instead of weekly meetings was presented, only to be overwhelmingly voted down.

NEW JERSEY.—The four members of Humboldt Circle of Newark are pharmacists, and their work keeps them employed so many hours a day that frequent meetings are not possible, but most thorough individual work is done.—The Excelsior of South River has seven readers.—Four hope to graduate from Shiloh Circle this year.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Harrisburg Circle sends to its members programs printed on the type-writer or written with an electric pen.—Chautauquans

from Harrisburg and Middletown attended the entertainment given in February by Franklin Circle of Steelton. The Circle numbers twenty.—Juniata Circle of Lewistown is composed of graduates and '90's, which means, of course, a fine seal circle next year.—The Chautauqua library of Montrose is the result of the enterprise of Montrose Circle.—Eighteen are reading in Homer Circle of Philadelphia.—“We enter into the work with heart and soul,” writes the secretary of Pioneer circle of Hamburg.

DELAWARE.—Seaford Circle reports an increase in membership, having now fifteen representing the various C. L. S. C. classes.

MARYLAND.—In March a pleasant reunion was held at Cambridge of all the graduates, former members, and active members of Carlisle Circle.

GEORGIA.—One of the ambitious circles keeping up an organization through the summer, is the Highland of Atlanta. It is a neighborhood circle and limited in membership to eighteen friends and neighbors, but its capacity for work seems to have no limits set. Among the sample programs sent we notice several unique features. One roll-call was responded to by reading a sentence from the Pronunciation Test of the November number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN and by reading three times, as rapidly as possible, a sentence from those given on page 324 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December. On New Year's Eve one part of the program was the reading of an original poem on how to keep husbands at home during the evenings of the coming year. The circle enjoys the advantage of connection with the Gillet Chautauqua League.—Interest increases in the Etowah of Columbus and new members have been added.

FLORIDA.—Eight '90's and two '92's form the Sand Spur of Orlando.

LOUISIANA.—The regular members of the Audubon of New Orleans are all '90's.

OHIO.—The Bryant, Simpson, St. John, and Vincent Circles of Toledo furnish items for a column once a week in the *Blade*.—The two circles of Granville have been merged into one.—In Ashland Circle a different leader is appointed for each evening, unless after one trial a leader shows a decided talent for some one subject; in that case, she is asked to lead for as many evenings as the subject is discussed.—Painesville Circle has done some telling work, for in 1887 there were but nine members, now there are forty-two.—The parlors of the M. E. parsonage are the meeting place of the Pleiades each Saturday evening in Canfield. For the time being the parlors are called the Hall in the Grove, and on Special Days they are decorated with flowers. The circle's badge is olive and

crimson, and its motto, “Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long.”—Collamer Circle of East Cleveland is large and enthusiastic. Thirty-nine are regularly enrolled, and a third more attend the meetings.—Gambier Circle is divided into two divisions, one being on duty on alternate evenings. When an open meeting is held, both divisions unite.—The Eupatrids of Peebles began the year with increased membership and renewed zeal.—Scott Circle of Reed's Mills will send a delegation to Chautauqua next summer for diplomas.—A good degree of interest is maintained in Medina Circle. It has held weekly meetings for three years.—A limit of twenty-five members is set by Urbana Circle. Its largest representation is in the Class of '91.

INDIANA.—Greensburg Circle is finishing its eighth year. This circle recently enjoyed the hospitality of the students in Oscar, a literary program, an address on Labor, refreshments, and a social hour being the order of the evening.—Informal discussions of the lesson are preferred to regular recitations by Fairmount Circle, as the membership is small.—Nothing is allowed to prevent the meeting at least once a week of Columbus Circle. If on the usual night there is some special attraction elsewhere, another evening of the same week is designated circle night.

ILLINOIS.—Once a month from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Beta of Delavan holds its meetings. A lunch is served at noon by the hostess, and there is much social enjoyment as well as study.—Plus Ultra of Chicago reports as one of five segments of a large circle which convenes monthly. The divisions meet for review twice between the general gatherings.—Minerva's Owls of Ottawa in alphabetical order offer their homes for the perch of these wise nocturnal birds. Thorough work is required.—Grafton Home Circle is a trio meeting weekly.—First a general review, then a discussion of the subject, is the method used in Flora Circle.—Nineteen is the number of Mount Carroll students.—The seven ladies of the Round Table of Polo meet each Wednesday afternoon. An occasional evening program is given, to which friends are invited.—Clover Leaf Club of Shelbyville is trying the experiment of taking shorter lessons with a view to obtaining perfect recitations. Discussions of the topics of the time are a part of every program.—Five ladies meet weekly in Wayne.—The Dianthus is a circle of sixteen in Stillman Valley, a village of three hundred.—Pleasant informal meetings are held by the ten ladies of Prophetstown Circle.

KENTUCKY.—The Bryant of Covington finds time for all the Special Days, and its programs are well arranged. The circle is a large one, but as each member has a serious sense of his own responsibility, such as the Scribe preached about last month, the work of the leader is greatly lightened.—A course of lectures has been given in Hopkinsville under the auspices of the Robert Burns Wilson and South Side Circles. They were able to secure such talent as W. H. Milburn, the Harvard Quartet, Robert Nourse, C. E. Bolton, and Chancellor Vincent. On Virgil Day the South Side Circle entertained the Robert Burns Wilson at a Roman luncheon and progressive conversation on Virgil. As the hour was noon the rooms were darkened and brilliantly illuminated with wax lights in antique candelabra. The luncheon was served in six courses, and the following topics were discussed: Virgil's youth and education; Was he a plagiarist? Virgil and Augustus; Virgil and Dante; Virgil's poems; His character; Rome in the time of Virgil.

MICHIGAN.—Eight more are enrolled in Hillside Circle of Allegan this year than ever before, and the interest is unprecedented.—The graduates of Blissfield Circle are loyal attendants of the meetings.—Of the six members in Valley City Circle of Grand Rapids, four are graduates.—Delta of Paw Paw has thirteen members; the Magnetic of St. Louis, nine; Sherman Circle, ten; Gould of Kalamazoo, eighteen; Carleton of Hudson, eighteen.

WISCONSIN.—The twelve Hyperboreans of Antigo seem to have left nothing undone that could add to the interest of the meetings,—discussions of current events, novel ways of responding to roll-call, pronunciation tests, essays, reviews of the lesson, and original methods of celebrating Memorial Days.—Most of the Columbians of Rosendale are completing their third year.—“We are all so busy,” writes a member of Prairie du Sac Circle, “that to do the reading thoroughly is all we can find time for,” to which we would add a line from a French song, *Que voulez vous encore?*

MINNESOTA.—Red Wing Circle recently resolved itself into a clay modeling school for the purpose of presenting each member with small images of clay as was the custom among the ancient Romans. Venus, Virgil, and Columbus were modeled by those whose ambition soared high, while others who did not aspire to any thing so great were content with modeling Roman lamps, urns, vases, and pitchers, which they found good subjects for the plastic art.—In the Pioneer of St. Paul two are appointed each week to make out a list of questions with

which to review in the next meeting.—At the Roman banquet given by Merriam Park Circle there were present Nero, Romulus, Constantine, Octavius, Marc Antony, and many other notables, who feasted on the good things and responded to toasts without referring to any of the slight unpleasantnesses that had occurred in their families a few centuries ago.

IOWA.—Extemporaneous three-minute speeches are a feature of Havergal Circle's programs in Grinnell. We should be glad to see them on more programs.—At the beginning of the year in the D. C. of Dubuque, members are appointed to make a specialty of certain subjects, and to take charge of the recitations and make the programs while that study is under consideration.—This is a good report from the Franklin of Manchester: “Organized in 1878 with four members we have never disbanded, and now have forty-three.” Manchester has three circles, meeting weekly, an alumni circle meeting once a year to initiate new members, and a general circle in which all unite to celebrate Memorial Days. The whole number of Chautauquans in the town is ninety-three.—The usual order was varied one evening of the winter in Washington Circle by having a spelling match, taking the words from articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.—The Roundabout Club of Waterloo has seventeen members.

MISSOURI.—Faithful as a Roman soldier is the little circle in Cameron.—The Irving of Louisiana already has twenty-nine members, but the enthusiasm is such that a circle twice as large is anticipated for next year.

KANSAS.—At the banquet served on Caesar Day by the Pierians of Clay Centre, the dishes were labeled Caviare, Conger Eels, Mussels, Thrushes on Asparagus, Flamingo Tongues, Ragout of Peacock, Boar's Head, Broiled Dormice, Picentine Bread, and Beccafico Pastry, but tasted like more modern fare. A literary program followed, ending with a debate as to whether or no Brutus was an honorable man.—A very pretty calendar is prepared by the Ascendants of Independence, with the program arranged for each meeting of the year.—Ten will graduate this year from the Atlantean Brown of Minneapolis and nearly all expect to receive their diplomas at Chautauqua.—The Pawnees of Larned are nineteen in number, the Socratics of Wichita twelve, the Ninde Chautauquans of Topeka eighty-three, the Alicians of Six Corners four, and the members in Galena ten.

NEBRASKA.—The Schiller of Plattsmouth has seventeen regular members and twenty-eight local ones.—A different leader is appointed

for each meeting by the Hyperion of Columbus. As there are sixteen members it makes the work very light for each.

COLORADO.—Seven is the number enrolled in Silver State Circle of Fort Lupton.—All are working for the white seal and some for the garnet seal in Addison Circle of Golden. This is the fourth year for six of the members.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—The circle in Onida bears the musical name of *Wo on spe*.—The Calumet of Frankfort carried out in fine style the suggestion of a Roman Saturnalia. Brutus presided at the feast, and the guests were representatives from nearly every period of Roman history.

NEVADA.—The circles in Eureka, Reno, and Carson are all deeply interested in the studies.

ARIZONA.—A correspondent in Prescott, writes: "In a frontier town like ours, where people are here to-day and gone to-morrow, one cannot expect to keep up the interest and membership of a circle as in a more settled community. But we have been able to keep three of the twelve who started last year. We follow the programs of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, supplemented by such other matter as seems desirable."

OREGON.—Five new members have joined Umpqua Circle, of Roseburg, making twenty-five, as many as its constitution admits. A two hours' session is held weekly in all but the summer months.

CALIFORNIA.—Vincent and Westminster Circles, of Sacramento, united in procuring a lecturer to speak on the Chautauqua Movement at the beginning of the year, and later in giving a reception to Mrs. Field, the secretary of the Pacific Coast.—In March the Marengo Avenue Circle of Pasadena, entertained three of its sister circles.—A membership of twenty-five, an increase of twelve over last year, is the prosperous state of things in Norton Circle of Pacific Grove.—Constantine Circle of San Diego observes all the Memorial Days, but gives the most of its time to the lessons.—Beginning with two members, the Home Circle of Colton now has ten.—The '91's and '92's are in the majority in the Jacinto of University.—In commenting on one of the table talks of Saratoga Circle, an exchange says: "It arose from some one's asking why the Roman Republic was a failure. The discussion involved the forms of government in all ages, right of suffrage, Jewish persecutions, naturalization of foreigners, negro suffrage, and wound up with an interesting and amusing discussion of woman suffrage. The lady members carried all before them in favor of women's voting."—The Renaissance of Oakland will graduate ten of its twenty

members this year. The Houghton of Oakland is divided into four sections, each to have charge of the program once a month. If there are five meetings in a month the four divisions unite. No two members of one household are allowed to belong to the same section.—The friends of San Jose Circle were entertained at a Roman tea, at one of the recent social gatherings which this circle knows so well how to make enjoyable.

WASHINGTON.—The four circles of Tacoma (Manzanita, Yakima, Athenian, and Longfellow) united to celebrate *Cæsar Day*. As suggested in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for January, a court trial was held and two speakers from each society took part. The result was the condemnation of the adherents of Brutus, Cicero, and Pompey, the prætor imposing on the latter a fine of ten million dollars, and ordering that Brutus be hurled from the Tarpeian Rock. "The marriage of *Cæsar*," "The school of the Vestals," and "Caractacus and his wife before Claudius," were the subjects of tableaux. Music had a prominent place on the program, and the evening was altogether delightful.

GRADUATE CIRCLES.

Brocton, N. Y., is a famous C. L. S. C. center, having had a circle since the beginning of things Chautauquan. The graduates help support the circle in the current course, and some of them are doing the English course. An ambitious project with these Chautauquans is a village library. It was started about a year ago and numbers some 350 volumes, with an average monthly circulation of 94.—The Vincents of Indianapolis, Ind., are '89's. Eight of them took their diplomas last year at Chautauqua. This year they are engrossed with English history and literature, but still found time to entertain their friends royally in January.—The Society of the Hall in the Grove at Lincoln, Neb., sends us a group of capital programs prepared on their English readings. There are twenty-five in this society.—The Brooklyn Chautauqua Alumni has reached a membership of forty-three.—The Travel Class of Portage, Wis., which we noted in our October '89 issue, is not strictly a graduate circle, but it is the outgrowth of the C. L. S. C. work and so its doings may be noted here appropriately. A member writes: "We decided to buy an electric light stereopticon lantern last fall and so give permanency to our class. In order to do so a subscription paper was circulated among the business men, and twenty-five men signed it. It read to the effect that the undersigned promised to be held liable for the sum, not to exceed ten

dollars, or their proportion of any deficit to which the Travel Class might be liable at the end of the season. With such financial backing, we did as we had done the previous year—sold season tickets [twenty lectures] for one dollar, and began our course. We are studying Italy this year and have found it very interesting. Recently we gave an original and unique entertainment. Besides the Travel Class, which meets as usual once a week in the Opera House, we have not only the C. L. S. C. but the S. H. G. and an Art Class, the latter consisting principally of young ladies who study art in connection with the Travel Class work. The entertainment was given by the Art Class for the benefit of the Travel Class. One number was a recitation given with piano accompaniment, then Schumann's portrait was thrown upon the canvas, and his biography was given, followed immediately by an analysis of Schumann's Arabesque, then the solo on the piano. During the playing of the solo, different pictures were thrown upon the screen, illustrating the theme of the music. You will see we tried to bring the eyes to the aid of the ears, in listening to instrumental music. We had Horatius recited, and during the recitation a series of pictures were thrown upon the screen. The evening was a great success, and elicited much praise."

THE NEW ENGLAND CHAUTAUQUA ASSOCIATION.

For a number of years Boston has had the distinction of being the center of a general association for the advancement of C. L. S. C. interests, retaining and developing the loyalty of the alumni. All indications pointed to a lessened interest in the meetings of the Association for this year. These prophecies not only have been unfulfilled but the interest has exceeded that of any previous season. Dr. Hale, who was for two years its president, was succeeded by Prof. Sherwin of sainted memory, and Mr. Barry, a business man of much ability.

The Association meets monthly from November to May at Sleeper Hall, New England Conservatory of Music, through the courtesy of Dr. Tourjee. To Prof. Sherwin and Miss Annie E. Chapin, secretary until the present year, the Association is largely indebted for all its activity, whoever has held the other offices, and with the death of Professor Sherwin and the retirement of Miss Chapin the outlook was not brilliant.

This year the Rev. A. E. Winship is president and Robert C. Magwood, secretary. Meetings have been held in June, November, December,

and January, and have been well attended and socially brilliant, while the programs have been of high order.

The New England Chautauqua Association on the evening of February 26, at the Hotel Thorndike, Boston, gave a banquet to the Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D. D., principal of the C. L. S. C., Dr. W. A. Duncan, secretary of the Chautauqua Assembly, and the Rev. A. E. Dunning. Over two hundred Chautauquans and their friends sat down at the tables. The Rev. A. E. Winship presided, speeches were made by the invited guests, by the Rev. D. W. Waldron and others, and some thoroughly enjoyable recitations were given by Mr. W. L. Battis. The occasion was one of the most delightful of the annual gatherings of the Association. The C. L. S. C. movement is profiting by this enthusiasm and there is every prospect of an increase, and Lake View and the Class of '94 will reap the benefit.

THE Chautauqua Union of New York City announces the following lectures to be given at the Church of Disciples: March 27, the Rev. Wm. Lloyd, subject, "The Cultivation of the Imagination." April 22, the Rev. F. D. Power, subject, "Blockheads." A members' social will be held at the same place, some time in May. In connection with the Brooklyn Chautauqua Assembly, the New York Union will close the season of 1889-90, with a grand moonlight excursion, by steamer *Grand Republic*, June 28. A membership ticket, which costs 50 cents, secures free admission to all lectures and meetings of the Union, except the excursion, for which special tickets will be issued. The corresponding secretary of the organization is Frank M. Curtis, 2107 Seventh Ave., New York City.

THE Brooklyn Chautauqua Alumni purpose holding their first annual supper Saturday evening, May 10, 1890, at seven o'clock. All graduates of the C. L. S. C. residing in the vicinity of Brooklyn or New York are cordially invited to participate; tickets \$1.50 each. Those desiring tickets should communicate at once with the chairman of the committee, as the number of tickets will be limited. Kindly state to which class you belong, as this information will materially aid the committee. Should friends desire to sit together, please acquaint the committee, as the seats will be numbered to correspond with coupon. Chancellor Vincent, Dr. Hurlbut, and other distinguished guests will be present. The place will be designated on tickets. The chairman of the committee is Miss C. A. Teal, 214 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ASSEMBLY CALENDAR.

SEASON OF 1890.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK—July 1-August 25. Recognition Day, August 20.

- ACTON PARK, INDIANA—July 28-August 26. Recognition Day, August 15.
- BAY VIEW, PETOSKEY, MICHIGAN—July 23-August 10. Recognition Day, August 6.
- BEATRICE, NEBRASKA—June 26-July 7. Recognition Day, June 28.
- COLFAX, IOWA—June 24-July 4. Recognition Day, July 1.
- CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS—July 16-July 23. Recognition Day, July 22.
- COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA, IOWA—July 1-July 25. Recognition Day, July 15.*
- EAST EPPING, NEW HAMPSHIRE—July 26-August 23. Recognition Day, August 21.
- ISLAND PARK, ROME CITY, INDIANA—July 30-August 13. Recognition Day, August 6.
- KANSAS, TOPEKA, KANSAS—June 24-July 4. Recognition Day, June 25.
- KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY—July 1-July 11. Recognition Day, July 3.
- LAKE BLUFF, ILLINOIS—July 24-August 6. Recognition Day, July 31.
- LAKE SIDE ENCAMPMENT, OHIO—July 17-August 7. Recognition Day, July 31.
- LAKE GEORGE, NEW YORK—July 21-September 7. Recognition Day, August 11.
- MISSOURI, WARRENSBURG, MISSOURI—August 5-August 14. Recognition Day, August 13.
- MONONA LAKE, WISCONSIN—July 22-August 1. Recognition Day, July 30.
- MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE—July 1-August 23. Recognition Day, August 1.
- MOUNTAIN GROVE, BERWICK, PENNSYLVANIA—Recognition Day, August 6.
- MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND—July 29-August 11. Recognition Day, August 8.
- NEBRASKA, CRETE, NEBRASKA—July 1-July 11. Recognition Day, July 10.
- NEW ENGLAND, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS—July 15-July 25. Recognition Day, July 24.
- NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND, FRYEBURG, MAINE—July 28-August 9. Recognition Day, August 5.
- OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY—July 31-August 1.
- OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY—July 12-July 23. Recognition Day, July 23.
- OCEAN PARK, MAINE—July 22-August 2. Recognition Day, July 31.
- OTTAWA, KANSAS—June 17-June 27. Recognition Day, June 25.
- OXFORD, ENGLAND—First Session, July and August.
- PACIFIC COAST, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA—July 2-July 18. Recognition Day, July 18.
- PIASA BLUFFS, ILLINOIS—July 29-August 12. Recognition Day, August 7.
- PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON—July 23-August 1. Recognition Day, July 29.
- REDONDO BEACH, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—July 24-August 15. Recognition Day, August 14.
- ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK—July 28-August 15. Recognition Day, August 9.
- SAN MARCOS, TEXAS—June 26-July 23. Recognition Day, July 16.
- SEASIDE, KEY EAST, NEW JERSEY—July 6-August 31. Recognition Day, August 28.
- SILVER LAKE, NEW YORK—July 14-August 7. Recognition Day, August 1.
- WASECA, MINNESOTA—July 8-July 25. Recognition Day, July 24.
- WILLIAMS GROVE, NEAR HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—July 21-July 26. Recognition Day, July 22.
- WINFIELD, KANSAS—June 24-July 4. Recognition Day, July 1.

THE C. L. S. C. LIBRARY TABLE.

SINCE the introduction of the *Suggestive Programs* into THE CHAUTAUQUAN frequent inquiries have been received from readers for the selections mentioned. The inquirer either had access to few books or not to the particular book required. This demand has become so repeated that we have decided to make *The Library Table* supply it, printing in it the selections which are called for in the *Suggestive Programs*. These selections are always in line with some important thought or event of the required reading and are chosen from the classic authors of all countries and periods. We hope by this means still further to aid Chautauquans in carrying on their work. And we are confident that they will find the selections in the course of a year will give them a fine anthology.

THE LAST INTERVIEW OF KING CHARLES AND KING VICTOR.

Polyxena. [wife of Charles.] King Charles !
Pause here upon this strip of time
Allotted you out of eternity !
Crowns are from God : in His name you hold
yours.

Your life's no least thing, were it fit your life
Should be abjured along with rule ; but now,
Keep both ! Your duty is to live and rule—
You, who would vulgarly look fine enough
In the world's eye, deserting your soul's
charge,—

Ay ! you would have men's praise, this Rivoli
Would be illuminated ! While, as 'tis, no doubt,
Something of stain will ever rest on you ;
No one will rightly know why you refused
To abdicate ; they'll talk of deeds you could
Have done, no doubt,—nor do I much expect
Future achievement will blot out the past,
Envelop it in haze—nor shall we two
Live happy any more. 'Twill be, I feel,
Only in moments that the duty's seen
As palpably as now—the months, the years
Of painful indistinctness are to come,
While daily must we tread these palace-rooms
Pregnant with memories of the past : your eye
May turn to mine and find no comfort there,
Through fancies that beset me, as yourself,
Of other courses, with far other issues,
We might have taken this great night : such bear,
As I will bear ! What matters happiness ?

Duty ? There's man's one moment : this is
yours !

*[Putting the crown on his head, and the scepter
in his hand, she places him on his seat : a
long pause and silence.]*

Enter D'Ormea [minister] and Victor.

Vic. At last I speak ; but once—that once, to
you !

'Tis you I ask, not these your varletry,
Who's King of us ?

Cha. [from his seat.] Count Tende

Vic. What your spies

Assert I ponder in my soul, I say—

Here to your face, amid your guards ! I choose
To take again the crown whose shadow I
gave—

For still its potency surrounds the weak
White locks their felon hands have discomposed.
Or I'll not ask who's King, but simply, who
Withholds the crown I claim ? Deliver it !

Cha. Take it, my father !

And now say in turn,

Was it done well, my father—sure not well,
To try me thus ! I might have seen much cause
For keeping it—too easily seen cause !

But, from that moment, e'en more wofully
My life had pined away, than pine it will.

Already you have much to answer for.

My life to pine is nothing,—her sunk eyes
Were happy once ! No doubt my people think
I am their King still . . . but I cannot strive !
Take it !

*Vic. [one hand on the crown Charles offers, the
other on his neck.]*

So few years give it quietly,

My son ! It will drop from me. See you not ?

A crown's unlike a sword to give away—

That, let a strong hand to a weak hand give !

But crowns should slip from palsied brows to
heads

Young as this head : yet mine is weak enough,
E'en weaker than I knew. I seek for phrases
To vindicate my right

Cha. [putting the crown on him, to the rest.]

The King speaks, yet none kneels, I think !

Vic. I am then King ! As I became a King,
Despite the nations, kept myself a King
So I die King, with Kingship dying too
Around me. I have lasted Europe's time !

What wants my story of completion ? Where
Must needs the damning break show ? Who
mistrusts

My children here—tell they of any break
 'Twixt my day's sunrise and its fiery fall?
 And who were by me when I died but they?
 D'Ormea there!

Cha. What means he?

Vic.

Ever there!

Charles—how to save your story? Mine must
 go!

Say—say that you refused the crown to me!

Charles yours shall be my story! You immured

Me, say, at Rivoli. A single year

I spend without a sight of you, then die—

That will serve every purpose—tell that tale

The world!

Cha. Mistrust me? Help!

Vic.

Past help, past reach!

'Tis in the heart—you cannot reach the heart:

This broke mine, that I did believe you,
 Charles,

Would have denied and so disgraced me.

Cha. [To Victor.] You never knew me.

Vic.

Hardly till this moment,

When I seem learning many other things

Because the time for using them is past.

If 't were to do again! That's idly wished.

Truthfulness might prove policy as good

As guile. Is this my daughter's forehead? Yes:

I've made it fitter now to be a queen's

Than formerly: I've ploughed the deep lines
 there

Which keep too well a crown from slipping off.

No matter. Guile has made me King again.

*Louis—t was in King Victor's time :—long since,
 When Louis reigned and, also, Victor reigned.*

How the world talks already of us two!

God of eclipse and each discolored star,

Why do I linger then?

Ha! Where lurks he?

D'Ormea! Nearer to your King! Now stand!

[*Collecting his strength as D'Ormea approaches.*]

You lied, D'Ormea! I do not repent. [*Dies.*]

—Robert Browning.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE WORLD'S CATHEDRAL.

Without a glimpse at these palaces of worship in Rome, it is impossible to imagine the magnificence of the religion that reared them. Many of them shine with burnished gold. They glow with pictures. Their walls, columns, and arches seem a quarry of precious stones, so beautiful and costly are the marbles with which they are inlaid. Their pavements are often a mosaic, of rare workmanship. Around their lofty cornices hover flights of sculptured angels; and within the vault of the ceiling and the swelling interior of the dome, there are frescoes of such brilliancy,

and wrought with so artful a perspective, that the sky, peopled with sainted forms, appears to be opened, only a little way above the spectator. Then there are chapels, opening from the side-aisles and transepts, decorated by princes for their own burial-places, and as shrines for their especial saints. In these, the splendor of the entire edifice is intensified and gathered to a focus. Unless words were gems, that would flame with many-colored light upon the page, and throw thence a tremulous glimmer into the reader's eyes, it were vain to attempt a description of a princely chapel.

The preconception of St. Peter's was a structure of no definite outline, misty in its architecture, dim and gray and huge, stretching into an interminable perspective, and over-arched by a dome like the cloudy firmament. Beneath that vast breadth and height, as one fancied them, the personal man might feel his littleness, the soul triumph in its immensity. It has been profanely called a great prettiness; a gay piece of cabinet work, on a Titanic scale; a jewel casket marvelously magnified.

This latter image best pleased the fancy; a casket all inlaid, in the inside, with precious stones of various hues so that there should not be a hair's-breadth of the small interior undorned with its resplendent gem. Then, conceive this minute wonder of a mosaic box, increased to the magnitude of a cathedral, without losing the intense luster of its littleness, but all its petty glory striving to be sublime. The magic transformation from the minute to the vast has not been so cunningly effected but that the rich adornment still counteracts the impression of space and loftiness. The spectator is more sensible of its limits than of its extent.

It can nowhere be made visible at one glance. It stands in its own way. You see an aisle, or a transept; you see the nave, or the tribune; but, on account of its ponderous piers and other obstructions, it is only by this fragmentary process that you get an idea of the cathedral.

There is no answering such objections. The great church smiles calmly upon its critics, and, for all response, says, "Look at me!" and if you still murmur for the loss of your shadowy perspective, there comes no reply, save, "Look at me!" in endless repetition, as the one thing to be said. And, after looking many times, with long intervals between, you discover that the cathedral has gradually extended itself over the whole compass of your idea; it covers all the site of your visionary temple, and has room for its cloudy pinnacles beneath the dome.

St. Peter's seemed an embodiment of whatever the imagination could conceive, or the heart

desire, as a magnificent, comprehensive, majestic symbol of religious faith. All splendor was included within its verge, and there was space for all.

The pavement! it stretched out illimitably, a plain of many-colored marble, where thousands of worshipers might kneel together, and shadowless angels tread among them without brushing their heavenly garments against those earthly ones. The roof! the dome! Rich, gorgeous, filled with sunshine, cheerfully sublime, and fadeless after centuries, those lofty depths seem to translate the heavens to mortal comprehension, and help the spirit upward to a yet higher and wider sphere.—*Arranged from Hawthorne's "Marble Faun."*

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with Learning's crown!
Tear out life's Wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of woman-kind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!"

—The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
*The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!*

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember, all thy gifts have fled
With those dissolving years."

"Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys.

"I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.**

THE WINDS OF HEAVEN.

The labor of the wind: the symbol of the aspen clashing, from the lowest to the highest bough, each leaf twirling first forward and then backward and swinging to and fro, a double motion. Each lifts a little and then falls back like a pendulum, twisting on itself; and as it rises and sinks, strikes its fellow-leaf. Striking the side of the dark pines, the wind changes their color and turns them paler. The oak leaves slide one over the other, hand above hand, lying shadow upon shadow upon the white road. In the vast net of the wide elm-tops the drifting shadow of the cloud which the wind brings, is caught for a moment. Pushing aside the stiff ranks of the wheat with both arms, the air reaches the sun-parched earth. It walks among the mowing-grass like a farmer feeling the crop with his hand on one side, and opening with his walking-stick the other. It rolls the wavelets carelessly as marbles to the shore; the red cattle redden the pool and stand in their own color. The green caterpillar swings as he spins his thread and lengthens his cable to the tide of air, descending from the tree; before he can slip it the white-throat takes him. With a thrust the wind hurls the swift fifty miles faster on his way; it ruffles back the black velvet of the mole peeping forth from his burrow. Apple bloom and crab-apple bloom have been blown long since athwart the furrows over the orchard wall; May petals and June roses scattered; the pollen and the seed of the meadow grasses thrown on the threshing-floor of earth in basketfuls. Thistle down and dandelion down, the brown down of the goat's-beard; by and by the keys of sycamores twirling aslant—the wind carries them all on its back, gossamer web and great heron's vanes—the same weight to the wind; the drops of the waterfall blown aside sprinkle the bright green ferns. The voice of the cuckoo in his season travels on the zephyr.

* Poetical Works. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The light and fire of summer are made beautiful by the air, without whose breath the glorious summer were all spoiled. Thick are the hawthorn leaves, many deep on the spray; and beneath them there is a twisted and intertangled winding in and out of boughs, such as no curious ironwork of ancient artist could equal; through the leaves and metal-work of boughs the soft west wind wanders at its ease. Wild wasp and tutored bee sing sideways on their course as the breeze fills their vanes; with broad colored sails boomed out, the butterfly drifts alee. Beside a brown coated stone in the shadowed stream a brown trout watches for the puffs that slay the May-flies. Their ephemeral wings were made for more exquisite life; they endure but one sun; they bear not the touch of water; they die like a dream dropping into the river. To the amethyst in the deep ditch the wind comes; no petal so hidden under green it cannot find; to the blue hill-flower up by the sky; it lifts the guilty head of the passionate poppy that has sinned in the sun for love. Sweet is the rain the wind brings to the wall-flower browned in the heat, a-dry on the crumbling-stone. Pleasant the sunbeams to the marigold when the wind has carried the rain away and his sun-disc glows on the bank. Acres of perfume come on the wind from the black and white of the bean-field; the firs fill the air by the copse with perfume. I know nothing to which it has not some happy use. Is there a grain of dust so small the wheel shall not find it out? Ground in the mill-wheel of the centuries, the iron of the distant mountain floats like gossamer, and is drunk up as dew by leaf and living lung. From morn till night the silent footfalls of the ponderous vapors travel overhead, no sound, no creaking of the wheels and rattling of the chains; it is calm at the earth, but the wind labors without an effort above, with such ease, with such power.—*Richard Jefferies.*

STRADA'S PROLUSION.

It is commonly known, that Pope Leo the Tenth was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations, and disputes, of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom Strada founds the following narrative. When this pope was at his villa, that stood upon an eminence on the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was split at the top in imitation of Parnassus. There were several marks on it that distinguished it for the habitation of heroic poets. Of all the Muses,

Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegasus appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating Parnassus fell down the river to the sound of the trumpets, and in a kind of epic measure, for it was rowed forward by six huge wheels, three on each side, that by their constant motion carried on the machine until it arrived before the pope's villa.

The representatives of the ancient poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters. Statius was posted on the highest of the two summits, which was fashioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner, so that people regarded him with the same terror and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was seated on the other summit, which was lower, and at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce, on some spots of it, plants that are unknown to Italy, and such as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very busy about the roots of the mountain, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine, which was under his conduct, and was, indeed, of his invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the spectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raised up and became as conspicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not settle in any particular place, but ranged over all Parnassus with great nimbleness and activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requisite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent station, and had a greater prospect under him, than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet, with great difficulty, kept himself from sliding off his back, inasmuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out every now and then, that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modesty in his looks, was seated by Calliope, in the midst of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almost covered him with their shade. He would

not, perhaps, have been seen in this retirement, but that it was impossible to look upon Calliope without seeing Virgil at the same time.

This poetical masquerade was no sooner arrived before the pope's villa, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the style and spirit of those immortal authors whom they represent.

I shall therefore give my reader a short account, in prose, of [some of the poems] which were produced in the learned assembly there described.

Strada, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of those needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates, in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at: by this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

The poet who personated Ovid gives an account of the chryso-magnet, or of the loadstone which attracts gold, after the same manner as the common loadstone attracts iron. The author, that he might express Ovid's way of thinking,

derives this virtue to the chryso-magnet from a poetical metamorphosis.

"As I was sitting by a well (says he), when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father, fastening a certain stone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no sooner touched the surface of the water, but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner, that he drew it out like a fish. My father seeing me wonder at the experiment gave me the following account of it. When Deucalion and Pyrrha went about the world to repair mankind by throwing stones over their heads, the men who rose from them differed in their inclinations, according to the places on which the stones fell. Those which fell in the fields became ploughmen and shepherds. Those which fell into the water produced sailors and fishermen. Those that fell among the woods and forests gave birth to huntsmen. Among the rest there were several that fell upon mountains, that had mines of gold and silver in them. This last race of men immediately betook themselves to the search of these precious metals; but nature being displeased to see herself ransacked, withdrew her treasures towards the center of the earth. The avarice of man, however, persisted in its former pursuits, and ransacked her inmost bowels in quest of the riches which they contained. Nature seeing herself thus plundered by a swarm of miners, was so highly incensed, that she shook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The Stygian flames which lay in the neighborhood of these deep mines broke out at the same time with great fury, burning up the whole mass of human limbs and earth, until they were hardened and baked into stone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines were converted into those common loadstones which attract that metal. Those which were in search of gold became chryso-magnets, and still keep their former avarice in their present state of petrification."—*Joseph Addison.*

ANCIENT NICKNAMES.

B. The English have a vile way of naturalizing the Roman names, though in this respect we are not so bad as the French, who carry it to such an extent that I am often quite at a loss to know of whom they are speaking,—the real Latin name has suffered such a change into something French and strange. But this they carry out in regard to the names of persons and places in all languages as in Italian, for instance,—Le Titien, Le Carrache, Le Corregge, Jules Romain,

Le Tasse,—Gallicizing them all, and mispronouncing them. Why call Tiberius, Claudius, Marcus Aurelius, *Tibere, Claud, Marc Aurele*? Men are certainly entitled to their names.

M. We have modified in some respects our old habits. We no longer call Cicero *Tully*, though we still speak of *Mark Antony* and *Ovid* and *Horace*. It seems to be impossible to justify such a usage. Why do we not give Petrarca the whole of his name? His name is not *Petrarch*. We do not say *Ariost*, or *Tass*, or *Dant*, though the French do, and add *Le* before the name. If we are going to translate names let us do it thoroughly, and have some fixed rule, and don't let us call Ovidius Naso *Ovid*, but *Ovid Big-nose*; Fronto, *Mr. Broad-head*; Varus, *General Knock-knees*; Caligula, *Emperor Little-boot*; Fabius Pictor, *Mr. Painter*; Scipio Africanus, *Mr. Staff*; Paetus, *Mr. Squint Eye*; Balbus, *Mr. Stammerer*; Calvus, *Old Bald-head*; Plautus, *Flat-foot*, and so on.

B. Or better still, let us call Cicero, *Mr. Pea*, or *Peabody*. He may have been an ancestor of the banker of that name. An honest translation is as good as a genealogy.

M. Suppose we go on a little with our translations. I should like to ask you a question. Which do you like best, Twisted Yew's poems or Flea's?

B. Whom do you mean?

M. Torquato Tasso and Pulci, of course. Don't you think their names sound well in English? Ah! what's in a name?

B. More than you think. Should you feel as passionate an interest in Beatrice Cenci under her English name of *Miss Rags*? Calderon Della Barca has a grand sound, for instance, worthy of a poet, but *Boat-kettle* is not so romantic. Suppose we should take up the old Italian habit of giving nicknames, and calling all our poets and artists by them, as they did? Did you ever think how very few of the celebrated painters of Italy are known by their real names? Tommaso Guido, is *Masaccio*, or *Dirty Tom*; Guercino, is *Squint Eye*; Tintoretto, the *Little Dyer*; Giorgione, *Big George*; Domenichino, or *Little Dominick*. Who knows or speaks of Perugino, Correggio, Giulio Romano, Giovanni da Bologna, and many others, by any other name than of the towns they came from? If you speak of them as *Robusti*, *Allegri*, *Pippi*, etc., you would have to explain who you meant to most persons. I have to stop myself and think before I can recall them.

M. It is very curious, but perfectly true. We should not ordinarily know them by their real names. But it is an old peculiarity of the

Romans. They liked nicknames in ancient times almost as much as in modern times. . . . Horace is—

B. Why do you call him *Horace*? That was not his name?

M. *Peccavi*! Well, *Flaccus*, I suppose we ought to call him so, or at least *Horatius*.

B. Of course. You might as well speak of Shakspeare as *William*, or as the divine *Williams*.—*William Wetmore Story*.*

NIL ADMIRARI.

When Horace in Vendusian groves
Was scribbling wit or sipping "Massic,"
Or singing those delicious loves
Which after ages reckon classic,
He wrote one day—'twas no vagary—
These famous words:—*Nil admirari*!

"Wonder at nothing!"—said the bard;
A kingdom's fall, a nation's rising,
A lucky or a losing card,
Are really not at all surprising,
However men or manners vary,
Keep cool and calm; *Nil admirari*!

If kindness meet a cold return;
If friendship prove a dear delusion;
If love, neglected, cease to burn,
Or die untimely of profusion,—
Such lessons well may make us wary,
But need n't shock; *Nil admirari*!

Does disappointment follow gain?
Or wealth elude the keen pursuer?
Does pleasure end in poignant pain?
Does fame disgust the lucky wooer,
Or haply prove perversely chary?
'T was ever thus; *Nil admirari*!

Does January wed with May,
Or ugliness consort with beauty?
Does Piety forget to pray?
And, heedless of connubial duty,
Leave faithful Ann for wanton Mary?
'T is the old tale; *Nil admirari*!

Ah! when the happy day we reach
When promisers are ne'er deceivers;
When parsons practise what they preach,
And seeming saints are all believers,
Then the old maxim you may vary,
And say no more, *Nil admirari*!

—John G. Saxe.†

* Conversations in a Studio. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† The Masquerade and Other Poems. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Historical.

In Volumes III. and IV., Mr. Adams carries on his history of the United States* through the second administration of Jefferson. He presents him at its beginning as standing in the splendors of bright promises and congratulating himself on the grandeur of his destiny. He closely follows him through the political diplomacies, cabinet vacillations, schisms, and wild projects for disunion which marked the ensuing years. He leaves him at the close of Burr's trial shorn forever of his power and glory. From that time on his life is presented as restless, anxious, burdensome; and he is shown retiring from public life under the bitter mortification of knowing that his peace policy had involved the country in war. The work, not intended primarily to be biographical in character, deals more at length with the history of the country during this time. It is exhaustive, painstaking, of great value and deep interest.—The "Story of the Barbary Corsairs"† will probably be to most readers the most thrilling book in the whole series of the "Story of the Nations." The author, in strong and exciting colors, which, however, are faithful representations, has pictured the history of the times. After reading the horrible scenes of hardships and suffering endured by the galley-slaves commanded by the Moors in this nefarious business, the last lingering doubt any reader may have had regarding the truth of the statement that the world is growing better must disappear forever. More deeply, too, than ever is one's patriotism stirred by the author's manner of relating the proud honor that America won in the suppression of these pirates.—A collection of short historical and biographical tales connected with the discovery and settlement of Canada is given under the title of "Stories of New France."‡ Each sketch is told in a direct and simple manner well-calculated to hold the interest of young readers; and all are linked together in such a way as to give a good general view over the whole of early Canadian history.—In the series of "History Primers" the one dealing with Egypt|| stores

away a vast amount of information in such systematic order as to make it readily available. The whole complicated area of that mazy region in prehistoric times is definitely marked out in clear colors. That the author has reached the object sought in these Primers, to make history interesting and intelligible to very young pupils, we doubt; but older readers will find it a valuable book both in itself as an outline work, and as a guide to help them keep their bearings through the closer researches of larger works.

Music.

An account of musical development in this country from the time of Puritan psalmody to the present day, in which, the author avers, "America is the coveted land of all that sings, plays, fiddles, toots, scrapes, throughout Europe," will be found in Dr. Ritter's "Music in America."* It contains much important historical matter, the task of collecting and arranging which, has been done with conscientious care. Nothing worthy of notice is slighted, and the space given to the various divisions of the subject is in proportion to their importance. Public school teachers will be interested in the paragraphs devoted to music in the school room. It is only in this part of the book that the author speaks hopefully of the outlook, believing that in time a system of elementary vocal instruction will be established which will unite with primary education a national musical training school.—A series of books that will do much toward bringing this desired end, is "The Public School Music Course."† The numerous interesting solfeggios and harmonies are in every way adapted to school practice, and are so arranged as to form a complete course from the primary to the high school. The songs and words are of a high order and carefully graded so as to come within the comprehension of the pupils.—A pronouncing dictionary of musical terms‡ is a necessity to every student of music. No more satisfactory one can be found than that prepared by Mr. H. R. Palmer. The vocabulary includes all the terms one is likely to meet with in the most extended practice.

*History of the United States. (1805-1809.) By Henry Adams. Vols. III. and IV. Price, \$4.00.

†The Story of the Barbary Corsairs. By Stanley Lane-Poole. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

‡Stories of New France. First series. By Agnes Maule Machar. Second series. By Thomas G. Marquis. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, \$1.50.

||History of Egypt. By F. C. H. Wendell, Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, 45 cts.

*Music in America. By Dr. Frédéric Louis Ritter. New edition with additions. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.00.

†The Public School Music Course. Seven vols. Boston: D. C. Heath and Co.

‡New Pronouncing Pocket Dictionary of Musical Terms. By H. R. Palmer, Mus. Doc. Published by the author. Lock Box 2841, New York City. Price, 25 cts.

Muhlenberg. "Dr. Muhlenberg" * in the series of American Religious Leaders is a worthy record of that strong Christian character who exerted a marked educational influence on his own times, and who set in motion forces whose powers for good have not diminished. The book is written in a spirit most appreciative of the man and of his work. Its greatest interest centers in the founding of the Church Industrial Community at St. Johnland, a forerunner of some of the more recent attempts to settle the problems of socialism.

Albrecht. The fancy that the soulless creature of Wonderland called the kobold would be given a soul if married to a human being, is the foundation of Arlo Bates' "Albrecht." † A kobold eager for a soul seeks the love of a saintly maiden and marries her. So far we have the plot of Undine, but while in that beautiful fancy the myth predominates to the end, in "Albrecht" it is subordinated to a study of character development under the supposed new conditions. The merry, rollicking knight awed by the new feelings and thought which a soul imposes, begins a life of reflection and purpose; the maiden whose life has been given to religious meditation and deeds of charity awakes to the delights of the world of beauty, mirth, and love. They for a time exchange souls as it were. The experiences which lead them into a final harmony of life are not at all mythical. Indeed there is a startling modernness in the situation, and the reader cannot resist the impression that Mr. Bates is describing every-day changes in character under the guise of a half myth, and that he aims to be significant as well as artistic. Certainly he is both. "Albrecht" has a fine, chaste finish. There are both dignity and sincerity in the style in which the work has been done.

Contributions to Current Discussion. The Emigration Question receives a treatment both scientific and popular from Professor Smith of Columbia College. ‡ The whole matter, past and present, is handled, giving an excellent idea of how the problem came upon us, of the new conditions it has instituted, and of the necessity of regulating the incoming foreigners. The material has been carefully gathered and is logically arranged. The style is terse and clear.

* Dr. Muhlenberg. By William Wilberforce Newton, D.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.25.

† Albrecht. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.00.

‡ Emigration and Immigration: A study in Social Science. By Prof. Richmond M. Smith of Columbia College. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.50.

—Mr. George Cable has gathered several of his essays on the Negro Question into book form.* It is a kind, candid statement of the relations of the white and the black in the South and leaves no doubt but that if Mr. Cable is to be believed there *is* a negro question.—Last December the second General Christian Conference of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States was held in Boston. The discussions of national needs and remedies were thoughtful and suggestive, too valuable by far to be lost, and to preserve them they have been gathered into book form. † The volume contains what may be considered the latest and most practical ideas on the extension of the Christian church in country and city and on increasing its working capacity.—Just now when public education is so vital a theme the publication of "Thomas Jefferson's Views on Public Education" ‡ is timely and useful. Mr. Henderson has brought together in successive essays all that Jefferson said publicly and much that he said in conversation bearing on public education, a national university, and the care of the negro.—A set of well-written social studies comes in Mr. J. H. Crooker's "Problems in American Society." § The Problems are the superficial American student, unwise charity, intemperance, the lack of conscience in politics, public school instruction, and irreligious villages. There is much common sense and suggestiveness in Mr. Crooker's handling of them.

Miscellaneous. "Enunciation and Articulation" ¶ is a useful little book for the public schools. The work is so simple that it can be used in the primary grades as well as the more advanced. The method used was thoroughly tested before giving it to the public, and the results were satisfactory.—A very convenient book to have at hand is Phyfe's "7000 Words Often Mispronounced." ¶ It has been carefully compiled. The words are difficult ones, and those likely to be mispronounced. The pro-

* The Negro Question. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, 75 cts.

† National Needs and Remedies. The Discussions of the General Christian Conference held at Boston, Mass., Dec. 4-6th, 1889, under the auspices and direction of the Evangelical Alliance, for the United States. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Paper, \$1.00. Cloth, \$1.50.

‡ Thomas Jefferson's Views on Public Education. By John C. Henderson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

§ Problems in American Society. Some Social Studies. By Joseph Henry Crooker. Boston: George H. Ellis.

¶ Enunciation and Articulation. By Ella M. Boyce. Boston: Gunn and Company.

¶ 7000 Words Often Mispronounced. By William Henry P. Phyfe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

nunciation of 2,500 proper names is a marked feature. The different pronunciations of the same word are indicated; the preference usually is given to Webster.—An interesting book is A. Melville Bell's "Popular Manual of Vocal Physiology and Visible Speech."* This work illustrates and explains the actions of the vocal organs and the elements of speech. A correct knowledge of Vocal Physiology and Visible Speech as explained in the text will be a great aid in the removal of impediments in the speech, in the formation of correct pronunciation, and the teaching of articulation to the deaf.

*Popular Manual of Vocal Physiology and Visible Speech. By Alexander Melville Bell. New York: N. D. C. Hodges, 47 Lafayette Place. E. S. Werner, 28 West 23rd Street.

A simple and convenient device for the aid of systematic study will be found in the "Library Reference System."* By means of such a classified record one could become the possessor of an encyclopedia of current matter so arranged as to be as easily consulted as a printed volume. The gentleman who devised the system sends out an interesting circular telling how to make use of this invention, but omitting one very important item, i. e., where it may be purchased.—The same omission is noticeable in Crocker's "Index Scrap File,"† a handy little contrivance for preserving clippings in a small space.

*Library Reference System. By the Rev. Geo. N. Keniston. Elkader, Iowa. Price, \$1.75.

†Crocker's Index Scrap File. Brooklyn, N. Y.: Chas. T. Bainbridge's Sons.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR MARCH, 1890.

HOME NEWS.—March 1. The Pan-American Congress adopts the report of a committee providing international sanitary regulations.—The House passes the Senate bill providing for an Assistant Secretary of War.

March 4. The Senate passes the bill for the taking of Alaska's census.—Meeting at Nashville, Tenn., of the National League of Republican Clubs.

March 7. In a railroad accident on the Lake Shore road, near Hamburg, N. Y., six persons are killed and fifteen injured.

March 10. The levee at Arkansas City, Mo., gives way.

March 12. Fort Smith, Ark., devastated by a cyclone.—The North Dakota House rejects the motion to reconsider the lottery bill.

March 13. The towns of the lower Mississippi suffering from floods.—The House passes the Oklahoma bill.

March 17. Twelve persons killed by the fall of a burning building in Indianapolis, Ind.

March 20. The Blair bill is defeated in the Senate by a vote of 37 to 31.

March 21. Death of Maj. Gen. George Crook.—The New York Court of Appeals decides that the electrical execution law is constitutional.

March 23. Death of Gen. R. C. Schenck.

March 25. The House passes the World's Fair bill with an amendment postponing the opening till 1893.

March 27. The House passes the Wyoming admission bill.

March 28. A tornado passes through northern Kentucky causing the death of over a hundred people.

March 30. Annual meeting of the American Tract Society in Washington.

FOREIGN NEWS.—March 1. Two hundred lives lost by the wreck of a British steamer in the Torres Straits.

March 4. The railway bridge over the River Forth, Scotland, is opened by the Prince of Wales.

March 10. One hundred fifty lives lost by a colliery disaster in Wales.

March 15. The International Labor Conference opens in Berlin.

March 17. Prince Bismarck resigns the chancellorship of the German Empire.

March 19. Gen. von Caprivi is appointed to succeed Prince Bismarck.

March 20. The mine owners of England agree to raise the wages of the striking miners ten per cent.

March 22. The Bulgarian government proposes to adopt the Gregorian calendar in place of the Greek.

March 26. Oxford wins in the annual university boat race on the Thames.

March 29. The International Labor Conference is closed.—Ten thousand London shoemakers and forty thousand factory laborers in Spain go on a strike.

THE C. L. S. C. GRADUATES—CLASS OF '89.

THE list of graduates in the Class of 1889 of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is printed below. It numbers 3,799 names, bringing up the sum total of graduates in the eight classes to 21,921, distributed thus:

1882—1,600.	1884—1,436.	1886—4,048.	1888—3,974.
1883—1,275.	1885—1,294.	1887—4,495.	1889—3,799.

A study of the statistics of the Class shows many suggestive facts. The territorial distribution is made clear by the following table:

Alabama	15	Iowa,	162	Nevada,	4	Utah,	2
Arkansas,	8	Kansas,	99	New Hampshire,	72	Vermont,	61
California,	110	Kentucky,	51	New Jersey,	107	Virginia,	18
Colorado,	26	Louisiana,	6	New Mexico,	2	West Virginia,	9
Connecticut,	95	Maine,	127	New York,	604	Washington,	16
Dakota,	28	Maryland,	10	North Carolina,	3	Wisconsin,	117
Delaware,	10	Massachusetts,	354	Ohio,	314	Canada,	72
District of Columbia,	18	Michigan,	150	Oregon,	13	British Columbia,	3
Florida,	8	Minnesota,	100	Pennsylvania,	370	New Foundland,	1
Georgia,	11	Mississippi,	9	Rhode Island,	54	South Africa,	12
Idaho,	1	Missouri,	78	South Carolina,	1	Japan,	1
Illinois,	278	Montana,	3	Tennessee,	17	India,	1
Indiana,	99	Nebraska,	44	Texas,	24	West Indies,	1
Indian Territory,	1						

It will be noticed that the list of foreign graduates is unusually large this year. In '82 there were 5 foreign graduates, in '83, 11, in '84, 1, in '85, 3, in '86, 1, in '87, 6, in '88, 1, in '89, 15, not including 3 in British Columbia and 1 in New Foundland. To these foreign graduates should be added the Class of '89 in the Japanese Literary and Scientific Circle, which numbered over one hundred.

The diplomas for the Class, when not presented at an Assembly, were sent to the home of the person. The table below shows the number of '89's receiving diplomas at the several Assemblies:

Chautauqua,	470	Mahtomedi,	5	Piasa Bluffs,	3
Acton Park,	9	Missouri,	8	Piedmont,	1
Bay View,	29	Monona,	49	Puget Sound,	4
Beatrice,	28	Monteagle,	8	Redondo Beach,	5
Bluff Park,	3	Mountain Grove,	23	River View,	5
Colfax,	12	Mountain Lake Park,	5	Rocky Mountain,	2
Connecticut Valley,	33	Nebraska,	17	Round Lake,	26
Council Bluffs and Omaha,	10	New England,	147	San Marcos,	0
East Epping,	16	Niagara-on-the-Lake,	18	Seaside,	1
Island Park,	11	Northern New England,	26	Silver Lake,	25
Kansas,	8	Ocean City,	14	South Africa,	12
Kentucky,	10	Ocean Grove,	60	Waseca,	34
Lake Bluff,	31	Ocean Park,	26	Williams Grove,	12
Lakeside,	28	Ottawa,	47	Winnetesaukee,	26
Long Beach,	6	Pacific Coast,	21	Winfield,	3

The following is the list of graduates in the Class of 1889:

ALABAMA.	Woodruff, Kate	Angell, Jonathan W.	Campbell, Mrs. F. C.
Dauell, Mrs. Alla Kantz	—	Ayer, Mrs. Mary C.	Carr, Mrs. Laura A.
Harris, Miss Rachel	ARKANSAS.	Baker, Mrs. F. W.	Clark, Lida C.
Jones, Mrs. C. S.	Holt, Mrs. Maud S.	Bane, Mrs. Mary J.	Collins, Mrs. Isabel G.
Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. A.	Myer, Hattie L.	Baskerville, Charles Albert	Cottrell, Miss Emma L.
McCaa, Miss Bunnie	Randell, Bessie L.	Beach, Mina S.	Cox, Joseph L.
McCaa, Miss Lou	Randell, Louise A. G.	Beebe, Carrie Wheeler	Crow, Elizabeth M.
Phillips, Julien	Thomas, Beauregard	Bellman, Isabella	Crow, George R.
Preston, Mrs. D. B.	Walters, Fannie B.	Bergk, Millie R.	Cyrus, Eola M.
Rankin, Miss Cora	Wood, Miss Maggie	Bishop, Ernest M.	Davis, Leela Bryan
Rencher, Mrs. J. S.	Wood, Jess	Bogardus, Mrs. J. J.	De Long, Mrs. Frank C.
Rice, Mary Eliza	—	Bostwick, Cornelia	Dooner, Mrs. Cynthia T.
Tucker, Mrs. Hallie A.	CALIFORNIA.	Bryan, Lizzie Morrison	Dunlap, Alice S.
Van Syckel, Nehemiah D.	Adams, Lucia E.	Burch, Mrs. J. D.	Easton, Miss Maggie
Waits, Miss Mattie E.	Angell, Lydia C.	Byron, Miss Mary Myrtle	Edwards, Benjamin L.

Elwood, Carrie E.
Emory, Lola Minta
Feemster, Rev. W. J.
Ferris, Mrs. Sabra Booth
Fleming, Ella E.
Forgrave, Mrs. Kate
Galbreath, Martha S.
Gardner, Matilda, W.
Gihon, George Hutton
Gihon, Mrs. Thomas
Gillham, Miss Mary Elizabeth
Granger, Mrs. Helen L.
Grant, Mrs. Anita
Hall, Mary Irene
Halverson, Mrs. John
Hawkins, Lulu May
Hawver, J. C.
Herndon, Julia May
Hoffman, Miss Hattie J.
Hopkins, Mrs. Cora D.
Hopkins, Mrs. Hattie Hewes
Hudson, Lillie Row
Hughes, Lizzie
Hughey, Ophelia A.
Jacka, Elias C.
Jacka, Mrs. Fannie J.
Johnson, Robert E.
Jones, John W.
Kricke, Dorothea
Kricke, Emma August
Lardner, William Branson
Layman, Mrs. Carrie E. B.
Logan, Mrs. Leta A.
Logan, M. D., Milburn H.
Lynn, Mrs. Elizabeth
Lynn, Franc E.
Maddux, Mrs. Mary Blythe
Madeley, T. W.
Martin, William Henry
Mathes, Anna S.
McDougall, Alice S.
McPherron, Mrs. Mattie F.
Meeker, Jeannette A.
Merriam, Mrs. W. A.
Millard, Marie José
Mutter, Mrs. J. L.
Nathan, Rose
Nathan, Sophia R.
Nichols, Ida C.
Norton, Elizabeth P.
Peters, Mary Gird
Richardson, Irene
Rosekrans, Josephine
Scott, Mrs. F. May
Shafer, Kate Cole
Smith, Mary M.
Smith, Winnie
Snodgrass, David S.
Steen, Mrs. Mary Foster
Steen, D. D., Moses D. A.
St. John, Hester Ann
Swift, Miss Lucetta
Thomas, Mrs. Fannie K.
Tilton, Etta M.
Todd, Carrie, D.
Todd, Nellie Louise
Tucker, Mildred A.
Wachob, Ida B.
Wachob, John A.
Wadsworth, Mrs. Emma M.
Wallace, Florence Smith
Wallace, Frank S.
Weir, California
Wheelock, Miss Dorcas
Wilder, Mrs. Susie D.
Witmer, Miss Elizabeth
Woodard, Martha Westfall
Wyckoff, Cora K.

COLORADO.

Ballard, Mrs. Louisa
Bartlett, Mrs. Mary H.
Brown, Mrs. Emma D.
Craiss, Margaret E.
Crawford, Mrs. Amanda J.
Cooley, Mrs. Joseph H.
Dermond, Mrs. Laura B.
Dickerman, Mrs. Julia E.
Harris, Mrs. J. F.
Harris, J. F.
Hawkins, Edwin N.
Hubbard, Miss Eva A.
Lindsay, Flora A.
McFadden, Mrs. J. W.
McPherrin, Mrs. Cora A.
McPherrin, W. Scott

Morris, Mrs. Mary B.
Parsons, Mrs. Mary J. Stokes
Shilling, Mrs. Arthur B.
Shilling, Mrs. I. W.
Stoddard, Georgia M.
Thompson, Miss Agnes
Thompson, Mrs. Linnie A.
Warteube, Miss Laura Anette
Wilder, Miss Hattie
Wright, Mrs. Letitia B.

CONNECTICUT.

Allingham, Mary Whitney
Andrews, Mary J.
Backus, May C.
Baldwin, Minnie Grace
Baldwin, Siella Belle
Barber, Lizzie M.
Bates, Helen C.
Beard, Lucy M.
Becher, Edward W.
Birchard, Miss Mary E.
Bristol, Ida J.
Brown, Alfred W.
Burt, Mrs. Antoinette L.
Cady, Mrs. Emma Harrison
Chapman, Dwight
Chapman, Miss Ethel
Cogswell, Frances Brooks
Colver, Ellen Electa
Colver, Lizzie Lucretia
Cook, Jessie B.
Crosby, Isabella B.
Donovan, Amanda H.
Drew, Rev. Alfred E.
Ellis, Miss Marion R.
Elwell, Miss Mary L.
Fairchild, Annie May
Fairchild, Lillie Adella
Fones, Mrs. Mary K.
Griffin, Mrs. Martin W.
Griffin, Martin W.
Havens, Bertha Morris
Hawley, Susie M.
Heaton, Kate E.
Hewitt, Hattie E.
Hill, Mrs. Fannie
Horton, Mrs. Alice Julia
Hovey, Ettie Lancraft
Ives, Gracie
Jerome, Hattie Louise
Johnson, Kate M. C.
Killan, Mrs. Mary R.
Kingman, Abbie S.
Lemmon, Florence C. Merwin
Lenggenhager, Miss Anna
Lockwood, Lydia Ellen
Loomis, Elizabeth B.
Mallette, Jennie Verona
Mallette, Mary E. Elizabeth
Marsh, Mrs. F. W.
Marsh, Sarah F.
McGregor, Anna Belle
McWaters, Agnes I.
McWaters, Mary
Mead, Miss Emilie Cornelia
Newell, Mamie H.
Nichols, Mrs. Mary Augusta
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Parker, Elizabeth

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Kelso, Minnie Telva
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Lathrop, Minnie
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McClain, Olive
McClenahan, Mary G.
McClun, Mrs. Hattie
McGarvey, Miss Ellen
McGarvey, Marie

Ballard, Lily
Barber, Sara J.
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George, Lee
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 Doe, Annie Allen
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 Flint, Lizzie M.
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 Fuller, Vesta E.
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 Gray, Viola Marie
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 Hilton, Jr., William Keene
 Holmes, Hannah L.
 Huston, Esther Hilton

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 Kimball, Harry Woods
 Lewis, Mrs. Sarah R. Black
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 Marble, Mrs. Emma F.
 Maxine, Florence Almira
 Merrill, Elizabeth
 Merrill, Miss Julia Annette
 Merrill, Lillian M.
 Merry, Charles Glidden
 Merry, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth
 Merryman, Miss Annette F.
 Merryman, Miss Octavia M.
 Moffitt, Angie M.
 Moore, Miss Frances C.
 Moore, Miss Mattie J.
 Morrell, Mrs. Maria Flint
 Morse, Anna P.
 Newport, Frederick
 Norris, Augusta Melvina
 Norris, Elvira Amelia
 Odlin, Mrs. N. Orlene
 Otis, Miss Harriette Maria
 Page, Mary Elizabeth
 Parker, Imogene
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 Pierce, Effie S.
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Purinton, Addie Smullen
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 Reed, Mrs. Mary Ellen
 Richardson, Emma Frances
 Richardson, Mary A.
 Roundey, Miss Emma M.
 Rowe, Helen Virginia
 Rowe, Mrs. Henrietta G.
 Ruggles, Mrs. Hiram
 Shurtleff, Emma E.
 Smith, Lettie M.
 Sprague, Hattie C.
 Stetson, Mary Chapman
 Stewart, Sylvia Anna
 Thompson, Belle D.
 Toothaker, Miss Sarah
 Trask, Hattie Mabel
 Turner, Miss Chloe Bradford
 Twort, William J.
 Verrill, Annie M.
 Waite, Mrs. A. C.
 Walker, Lucy E.
 Walker, Mrs. Mary Ellen
 Wentworth, Della Florence
 Wentworth, Harriet A. B.
 Wheeler, Miss Christine D.
 White, Miss Mary E.
 Whitman, Miss Nellie L.
 Whittier, Mrs. T. D.
 Wilson, Lucinda Beal
 Wilson, Mary B.
 Wood, Ella Sites
 Wood, Elvira Hanscom
 Wood, Mrs. Harry
 Wood, Mrs. Julia Frances
 Wood, S. May
 Woodman, Mrs. Harriet A.
 Wright, Jeannie Stone
 Wyman, Etta May

MARYLAND.

Beall, Mrs. E. Barbara
 Boardman, Mrs. Lizzie L.
 Brown, Emma Rebecca
 Edge, Jane P.
 Fish, Kate H.
 German, Mary Harrington
 Hoffman, Lizzie M.
 Rinehart, Harriet A.
 Warren, Louis K.
 Warren, Mary M.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Abbott, Miss Eliza M.
 Abercrombie, Martha Anna
 Adams, Mary Asenath
 Alden, Carrie Dyer
 Alden, Ralph F.
 Allen, Annie H.
 Amos, Amelia Rosalie
 Amos, Fred Charles George

- Amos, Laura Eva
Anderson, Emma Josephine
Arnold, John Pierpont
Babb, Mrs. Mary L.
Babcock, Mrs. Abbie G.
Badger, Alice M.
Bailey, Annie L.
Bailey, Wilford Allison
Balch, Grace Woodman
Barber, Celinda E.
Bartlett, Josephine M.
Basting, Louis
Bell, Robert
Bennett, Alfarata Frances
Bolton, Mary E. A.
Brackett, Mrs. Ida E.
Bradford, Charlotte T.
Bradlee, George Wm. Asia
Bradley, William S.
Briggs, Mrs. Sarah A.
Brooks, Hannah Mather
Brown, James F.
Brown, Susan Billings
Buckland, Anne Sophia
Butts, Miss Loann
Buxton, Mrs. J-an Logan
Byrns, Laura A.
Cahoon, Addie
Carpenter, Mrs. Mary E.
Chace, Emma F.
Chamberlain, Arthur
Chamberlin, Daniel Lang
Chamberlin, Mary Truell
Chapin, Mrs. Caroline B.
Chapin, Miss Cora B.
Charlton, Bellona M.
Charlton, Emanuel C.
Clapp, Mrs. Alma M.
Clark, Abbie J.
Clark, Elmina T.
Clark, Miss Hattie E.
Clark, Mrs. Mary L.
Clark, Mrs. W. H.
Clarke, Geo. H.
Coffin, Miss Mary F.
Cole, Daniel Pomeroy
Cole, Harriet Brooks
Collier, Mrs. Ella H.
Colton, Alice M.
Conant, Martha J.
Cook, Lucy A.
Cook, Winnie L.
Cooley, Alice Elmina
Copeland, Eda M.
Copeland, Mabel Nelson
Cowell, Abbie Floretta
Cragin, Mrs. Josephine E.
Creagan, Charles C.
Cromwell, Abbie Bradford
Crosby, Mrs. U. C.
Crossman, Carrie M.
Crowell, Abbie B.
Cushing, Ellen M.
Cushing, Eva Brainerd
Davis, Charles L.
Davis, Cornelia M.
Davis, Eliza A.
Davis, Lillie J.
Davis, Mrs. Sibbie Edwards
Deacon, Jeanie
Delnow, Grace P.
Delnow, Mrs. Milie R.
Devall, Mary Robinson G.
Dickerman, Anna Lesta
Dickerman, Alice C.
Dockendorff, Sadie S.
Donkersley, Ellen E.
Dorr, Miss Mary E.
Douglass, Mrs. M. L. R.
Downey, Margaret
Drake, Mrs. Melissa
Drown, Carrie J.
Drury, Susie F.
Dudley, Annie A.
Dudley, Lafayette
Dudley, Mrs. Sarah M.
Dummer, Mrs. Sarah V.
Dunham, Abbie Maria
Dwelly, Mrs. Abbie H.
Dwight, Alice E.
Dwight, Nellie A.
Eddy, Mrs. M. Lizzie
Ellis, Mary Jeannette
Emerson, Edw. Greenough
Emerson, Mary Frances
Emerson, Sarah A.
Fairbanks, Frances B.
Farnum, Harriet S.
Farrar, Addie Maria
Farrell, Mrs. M. Frances
Ferry, Miss Fannie Chapin
Fillebrown, Julia Frances
Fisher, Miss Mary E.
Fisk, Mrs. Emma G.
Fiske, Lucy S.
Fitch, Charlotte Augusta
Fitch, Sarah E.
Fletcher, Josephine M.
Ford, Lizzie
Foster, Mrs. Lulu H.
Francis, Alpheus K.
Francis, Mrs. A. K.
French, Ella B.
Gaylord, Almada Fitch
Gaylord, Lulu Pomeroy
Gaylord, Winfred Martin
Gleason, Mrs. Emma W.
Grace, Wallace
Granger, Mrs. Alice M.
Graver, Lillie S.
Graves, Miss Fannie C.
Griffin, Willmot R.
Goldsmith, Miss Hannah G.
Goldthwaite, Annie Louise
Gooch, Sarah Abby
Goodnow, James H.
Gowing, Miss Clara
Hall, Mrs. Edith C.
Hammond, Nellie
Harlow, Mary B.
Harriman, Hannah Smith
Harrington, John Lamson
Harrington, Mary Elizab'g H.
Hartley, Alice
Hatch, Alice S.
Hathaway, Miss Emma B.
Hathaway, Julia E.
Hathaway, Sarah A.
Haven, Anna E.
Hawkes, Miss Tacie P.
Hawkes, Victoria A.
Hawks, William Avery
Hayward, Emma La Mira
Hayward, George Bingham
Heath, Harriet M.
Heath, Samuel D.
Hidden, Helen Frances
Higgins, Florinda Ball G.
Higgins, Josiah Parker
Higgins, Melency E.
Hitt, Ida A. C.
Hitt, Jesse Martin
Hockaday, William H.
Holbrook, Ellen R.
Holbrook, Susan Stearns
Hoodlen, James A.
Holloway, Martha Evelyn
Hopkins, Mrs. Augusta
Howe, Harriet Augusta
Howes, Gertrude Evelyn
Huckins, Mrs. Ella J.
Humphrey, Miss Marcia
Hunt, Ada M.
Hunt, Ellen J.
Hurd, Laura M.
Innis, Katharine C.
Ireland, Mrs. Ella F.
Johnson, Arthur Webster
Johnson, Joseph B.
Johnson, Mary Barrett
Jones, Lizzie Frances
Jones, Martha Eldora
Jones, Nellie Gertrude
Kasson, May R.
Keene, Charles James
Keith, Albion Sherman
Kelley, Mrs. Louise S.
Kelley, Mrs. M. Evelyn
Kendall, Minnie Emilie
Kent, Ada W.
King, Ella J.
King, James Brown
King, Mercy P.
Kingsbury, Mrs. Emma B.
Knowlton, Mrs. Adeline W.
Lane, Mrs. Evelyn N.
Lane, Zettie E.
Langsford, Mrs. Jane M.
Larcom, Emma
Leeburn, Annie M.
Lewis, Miss Helen Marion
Lewis, Maria B.
Libby, Miss Idella May
Liliquist, Mary E.
Lindsay, Clara J.
Livermore, Alice E.
MacAllister, Edward Benj.
Maine, Hattie Adelaide
McCutcheon, J. Lee
McCutcheon, Samuel J.
McKechnie, Miss Jennie C.
Mellen, Hannah Mayo
Merchant, Eliza A.
Merrill, Emma L.
Merrill, Miss Estella M.
Merrill, Minnie B.
Miller, Barbara
Miller, Isabel B.
Miller, Mrs. Lizzie Rand
Miller, Susie F.
Millet, Arthur
Morton, Mrs. Elias P.
Morton, Frederick William
Murdoch, John G.
Nash, Clara H. Hapgood
Newell, A. Gertrude
Newell, Mrs. Hannah T.
Newhall, Mrs. Flora I.
Nichols, Mrs. Ellen E.
Norris, M. D., Albert L.
Norris, Mrs. Clara E.
Nye, Mary Ellen
Osborne, Mary Frances
Otis, W. Ella
Page, Mrs. May E.
Palmer, Mrs. Almira R.
Parker, Miss Florence E.
Parkhurst, Charles
Parkhurst, Clara B.
Parkhurst, Elizabeth A.
Parkhurst, Mrs. Lucia A.
Pease, Sarah Adelaide
Peck, Carrie C.
Perkins, Sarah Josephine
Perry, Mary F.
Perry, Minnie A.
Peterson, Clara A.
Pettigrew, Flora
Pettigrew, Frances Louise
Philbrick, Miss Climens
Pike, Harriet Emma
Plumb, Julia W.
Plummer, Miss Mabel D.
Porter, Elizabeth T.
Potter, Ella J.
Pratt, Geo. E.
Pratt, Jennie A.
Prescot, Annie L.
Prescot, Jessie Gertrude
Prescot, Lucy Maria
Priest, Electa M.
Putnam, Miss Clara A.
Reed, Melissa B.
Richards, Cora N.
Richardson, Anna E.
Richardson, Sarah Jane
Richmond, Mrs. Charlotte E.
Robbins, Mrs. James W.
Robinson, Florence Louisa
Robinson, Miss Sarah
Rockwood, Miss Fannie H.
Ross, Mary Taylor
Russell, Elizabeth A.
Russell, Javan Mason
Sanborn, Mrs. Emily H.
Sanborn, M. D., John S.
Sanders, Mrs. Ida M. K.
Sanford, Mrs. Nannie G.
Sanford, Warren H.
Sargent, Eda H.
Saunders, Mrs. Eva J.
Scott, Miss J. A.
Scoville, Delia A.
Searle, Mrs. Mary R.
Shattuck, Emma Eliza
Shaw, Mary Choate
Shaw, Mary N.
Shaw, May Ethel
Sherman, Arthur C.
Shute, Laura L.
Shuttleworth, Clara M.
Smiley, Lillie E.
Smith, Addison Henry
Smith, Angie L. Boothby
Smith, Eunice E.
Smith, Gustavus
Smith, Julia A. B.
Smith, Mary L.
Stevens, Joel S.
Stokes, Katharine R.
Stone, Electa Miller
Sturdy, Rachel Jennie
Sullivan, Ellen Theresa
Swan, Annie Florence
Swan, Grace Greenwood
Swazey, Lydia F.
Sweetser, Effie Caroline
Swift, Josephine
Taylor, Mrs. Mary A.
Temple, Mrs. Mary J.
Thompson, Benjamin F.
Tisdale, Lizzie Jane
Titcomb, Flora E.
Titcomb, Florence Bertha
Titcomb, Ruth Alice
Todd, Nellie F.
Townsend, Hattie May
Tredway, Thalia B.
Vaughan, Dessie A.
Vaughan, Edwin A.
Vaughan, James A.
Vella, Bertha Frances
Vella, Nellie Mabel
Wade, Daniel Arnold
Wade, Sena A.
Wakefield, Sarah J.
Walker, Alice M.
Walker, Emma J.
Walker, Mrs. Ruth B.
Waters, Abby Grant
Wellington, Julia R.
Wentworth, Mary H.
Wharf, Ruel William
Wheeler, Kate Kenyon
White, Irene M.
White, Jennie Porter
Whitman, Mrs. Etta
Whittier, Francis Fremont
Whittier, Katie Emma
Williams, Mary A.
Williamson, Wendell P.
Willmontion, George Ernest
Wilson, Elizabeth L.
Wing, Jennie H.
Wingate, Helen F.
Winship, Eljah
Winship, Mrs. Sarah M.
Winslow, Evelyn Leonard
Woodbury, Florence V.
Woods, Charles H.
Woods, Fannie V.
Woodward, Mrs. W. A.
Wright, Nellie B.
Wyman, Charles A.
Wyman, Sarah Metcalf

MICHIGAN.

- Adams, Mrs. Martha T. P.
Alverson, George A.
Atwell, Ellen T.
Austin, John L.
Bachman, Sarah A.
Bailey, Mrs. Elizabeth S. E.
Bailey, Miss Lucy D.
Barrows, Mrs. Lucy E.
Barry, Anna D.
Bates, Eva A.
Beadle, Carrie A.
Beardslee, Anna Wallace
Beavis, Helen M.
Beavis, Walter R.
Beebe, Amy L.
Beechler, Mrs. Agnes W.
Blackwell, Mrs. M. C.
Bodie, Charlie B.
Boise, Mrs. Lucy E.
Burnell, Manda M.
Burnell, Matie E.
Burrington, Fannie Florence
Bywater, Mrs. Nina M.
Carlisle, Mrs. J. W. H.
Carpenter, Mrs. Anna E.
Carpenter, Mrs. Delos
Carpenter, Mrs. Joel
Carter, Lucinda A.
Case, Miss Ella Mae
Case, Mrs. Etta F.
Chamberlain, Edith
Chapel, Avis G.
Clarke, Mrs. Lydia E.
Coddington, Ella M.
Coddington, W. A.
Condon, Franklin Pierce
Connable, Mrs. Mary L.

Conwell, Mrs. Mary M.
Copp, Ellen A.
Crockett, Mrs. Madge L.
Crockett, Samuel L.
Curtis, Mary P.
Cutler, Mrs. Amelia M.
Dickson, Susie L.
Dozer, David E.
Dozer, M. Frances
Draper, Anna
Dunton, Mrs. Anna L.
East, Clara E.
Elliott, Anna B.
Estes, Anna
Estes, Emma
Farmer, Orpha L.
Fellows, Maude L.
Final, Gertrude
Fiske, Carrie Louise
Foster, Mrs. Elmerette
Furniss, Electa E.
Gallaher, Mrs. Margaret F.
Gandern, Mrs. Martha L.
Grow, Miss Anna E.
Hawley, Miss Eva B.
Haskin, Emma J.
Hemingway, Jane S.
Higbe, Emma
Hill, Ella V.
Hoadley, Kata A.
Holmes, Alexander J.
Holmes, Julia A.
Hudson, George W.
Hudson, Mrs. Sadie G.
Hunt, Addie J.
Hyde, Mary Adeline
Jickling, Hattie E.
Kellogg, Anna Miriam
Kellogg, Mrs. Lydia A.
Kelly, Mrs. A. W.
Kelly, Mrs. Lizzie A.
Kern, Karl Christian
Kimball, Marie Guy
Kuhl, Elizabeth Annette
Le Roy, Flora A.
Le Valley, David Wilford
Le Valley, Laura A. Wood
Loomis, Mrs. Elisha
Maltby, Alzina
Mandigo, Mrs. Della R.
Mandigo, William R.
Mason, Lee A.
McCormick, Robert J.
McDonald, Bruce James
McNeil, Mrs. Roderick
Merwin, Mrs. V. V. B.
Morgan, Charles Herbert
Nartin, Annie E.
Nelson, Phebe P.
Norton, Elizabeth C.
Olmsted, Frances
Openeer, Nellie E.
Payne, Mrs. Nelle
Peck, Mary I.
Perkins, Mrs. Susie
Perry, Belle McArthur
Perry, Hattie M.
Perry, Julia S.
Pierce, Mary A.
Putnam, Mrs. Aggie
Randall, Egbert J.
Reed, Carrie L.
Reynolds, Hattie Viana
Reynolds, Jennie Louisa
Reynolds, Lulu V. S.
Richart, Elva L.
Rice, Mina Bell
Roberts, Mrs. Florence M.
Ross, Arvilla
Rowley, Ida L.
Runyan, Arthur C.
Runyan, Mrs. Arthur C.
Russell, Mrs. Nell C.
St. John, Mrs. Juna
Sanford, Emily M.
Stevenson, Fannie Hunt
Stewart, Robert
Streng, Gertrude
Streng, J. Frances
Sutherland, Emma A.
Symons, Mary Smart
Tedman, Carrie L.
Terwilliger, Mrs. H. H.
Thomas, Mrs. Emma M.
Thomas, Lydia A.
Thompson, Mary E.

Thompson, M. Emma
Thomson, Ellen A.
Timpson, Anna C.
Townsend, Emory
Townsend, Mrs. Emory
VanNess, Alice Josephine
Waldo, Edmund F.
Waldo, Nettie
Walker, Jole M.
Warren, Bessie Beadle
Wattsburn, Cleora Augusta
Watts, Carrie Louise
Wicks, Kittie B.
Winkler, Frances M.
Woodhams, Roland
Younge, Rev. John W.
Younge, Martha C.

MINNESOTA.

Anderson, Mary E.
Best, John William
Best, Laura A.
Bickford, Mrs. Clara C.
Bisbee, Clara A.
Bossuet, Clara Edith
Bradley, Mrs. George L.
Brooks, Anna C.
Brown, Joseph Edgar
Butts, Nellie L.
Carpenter, Mrs. Carrie V.
Chapman, Mrs. A. C. H.
Cheney, Mrs. Cornelia W.
Clark, Agnes Anna
Clark, Ella M.
Cliff, Huldah E.
Connor, Miss Augusta A.
Couper, Mrs. Emma
Crouch, Mrs. Franc M.
Daniels, Kate E.
Dearborn, Mary F.
Dearborn, Mary G.
DeForest, Georgiana
Doran, Edwina B.
Eckholdt, Addie V.
Evans, John E.
Ewert, Paul A.
Fitz, Lilly R.
Fowler, Mrs. Alice E.
Garrison, Julia Earl
George, Mrs. Alice
Grimshaw, Mrs. S. B.
Hatch, Margaret M.
Hatch, Virginia M.
Heffron, Anna M.
Herbst, Hartwig H.
Higgins, Lizzie Bell
Higgins, Mrs. Marietta
Holman, Emma F.
Hoyt, Jennie M.
Hoyt, Mrs. Lizzie M.
Hughes, Cecilia A.
Innis, George Swan
Irvine, Stella B.
Jackson, Adel
Jackson, Adelia
Jennings, Helen A.
Jennings, Henry C.
Johnson, Mrs. Minnie
Johnson, Mrs. Minnie C.
Kieru, Mrs. J. C.
Lawson, Mrs. C. W.
Lutes, Miss Lottie
Manchester, Margaret Smith
Mann, Mrs. Georgianna T.
Maxwell, Mrs. R. F.
Mead, Bessie M.
Murphy, Harry W.
Murphy, Sallie M.
Nichols, Lydia Cora
Park, Josie C.
Partridge, Mary E.
Patterson, Mrs. Eva M.
Pick, Mary J.
Pickit, Mrs. Celinda L.
Poole, Florence Read
Richards, Mary A.
Ross, Etta M.
Sanborn, Sarah A.
Satterlee, Amanda Belle
Severance, Caroline Ophelia
Shipley, Mrs. Angie Spicer
Skinner, Mrs. G. A.
Smith, Mrs. Frances Rhodes
Smith, Mrs. Mary J.
Smith, Mary L.
Sowle, Nellie J.

Sperry, Mrs. David W.
Sprout, Calista N.
Stark, Alice R.
Stark, Hugo L.
Stedman, Susan Elizabeth
Stevens, Frances Helen
Stringer, Carrie B.
Strader, Ellen
Taylor, Elizabeth W.
Tripp, Lillian Mary
VanHorn, Miss Laura S.
VanHorn, Miss Lulu S.
Van Wert, Linnie E.
Wack, Harry W.
Wells, Frances Coleman
Wells, George Francis
Wheeler, Julia Augusta
Wilson, George
Winship, Mrs. Emily P.
Wood, Annie Elizabeth
Wood, Isabel
Woodworth, Hattie L.
Zollman, Mary

MISSISSIPPI.

Flowers, Mrs. E. A.
Harmon, Mrs. M. D.
McPherson, Miss Eliza
Miller, Alice
Miller, Mrs. Elizabeth Hill
Nance, Mrs. Anne J.
Rogers, Mary P.
Sims, Robert Bruce
Townes, Mrs. Emma Kennon

MISSOURI.

Beckwith, Miss Lillie
Bond, Miss Josie
Bradshaw, Amy M. Wilson
Brown, Mary E.
Bryan, Emily Miller
Bryan, Memie Robert
Burton, Mrs. Charles G.
Caldwell, Mrs. J. C.
Chapman, Rev. M. B.
Chells, Ruth T.
Crawford, Walter William
Day, Mrs. N. E.
Day, Olive S.
Eaton, Thirza F.
Ellis, Mrs. Aristeon D.
Ellis, Jennie
Evans, David W.
Farrar, Henrietta F.
Farris, Mrs. Belle
Foote, Hannah Noyes
Fox, Mrs. Lena H.
France, Mrs. Anna L.
Gilkeson, Cora H.
Hancock, Mrs. D. V.
Hedges, Virginia G.
Hoffman, Mrs. Thomas
Hopkins, Jennie
Ireland, Mrs. B. R.
Johnston, Mary J.
Keck, Kate L.
Keefer, Maude
Kellerman, Edward B.
Kellerman, Emma L.
Kimball, Rose L.
Laws, Mrs. Addie L.
Lenig, Mrs. Dora M.
Lenig, Frank
Lingsweiler, Mrs. Emma R.
McClain, Walter S.
McClory, Mary Morrison
McKee, Mary S.
McQuillin, Eugene
Morgan, Miss Agnes E.
Morgan, Miss May
Nelson, Harry A.
Nixou, Mrs. Ella Ward
Norfeet, Mrs. Rachel M.
Northcutt, Miss Flora A.
Owen, Mrs. Hannah Ward
Parker, Caroline Amelia
Porter, Miss Kate D.
Radcliffe, Grace Darling
Rickard, Aggie L.
Ridley, Cyrus C.
Robeson, Mrs. Lillian C.
Semans, Nettie
Seri, Mrs. N. W.
Smith, Mrs. Anna E.
Smith, Cora
Smith, George M.

Smith, Isaac J.
Skellman, Mrs. G. T.
Stitt, Miss Clara B.
Talliaferro, Belle
Taylor, M. D., Joseph R.
Terrell, Mary Elizabeth
Test, Abigail L.
Thatcher, Ella B.
Vincent, William David
Wallace, Fannie A.
Wallace, Mrs. Louise G.
Wallace, Mrs. Mary P.
Warden, Mrs. James S.
Warren, Geo. C.
Whitney, Mrs. Jennie K.
Williams, Martha Jane
Williams, William Henry
Williamson, Mrs. Mary E.

MONTANA.

Herndon, Mrs. Sarah Herndon
Potter, Mrs. Sadie E.
Sanborn, Mrs. B. F.

NEBRASKA.

Adams, Mrs. C. E.
Adams, Herbert M.
Allee, Mildred L.
Beans, Mrs. Ethel A.
Beans, Rev. Wesley K.
Belville, Mrs. Helen H.
Belville, Rev. S. R.
Bryan, Mrs. Mary B.
Cowell, Walter M.
Dewey, Hattie T.
Dwive, Mrs. Alice G.
Elliott, Franc R.
Gallentine, Mrs. A. J.
Hammond, Mrs. Mary J.
Hardy, Charlotte A.
Hardy, Cora B.
Hathorn, Hattie E.
Keller, Adrienne Blanche C.
Herrington, Elizabeth B.
Hess, Peter Whitmore
Holbrook, Mrs. Minnie
Hopewell, Eva T.
Hull, Mrs. Sylvia C.
Inhoff, Mary E.
Jones, Mrs. Celestia J.
McCullough, Samuel Haines
Mitchell, John H.
Moore, Hattie
Read, Rettie E.
Reynolds, John Edward
Rivett, Jr., James
Robertson, Eva R.
Rogers, Hattie W.
Smith, Mrs. Caroline E.
Smith, Frank Enos
Smith, Frank Warren
Smith, Jennie Z.
Templeton, Mrs. John
Todd, Mrs. Emma L.
Tyson, Sarah C.
Vincent, Margaret
Walker, Mrs. C. H.
Welborn, Mrs. Rebecca E.
Wilson, Mrs. Lucia A.

NEVADA.

Bingham, Ernest L.
Bowen, Morgan D.
Ennor, Miss F. May
Monroe, Will Seymour

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Abbott, George H.
Allen, Abbie Harding
Allison, Mrs. Jennie C.
Ambler, Annie Jenness
Bachelder, Viella
Baker, Mrs. N. S.
Bedel, Miss Mary
Berry, Mrs. Rosabella
Blake, Ezekiel
Brown, John Augustus
Calef, Jennie E.
Chase, Mrs. C. Edith
Chesley, Mrs. Rhea Sylvia
Churchill, Charlotte A.
Clarke, George Haven
Colburn, Anna L.
Converse, Mary L.
Cressy, Annette M. R.
Crosby, Ada Eliza

Cummings, Anna M.
Cunningham, Thomas James
Day, Minnie Gertrude
Dinsmore, Grace Chetwood
Dole, Miss Mary S.
Eaton, Charles E.
Elkins, Lillie Mary
Elkins, Mrs. W. C.
Evans, Miss Addie A.
Fellows, Clara Maria
Fernald, Mrs. Eliza R.
Foster, Fanny Doane
Fox, Carrie Belle
Fretts, Ada L.
Gage, Miss Mary A.
Hall, Fannie Maud
Haselton, Alice M.
Heath, Lucy Hannah
Hill, Miss Emma S.
Hopkins, Anna Belle
Howland, Mrs. Sylvia A.
Hurd, Elbert Eugene
Jones, Anna Edmunds
Kimball, Mrs. Addie S.
Leviston, Mrs. Cordelia
Matthews, Robert William
McGown, Alfred J.
Melvin, Miss Harriette A.
Merwin, Miss Annie A.
Mooney, Mrs. Mary A.
Neal, Mary Elisabeth
Oliver, Alice Boynton
Osborn, Emma G.
Platts, C. M.
Ruland, Rev. Geo. W.
Savage, Helen Mar
Simes, Miss Eda
Sleeper, Mrs. Helen Ruth
Sleeper, Joseph Taylor
Straw, Henry Herbert
Straw, Maria Gertrude
Tripp, Mrs. Sarah L.
Twombly, Annie
Virgin, Melissa Tilden
Wadleigh, Ella A.
Walker, Lydianne Hazeltine
Wallis, Charles Jabez
Walton, Minnie Swan
Wells, Alice M.
Wilder, Alice E.
Wilson, Adelaide Augusta
Wilson, Charles Hubbard
Young, Miss Florence Ardell

NEW JERSEY.

Acken, Nellie
Alward, Emma Frances
Ayles, Kate
Banks, Mrs. Nellie M.
Bäjer, Minnie
Benezek, Laura S.
Blake, Adaline E.
Bleakley, Edwin Guy Cooper
Bogert, Miss Fannie G.
Booth, Miss Sarah
Bullman, Adelia S.
Bush, Ulyssa Savage
Butler, Miss Louisa S.
Campbell, Mrs. E. S.
Cook, Nicholas F.
Cornell, James H.
Cornell, Margaret E.
Cowles, Mrs. Virena
Davis, Annie H.
Davis, David
Davis, Sadie B.
Dawson, Elizabeth Linew
Denham, Lucy Stevens
Denton, Rosaltha M.
Dix, Edwin Asa
Donaldson, Edward K.
Donaldson, Mrs. Edward K.
Douglass, Lida L.
Dyer, Arthur J.
Erickson, Sarah R.
Fidler, Hattie Nickerson
Fleming, Mary A.
Gamble, J. Ward
Gray, Mrs. Fanny A.
Groves, Mrs. Emma L.
Handley, Laura Isabel
Hastie, Mrs. Jas. L.
Hathorn, M. B.
Hawthorne, Jr., Harry
Hemphill, Fannie Carroll
Hendrickson, Miss E. Lilly

Holmes, Frances G.
Houston, Miss Virginia M.
Howell, Augustus F. D.
Hurd, Edward P.
Johnson, Mrs. Alexena M.
Johnson, Florence Halsted
Jube, Mary Frances
Kenyon, Mrs. Jane
Koons, Clara
Lamberti, Lucretia M.
Laurence, Alice H.
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BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

PART II.

NEVER was a land more unnaturally cut up than Italy in the seventh and eighth centuries. There was no national life anywhere except among the conquering Lombards. There was neither the life of a system of small states, nor the life of a great kingdom or commonwealth. One power, however, grew up during this time which had the deepest effect on Italian history, and round which gathered such remnants of national feeling as were left. Rome, never taken by the Lombards, with its emperor far away at Constantinople, with its lieutenant in Italy no nearer than Ravenna, found a chief on the spot in the bishop. Even in earlier times the absence of the emperors had thrown a kind of local leadership into the hands of the popes, and now that character comes out more strongly. National leaders we can hardly call them; but they came as near to it as the time allowed; they were at least popular leaders of the local Roman people. When Rome was attacked by a Lombard king, and no help came from Constantinople or Ravenna, the Roman bishop was driven to act as the temporal as well as the spiritual head of his flock. The popes are not princes yet, nor for a long time to come; but they have, by the good will of their people, taken the first step toward becoming such. They took the lead in the next changes, those of the eighth century. The Lombards took Ravenna and threatened Rome; the emperors gave no help; the popes sought for help from the kings of

B-June.

the Franks. Those kings, Pepin and his son Charles the Great, first made the Lombard Kingdom tributary, and then took it to themselves. Under the title of patrician, they practically displaced the emperor in the rule of Rome and central Italy. At last in the year 800 the West had again an emperor. Charles, king of the Franks and Lombards and patrician of the Romans, was crowned emperor at Rome by Pope Leo. Henceforth there are two emperors, in the East and in the West. But though the Eastern emperors lost even the nominal sovereignty of Rome and Ravenna, and of all northern and central Italy, they kept the two southern peninsulas and also the three great islands. And their continental dominion they were presently able to enlarge till they once more held the greater part of southern Italy.

Thus was Italy politically more divided than ever. It was parted out between the two empires and the Lombard duchies that lay between them. Yet, by looking very narrowly, we may spy out some tendencies in the direction of unity. The Western Empire, in the hands of the Frankish kings, was not a direct and despotic power like that of the Eastern emperors. It was constantly divided into several kingdoms; one of these, that which represented the kingdom of the Lombards, gradually came to be called the *Kingdom of Italy*, with its capital at Milan. This Frankish kingdom of Italy was very far from taking in the whole of Italy, and the authority of the kings was weak and preca-

rious, even where it was acknowledged at all. It was a saying that the Italians always liked to have two rival kings, that they might have an excuse for obeying neither. The kingdom gradually broke in pieces. First the great nobles, and much later the great cities, gradually won a practical independence. Still it was something that there should be what there had never been before, a kingdom of Italy and kings of Italy. And one of those kings, the Emperor Louis the Second, who reigned from 855 to 875, came nearer than any man after Theodoric and before Victor Emmanuel to being a real king of Italy reigning in Italy.

Meanwhile a much truer and more lasting tie was growing up. There was as yet no acknowledged Italian language distinct from Latin. Men spoke one thing and wrote another; but it did not come into their heads till much later that what they spoke was becoming a really different language from what they wrote. But Latin, such as it was, was spreading. The various Teutonic* settlers, Goths, Lombards, Franks, had brought their own Teutonic languages with them. Those languages gradually died out. We cannot trace the early stages of the process; but it is clear that those of Lombard, as well as of Roman, descent, came to speak Latin, Italian, or whatever we are to call the tongue which was growing up. In southern Italy, indeed, where a little Greek still may have lingered, that language was strengthened by Greek-speaking colonies planted by the Eastern emperors. Otherwise, Latin, in its new shape, was again becoming the speech of all Italy. The German learned the tongue of the conquered, as the Gaul had learned the tongue of the conqueror.

The Frankish Kingdom of Italy underwent a most remarkable change in 962, when Otto, king of Germany or of the East-Franks, was called into Italy by the pope and others, much as Pepin had been before him. The rule was now established that whoever was chosen king in Germany had a right, first to be crowned king of Italy at Milan, and then to be crowned emperor at Rome. Thus began the long connection of the Western Empire with the German Kingdom, and of emperors who were German kings with the kingdom of Italy. We seem to be getting further than ever from Italian unity, further than ever from the definition of a nation.

The crown of Italy, the crown of the empire, was worn by foreign kings, some of whom never came into Italy except to be crowned. Still, the relation of Italy to the empire worked in two ways. It made Italy politically more disunited than ever, as utterly disunited as it was in the old days before the Roman power arose. But it also helped the growth of something more like Italian national feeling than had ever been known before.

The political tendency of the ages which we have reached was everywhere to disunion. Every province, every city, every land, strove to leave as little authority to the emperor or other lord as might be. But names and traditions had great power. The name of the empire was surrounded by deep, if vague, reverence; no man ventured to deny the authority which he did his best practically to escape. It was hard for any king to command obedience in his kingdom; it was hardest of all for a king of Italy who lived mainly in Germany. The emperor always had partisans; but he always had enemies, and his partisans thought of him more as a protector against Italian enemies than as a sovereign really to reign over them.

When we get to the twelfth century, all northern Italy is broken up into a crowd of states, mainly free cities, but some principalities. These seem at first sight to be as independent as the commonwealths of old Greece or of Italy before the growth of the Roman power; but it made a practical difference that none of them formally denied some supremacy on the part of the emperor. And the fact that the empire was a Roman Empire, that its nominal head was Rome, that admittance to the full rank of emperor could be had only at Rome, if it did little for Italian unity, did something for Italian dignity. On the other hand the growing independence of the cities, while tending to disunion in one way, tended to union in another. In the second half of the twelfth century many of the cities of Lombardy waged a long war for their new-born rights against the great Emperor Frederick Barbarossa* (1152-1190). Many cities were on the Emperor's side; and those who were against him could never keep any lasting confederate change themselves. Still for a number of Italian cities to strive together in a common cause against a common enemy was a first step toward national unity even in the political sense, and helped with other causes

* See note in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for December 1889, p. 347.

* See note in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for April, p. 19.

to bring about somewhat of common Italian feeling in other ways.

In no country has the growth of unity been better helped by community in language, literature, and common memories than it has been in Italy. We now begin to hear of an Italian language. Men had at last found out that the ordinary speech had become a distinct language from the Latin of books. The name dates from the thirteenth century; the fact dates from the twelfth. At that time the French and Provençal languages were fully acknowledged. They had fallen away much further from the Latin than Italian had; therefore men in France and Provence sooner found out than in Italy that they were speaking a new language. Presently came the great writers, first the poets, then the prose writers, who used the new Italian tongue. Greatest of all was Dante Alighieri of Florence, who belongs to both the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries (1265-1321). The new tongue was spoken in different dialects in different parts of Italy; still they came near enough to each other for the whole land to acknowledge a common possession in the great monuments of Italian speech. One is tempted to say that Dante did more than any other one man to make an Italian nation.

The growth of the Italian tongue, and thereby of the Italian nation, was further helped in a strange way by the establishment of the Normans in southern Italy and Sicily. At the beginning of the eleventh century the Eastern emperors still held the greater part of southern Italy; but Sicily had been gradually conquered by the Mahometan Saracens* (827-965). Before the end of the eleventh century the Saracen power had passed away from Sicily, and the Eastern emperors really held nothing in Italy. All had been won by adventurers under Norman leaders. And in the first half of the twelfth century all was united in the hands of Roger, the first king of Sicily (1130). A powerful and splendid kingdom had thus sprung up within the wider bounds of Italy, a kingdom which was much more of a reality than the Italian kingdom of the emperor in the north. It shows how the imperial kingdom died out, that the common name for the kingdom of Sicily (or of the Two Sicilies) was simply *Il Regno, the kingdom*.

But the power of the empire and the Italian Kingdom did not die till one emperor

had done something for the making of Italy. This was Frederick the Second, emperor and king of Sicily, the only emperor for a long time who was born in Italy (1194-1250). When the Normans came into Sicily, two languages were spoken in the island, Greek and Arabic. They themselves spoke French, but they were followed by multitudes, warlike and peaceful, who spoke the growing Italian tongue. Frederick spoke all the tongues of his island; but it was the Italian which he encouraged. The speech which reached its perfection with Dante at the end of the century really made its first beginnings as a polished language at the court of the Sicilian emperor. By the end of the century, Italian had pretty well driven out the other tongues of Sicily. As far, therefore, as language went, the island might be looked on as united to Italy in a way that it had never been before.

Frederick the Second and his father, Henry the Sixth, were at once emperors and kings of Sicily. But the kings of Sicily, as such, owed no allegiance to the emperors. They did acknowledge a lordship over their kingdom in the popes. We have seen that the popes of the seventh and eighth centuries stood forth as popular leaders. And they held a like position in the wars with the two Fredericks. The pope, the Lombard cities, and the King of Sicily were all united against Frederick Barbarossa. When Frederick the Second was at once emperor and king of Sicily, this could not be. The popes strove both against him and his son Manfred, king of Sicily. And against Manfred, the pope was able to set up a king of Sicily of his own, Charles of Anjou, brother of Saint Louis of France. And Manfred and Charles, each in turn, grew to such power in Italy that things again almost looked as if the whole land was to be united in a single kingdom. The island of Sicily soon broke away from the French king and chose kings of the house of Aragon; but the continental lands of the kingdom remained to the house of Charles of Anjou.

In this way Italy may be said to have lost another chance of union. The popes were the gainers, as their relation to the kings of Sicily greatly helped them in their march toward temporal power. They claimed a great dominion by virtue of a grant from the Frankish King Pepin in the eighth century, and of another from King Rudolf of Hapsburg in 1278. The pope was now held to be lord of certain lands in Italy, as the

* See note in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April, p. 7.

emperor was of others, and in the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries much was done to make their claims good.

Thus, at the end of the thirteenth century, the time of Dante, Italy was very far from having reached the full unity of containing one people under one government, but it had reached that lesser measure of unity which belongs to a land that forms a world of its own. In Italy, as in old Greece, there were many separate states, which often made war on each other. Still, Italy in the one case, Greece in the other, formed a whole as opposed to other nations. As the learning of the old Roman times revived, as the modern language of Italy grew and flourished, men more and more felt that, with all their differences and enmities, all Italians had very much in common. They felt that Italy was one land and its inhabitants one people, and they began to speak of other nations as barbarians. This feeling told for more among the fuller intellectual and political life of central and northern Italy than it did in the south, where the kings of Sicily—those who reigned on the main-land only are often called kings of Naples—kept one large dominion. At the end of the thirteenth century Italy, a world of its own, formed a collection of states practically independent. In Lombardy the free cities had mostly fallen under the yoke of lords or tyrants, who often sought to make their power formally lawful by getting an investiture as duke or prince of some kind from the emperor or the pope. The greatest of these were the lords, afterward dukes, of Milan. Indeed the granting of such titles was nearly all the power that the emperors kept in Italy. Otherwise they were hardly heard of, save when they came to be crowned, and some of the kings never came to be crowned emperors, and some of the German kings never were crowned emperors, and were called only kings of the Romans. But besides the tyrants, there were still free cities, specially in Tuscany and elsewhere in central Italy. These were the great days of Florence, Pisa, Genoa, and Venice; but Venice had as yet no dominion on the Italian main-land. Then the temporal power of the popes was rising and falling, checked by absence at Avignon and by the rise of anti-popes, but on the whole growing.

This general picture of Italy as a world of its own will last till late in the fifteenth century. There were endless changes of borders,

endless enlargements of one city or principality at the cost of another. The political disunion was extreme; still Italy was a land separate from other lands. There was, in one sense, a distinct Italian nation, with a distinct Italian tongue, with a literature and arts and great memories all its own.

There were foreign kings in the Sicilies, and the French kings got power at Genoa, and the princes of Savoy, reigning on both sides of the Alps, were half Italian, half Burgundian. Still no part of Italy was really subject to strangers, till the conquest of Naples by Charles the Eighth of France in 1494. Then a new state of things began, which, with many changes in detail, may be looked on as lasting till the end of the eighteenth century. Endless wars for the kingdom of Naples and the duchy of Milan went on between France and Spain. Alliances of Italian states were formed with the avowed purpose of driving out the "barbarians." But the barbarians always got the better in the end.

With the overthrow of Florence in 1529 by the power of the Emperor Charles the Fifth and Pope Clement the Seventh, a more settled state of things, though only a state of bondage, began. Northern Italy was divided into the dominions of the commonwealth of Venice to the east, those of the Duke of Savoy and some smaller princes to the west, and between them the duchy of Milan, now in the hands of the house of Austria, represented by the Emperor Charles. On the north-east coast the commonwealth of Genoa held its dominion on both sides of its gulf, and also the island of Corsica. At the other end of Italy the emperor, as king of Aragon, held both the Sicilies and the other island kingdom of Sardinia. Between these the dominions of the popes stretched from sea to sea. Their immediate possessions were fluctuating, as they often annexed vassal duchies to their own dominions, and granted out others in fief. On the west side lay the dominions of Florence, now taking in Pisa. Florence was now subject to the house of Medici, and, when Sienna was added, the two made the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. Besides these the commonwealth of Lucca and a few other small states were left here and there. One of these, the tiny commonwealth of San Marino, surrounded by the territories of the popes, still abides.

Thus, by the middle of the sixteenth cent-

ury, a large part of Italy was under direct foreign dominion, and the whole was under the strongest foreign influence. It was not like the old dominion of the emperors, Eastern and Western, in which, though practically foreign, Italy might claim some share as a name or a tradition. For a moment, when Charles the Fifth, master of Italy, in 1530 was crowned emperor of the Romans and king of Italy, it might seem that the old power of the empire had come back. But the truth came out when his Italian dominion passed, not to the brother who succeeded him in the empire, but to the son who succeeded him in Spain. From 1530 to 1701 Italy was mainly under Spanish dominion and influence. Venice and Genoa kept up something of their sea-faring greatness, but they were greatly fallen from what they had been. On the other hand the Dukes of Savoy in the north-west corner, began to be of increased importance. Their history chiefly takes the shape of gaining territory on the Italian side of the Alps and losing it on the other. They thus got more and more Italian, and they were the most independent in position and the most energetic in character among the princes of Italy. Still no one would as yet have thought that Italian union and deliverance were to come from that corner.

From this time to the wars of the French Revolution, Italy seemed crushed, without political life of any kind. Yet Italy was not dead. She still had her language and her arts; she still counted among the nations of Europe. And some of the changes of the eighteenth century lightened the yoke a little. At every change the Duke of Savoy got some Italian territory, and they now became kings, first of Sicily, then of Sardinia. The power of the house of Austria in Italy passed from the Spanish to the German branch, and the yoke was both lightened and lessened. The Austrian kept Milan and added Mantua; but the Sicilies became an independent kingdom, though under a king of the Spanish branch of the Bourbons. Corsica, after a vain struggle for independence, passed from the rule of Genoa to that of France. Tuscany, though under an Austrian grand duke, became the best governed state in Italy.

Then from 1797 to 1814 came the wars of the French Revolution, when all the old landmarks, good and bad, were for a season broken up. A crowd of small commonwealths was first set up (1798-1801). Rome itself

formed a Tiberine republic. But Venice was handed over to the house of Austria, more thoroughly than ever bringing a foreign power into Italy. Then, under Napoleon Bonaparte, instead of republics came kingdoms. There was for a while a kingdom of Etruria. A brother and brother-in-law of the conqueror was king of Naples. He himself was king of Italy, crowned with the crown* of the old Lombard kings. But his kingdom was so mapped out that, while Milan and Venice were in the Italian Kingdom, Piedmont, Genoa, and Rome were in the French Empire. For the Austrian was driven out, and the kings of Sardinia and Sicily kept their islands only. Here was no freedom, no unity, except such unity as comes of obeying a single master. And yet freedom and unity gained by all this. There was life; there was stir; there was thought; there was at least the name of an Italian state, and the Italian crown was worn by a king who by birth was Italian. After all this, men could not again sit down quietly in their bondage.

With the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte things came back outwardly much as they were before, but with one important exception. The powers of Europe took care to restore the pope, the kings, and the dukes; they forgot to restore the commonwealths. Venice fell again to the Austrian; Genoa was added to Sardinia; Lucca became a duchy, afterward merged into Tuscany. Only harmless San Marino was allowed to live on. Save only in the Sardinian states, where, though there was no political freedom, there was something more like national life, the land was practically under Austrian dominion or influence. The years from 1814 to 1848 were as utterly without freedom, without any acknowledged unity, as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But it was a sign of hope that men chafed under the yoke as they had never chafed before. After long discontents, after many plots and movements, there at last came the great outburst of 1848, which spread over a large part of Europe, but which, be it remembered, began in Sicily. In Italy the

* This was known as the "Iron Crown," so called "from a narrow band of iron within it, said to be beaten out of one of the nails used at the Crucifixion. This band is about three-eighths of an inch broad and one-tenth of an inch in thickness. According to tradition, the nail was first given to Constantine by his mother, who discovered the cross. The outer circlet of the crown is of beaten gold, and set with precious stones. The crown is preserved with great care at Monza, near Milan."

old powers were overthrown ; again separate commonwealths arose ; but there were some new features such as had not been seen for ages. For a moment, but only for a moment, a modern pope* took the side of freedom. And far more than this, an Italian prince led the armies of Italy against the stranger. Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, gave himself for what at the moment was a losing cause, but which in the hands of his son Victor Emmanuel became a winning one.

The popes of 1847 were crushed in every corner of Italy save one. Elsewhere the old masters came back. But in Piedmont and the other dominions of the king of Sardinia, a model Italian state was growing up, ready to do its work when the time came. No gain could be greater for Italy than to have a power ready as the center of all national movements and a prince ready to be its leader. In 1850 came the war waged by France and Sardinia against Austria, which the ruler of France promised to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. All Italy rose, no longer to set up local republics, but to call for annexation to the constitutional kingdom of Victor Emmanuel. In the north the promises of France were partly carried out. Milan was set free from the Austrians, but Venice was left in bondage. The pope, too, was, by help of a French garrison, kept in possession of Rome and its immediate history. The remaining Burgundian possessions of the Savoyard house, Savoy itself, and the country of Nizza,

* This was Pope Pius IX. (1792-1878.) He was elected Pope in 1846. He was the predecessor of the present Pope Leo XIII.

were ceded to France. The rest of Italy was set free. The dukes vanished. The Two Sicilies, won by Garibaldi from their Bourbon masters, were given over to the King of Italy. Such was the new title of Victor Emmanuel.

Italy was now all but made. The war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria caused the deliverance of Venetia. But the Austrians were allowed to keep Trent and Aquileia, and a frontier dangerously near to Verona. Save this, all was now won but Rome itself. The war between Germany and France in 1870, and the consequent withdrawal of the French people from Rome gave the opportunity. Italy won her capital.

Such were the long stages of the making of Italy; such specially have been those stages of it which have happened in our own day. Not many years since, wise statesmen mocked at the notion of an Italian nation, of Italian freedom, of Italian unity. Italy was only a "geographical expression." The wise men mocked, as they always do mock at every thing till it comes. We know when a thing is coming, by their beginning to mock. But for all this mocking, there the thing is, a free and united Italy, such as never before was. For the first time in the history of the world, Italy is united and not subject. We will not stop to ask whether the union may not have been a little too hasty, a little too close, whether it is not a little hard that the kingdom of Sicily should be nothing more than seven provinces of a kingdom on the main-land. We will let these things pass. The work is done ; what so many ages had failed to do has been done in a few years, practically in a single year.

(The end)

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL CLUB IN ITALY.

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VII. ITALIAN PAINTING.

MODERN Italian painting began with Cimabue (che-mä-boo'ä) and split into the triangle sections of Florentine, Venetian, and Roman schools of painting. They may be characterized as the Intellectual, the Sensuous Secular, and the Christian Symbolic schools of art, according as they grew up in intellectual republican Florence, spectacle-loving Venice, or Rome,

mother of the arts and sciences. The periods might be succinctly labeled Præ-Raphaelite, Renaissance, and Modern (not included in this paper). The sources of all this fertile growth of Italian art were threefold :

First (and foremost), the Bible, the Christ, the Madonna, the legends of the archangels and apostles and of saints and martyrs innumerable. *Second* (and secular), the public and private life of the Italians, their spectacular

displays, pomp and ceremony, and love of portraiture. *Third* (and last), the Neo-pagan revival in the Renaissance, when painters and poets alike, having wearied of Bible study, of saints and martyrs, plunged into the study of Ovid and Virgil, and drew from pagan mythologies beautiful and vivid figures of the whole gallery of gods and goddesses.

These three fountains—often intermingling, never quite distinct the one from the other—started those streams of sacred and legendary, of secular and Neo-pagan art which have meandered on down to us, and have been caught in the mighty reservoir-museums of the Pitti, the Uffizi, the Vatican, the Pinacothek, the Louvre, and the British Museum.

Grouped by cities and tendencies, Italian pictorial art falls roughly into the following aggregates and kinships called schools :

I. FLORENTINE.—(a) *Præ-Raphaelite* (or prior to Raphael, born A. D. 1283): Cimabue, Giotto, Orcagna (or-kän'yä), Masaccio (mä-sät'cho), Uccello (oot-chel'lo), Squarcione (squär-chō'nä), Fra Angelico, Gozzoli (got-sō'lee), Lippo Lippi, Filippino Lippi, Sandro Botticelli (bot-tē-chel'lee), Cosimo, Ghirlandajo (gēr-län-dä'yo).

(b) *Renaissance*: Mantegna (män-tän'yä), (of Padua: isolated), Luca Signorelli (sēnyō-rel'lee), Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio (kor-ed'jo) (of Parma: also isolated).

(c) *Decadence*: Luini (loo-ē'nee), Ferrari, Parmigiano (par-me-jä'no), Andrea del Sarto, Pontormo, Bergamo, Pacchia (päk-kē'a), Peruzzi, Dosso Dossi, Carlo Dolci.

II. UMBRIAN-ROMAN.—(a) *Præ-Raphaelite*: Perugino.

(b) *Renaissance*: Pinturicchio (pēn-too-rēk'kē-o), Francia (fran'chä), Fra Bartolommeo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the pupils of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

(c) *Decadence*: Giulio Romano, Caravaggio (kä-rä-väd'jo), Volterra, Sebastian del Piombo (imitators of Michael Angelo), etc. etc.

III. VENETIAN.—*Renaissance*: Tintoretto, Gian Bellini, Carpaccio (cär-pät'chō), Giorgione (jor-jō'nä), Titian, Veronese (vā-ro-nä'zä), etc., etc.

These tables give, of course, only the broadest outlines, not in any sense exhaustive, nor taking into individual account individual art-developments like that of the Bolognese school (the Carracci, Domenichino, Guido Reni, etc.), the schools of Sienna—Perugia, Ferrara, Brescia, Bergamo, Cremona, Verona, and the like.

Classic Italian painting, like Attic poetry, was a most narrowly circumscribed thing. In considering it the whole south must be ignored and the whole north-west. Tuscany, Umbria, Venice, are the solar centers of this art. Florence developed distinctly *fresco* painting, while Venice reveled in *oil* painting and in sensuous and imaginative interpretations of the world and its delights. At Rome and in Umbria devout religious influences streamed from Assisi, the headquarters of the worship of St. Francis,* and permeated the canvases and walls that glowed with Perugino's azure-clad saints, the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, and the "Last Judgment" of the gloomy Angelo. Intellectual Florence, materialistic Venice, Rome on bended knees: such are the characteristics of the three cities in three words.

Italian painting dates from the middle of the thirteenth century when Cimabue's (1240-1302) Madonna, a gauntly majestic creation full of Byzantine and Romanesque mannerisms, was borne in triumph through the streets of Florence. But Cimabue did a greater wonder than this:—he discovered Giotto (1276-1336)—discovered the witty, ugly Tuscan child tending sheep and drawing an outline of one on a stone. He took him away to Florence, and, in course of time, Italy became filled with incomparable frescoes, paintings, mosaics, portraits from his bounteous hand, which built also the exquisite bell-tower fronting the cathedral of Our Lady at Florence. A pilgrimage through mediæval Italy is a pilgrimage up and down Giotto's brain. Before him Italy had painted corpses with their eyes open; alive only with ugliness; Giotto brought painted life and immortality to light; even his allegories—usually the dearest of things—live and abound with truth and humor. His great achievement was frescoing the great double church of Assisi. Its walls quiver and throb to-day with the beautiful and breathing forms which Giotto drew from the Bible.

His artistic progeny were as numerous as his sheep. Chief among them is Orcagna,

* (1182-1226.) The founder of the order of Franciscans. He was the son of a wealthy merchant, and led a gay life until after his twentieth year, when he resolved to renounce the world, which brought upon him the displeasure of his father. He gave himself up to works of charity. His great humility soon won sympathy, and before long, prominent men wished to follow his example, and joined him as followers. They adopted for their dress a coarse serge robe girded with a cord, and this act dates the foundation of the Franciscans, or Gray Friars.

the man who took Dante's "Divine Comedy" as a text and painted the wonderful things of Hell and Heaven out of it. These he gorgeously localized on the walls of the Strozzi Chapel of Santa Maria Novella, Florence. The Pisan Campo Santo (cemetery) is full of awful frescoes of death and judgment attributed to him, but probably by the brothers Lorenzetti. The ear of the Middle Ages listened to these terrific whisperings of Death and Judgment with thrilled delight, and they found their heresiarch* in the gloomy figure of St. Dominic.† His legends and allegories, his interpretations and prophecies run like fiery serpents over the walls of the Spanish Chapel of Santa Maria Novella, in sanguinary contrast with the loving spirit of St. Francis of Assisi and the painters to whom he bequeathed his gentle inspirations.

Thus did Giotto and the Giotteschi (jot-tes'kē), the followers of Giotto, uncoil, unravel, untangle, delineate in colors, the religious, philosophical, and social conceptions of the fourteenth century. They stood on the edge of their age and looked over into the brilliant fields of the Renaissance without being permitted to enter. In them Mediævalism became exhausted, and now a new school of technical perfectionists, of naturalists in painting, of fifteenth century positivism, rushed into the arena.

It is the age of Masaccio, Uccello, Squarcione, Fra Angelico, Gozzoli, the Lippi, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo,—an age which gradually slopes upward, mountain-like, till it stops before the lustrous peaks of the mid-Renaissance. Florence under Medicean patronage is supreme throughout this early Renaissance period, and her nourishing warmth brings into being a marvelous brood. Allegory is abandoned for landscapes, painted architecture, birds, flowers, natural objects. Experimentation, preparation for the new era of technical growth and education has set in. Just here rise the Saul-like shoulders of Masaccio (1402-1429), pioneer of the Re-birth, the New Time, who lived but twenty-seven years. Drapery, composition, grouping, perspective, attained in him singular fruition, and he attained a perfection almost equal to that of Raphael.

Masaccio, Uccello, Francesca, went on, with myriad minuteness, perfecting the accuracy

of their designs, preoccupied with technicalities, with imitations of nature, with problems of geometry and perspective. They led on to Squarcione and his school of over a hundred pupils, whence issued the mighty Mantegna, and whence spread the scientific and humanistic movement of the Cinque-Cento over northern Italy.

An altogether lovely (and lonely) figure in this age is Fra Angelico (1387-1455), the "Angelic Friar," well named for the angel-like beauty of his paintings which seem copied from angelic visions and adorations not of this world. The world he lived in was the foretasted Paradise of God. He would not study the nude, nor represent it. His spirit is as sweet as a violet, as white as a lily.

Gozzoli was his pupil, as different from him as a gaudy *Tropæolum** is from an Easter lily. Gozzoli took pleasure in bird, and beast, and reptile, wrought on architectural details, depicted pompous groups and idyllic and romantic themes,—hunting-scenes, vintage-gatherers, marriages, quarreling boys. His frescoes cover the walls of the Riccardi Palace, at Florence, the Pisan Campo Santo, San Gimignano (jē-mēn-yā'no), and Montefalco.

The Medici favored him and they favored Fra Lippo Lippi, another epicurean in a cowl, who laughed faun-like laughter from eyes that were better fixed on a rosary, and left one masterpiece, "Salome dancing before Herod," in the Cathedral of Prato. He filled the choir of this cathedral and the half-dome of that of Spoleto with frescoes from the legends of the Madonna, John the Baptist, and Stephen. His greatest works are really his two celebrated pupils, Filippino Lippi (his reputed son) and Sandro Botticelli. Filippino filled his pictures with antiquarian detail and strained and vehement figures, though his "Madonna and St. Bernard" is a creation of almost ideal loveliness; while the rare and whimsical imagination of Botticelli, commingling antique and modern fancies with infinite versatility, delighting in allegories of spring and stories of Aphrodite, Graces, and Fauns, showed the increasing tendency of the Renaissance to plunge into the gay myths of the Roman poets. He painted roses wonderfully. In his "Coronation of the Virgin," critics find his finest picture.

* (Her'e-si-ark.) The leader of a sect of heretics.

† (1170-1221.) The founder of the order of Dominicans, or Black Friars.

* (Tro-pēō-lum.) The common climbing garden plant nasturtium is the best known representative of this genus.

Piero di Cosimo and Domenico Ghirlandajo close up this dawn-burst of great artists pre-luding the Renaissance; Piero reveling in the romantic treatment of classical mythology, like Botticelli; Ghirlandajo (1449-1498) a fresco painter of vast gifts, full of knowledge, powerful yet prosaic, a master who ought to have been a mathematician or a mosaic-maker. Florence is full of his sagacious, stately, chilling representations of the birth of the Virgin, the death of St. Francis, etc.

Thus far Tuscan genius has filled the whole horizon of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The thirteen painters whom we have discussed, were Florentines of many-sided gifts. The school generated by so many forces grew up under the immediate patronage of the Medici merchant-princes, and sent a thrill of energizing vitality throughout Italy.

The goldenest point, if one may so speak, of this Golden Age, lies between 1470 and 1550. The world perhaps never before, certainly never since, compressed so much genius in eighty years unless it were in the Age of Pericles. Giants were Mantegna, Perugino, Francia, the Bellini, Signorelli, Bartolommeo; but they gave birth to the demi-gods Angelo, Raphael, Giorgione, da Vinci, Correggio, Titian.

The herdsman Mantegna (born 1431) came to his art from the open fields and running waters, and studied anatomies and landscapes, olive trees and turrets, hillsides and human figures with wondrous precision. From these he passed to the study of antique bas-reliefs, and Greek and Roman antiquities, revealing, as he went along, greater and greater research and scholarship, until his work culminated in his frieze of "Julius Cæsar's Triumph" (now villainously restored and hung on the walls of Hampton Court).

Mantegna's kindred spirit was Luca Signorelli of Cortona (1439-1521), the direct fore-runner of Michael Angelo. The lazaret,* the gibbet, the grave-yard furnished him innumerable anatomies — immobile, statuesque, or writhing—to study; and this study he combined with other subtler studies in perspective, foreshortening, brusque attitudes of all sorts; so that later he was able to inundate the walls of the chapel of San Brizio at Orvieto with his awful frescoes of Hell and Heaven, Resurrection and Doomsday. He was the painter, the glorifier of the human body

pre-eminently, and these chapel walls palpitate with angels and demons, maid and man, in every imaginable posture that suggests the artist's mastery and vocal pencil.

After him is Perugino,—as after a great blare of trumpets a vesper hymn. Raphael's teacher, such was Perugino; an Umbrian Fra Angelico who painted with one hand pictures of celestial delicacy and—stole with the other. A niggard, probably a murderer, certainly a Shylock,* he yet painted such Madonnas and holy families as bring the tears into one's eyes.

In Pinturicchio (1454-1513) he left a pupil who covered the cathedral walls of Sienna with vivacious frescoes from the life of Pius II.—full of naturalism and sunny worldliness, a pupil who was dyed through and through with Peruginian airs and graces, affectations and mannerisms.

All of Perugino's purity of sentiment and tranquil grace revive in tenfold degree, though not with equal technical perfection in Francia, a contemporary master who must be studied at Bologna and Lucca, or in his "Dead Christ" at London, to be appreciated. He and Fra Bartolommeo (1475-1517) weld the two Renaissance halves—the earlier and the later—together; at Florence at least. Bartolommeo was a color-grinder and errand-boy, the son of a muleteer, and a convert of Savonarola. He became a Dominican friar and a consummate colorist withal. He was the first to "compose" his groups on geometric principles, painting as his masterpiece "The Madonna of Mercy" at Lucca; in this he showed his soul; in his frescoes of the "Last Judgment" at Florence, his science.

After him there was no more that color could do until one comes upon the glorious figures of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, and Titian, in whom the spherul harmonies were revealed to the world as through five exquisite musical instruments. Of these, Raphael died of a poisonous fever in 1520, Titian of the plague in 1576, Angelo in neglect, in 1564, Correggio (it was reported) of starvation, in 1534, and Leonardo of (and in) exile, in 1519. Into these wondrous focuses did art gather herself before she expired. Angelo and Titian were hard upon a hundred years old when they died; Raphael and Correggio, the Angels of Light and Beauty, died at thirty-seven and forty respectively.

The most all-accomplished of the five was

*A hospital, or rather a pest-house, for the reception of persons afflicted with contagious diseases.

*The grasping Jew who would "kill the thing he hates," in Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice."

Leonardo da Vinci, who was a great musician, a great engineer, a distinguished inventor and mathematician, alchemist, improvisatore poet, sculptor, and painter of the matchless "Last Supper" and the no less matchless "Mona Lisa" and "Head of Medusa." Nearly all his work is now a wreck, and his reputation is rather that of a man of science brimful of discoveries in acoustics, mechanics, artillery, optics, mountain-tunneling, draining of marshes, and aëronautics. His labors are like those of Hercules, fantastic yet utilitarian, and they live in legend rather than in fact. Twenty-two years older than Angelo, the two competed for the honor of frescoing one side of the great Council Hall of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. The preference was given to da Vinci, who never finished the design.

Merely to catalogue Raphael's works would fill this entire paper. A nimble, nervous, intense worker, he filled Rome and the world with his beautiful conceptions, which issued like a stream of golden butterflies from his studio and filled all the gardens of Italy with quivering and radiant masterpieces. "St. Cecilia," the "Madonna of the Chair," the "Agony in the Garden," the "Madonna of St. Sixtus" (with its shelf of up-looking angels), the "School of Athens," the *loggie* and *stanze* of the Vatican ("Raphael's Bible"), the "Cartoons," and "The Transfiguration": did ever one human hand work so many miracles? As has well been said, Raphael was not so much a "man" as a "school." His catholicity stretches over every thing like the empyrean, and every thing it bathes in light and beauty. He died painting the celestial vision of the transfigured Christ, as he had lived an embodied transfiguration of the intellectual, moral, and artistic powers.

Michael Angelo's great work is in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican,—the "Last Judgment," a painted incarnation of the spirit of Dante, Savonarola, and the Hebrew prophets thrown upon the roof in nine vast and multitudinous compositions extending from the Creation to the Deluge. These have beneath them, seated on the spandrels,* six prophets and six sibyls attesting to the future deliverance and judgment of the world by Christ; and the intermediate spaces, all the curves

and angles of the hall, swarm with a motley population of youthful figures, men, maidens, boys, wrought with all the grace and mastery of Raphael: an image of the voluptuous world, with all its show of brilliant and wanton strength, over-arched by the dreadful "Day of Doom" prophetically thrown upon the ceiling.

After this how sweet is Correggio. (1494–1534.) Two or three pictures of this master always dart into one's mind on mention of his name: the blue and golden "Magdalen" extended on the ground intently reading the Scriptures; the "Holy Night" (at Dresden); and those marvelous seraph-filled ceilings of his at Parma with their heavenly host of shouting angels wonderfully foreshortened, gloriously alive. The dome of the cathedral is literally a huge crystal cup imprisoning innumerable living beings in every attitude of ecstatic joy as they soar beneath Madonna and Christ.

These characteristics—gorgeous sensualism, great powers of grouping, and spectacular effects in composition, lead us to the north-east angle of our artistic triangle where Venice lies. Here lived and dwelt the Bellini, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and Titian; here among these "many-folded hills" and bridged islands, in sight of the "hoar and airy Alps," grew up an art, late, exuberant, afternoon-like in its richness, loving "the inmost purple spirit of light," fed by a luxurious city that was one mass of palaces. "Brighter than burning gold," the artistic center of the city, is the Doge's Palace, and here is literally enthroned the trinity of Venice,—Titian, Tintoret, and Veronese, whose souls glow on these walls in a mighty cycle of pictures displaying the story of Venice, the portraits of the doges, and saints in glory. This art had been begun and continued by the Vivarini, the three Bellini, and Giorgione, until it culminated in the sunny materialistic art of the three aforementioned masters. Bellini (Gian) was an unsurpassable colorist; Giorgione is the painter of the famous "Monk at the Clavichord" in the Pitti Palace, a sort of Robert Browning in painting; and Titian, Tintoret, and Veronese are three steps of a dazzling *santa scala** in

* "The irregular, triangular space between the curve of an arch and the inclosing right angle; or the space between the outer moldings of two contiguous arches, and an horizontal line above them, or another arch above and inclosing both."

* The holy staircase, which is said to have been in the house of Pilate, and up and down which Christ passed. The tradition is that it was brought from Jerusalem by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great. It is composed of twenty-eight marble steps, and is preserved under a magnificent portico on the north side of the Lateran.

art descending from Titian (the eldest) to Tintoret, and from Tintoret to Veronese, through three successive developments. Titian is the loveliest, sunniest, most satisfying of them all. His "Venus," his portraits, his "Assumption of the Virgin," combine suavity with sublimity in a way unknown to Tintoret (the "thunderbolt," as the Italians call him, as Titian was sunshine itself,—rainless, dewless), or to the pageant-loving Veronese. Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" is a type of the art of the ceremonious Venetian, full of *bourgeois* glitter, of anachronisms of all sorts, and of glowing fleshliness. Tintoretto was the Venetian Michael Angelo, tempestuous, terrible, vehement, but his picture-tempests are born of many colors, flooded with feeling, crowded with dramatic and tragic figures. Fitly enshrined is all this beautiful talent in Venice, the City of the Senses, as Florence was the City of the Intellect, and Rome was the City of the Soul.

EPILOGUE.

After sunshine, shadow; after light, eclipse; after the Renaissance the spirit of the Decadence set in like a slow creeping paralysis. Leonardo has two brilliant followers in his Lombard school, Luini and Ferrari; the former, the admirable fresco-painter of the Brera at Milan and the Angeli at Lugano; the latter, a painter of wondrous angel-choirs and dramatic scenes in fresco from Scripture and legend (at Vercelli and Varallo).

Raphael exhausted all the possibilities of his own style in himself, and left no real descendants. Giulio Romano was his pupil, but he was like a satyr born of an angel,—rough,

coarse, demoralized, sensual; and he leaves behind him, in the Palazzo del Te, in Mantua, the monument of his boisterous sensualism.

Michael Angelo stamped his impress on Sebastian del Piombo, Daniele da Volterra, Caravaggio, and Venusti, but they mimicked his extravagances, his contortions, his fury, rather than his noble and unique style.

Parmigiano and the Carracci steeped themselves in Correggio's gladness, but gladness cannot be imitated even by conscientious workers. Singularly perfect is Andrea del Sarto's work, the "Faultless Painter," as his countrymen call him, artistically akin to Fra Bartolommeo, and perhaps more renowned from the story of his vixen-wife than from his own "Madonna of the Tribune," his "Pietà," or his "St. John." Every one is familiar with the "St. Jerome" of Domenichino (1581-1641), the beautiful "St. Cecilia" of Carlo Dolci (1616-1686), the "Aurora" and the "Beatrice Cenci" of the immortal eyes by Guido Reni (1575-1642), the "Ecce Homos" and "Mater Dolorosas," of later Italian painters, the wonderful engravings of Marc-Antonio (1487-1539), the Palmas and Paris Bordones of later Venice. Of these we can say nothing; for them sight is every thing; to see and enjoy them the galleries of Europe must be visited at leisure.*

* Symond's "Renaissance," Vol. on the "Fine Arts in Italy"; Mrs. Clement's "Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); Augustus Hare's "Walks in Rome and Florence" (Routledge & Co.); and the fine collections of photographs of the Soule Photographic Company (Boston) are accessible sources of further information on the subject of Italian art.—J. A. H.

(The end.)

LIFE IN MODERN ITALY.

BY BELLA H. STILLMAN.

III. THE UPPER CLASSES.

THE Italian is an essentially democratic people. The immemorial pressure of a class of princes and nobles of various inferior degrees has impressed on the popular character a certain deference to the higher classes which, combined with the courtesy of the race, rarely failing in the manner of any class, makes even the rudest peasant respectful to his social superior; but servility is very rare. The old nobility has its groups of re-

tainers who are respectfully familiar, as probably they were in most other countries when the class distinctions were fixed and familiarity was in no danger of breeding contempt, but on the whole the nobility does not seem to impose itself on the masses. They exist and maintain a distinct and separate existence as long as the family estates are unimpaired; but the noble fallen in fortune is only common clay; when not fallen, only the same clay gilded.

The true aristocrat in Italy is the functionary. To the man clothed in authority, the prefect, the deputy, the minister, the senator, the knee bends when it would be unflexed before the *marchese* or even the prince, if not of royal blood. The deputy (member of the Italian House of Representatives) is a personage to whom 'all in his own district take off their hats and who esteems himself above all titles under that of king. The prefect, the sub-prefect, representing the royal authority, each in his province rules the ways of living; as to the innumerable counts, barons, marquises, dukes, and princes, they have each a theoretical county, barony, marquise, dukedom, or principality, but these are only the frontiers of remote history and their jurisdiction is rarely recognized beyond the salon. You may be startled on going into a province to make your *villeggiatura** to learn that there is a prince there in his ancestral castle whose name you never heard before. A friend who had to make quarantine at Ancona on coming from the East, one year of the cholera, tells me that the servant, boot-black, etc., of their company was a count of one of the oldest families of the Romagna, who, penniless, had gone to the Levant† to try his fortune, and had had to beg his passage back to Italy, paying his share of the expenses of quarantine by the menial services for the other passengers by the same steamer, as they were quarantined in gangs, each ship's company being rigorously isolated.

New titles are extremely rare, and are generally obtained by Jews or foreigners; for the mere title has no power and very little attraction to the mass of Italians, but, on the contrary, when newly acquired, draws much ridicule. If a prince or marquis has the public spirit to enter the arena of politics, he is known better by his office than his title. The noble, not being an hereditary legislator as in England, has no family right to public distinction, and to be a part of the great world he must come out of the noble inclosure and take part in the doings of the race of common men.

The Roman nobility being always under

the shadow of the Papacy, which by its very nature is conservatism itself, has undergone less modification than the nobility of either of the great kingdoms of which Italy was constructed, and it is still the most conservative and remote from public life—holds its huge estates and maintains its haughty exclusiveness.

It is as impossible for a member of the outer circles of society to describe authoritatively the domestic manners and customs of the nobility of that part of Italy as it would be to note those of the griffin and the dodo*—not that the race is extinct, but it is essentially "select," as the modern phrase runs, and allows no strangers within its sacred precincts. It does not even give the *pas* to "diplomatic society," that *ne plus ultra*† of the Englishman abroad. Therefore, most of what the plebeian says on the subject is mere hearsay, and cannot be vouched for as gospel truth.

From time to time a door in the wall surrounding this mysterious inclosure, is opened for the admittance of a wealthy bride, generally an American heiress, and nearly always beautiful as well as rich; for though, in contracting an alliance with a member of his own order the Italian noble considers good looks an entirely subordinate question, he expects the young barbarian whom he honors so greatly to be in all respects perfect. But the bridal procession has no sooner passed through the gate than it closes abruptly in the faces of the bride's friends and relations, who, perhaps innocent democrats, flattered themselves that they were going to be on the same terms with the Princess A. as they had been with her Excellency before the marriage. Not so: The princess is no longer an American, she is a member of such and such a family, and it is not consonant with the traditions of her family that she should have *des relations*‡ with people out of her set.

* "Griffin" is a name applied in zoölogy to a species of vulture found scattered in a few mountainous parts of the Old World. The bearded griffin is the lammergeyer (lamb vulture). The same name is given to a mythological animal represented as having the head and wings of an eagle and the body of a lion. "Dodo" is the name of an extinct bird of large size, which was found on the Mauritius Island in the Indian Ocean.

† A Latin term translated as the uttermost part; nothing further. The word *pas*, just preceding, is the French term for step, having here the secondary signification of precedence.

‡ Any intercourse, a French expression.

* Tour of sight-seeing or summer outing is perhaps as good a rendering of the word as can be given in English.

† (Le-vant'.) The word is derived from the Italian verb *levare*, French *lever*, meaning to rise, and as applied to the place where the sun rises; it means, in a general sense, a land lying to the eastward. It is, however, usually restricted to the countries lying on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, Turkey, Syria, Greece, Egypt, etc.

The Roman noble is, however, paradoxical as it may sound, as little of a snob as his fellow countrymen. Mr. Hamilton Aidé,* speaking of modern vulgarity, says that in London, Mrs. Moneybags, whom republican Paris refuses to receive, is welcomed with open arms. Aristocratic Rome not only refuses to receive the lady,—it absolutely ignores her existence, except in the event of her having a pretty daughter to marry. Even in that case, she is not admired and respected for owning a million dollars, as she would be in England or America. It is simply intimated to her that such and such a prince or marquis is willing to honor her daughter by an offer of marriage, provided the marriage settlement be satisfactory. That generally means, “provided the whole of the bride’s fortune be placed unreservedly in the hands of her husband,” and always means that an allowance of so many hundred thousand francs is to be made him out of his wife’s money. American parents seem to be very good-natured, and to do their best to meet their noble prospective son-in-law’s requirements, but sometimes the latter drives too hard a bargain, and the arrangement falls to the ground.

One knows no more of the ladies who are fortunate enough to satisfy their suitors (the word is hardly applicable) than one knows of the rest of their new kinsmen. They appear in public, drive up and down the Corso† in trim equipages for an hour every afternoon, go to their boxes at the opera on the proper nights, that is to say, when the Queen goes, and look always very handsome and proud—but in none of these characteristics are they distinguishable from the rest of their set. The ladies of the White party‡ may be seen by the rest of the world at court festivities. Those of the Black faction—the two

never mix—attend the Vatican ceremonies. If, by the way, an American girl marries a noble of this, the pope’s side, she must either become a convert before marriage or promise to do so immediately after.

In the absence of information, rumor finds plenty of details to spread, which may, or may not, have any foundation in fact, concerning the manner of life of the nobles. “They say” that once you have passed those splendid gates at which stand the awful and gorgeous porters whose cocked hats, gold-headed staves of office, and majestic bearing always strike me dumb with respectful astonishment, and past the court-yard, from which roll the grand carriages on their way to the Corso—you find nothing but vault-cold rooms, bare of any comfort, sans* fire, sans carpet, sans the pictures, long since sold, with which the walls were once hung. They say that in those dreary apartments live two or three generations of the family, ruled over by the father or mother, to whom the sons and their wives owe entire obedience in all things; who regulate the marriages of their children and their children’s children; who decide where their daughters-in-law shall visit, and whom their sons shall invite to dinner. In the summer, the whole family migrates to an ancestral country-house, where the conditions of life are unaltered. Many of the old palaces in town are not inhabited by the family whose name they bear; or else the owner lives on the second or third floor, while the good apartments are let during the season to foreigners, or even are occupied entirely by other noble families, from other regions of Italy, who have settled in the capital and have no palace of their own there.

The “Idle Woman in Italy,” and the “English Woman in Italy,” which I have consulted on the subject, agree in describing the noble Italian ladies as “lamentably wanting in intellectual cultivation”; the former (who takes the Roman nobility for her especial theme, and lives among them) is very loud in her denunciations of their “senseless pride” and “*noli me tangere*† spirit” and has gained her unfavorable impression from personal experience. My own is so small that I could hardly speak without generalizing from single instances, but, from

* (A-ē-dā’.) (1830 —.) An English writer born at Paris, the son of a Greek diplomatist. He served for some time in the British army. He has written several volumes of poems, dramas, and novels.

† The chief street in Rome running in nearly a northern and southern direction and leading from the northern gate, the *Porta del Popolo*. It is about a mile long and only about thirty-five feet wide, and is lined by large, high houses most of which have balconies overhanging the street, which afford fine positions for witnessing the festivities of the carnival which are held in the Corso and the streets immediately joining.

‡ In the time of the Ghibellines and the Guelphs the two factions were often respectively denominated the White party and the Black party. The names are here applied, as then, to the government party, those upholding the king, and the Vatican party, or the adherents of the pope.

* A French word meaning without.

† Latin for the expression, do not touch me.

what I have seen, I should not say that they have worse "manners" on the whole than English ladies of high degree, and their manner is certainly more graceful.

The daughters of noble houses are educated much like young ladies of their own rank in other countries, excepting, perhaps, English girls, who have more liberty. They are generally brought up in convents, and married as soon as possible after they return home; so that they are hardly seen until after their marriage, when they appear with as much *éclat** as possible.

The life of the young men seems to be singularly wanting in healthy interest. There are no schools like Eton and Harrow,† no colleges as we understand the term; for the young fellows, if they go in for a liberal education, merely attend lectures at the university, and do not live in their colleges at all. There are government public boarding-schools, and day-schools, to which some of the most liberal of the nobles send their sons, but most of them are educated by priests in private, or at the *Collegio Nobile*, also directed by priests, to which, as the name indicates, only the sons of the aristocracy are admitted. One sees the pupils taking their airing in the streets of Rome in long, solemn processions, each guarded by a black-robed priest; all the boys are dressed in full evening dress, with stove-pipe hats and kid gloves, and the tiny ones make the most ludicrous effect in this solemn costume. The only game they play is said to be prisoner's base; tennis would be much too fatiguing, and cricket and base-ball too dangerous for them.

How the majority of the young men of noble families manage to occupy their time when they leave school, is difficult to imagine, for they seem to have no occupation. No profession is considered possible for them but diplomacy, politics, the army, or the church. To work for money would be looked upon as degrading, however limited a young noble's income may be. Some speculate a little, but timidly. Twenty years ago it would have been considered *infra dig.*‡ for a gentleman to drive his own horses; and though it is quite correct now, thanks to English patterns, neither driving nor riding are by any

means universal. They profess to adore *lo sport*, but upon examination this proves to include shooting or netting larks and red-breasts. An American friend gave me a very ludicrous description of a shooting party he had been invited to join. The sportsmen sallied forth, armed each with a camp-stool, a pole, an owl, and a whistle, besides their guns. The pole was set in the ground, the owl on it; the camp-stool was placed twenty feet off, and the sportsman sat on it and whistled till the larks, attracted first by the noise and then by the sight of their enemy, the owl, flew down to attack the latter, and were popped at.

The principal diversion of the young men of fashion seems to be, in Rome, to stroll in the Corso, in Florence in the Cascine, while the ladies are taking their afternoon drive there, and stare at them, or make remarks, complimentary or otherwise, but always very audible to the ladies who go by on foot. A knot of young dandies will congregate on the pavement and let every one who passes get down into the street, without once making way. Charming as are the manners of Italians in society, I know of no people more indifferent to the feelings and the comfort of all unknown to them than the young Italian aristocrat.

As a mass the Italians, even in the cultivated class, take absolutely no interest in any art except music; and even in that direction their taste is limited, according to our standard. The Romans, especially, make a curiously impassive and unemotional audience, and exaggerated as their language and expressions seem to us in ordinary circumstances, they never appear carried away by their feelings at the most thrilling spectacle. All singers and actors say that the Roman audience is the most chilling and uninspiring they can perform to. Those nobles who possess famous collections of pictures or statues are proud of possessing treasures which all the world admires, but few of them have any personal admiration or understanding of them; and most of them sell their works of art without any compunction, if they can do so without the world knowing it. In the same way they have in many cases sold their magnificent old gardens, especially those that once beautified Rome, to be cut up into hideous building lots covered with flimsy houses that have disfigured the city—which amounts not only to a want of taste, but to sheer want of patriot-

* The French word for splendor.

† Famous English schools for boys.

‡ A contraction for *infra dignitatem*, beneath one's dignity.

ism. General Roman society cannot be taken as typical of that in the other large towns of Italy, for the diplomatic element, lacking elsewhere, is strong here, and the English residents are more numerous than anywhere else except in Florence.

Since Rome has become the capital of Italy it has quite lost that charming gaiety, that Bohemian* sociality, which made it so dear to artists and their friends, and made even English people of fashion unbend and forget their social superiority, dance, picnic, and masquerade side by side with the jolly Bohemians—even made them go so far as to attend tea parties to which each guest brought his cup and spoon, and at which those who were too late to find chairs sat on the tables while great singers sang and clever actors acted. Anglo-Roman society of nowadays has a very different standard of etiquette. The artistic element seems to be flooded out, and with it the simple, spontaneous gaiety it engendered. Anglo-Rome is nothing if not diplomatic, and has adopted the most formidable code of society rules ever drawn up, the following of which seems to occupy all the available time of the English-speaking population. As the laws of the Roman society proper are equally severe, and fixed as those of the Medes and Persians, the stranger staying in Rome is soon lost in the labyrinth, and is sure to offend against some canon law of etiquette. Even ambassadors, who should know their social duties if any one can, make all sorts of blunders unless they can get some Roman to stand sponsor to them at first; and as for the gentlemen who represent the United States Government, if they are very pliable and quick to learn, they are versed in the intricacies of the place by the time they have to go home; but most of them continue to furnish talk for the town until the last day of their tenure of office. On the whole, there is nothing harder than "to do at Rome as the Romans do," simple as it sounds.

The tourist part of the foreign element is not an attraction any more in Italy, and the larger it gets the more unlovely it seems. The resident portion of it is, in spite of its stiff self-consciousness, much the least obnoxious, for it is unobtrusive, while the tourists pervade the whole place and spoil it for every one else. The Americans are always

railed at for demoralizing the lower classes, wherever they go, by their extravagant liberality, and I am afraid that they must plead guilty to the charge. But even that is better than the usual English system. The ordinary traveling Briton seems to think he is being very generous in leaving his own home at all, and that Italians and such inferior races should show their gratitude for his kindness by letting him have every thing below what would be its cost-price in England. He expects first-floor apartments in a palace, comfortably furnished, in the best situation of the capital, for half the price they would be worth in London. He grumbles at having to pay a beggarly Italian servant the same wages an Englishman would ask, for he says Italians can live on nothing, almost, and therefore should be content with much smaller wages—and at the same time requires from him or her, work that two English servants, at least, would share between them. And not finding these things disposed to his taste, he makes himself obnoxious by constant grumbling against the drawbacks of life in Italy.

Italy is no longer an inexpensive place to live in. The small towns, to which no one goes, are cheap and uncomfortable, but Rome is one of the most expensive towns in Europe, though cheaper than New York. The rents and taxes are very high, and every thing is in proportion. Also, without doubt, there are great inconveniences to be put up with constantly—badly built and badly warmed houses, a disgracefully irregular railway system, inconvenient and slow postal arrangements, dirty and ill-paved streets, beggars, cheats,—all these things and many more. But although it might do some good if the travelers put their complaints in the papers, or tried to make hotel-keepers take them up, it is only annoying to be constantly grumbling when it is useless. What one must do in Italy, is to submit to the want of certain comforts—bathing facilities for instance, a really well-appointed bathing establishment or a Turkish bath not existing in Italy; really good hotels, excepting in a few of the larger cities; comfortably warmed rooms in winter, etc. The country is too conservative to adopt novelties, and inventions must be proved by at least one life-time before being taken up here.

The foreigners, then, must dismiss all idea of living comfortably and cheaply—purely Italian society he or she must not expect to

* "A term applied to literary men and artists of irregular habits who live by what they can pick up by their brains." Unconventional, free from social restraints.

know much of, and foreign will be found much what it would be at home. Each of the great cities has its own way of living, its especial discomforts and particular charms: Venice its gondolas and summer serenades, its dreary winters and east winds; Florence its art and its delightful surroundings, with its summer heats, intolerable; Sienna its mediæval and artistic interest, its delightful, breezy summer and piercing winter; Naples its picturesque and stupendous landscape, its sea air and fairy islands, with complete social isolation and no form of domestic life but what a hotel affords; but for all seasons, and in spite of all drawbacks, Rome presents the greatest balance of attraction—tempered summer heat and rarely excessive winter cold, a society more varied and more comprehensive, with the drawbacks of excessive dearness and dearth of comfortable lodgings. What one

finds here is many once square people fitting into round holes, time and usage having taken their angles off, and left them fitting their place so well that the attraction of no land on earth suffices to take them away or tempts them to live elsewhere—lotus eaters* whom no memory of the Hudson, Mohawk, Susquehanna, or Charles any more than the Thames, the Cam, or Severn will ever call out of the lotus land—Americans, Britons, Danes, Russians, Germans, Norwegians, all made citizens of this land of dreams, of art and poetry, unable to resist a glamour no one can define or analyze, but which makes a return to the native land impossible.

*The Egyptian lotus, an aquatic plant, bears a sweetish fruit which was fabled by the ancients to possess the property of inducing forgetfulness. All who ate it desired to stay where it grew, never thinking more of their former homes or friends.

ROMAN MORALS.

BY PRINCIPAL JAMES DONALDSON, LL. D.

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IV.

THE charitable relief of the poor is a subject to which there is almost no allusion in the Roman writers who flourished before the fall of the republic. There was a reason for this in the peculiar circumstances of the Roman state. We have to dismiss the case of slaves. They might sometimes be savagely treated and starved, but generally the selfishness of the owners induced them to feed their slaves well.

It was different with the free citizen. He might be reduced to poverty. The slaves did nearly all the work which is now done by the laboring classes, so that, even if the free man had wished to follow a trade, he would have been driven out of the market by slave labor. But the free man disdained all manual toil except that of agriculture and war.

Every one had his place in the army, and the state could not do without his services. And accordingly when starvation seemed to be imminent, the state was compelled to provide him in some way or other with the means of existence. Early Roman history is full of illustrations of this fact. Each citizen had a small plot of land assigned him by which he could support himself and his

family. As the Roman conquests extended, the land acquired for the citizens was enlarged. Part of this new land was allotted to individuals. The rest was declared public, and was tenanted by the wealthier classes. But often in the wars the poorer citizens, who had few or no slaves, came back to their homes to find their acres uncultivated or devastated and no provision made for the winter. At first they borrowed from the richer citizens, but when this process could no longer be continued, they struck, they refused to fight, they demanded that their debts should be canceled and that there should be distribution among them of the public lands, which the wealthier classes, though really only tenants, were inclined to regard and treat as their own property. Hence the numerous agrarian laws, which agitated the Romans throughout nearly the whole period of the republic. These were efforts to remedy the distress of the poor citizens.

Then another feeling came into play. When the Roman generals extended their conquests to distant lands and returned laden with plunder, the poorer citizens demanded their share of the booty, which, as soldiers,

they had helped to acquire. And they obtained it, but in a somewhat roundabout way. The free citizens elected to the chief magistracies of the city; the chief magistracies led to the chief appointments in the army and in the provinces. These appointments brought enormous wealth to those who received them.

At this later stage of Roman history the attempt again was made to pass agrarian laws; but the time had really gone by, when these, to any adequate extent, could relieve the wants of the vast masses in Rome. The concentration of wealth in the hands of only a few families had led to their buying up the lands of the small proprietors throughout Italy, who were but too eager to leave the country and dwell in Rome where they could enjoy so many pleasures, amusements, and privileges. The land of Italy thus became the property of a comparatively small number of senators who gave up sowing wheat and other grains and laid out their acres in pasturage, vineyards, and olive yards; for tending the cattle and tilling the soil they used only the services of slaves, whom they possessed in large numbers. And thus there were few free men engaged in agricultural labor throughout Italy.

It was this deplorable state of affairs that roused Tiberius Gracchus to attempt an agrarian law; but he could deal only with a small portion of the unemployed free men in this way. And the great obstacle to success even with them was that they were enamored of the attractions of the city and were loath to exchange the excitements of Rome for the dullness and monotony of a rural life however comfortable and secure it might be. Caius Gracchus clearly perceived this, and he therefore combined with his agrarian legislation, legislation of another kind intended to relieve distress. This was his *lex frumentaria*, or corn law, which ordained that corn should be distributed every month at nearly half price. To prevent people buying it up in order to sell it again, it was provided that each citizen should be allowed to purchase only a fixed quantity. The law made no distinction between rich and poor. Every citizen was entitled to the fixed quantity of corn at the reduced rate.

On the death of Caius Gracchus his corn law became the object of keen strife between the aristocratic and democratic parties, and the aristocratic gained the day, when Sulla abolished the law and put an end to all dis-

tribution of corn. But Sulla's influence vanished with himself. Corn laws were again introduced, lowering the price still more, until at length the distribution of corn was made gratuitous. It was the famous, or rather infamous, Clodius to whom this measure is ascribed on somewhat doubtful authority.

Besides this, the citizens shared in other ways in the spoils which their great men brought from the provinces. Candidates for the highest honors sometimes feasted the whole population on special occasions. They provided games and theatrical exhibitions. They made roads, they built porticoes, theaters, and other public edifices at their own expense and by other like outlays of money tried to gain the favor of the masses.

In addition to this there were a few guilds of freemen who were engaged in some trade that had a connection with the worship of the gods. These had special privileges, sums of money were bequeathed to them, and they partook of the nature of benefit societies.

The establishment of the empire changed the position of affairs. Popular election came to an end. The governors of provinces were appointed by the emperor or by the senate, which was commonly a mere tool of the emperor. All depended on the one man. And he exercised control over the highest officials, so that they could no longer plunder with impunity, if he set his face against extortionate practices. The emperor was also the emperor not of a city, but of the Roman world. He had an interest in the farthest portions of his dominions and felt bound to look after the welfare of all. At the same time the position of the citizen of Rome was no longer so important as it had been. With the extension of the franchise the privileges had diminished and the influence had been lessened.

We accordingly hear much more of the poor in imperial times, and a spirit of sympathy with the poor finds expression frequently in writings of the first and second centuries. Thus in the Saturnalian Epistles which are included in the works of Lucian, the writer says in a letter to Cronos (Saturn), referring to a previous one, "I added that it was most unreasonable that some should have excessive wealth and wallow in luxury, without sharing what they have with their poorer fellowmen, while others are starving, and that, too, when the festival of the Satur-

nalía was at hand. But seeing that you at that time made no reply to this, I considered that I ought to remind you of this same fact. For you ought first of all, good Cronos, to remove this inequality and give all a fair share of the goods of life and then command us to celebrate your festival."

But, though the circumstances were thus greatly altered, there was not much change in the treatment of the citizens who lived in Rome. The empire was based on the democracy, and it continued to care for it. Only this care was no longer fitful and capricious, but organized and regular. Julius Cæsar began this organization. He reduced the number of recipients from 320,000 to 150,000 and decreed that this number should be fixed. Vacancies occurring by death were to be filled up yearly by lot from among the citizens who had not been inscribed in the previous census. The calamities of the civil war, however, made impossible a strict adherence to Cæsar's number; for Augustus, on taking the census in 2 B. C., discovered that the number of recipients had increased greatly, and he reduced it to about 200,000. Subsequent emperors seem to have kept close to this number; for in the reign of Septimius Severus it was still about the same.

It is likely that the great mass of these 200,000 men were poor. They are often called the needy or the corn-mob. Probably they did little or no work, but trusted to this public supply and other public gifts. As each recipient had to give in his name, it is unlikely that the rich would condescend to apply for their corn tickets, and indeed it would be matter of reproach to them if they did. But they derived considerable advantage from the official administration of the corn supply which was established by Augustus.

The emperor at first acted in this matter as his own minister, employing officials under him. But finally he entrusted the department to a *præfectus annonæ*, or minister of agriculture, who devoted his entire attention to it. The 200,000 recipients got their portion of corn for nothing, but the administration frequently procured for all citizens, rich and poor, a reduction of the price of corn and prevented speculators from raising it to an artificial point. In the third century the distribution of corn was given up and bread was supplied instead. It is likely that this change was introduced gradually.

Besides these regular distributions of corn,

the emperors were in the habit of presenting the citizens of Rome with gifts (*congiaria*) of money, oil, and wine on special occasions, such as a birthday, an accession, or a triumph. Oil and wine were, next to corn, the great necessities of life to the ancients. The ædiles of the year 212 B. C. not only bore the expense of the *ludi Romani*,* but also bestowed a certain amount of oil on each district of the city. L. Lucullus on his return from Asia distributed more than a hundred thousand casks of wine among the people as a present. Julius Cæsar at the celebration of his triumphs feasted the entire people sumptuously, supplying them with jars of Falerian and casks of Chian wine. He gave each person ten bushels of wheat, as many pounds of oil, and three hundred sesterces † On his veterans he lavished much larger sums and lands in addition. The emperors followed this example. Besides this they were continually making presents in money. A list of these presents, doubtless very imperfect, has come down to us. The following is the catalogue of sums spent by Augustus in this way:

	<i>Denarii.</i> ‡
44 B. C.	18,750,000
29 B. C.	25,000,000
24 B. C.	25,000,000
12 B. C.	25,000,000
5 B. C.	19,000,000
2 B. C.	12,000,000

It was of much more importance for the emperors to cultivate the good will of the prætorians and soldiers that were stationed in or near Rome than of the populace, for they often had the destinies of the throne in their hands, and, accordingly, much larger presents of money were bestowed on them.

Besides these imperial presents, the rich men of the empire spent a considerable portion of their means in the maintenance of large retinues of free citizens. They liked to have these men dancing attendance on them whenever they went to the senate or to make ceremonious visits. At first, they fed them in their own mansions and some of the more reputable among them they invited to their own dinner table. But soon they found it more convenient to give them sums of money in lieu of feasting them.

* Roman games or exhibitions.

† A sesterce is a Roman coin worth about four cents.

‡ A de-nā'ri-us is a coin valued at sixteen or seventeen cents.

The emperors did not confine their attention to Rome. History records again and again how they tried to relieve the provinces when suffering from distress. For instance, when Smyrna was ruined by an earthquake, Marcus Aurelius caused the houses to be rebuilt out of the imperial treasury and gave instructions to the proconsul to look after the welfare of the distressed people. They also devised plans for the benefit of the poor and helpless.

One feature in this aid deserves notice. In the distributions of corn, account was taken only of men. Neither women nor children had any share in them. This, in all probability, was due to the regard paid to the artificial Roman family where the father was responsible for all its members. But in imperial times the young are taken into consideration. Suetonius* tells us that in his *congiaria* to the people, Augustus gave a share even to younger boys, whereas previously only boys of eleven years of age and upward, had been accustomed to receive their portion. Trajan enrolled the boys among those who were entitled to a participation in the distribution of corn. Women never got a share; but the imperial solicitude reached them also by a new method which was adopted to provide for the wants of the poor.

This new method consisted in furnishing free maintenance to large numbers of children. Aurelius Victor† says in regard to the Emperor Nerva that "he relieved afflicted states and ordered girls and boys born of needy parents to be supported at the public expense throughout the cities of Italy." Trajan followed the example of Nerva and dedicated large sums to the object. Pliny in his *Panegyric* describes how, when the day of the distribution of presents came near, parents tried to catch the eye of the emperor and to show their little ones to him and to teach them, seated astride their shoulders, to utter flattering words to him. And the orator affirms that no nobler duty could fall to an emperor than the support of the poor. "The one way," he says, "that the poor have of rearing their children, is a good emperor." And he mentions that nearly five thousand of such free-born children were maintained at the public expense.

* See "Latin Courses in English," p. 16.

† A Roman historian who lived in the latter part of the 4th century A. D. He was prefect under Theodosius. His "History of the Cæsars," still extant, contains the lives of the emperors from Augustus to Constantius.

We learn from inscriptions, that Trajan proceeded systematically in providing for the support of boys and girls. He laid aside a particular sum as capital for the maintenance of a certain number of children in a district. This capital he invested in loans to the farmers of the district, taking their lands as security for them. He fixed a certain rate of interest, which the farmers were to pay on their bonds. And this interest was to be paid into the municipal exchequer and spent on bringing up the children.

He thus effected two purposes. He supplied the small farmers with capital to work their farms, and as the interest was low, they worked them with advantage. And the maintenance of the children was secured permanently under the care of officials who collected the interest and laid it out in buying corn for the children or in a donation of a fixed sum for each child. Thus in Veleia, a town of Liguria, 1,044,000 sesterces was the capital invested at 5 per cent. Out of the interest, 245 lawfully born boys were to receive 16 sesterces each per month, 34 lawfully born girls each 12 sesterces per month, and one illegitimate boy was to receive a monthly allowance of 12 sesterces, and one illegitimate girl a monthly allowance of 10 sesterces.

Hadrian added to the capital which Trajan thus invested, and contributed, besides, to the support of some women, from the public exchequer. Inscriptions show that Antoninus Pius and M. Aurelius increased the number of places to which the system was applied and subsequent emperors carried on and developed the scheme.

Antoninus Pius seems also to have originated a mode of charity which has taken deep root among men. He made some of his charitable outlays commemorative of his wife Faustina; for in her honor he made provision for the support of a number of girls whom he called *Faustinianæ*, after her. Marcus Aurelius followed his example and instituted new *Faustinian* girls in honor of his dead wife, who bore the same name as her mother, the wife of Antoninus Pius. In celebration of the marriage of Lucius Verus, his colleague, with his daughter Lucilla, he enrolled the names of a considerable number of boys and girls among those who were entitled to receive the distribution of corn.

Private benevolence followed in the wake of that of the emperors. Thus Pliny The

Younger presented to the town of Comum an estate worth 500,000 sesterces which yielded annually 30,000 sesterces for the maintenance of boys and girls of the humbler classes. A lady of the name of Cælia Macrina left in her will 1,000,000 sesterces to the town of Tarracina for the support of 100 boys and girls, the boys to be supported to the age of 16, the girls to the age of 14. There is every reason to believe that such bequests were not rare.

As far as our information goes, the emperors confined their scheme of alimnt to Italy, but no restriction was laid on private benevolence. Inscriptions prove to us that the charitable left sums of money for the support of boys and girls in Hispalis (Seville) in Spain and in Sicca Veneria (Kef) in Africa, and one inscription suggests that the same plan of investment as was adopted in Italy was followed in Africa and probably in other parts of the empire. Sometimes the bequests were very generous. At Sicca the sum was sufficient to maintain 300 boys and 200 girls, the maintenance beginning when the children were three years old and ending when the boys were 15 and the girls 13.

In addition to all this, notice must be taken of the funeral clubs. For, though the name might suggest a limited object, yet the opinion appears to be justified that they partook of the nature of friendly societies and the members helped each other in times of

distress. Large sums of money were also presented or bequeathed to them for giving dinners and for helping the poorer members. And the same was the case with the numerous guilds of artisans which soon extended themselves widely in imperial times.

We have no space to deal with the provision made for soldiers and their families, but as the empire depended on its soldiery, it is needless to remark that soldiers received greater advantages than the rest of the people.

Not much is known of gratuitous medical assistance to the poor. Some towns had public medical officers whose business may have been, among other matters, to attend to the poor. The armies were well provided with skillful physicians. And it is probable that the temples of Æsculapius were places where the poor could get medical aid. But the allusions to the subject are obscure and there seems to have been no regular organization of medical assistance till we come to the times of the Christian emperors.

From the imperfect sketch that has been given it will be seen that much was done for the poor in imperial times, and though there must have been great misery and often a callous indifference to human life and suffering, the heart of man throbbed with sympathy, kindness, and pity, long before Christianity made love the central motive power of every noble life and the fulfilment of the law.

(The end.)

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

BY PROFESSOR ADOLFO BARTOLI.

PART III.—THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (CONTINUED).

THE reform of the drama commenced with the melodrama. The learned Apostolo Zeno (dzā'nō) endeavored to give greater regularity to the form of the drama; he kept it within the bounds of likelihood and tried to render poetry independent of music. Another step in advance was taken by Pietro Trapassi, a Roman (1698–1782), better known by the name he bore among the Arcadians—Pietro Metastasio (mā-tās-tā'se-o). He strove to reconcile the requirements of music to those of poetry and he put new life and freshness into the drama. An idyllic sweetness is the distinctive feat-

ure of his art. Every subject seems to be equally easy to him, but this excessive sweetness and facility are his faults. He is wanting in vigor, in contrast, in the study of the true personality and historical epoch of his characters.

In the eighteenth century what was known as *Commedia dell' Arte** was in great vogue in Italy. In comedies of this class, the *maschere*, or masks (such as *Pantalone*, *Brighella*, *Arlecchino*,† etc.), took the principal

* Comedy of art.

† These were three masked characters of the popular Italian comedy. The first was a ridiculous personage representing a feeble-minded old man, who often appeared as a buffoon in pantomimes. The second per-

parts. The actors improvised their rôles, following out a preconceived plot, which they adorned with witticisms and scurrilous jests of all kinds, without the slightest regard for truth of feeling or likelihood of situation. Carlo Goldoni, a Venetian (1707-1793), rose to fight against this plebeian form of the drama. A student of the classical theater and an admirer of Molière,* he bravely set to work to reform the Italian stage. His intention was to represent the scenes and sentiments of daily life, truthfully and naturally. He was a fertile inventor of incidents and plots; the slightest event immediately took a dramatic form in his mind and the invention of his plays cost him so little fatigue that he was able to write sixteen of them (and not the least beautiful) in the space of one year. His characters, however, are not deeply studied; some are even highly conventional and, in his efforts to hide their unreality, Goldoni overdoes himself, exaggerates, and renders them insipid and uninteresting. The wonderful sprightliness of dialogue is spoilt sometimes by the doubtful purity of his language. Nor could he abstain from certain pleasantries, jokes, and popular expressions of doubtful taste. Notwithstanding these blemishes, he must be considered as the father of the reformed comedy in Italy.

Vittorio Alfieri (äl-fē-ā'ree) of Asti (1749-1803) was the father of the reformed tragedy. In his dramatic reform he had a political rather than a literary aim in view. His tragedies awoke the slumbering patriotism of the Italians and created the conscience of the nation. As he himself has said, Alfieri wished his writings to teach men to be free, strong, and generous, and, therefore, all his works breathe a deep love of his country. Enamored of the Greek and Roman ideal of popular freedom, armed against a tyrant, he preferred subjects taken from ancient history as better fitted to develop his idea. He was a preacher of freedom and revolution rather than a reformer of tragedy; an apostle of patriotism rather than a man of letters. His characters may be wanting in historical truth-

fulness, but they are placed on the stage principally to curse tyrants. His tragedies imitate the form of Racine's or Corneille's, but they thrill with the love, the hatred, the fury of the French Revolution. His style is rapid, terse, and eloquent. His sole aim is to arouse the Italians from their apathy and excite in them a feeling of personal dignity and national independence. Therefore if his tragedies are defective as works of art, they are, nevertheless, noble monuments of patriots, and inaugurate a new movement in the march of thought in Italy. This, gradually developed, led to the war of independence and the restoration of national unity.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Ugo Foscolo (1778-1827) was born at Zante, in the Ionian Isles, of Italian parents. His strength of character and the elevation of his mind seem to predestine him to leave deep traces on the literary history of his country. Like Alfieri, he deeply loved Italy and showed his love not by words only but by deeds. Having enlisted in the Cisalpine* army, he was with General Massena in Genoa when that town was besieged by the Austrians. He was a voluminous writer both in prose and in verse; he translated part of the Iliad and the elegy of Callimachus,† on the death of Berenice. When a new law of the Italian government proclaimed equality even in the tomb, Foscolo wrote his poem on *I Sepolcri*. It was destined to inspire the Italians with a feeling of veneration for the "mighty dead" and to show that their tombs had ever been sources of sacred illusions and civic virtue. This poem on the "Tombs" is the most inspired lyric of Italian literature. It had great influence on his own and the succeeding generations. Even in our own day, it is the poem which our youth best love, and which has most helped to keep alive the sacred fire of national feeling. And the same may be said of the "Last Letters of Yacopo Ortis," a kind of novel, a decided imitation of Goethe's *Werther*, but in which love is intimately allied to patriotism.

Foscolo was a man of violent and sudden passions, of a restless and impetuous temper, of vivid imagination. As a poet he has great merits and great faults. Admirable for the

sonated a proud, bold, crafty citizen. The third was noted for his knavery. He was very cowardly, but easily led by fear or self-interest to commit all sorts of trickery.

* (Mo-lê-ër.) A celebrated comic French actor and author whose original name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin (1622-1673). He was remarkable for his delineation of human character. His plays were satires on the affected style and the manners of his time, and on the weaknesses of human nature in general.

* On the side of the Alps toward Rome; Transalpine being across the Alps from Rome.

† (Kal-ilm'a-kus.) A Greek poet who flourished in the third century B. C.

harmony of his verse and the splendor of his figures, his noble thoughts, and high-minded patriotism; he is often obscure, exaggerated, and bombastic. Among his prose works, by far the best are his Letters, some of which may be placed among the first of Italian literature for their spontaneous and fluent style.

Vincenzo Monti (1754-1828) drew from the classics, the inspiration of all his literary work. He possessed rare artistic qualities, and knew how to make use of ancient and modern writers by taking the best from both. Notwithstanding his exquisite taste, clear and powerful style, richly colored and harmonious verse, the substance of his poetry is, unfortunately, very inferior to its form. He was of a weak and irresolute temper, without deep convictions and obedient to any inspiration from without. Thus he sang the praises of Luigi (Louis) XVI. and of the republic; of Napoleon and of Francis of Austria.

In his *Basvilliana*, a poem in *terza-rima*,* evidently an imitation of Dante, he supposes that the soul of Ugo Basville (ambassador of the French Republic at Rome, where he was killed by the people in January 1793) is condemned by God, to be the spectator of all the crimes and deeds of horror perpetrated by the new republic. In his *Pellegrin Apostolico* he exalts Pope Pius VI.; in his *Fanatismo* and *Superstizione* he praises the revolution; in his *Bardo della Selva Nera* and in some other poems, he sings the praises of Napoleon. His most meritorious work was his reviving in Italy the study of Dante. His translation of Homer's *Iliad* is the most beautiful ever written.

In this historical period two great principles inspired Italian poets: love of their country and of classic art. And the same sentiments inspired the prose-writers. Carlo Botta, a Piedmontese (1766-1837), wrote the history of Italy from 1789 to 1814; the history of Italy from 1534 to 1789; and the *Storia della guerra d'Indipendenza degli Stati Uniti di America* (history of the war of independence in the United States of America). In the first two works he endeavored to imitate the language and style of the Italian writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, borrowing something, too, from Titus Livius. This imitation renders his style too

pedantic and rhetorical. He cannot be said to pay much attention to accuracy in his histories, but he was an ardent defender of liberty, eloquent, full of enthusiasm for the glories of Italy and a fierce and open foe to every species of tyranny.

Pietro Colletta (1775-1831), author of the *Storia del reame di Napoli* (history of the kingdom of Naples), also made history an instrument for his political ends. He, too, was a lover of the classics and a supporter of the liberty and independence of Italy.

This patriotic feeling penetrated every branch of literature, sometimes almost unconsciously. To this period of our history belongs a phenomena of the highest literary interest. The Italian language had been gradually corrupted, especially after the invasion of the French early in the eighteenth century.

Melchiorre Cesarotti (chā-sä-rōt'tee) (1730-1808) maintained in one of his books that the traditional and historical elements of a language are of no consequence, and that a writer may take his words where he finds them, and even invent them if he will. Against this theory rose the school of so-called *Puristi*, i. e., defenders of the purity of the language. They maintained that the Italian twelfth-century writers were the only lawful authorities on language, whether written or spoken. And, in fact, this idea of the Purists was a patriotic one. Just as some defended Italy against the invasion of foreign armies, they defended the language against the invasion of foreign words. But Antonio Cesari (1760-1828) evidently did not comprehend this. He was the head of the Purist school and a great promoter of the study of the old Tuscan writer.

Another Purist, Guilio Perticari (1779-1822), wrote denying the right of Tuscany to the supremacy in language. Perticari's motive was also a patriotic one, as the idea of Cesari seemed to him too mean and narrow-minded. In this battle of languages, Vincenzo Monti also took part and shows more learning than the other writers.

One of the few Purists who treated serious subjects was Pietro Giordani (jor-dä'nee) (1774-1848), a noble, energetic, and indomitable apostle of liberty and an elegant classical scholar. We now come to the contemporary period of Italian literature. It is well known that toward the middle of the eighteenth century the reaction from the ideas of the

* (Těrt'sä-rě'mä.) "A peculiar and complicated system of versification borrowed by the early Italian poets from the Troubadours."

French encyclopedists gave birth to a new school called the Romantic, which soon spread to France and to England. It would be a hard task to define Romanticism for it took many different forms. Goethe's Romanticism is not like Schiller's,* nor Byron's like that of Châteaubriand.† The first fruits of this new literary tendency were the so-called poems of Ossian published, in 1758, by a young Scotchman called Macpherson, who pretended that he had translated them from the Gaelic. This false Ossian made much noise in Europe and was translated into Italian by Cesarotti. This was the first sign of Romanticism in Italy.

Later on, in 1816, a work appeared from the pen of Giovanni Berchet (bār-shā'), an ardent patriot as well as a student of foreign literature. He maintained that all classical imitations, mythology, all old theories, in fact, should be proscribed; that true poetry ought to be popular and aim only at the moral improvement of mankind.

Two years later, in 1818, a newspaper called *Il Conciliatore* sprang into existence. It was founded by a few young men of northern Italy and supported the theories of the Romantic school. The head of this school was Alessandro Manzoni of Milan (1785-1873), who expressed the intentions of the new school in the following words: to propose utility as an aim, truth for a subject, and entertainment as a means.

One of Manzoni's earliest productions was his *Tuni Sacri* (sacred hymns), in which, casting aside every method adopted up to that time, he treated in a novel manner the greatest events of the Christian religion—the Nativity, the Passion, Pentecost, etc., humanizing, so to say, religious feeling, with an accent of deep sincerity, without having recourse to any of the conventional adornments of poetry. He next wrote two tragedies, the *Conte di Carmagnola* and *Adelchi*, in open violation of the classical traditions which Alfieri so scrupulously had followed; disregarding the old Aristotelean unities of time and place, he inserts choruses between the acts. These are intended to express the feelings inspired by the action of the

tragedy. He is very faithful to historical truth. One of the choruses in *Adelchi*, that on the death of Ermengarda, the repudiated wife of Charlemagne, is undoubtedly the most sublime lyric in the whole European literature.

Manzoni's masterpiece, however, is a novel, the plan of which was suggested to him by reading Walter Scott. The *Promessi Sposi* (the betrothed) is an eminent work of art, uniting historical truth with inventive fiction, the reality of the characters, the powerful description of scenery, and the originality of style. The different characters in the book are studied and portrayed with an astonishing power of psychological analysis. No two of them are alike—the domineering feudal lord, the cowardly priest, the cheating lawyer, the saintly monk, the sensual nun, the innocent country-girl. All are scrutinized, and, as it were, anatomized even to the deepest recesses of their souls, and become to us real, living people. The general ideas in Manzoni's work are never rendered too explicit; never solemnly denounced; they are concealed beneath the interest of the narrative and only pierce through this veil now and then in some jest; shadowed forth in some comparison or hinted at by some acute question. Very different from so many books filled with commonplaces, which the more we read the emptier we find them; every time we read over the *Promessi Sposi*, we find it richer in deep reflections, each of them reaching far beyond the particular fact to which it seems to refer. And, on the other hand, the details of the book, the minutiae of every kind, every word or action of the different characters, are of incredible perfection. As a model of language and style also, this work of Manzoni's is of the utmost importance. Prose writing in Italy always had been more or less academical, but Manzoni's example taught that the true fount of language was to be looked for among the people, that style could not be learned from certain conventional models, but must be drawn from the depths of the soul and from the subject to be treated; in short, that the written language must be that which is spoken by those who can speak it well.

Many other writers rallied round Manzoni and the school he represented: Berchet of Milan (1783-1851), the author of many patriotic poems which won for him the surname

*Johann Christoph Friedrich. (1759-1805.) The great national poet of Germany. A dramatist and historian also.

†(Shā-tō-brē-ong.) (1768-1848.) A renowned French author.

of "the Italian Tyrtæus";* Tommaso Grossi (1791-1853), who wrote tales in verse, a poem, and an historical novel of little value; Silvio Pellico (1789-1854) by relating in *Le mie Prigioni*, his sufferings in the Austrian prison of Spielberg; Samuele Biava (1790-1876), the author of the highly popular *Melodie Liriche* (lyrical melodies); Giuseppe Nicolini of Brescia (1788-1855), who translated Byron and wrote a biography of Sir Walter Scott; and Goffredo Maneli (1827-1849), who wrote patriotic songs and lost his life in defending Rome against the French in 1849.

While the Romantic school was most flourishing a youth of Recanati in the Marches of Ancona,† was educating himself, lonely and sad, to the art of writing: Giacomo Leopardi (1798-1837) though in weak health, almost deformed in body, and born of aristocratic, bigoted, and miserly parents, yet had studied deeply the Latin and Greek authors. His earlier poems show traces of the influence of his classical studies. But little by little a change took place in his mind, which gave an impress of its own to all his literary work. Either on account of his personal imperfections, or through his experience of life and contact with its harsh reality, Leopardi became possessed by a deep sorrow, boundless skepticism, and universal and deep-rooted pessimism. This state of mind has impressed itself on all his literary productions; he created the poetry of universal sorrow. Leopardi was the Schopenhauer‡ of Italian literature. His struggle against doubt, the cry of anguish which bursts from his soul, his tears, all give to his poems a new, powerful, and original tone. He never seeks after rhetorical ornament. Elevated, simple, sub-

lime, every verse is a tear. Even while he is cursing nature, he paints it with wonderful reality, and even while cursing mankind his heart yearns with patriotic love. The *Ricordanze*; *Bruto Minore*; *L'ultimo canto di Saffo*; *La quiete*; and the *Passero Solitario* are lyrics unequaled by any others in Italian literature. They are masterpieces of sincerity expressed in the simplest form. The following maxim of Leopardi's, that "unhappiness is the only and necessary inheritance of mankind," is repeated in his prose works also, and with terribly calm reasoning and cutting sarcasm against such as still attach some value to life. Both classicism and romanticism united in Leopardi's writings; the romanticism of Byron, Shelley, and even of Victor Hugo, in which we seem to hear the cries, the lamentations, and imprecations of modern man in his struggle to decide between the ideal of his soul and the realism which surrounds him; between rebellion and faith; between the past and the future.

Leopardi also attempted satire, but not very successfully, and it is easy to understand why. His only impression was one of sorrow; and when he did force himself to laugh, he lied to himself. He was unable to see the comic side of things, and, therefore, could not be a satirical poet.

This humorous side was seen, however, by two poets who gave to Italian literature a novel and beautiful specimen of satire. Carlo Porta of Milan (1776-1821) and Giovacchino Belli of Rome (1791-1863). Porta, the friend of Grossi and a Romantic poet to the backbone, ridiculed classic writers, the clergy, the French, and the Germans with insuperable wit and delicate irony. Belli pitilessly scourged the papal government, and portrayed, with marvelous skill, the life and character of the Roman people. Each wrote in his own dialect, but their popular satire is even more effectual than that of Parini.

Another Tuscan, Giuseppe Giusti (joos'tee) (1809-1850), wrote satires which had great celebrity in their day. He took the French poet Beranger* for his model. In an epigrammatic style, he ridicules the vices of his time, and his patriotism stands out sharply against his witticisms and raillery. The satires of Giusti had great influence in Italy

*(Tir-tee'us.) An eminent Greek poet and musician who lived in the seventh century B. C. "According to tradition, the Spartans, instructed by the Delphic oracle, requested the Athenians to send them a leader. The Athenians in derision sent Tyrtæus, a lame school-master. He composed martial songs by which the Spartans were animated to victory in their war against the Messenians."

†"An old division of territory in central Italy, which in the Middle Ages included the country between the duchy of Urbino and the march of Fermo." The Marches is now a name given to a district in Italy comprising the four provinces of Ancona, Ascoli-Piceno, Macerata, and Pesaro and Urbino. Fermo is one of the cities in this district.

‡(Sho-pen-how'er), Arthur. (1788-1860.) A famous pessimist philosopher of Germany. He believed that the will was the one reality in the universe; that every thing else was only an appearance; and he taught that the world is wholly evil.

* (Bā-rong-zhā), Pierre Jean. (1780-1857.) His lyric poems, bold, patriotic, and sometimes satirical, were received with great favor by the common people, but often gave offense to the government.

during the years which preceded the revolution of 1848. Giovanni Battista Nicolini (1785-1861), another Tuscan poet, also belongs to the period of the revolution. He wrote tragedies, in which is veiled a patriotic tendency. He was an ardent supporter of Italian liberty and independence, and a fierce enemy of the papacy. His tragedies, *Arnaldo da Brescia*, *Giovanni da Procida*, *Antonio Foscari*, etc., served to propagate his opinions. Though a great student of the classics, he preferred the style of the chief English and German dramatists.

Among the lyrical poets nearer to our own times, we must mention Giovanni Prati (1815-1884) and Aleardo Aleardi (1812-1870). The former was superior to all his contemporaries in fertile fancy, easy, and musical versification; while the delicate and graceful genius of the latter is joined to a deep understanding of nature and the affections, and in instinctive beauty of form.

Many are the living poets of Italy, perhaps too many, but it is hard to judge them. One alone soars far above the others in merit and fame; Giosuè Carducci (car-doot'chee)—of powerful and restless imagination, a follower of the classics, and yet a Romantic, elegiac, and satirical writer. His disciple, Giovanni Marradi, follows in the footsteps of his master, whom he sometimes equals. Therefore, the highest poetical genius of the lyric writers in the nineteenth century is still Leopardi.

The present century has been rich in prose works. Francesca Domenico Guerrazzi (gwër-rät'see) (1804-1873), the celebrated conspirator and friend of Giuseppe Mazzini,* wrote patriotic novels. The subjects which he specially preferred, contain accounts of bloody and ferocious deeds, brutal passion, and infamous characters. Beneath the in-

terest of the tales we feel the heart of the writer beating, blaspheming, cursing, in a wordy and convulsive style. Guerrazzi's books were much admired by the youth of the period preceding the revolution of 1848. Few read them now. Massimo d'Azeglio (däd-zäl'yo) (1798-1866) was also a novelist and a patriot. D'Azeglio was not only a man of letters, but also a clever painter and a politician. His novels were intended to remind the Italians of their former grandeur, to teach them to abandon idleness and effeminacy, and show a strong and manly temper. They are not masterpieces, but they are still largely read. In philosophy the most original writer was Antonio Rosmini (1797-1855), a man of virtuous soul and deep and acute mind.

But far more celebrated was Vincenzo Gioberti (1801-1852), who, though inferior in speculative genius, wrote books which had great influence in bringing about the Italian revolution. In his *Primato civile e morale degli Italiani* he endeavors to prove, by dint of eloquence and sophistry, that every principle of true civilization originated in Italy. He wrote also the *Gesuita Moderno*, the most terrible accusation that has ever been written against the Jesuits, and the *Rinnovamento civile d' Italia*, a book of political discussion.

Italian activity has been greatly exercised in historical writings during this century. It, however, has been applied to civil rather than to literary history. Cesare Balbo (1789-1853) wrote good books though of a rather ultracatholic tendency. A masterly work on the *Vespri Siciliani* has appeared from the pen of Michele Amari, a learned Orientalist. Among the works of living writers, those of Pasquale Villari (on Savonarola and Machiavelli) have been highly praised; as have likewise those of Rajna (rī-nä) on Ariosto, and others too numerous to mention. The most brilliant prose writer is Edmondo de Amicis, author of the *Bozzetti Militari* (military sketches) and *Viazzi* (travels). Among novelists few rise above mediocrity. One only shows really original genius—the Veronese Fogazzaro (fō-gät-sä'ro).

(The end.)

* (Mat-see'nee.) (1808-1872.) A distinguished Italian patriot and writer. He devoted himself at an early age to the liberation of his native land, and openly placed himself at the head of the republican patriotic plotters. In order to bring about a united Italy, he strove both by his writings and by his acts to incite his countrymen to revolution, for which he was more than once exiled before he saw his wish accomplished. He was a man of genius and virtue and of great nobleness of soul.

CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.*

PARAPHRASED BY PRESIDENT D. H. WHEELER, D. D., LL. D.

Of Allegheny College.

THE year 1848 was in all central Europe a politically tempestuous one. Revolutions swept over France, Germany, Hungary, and Italy, and their storms set in motion those great currents of feeling and thought which, in the decade 1859-1869, brought in the Third Republic, United Germany, the Kingdom of Italy, and Austria-Hungary. Forty-eight seemed to issue only in failure. Four years afterward, the old order had regained all it lost in the hurricane of popular revolt and seemed even to have added something to its security. In Germany and Italy, the princes and dukes were all back in their places; Hungary lay prostrate under military rule; and France had surrendered herself to "Napoleon the Little." As for the reforms of the Pope, they did not outlive the year of the cyclone, but passed into history in November when Pius Ninth took shelter under the Bourbon's guns at Gaeta.†

The movements of 1848 were the work of a great emotion. They everywhere lacked all the characteristics of statesmanship, but they had behind them the mighty winds of human feeling. In this respect they resemble only one other human epoch. In the earlier chapters of the Crusades, you see the same regions swept by tides of feeling which rise above the barriers of race, language, and govern-

ment. One strong throb of the human heart traversed in each period the whole central space of the old Western Empire of Rome. And both these tides of emotion seemed to have rolled over Europe in vain. The Crusades ended with the Moslem in possession of the whole East; the revolutions of 1848 ended in the total rout of the armies of Liberty. But we know now that the Crusades saved Europe to the Cross, and that 1848 enthroned Victor Emmanuel on the Capitoline Hill in 1870.

A poet should tell the history of an emotion such as Italy felt in 1848. The prose version will always lack the divine justification of a sublime insanity like that. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in Part First of "Casa Guidi Windows," has more than justified the year of emotion, not by an argument but by a rhythmic rendering of the emotion itself. Merely to see the Italian heart heave and swell with the rising tide of patriotism is to know, better than any logic can know, why the tide rose and why it fell. Let us look from Casa Guidi windows through the eyes of the greatest poet among women.

We must first, however, try to construct the background of the vision. Pius Ninth, elected Pope in June 1846, gave the first effective impulse to the emotion of 1848. He at once professed liberal principles. He emptied the prisons of Rome, most of whose wretched tenants were political prisoners. In 1847, the movement secured to the people of Rome, of Piedmont, and of Tuscany, new constitutions. The rest of Italy took fire. The year 1848 opened with popular risings in Milan (then ruled by Austria) and in Palermo and in Naples. Austria bludgeoned Milan back into obedience, but the Bourbon king of Naples gave the Two Sicilies a constitution. Then followed the French revolt from Louis Philippe and the second French Republic (to become in a short space the victim of Napoleon Third). Then the blessed insanity of Liberty swept over the Rhine and down the Danube. The relations of Pius Ninth to this whole conflagration is that of a man who applies the torch to a mass of combustibles.

* (Kä'sä gwe'dē.) The title of the poem is taken from the name of the house in which Mrs. Browning lived while in Florence. *Casa* is the Italian word for house.

† (Gä-ä'ta.) This fortified city is in the province of Caserta, southern Italy, in an arm of the Mediterranean, about seventy-two miles from Rome. It is an older city than Rome; tradition says that it was founded by Æneas in honor of his nurse Cajeta who died on its shore. In 1815 it was taken from the French by the Austrians, and became part of the Kingdom of Naples.—The "Bourbon" under whose guns the Pope took shelter was Ferdinand II., king of the Two Sicilies, a descendant of the ducal and royal family of Bourbon whose different branches have ruled as kings over France, Spain, and Naples (Two Sicilies). The name, Bourbon, is derived from an island in the Indian Ocean, about four hundred ten miles east of Madagascar, belonging to France. It is now called Réunion. There is an account of the fief of Bourbon being held in the tenth century by the descendants of the brother of Charles Martel. The fief was erected into a dukedom by the French king, Charles IV., in 1327. Henry IV. of France, crowned in 1594, was the first royal representative of this house.

It is certain that he had meant to do no such thing.

The misunderstanding had many contributing causes, not all of which have yet escaped from the archives of diplomacy. One cause, however, gave the fire its uplift into an avalanche of flame. It was the fact that Austria opposed and threatened him; for Austria represented in that year, and for two decades longer, the old despotic order. The "iron rule of Austria" was, for half a century after 1815, a summary description of that government's reputation in Liberal Europe. "A pope whom Austria threatened with an invading army must be a liberal pope. *We* might be deceived but Austria must know the truth"—this logic of 1848 was as good as emotional reformers could desire. There were innumerable creations of unreason agitating the popular feeling. One asserted that the Pope was aiming to become the moral head of a great federation of Liberty embracing all western Europe.

But in reality, Pius Ninth made no real reforms. He signed a constitution creating a parliament with two houses; but the acts of this parliament were subject to the approval of the college of cardinals* (substantially the old government). He proclaimed the freedom of the press but he did not abolish the censorship of the press, which was the only obstacle to free printing. The people demanded bread instead of these stones, and being refused, they broke into revolt and practically drove Pius from Rome. When he came back under the protection of French bayonets, the wave of emotion had subsided and people wondered why they had ever believed that a pope could freely allow people to govern themselves *in their own way*. No doubt Pius Ninth (or any other autocrat) would gladly permit people to govern themselves in *his* way; perhaps he expected the Romans to consider this as political freedom.

We are now ready to assist at the coronation of the great emotion of 1848 in "Casa Guidi Windows." The poem strikes the theme in the first notes.

*"A body of ecclesiastics who rank in dignity next to the pope and act as his counselors in the government of the church.—In case of a vacancy in the papal office they maintain order in the church and protect its interests till a new pope is elected by themselves from their own number. They are appointed by the pope, and are divided into three classes or orders, called in full, cardinal-bishops (6 in number), cardinal-priests (50), and cardinal-deacons, (14)."

I heard last night a little child go singing
'Neath Casa Guidi Windows, by the church,
O bella liberta, O bella!

It is a little child "not long ago by mother's hands steadied upon its feet," and the child's song, caught from the popular throat, is an epitome of the whole revolution. The song stirs the poet's soul to memories of this Italy, widow of empires, of her great singers, artists, martyrs. The glory of genius and the shame of servitude seem to stand over against each other; mocking each at other. Allusions flash through the verse, and now and then one stands long enough to be photographed in a dozen lines. For example: Is Italy a Juliet of nations over whose fair eyelids the violet crown has slipped, and is nothing left of this Juliet but such another marble trough as they show you at Verona, calling it the tomb of Shakspeare's Juliet? Or this: The Night and Day and Dawn and Twilight of Michael Angelo wait in marble scorn, like dogs upon a dunghill; is it for nothing that they wait? Or this: How can aspiration sleep on here where Giotto planted his bell-tower, like an unperplexed fine question Heaven-ward? Nay, all this cannot be in vain; and behold here sings the hopeful child for liberty's sweet sake. And the poet will forget the shame of centuries of submission, forget the long-delayed and yet unfulfilled promise of Hope, and, hand in hand with the small child, go singing *Bella liberta*.

It is true that Italy sits still upon her tombs, that men deride her as the land of the dead, and, when asked, "What is Italy?" they mock back at you, "It is Virgil, Catullus, Cæsar," and, if pressed for further description, add, "It is Boccaccio, Dante, Petrarch," and if you still inquire, sneer again, "It is Angelo, Raffaele, Pergolese." But the poet cannot accept the answer. These splendid lives must still breathe life into their nation. All that they were and achieved, all that the martyrs of truth and nationality have suffered, must be but deep ploughing and abundant harrowing for a magnificent harvest. Italy's memories still argue "evermore"—her graves implore her future to be strong and not afraid. We do not serve the dead. God lifts His glorious mornings up before the eyes of men and bids us turn to wakeful prayer and worthy act. The mighty dead shall not always employ us upon dessicating praise of them and make us oblivious of *our* acts because *they* acted well. If these

had not walked their furlong, we could not walk our mile. Who would dare to build temples, if there were no tombs in sight? Who would have the courage to live without some dead man's benison? Who would strive for right if, looking up, he saw not in the sun some angel of the martyrs? Could I sing this song if my dead masters had not helped to make me strong?

All this expostulation is a kind of war cry for liberty. Let Italy have done with eulogium of her graves; let her honor them by building something nobler than Giotto's bell-tower, by removing Michael Angelo's statues from the Medicean dunghill to the bosom of an emancipated Italy. The thought runs zig-zag like lightnings from point to point of retrospect—runs half by the wings of emotion, but ever to one sure end. Let dead Italy give place to living Italy. Then the poet touches a nearer memory—of this resurrected Italy.

A few weeks before, she had seen Florence flooding all her streets and squares with a tumult and desire. All faces full of flush and fire were turned one way—toward the Pitti Palace, the residence of the Grand Duke who had recently bewitched them into love of him by the gift of the new constitution. One special gift moved them to adoring gratitude. Henceforth their citizens' bands would take the place of hireling foreign soldiers as guardians of their homes. All the Tuscan citizens poured their human tides into the capital as if toward the first torch of Italian freedom lit to toss into the face of the next tiger who, in a greedy fit, might come too near. For armed Florence meant free Tuscany to their eager hopes. From Casa Guidi windows, the poet looks upon an orderly procession—in a land knowing in its basest hour how to order a public ceremony. Shouts keep time to the martial music; there is a gladness beyond music; a great streaming joy rolls through the glittering lines. They glitter because every magistrate and public functionary has on him the proud harness of his station. Silks ripple in scarlet and blue; there is all along the glowing line a hovering cloud of kerchiefed heads. The church is there with her gowned monks. A black standard honors the martyrs (name no name, but count the graves in silence). Then come the artists, and close on their heels the trades, and then

an orderly mass of men in blouses over whom waves the standard [which now flanks every throne in the world] bearing the inscription *THE PEOPLE!* The shouts swell out full and strong as Future Government marches grandly on, and the poet rests from her vision long enough to say: "The people; the word means dukedom, empire, majesty; and kings, in such an hour, might read it so." Then come the deputies of the several Tuscan cities with their venerable banners. Sienna's she-wolf, Pisa's Hare, Massa's Gold, and Pienza's Silver Lion, Arezzo's prancing steed—one by one pass under Casa Guidi's windows, and the whole street on either hand thunders with applause. And to make the scene brilliant with promise, the citizens of all the lands where liberty has friends, follow the Tuscan deputies; and English, French, and Greek flags flutter above them. And as they pass, the very stones of the streets seem breaking into thanks and rattling in the sky, such a hurricane of *vivas* rolls over the city. For three whole hours, the streets ring with such music. Rude men, unconscious of the tears that kept their beards moist, shouted. Some laughed, some wept, and asked not why they laughed or wept; friends kissed each other; enemies kissed each other still more joyously; babies leaped and crowed; lovers forgot each other; maidens neglected to finger their throats to know if the necklace kept its place; blind men smiled as if they saw.

O heaven, cries our poet, I think that day had noble use among God's days! Who doubts it? It was only a great passionate outburst of emotion, but it knit men's souls together in the desire of Italian freedom; and experience afterward did the lesser thing in making them wise in means to gain their ends.

Where did all the people meet that day to form their ranks, choose leaders, and unroll their banners? Not in the *Loggia*. There sits Cellini's* god-like "Perseus" and there is the dim bust of Buonarroti's† "Brutus." But by a choice instinct of the eternal fitnesses, the people gathered about a plain flat stone in the pavement in face of Brunelleschi's church, where stories tell that Dante loved to sit in converse with his friends. How fine

* (Chēl-lee'nee.) Benvenuto. (1500-1570.) An Italian artist, a worker in metals. The bronze group of "Perseus and Medusa," his masterpiece, awakened great enthusiasm as soon as it appeared.

† (Boo-o-nār-rot'ee.) Michael Angelo.

the sense that sought out for such a use the favorite haunt of the great singer whom Florence banished! What funeral or festal honors could equal this reverential act of devotion! In the morning, after the long night of our degradation, let us begin our march to liberty from the stone that our Dante loved!

But processions and civic splendors, and deafening thunders of applause will not save Italy. A chariot wheel may spin fast and yet the chariot never roll. Will, therefore, O my Italy, to be strong. Austrian Metternich can fix no yoke unless the neck agree. When nations roar like lions, who shall tame them?

But our poet remembers that a lion's hunt and a lion's vengeance are brutal things. True, we have ever needed Cæsars to assist man's justice and Napoleons to explain God's counsel, but we ought to attain Christ's stature nearer. Who will teach us how to fill a breach with olive branches, how to quench a lie with truth, how to smite a foe with Christ's most conquering kiss? We shall yet have thinkers in the place of fighters. We want in Italy not popular passion to arise and crush, but popular conscience to covenant with known righteousness. We want light in some high soul, crowned capable to lead the people. But where shall Italy look for this born leader? We know not. None of us can lay his hand upon a man in all this throng and say, "This is our leader." Yet we know this leader will stand plain and build the golden pipes and synthesize this people-organ for a holy strain. Like Luther he may gird his waist with a monk's rope; like Tell he may be a hunter of goats; like Massaniello he may dry his nets when the sky is blue, or he may sit on triple-piled throne velvets like other pontiffs, and in the Poorest's name bless the poor. Come whence he may, blessed be that man. Even Death shall cast him back upon the lap of Life to live more surely. Rome had a Brutus with his knife, a Rienzi with his fasces; and if Rome have a pope who will rend the scarlet of his papal vest to gird the weak loins of his countrymen, this pope may rob all graves of their glory. Country-saving is a glorious business. If a common man achieves it, well. If a rich man do it, cry, "Excellent." If a king, why then it is sublime. If a priest—well, that is improbable. If a pope under-

take the task!—Ah, we cannot bring our faith up to the leap, history's bell hangs so heavy round the neck of poor Faith.

If thou art this leader, O Pius Ninth, stretch out thy feet and I will kiss them as reverently as any pilgrim. But let us be wary and mark the kiths and kins of circumstance and office. This Ninth Pius in Seventh Gregory's chair, with Andrea Doria's* forehead! Explore this mummy in the priestly cope and discern if you may, how he, an honest man, upon the watch for fifty years, contrived to become a pope. A pope must not love truth too dangerously, must submit to see the people swallow hot husk-porridge which his prelates stir. At best this Pius is a pope. We want a man!

But our leader shall have welcome, be he pope or peasant.†

Golden Dawn is tripping over the mountains. Our hour is near. Who will hesitate to give his life for Italy? Why, Dante has given five centuries to make his fatherland glorious. Ariosto and Petrarch are still flinging their splendors over Italy. Come, my Tuscans. Bring swords if these be necessary; but first bring souls. Bring thoughts, bring words; yes, and fail not to bring songs, for these may touch the dull reason of your neighbors into life.

Let the lands of Europe breathe upon and swell the unfurled banners of Italy. For what do you not owe to this fair peninsula! Your artists' brows would have worn no laurel if Italian hands had not planted it. Buonarrotti's marble and Raffaele's canvas gave life to your sculptors and painters. Why, England holds from Italy her themes of Shakspeare and the Fiesole of Milton and his Vallombrosa. He remembered Vallombrosa and smiled remembering while he sang of Adam's paradise. So is all Italy divine to Englishmen, to all men, steeped in the thoughts, fancies, memories of a thousand songs in other than Italian keys. When young we loved Rome's wolf before we loved the divinity of truth; and Ovid's dreaming tales and Petrarch's song we loved before we loved Love's self. Let us then bear Italy to the height where prayers arrive—helping this

* (1468-1560.) A Genoese noble known as the restorer of Genoese liberty.

† The leader when he came was neither pope nor peasant, but a member of that aristocracy which has effected nearly all the beneficent changes in government. Count Cavour led Italy to freedom in unity.—D. H. W.

cause of southern men who strive in God's name for man's rights.

And then, as if the news of bloodshed in Naples and Palermo had just reached her ears, the poet cries out : So let them die ! The world

shows nothing is lost ; therefore, blood is never lost. Success settles nothing for wrong or crime. The martyrs will go on living among men. Heroic daring is the true success : the eucharistic bread requires no leaven.

HOW TO TRAVEL IN ITALY.

BY J. P. MAHAFFY, M. A.

Of Dublin University.

LET me begin by telling my many Chautauqua friends that if they, like many Americans, expect nothing but eulogy of their nation from any intelligent foreigner, they are not wise, and in that expectation show themselves, more thoroughly than they would wish, to be indeed a young nation. The first new step which I trust America will make in social matters, is to take criticism in a sensible manner, and not set it down forthwith either to the malevolence of the writer or the unavoidable necessities of life in the New World. Even the American nation must bear to hear the flaws in its luster pointed out without resenting it as an insult.

I am not going to say any thing now which any reasonable person will not admit to be true, and I only mention slight defects for the purpose of having them cured—the only valid reason for criticism of this kind.

It is, I think, conceded in Europe that no civilized man now spends so much money in traveling as the American, and yet we are also agreed that in spite of what is called the Yankee shrewdness, no travelers get a smaller return for their outlay. We are also agreed that this arises from two causes : excessive hurry, and want of previous training in the art of traveling. For there *is* such an art, and the object of this paper is to suggest some of its principal features. Though I think it more practical to take a special country, which, perhaps, is the best worth seeing in the world, still most of what I say will apply generally, *mutatis mutandis*,* to any part of Europe. And when this greater problem is settled, the question of hurry will be easy enough to determine.

Suppose now that a worthy American citizen finds he has made money, and has leisure,

nothing is more obvious than that he should think of seeing the famous centers of ancient and mediæval culture, the homes of art, the famous natural beauties which he suspects are not greater than those of his own country. So he talks to his wife, and then broaches the subject to his delighted daughters, the sons are probably in business—have not yet attained leisure—and they make up their minds to go to Europe and see Italy. But they assume that on the way, in a three months' tour, they will include England and France and perhaps take Germany on the way homeward.

But what about the details ? Probably they buy an American guide-book—I have seen some very bad ones—and becoming bewildered with details, take refuge in that harbor of the intellectually destitute—Cook's* nearest office, when a highly competent and obliging official maps out the whole thing, counts the cost, and assures them that he will see them safely through the whole adventure. This is perfectly practical and sensible from the agent's point of view ; not so from the tourist's. For the latter is never told what above all it behooves him to know : first, that if he wants to see or know any thing solid or serious about Italy he must devote at least three months to that country alone ; secondly, that there is hardly any use in his doing that until he and his family have spent a year of their leisure in reading up good books about the cities, galleries, history, arts of Italy.

I will not venture to make a still further demand, for it may seem unreasonable. We cannot expect that projecting travelers will attack the language. Yet I can assure them all, having traveled much in countries where I could talk with the natives, a little in countries where I could not, that each day in a

* See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for May, p. 222.

* Thomas Cook was the founder of an extensive tourist system.

strange country where you can speak the language is worth five days in the same country when you cannot. Let me add that to learn even to converse in a rude, practical way, to ask for what you want, and understand the answer, *is not a difficult task*. Get lessons from a native, and learn by talking daily; a few months will suffice, and if you know Latin and French, a few weeks at Italian will attain as good a result. While, therefore, it would be absurd to dissuade any one from traveling till he has mastered the tongue of the country he is about to visit, let every tourist remember that to see and understand civilized nations, with a history and a character, such knowledge is of the highest importance.

It is, of course, only one branch of the larger and more exacting desideratum—high culture, which creates in the wanderer varied and more intense interests than can be imagined by the ignorant or the half-educated. And here, indeed, we might fairly say that the whole of one's previous life should be the proper introduction to traveling. Unless you know things beforehand, the time and money spent in traveling will be wasted to a great extent. But with this preface, let us see what can be done to make up for the defects in early training.

An example from the country we are considering will make the matter plain. Let us suppose the tourist from the Great Republic to have arrived safely at Genoa. What should he do? How long should he stay? How should he spend his time? Too many, I fear, regard Genoa as a mere halting-place on the way to Rome, and merely consider how they may find the most comfortable inn at which they can dine and sleep before going on. If they do take an outing they probably will be advised by some vulgar guide-book or by the porter at the hotel, to drive to the modern cemetery, where the rich citizens have vied with each other in setting up expensive, tawdry, sensational monuments in marble, rather indicating ostentation and vulgarity, than grief for buried relations. The only reason why any person of good taste need ever see these vulgarities is to compare them with the marble reliefs brought together from the tombs at Athens, that he may learn what an artistic and cultivated people have done when they desired to commemorate domestic afflictions. On this, I have already said my say in my "Rambles in Greece."

Putting aside, then, altogether, this worse

than waste of time, what should we see in Genoa? In the first place, the best portraits ever painted by Vandyke* are there, scattered through various palaces; all easy of access—the Palazzo Rosso, the Palazzi Darazzo, the Pallavicini, Cattaneo, etc. But there is little use in telling the traveler this, unless he knows who Vandyke was, and why he excelled all portrait painters excepting Rembrandt†; why, again these Genoese pictures are richer in color, and more splendid than his earlier works. (He had just been studying Titian at Venice.) The Marchesa Cattaneo and her husband are perhaps the finest pair of the kind in the world; and yet not one tourist in one hundred that visits Genoa has ever heard of them. The search after these masterpieces brings us into those famous palaces which are peculiarly splendid specimens of the Renaissance house-building of the sixteenth century. But then you should know what Renaissance building means, and with what earlier styles it is contrasted. This you can study in the very same city, if you compare the other churches, such as the Cathedral (San Lorenzo) and the Crusaders' Church (S. Giovanni) with the very gorgeous Church of the Annunziata, or even if you compare the nave of S. Lorenzo with the much later choir. But then you must have read about church building, about Romanesque and Norman, about Gothic and Classical styles. The traveler with this kind of knowledge will find in the buildings of Genoa delightful study for several days.

Nor should he forget to observe the extraordinary beauty of the situation, which must be seen from either of the horns of the bay which stand out east and west of the city. If he has a garden at home, and studies the laying out of grounds and the culture of flowers, he will find in the same place two remarkable specimens of Italian gardening which may suggest to him all manner of novelties both in flowers and the treatment of them. These are the very artificial, elaborate gardens of the Villa Pallavicini, and the beautiful terraces of the Scoglietto. Here may be seen what art can do with a rocky slope, very steep, and with no advantage save a sunny aspect, and the possibility of watering it in cascades from above.

I have not nearly exhausted the curiosi-

*Sir Anthony. (1599-1641.) A renowned Flemish artist.

†See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April, p. 97.

ties of Genoa — its other great pictures, its curious old churches, its peculiarity of building in layers of black and white marble, its archives, its university, for these things are the pursuit of specialists, and what we desire to see is merely what should interest every educated person. But even our narrow project,—how much previous education does it not require?

There are three other cities by which the modern traveler who goes by rail or steamer, can enter north Italy—Turin, Milan, and Venice, not to speak of Verona, which can be reached by crossing the Brenner Pass, and descending the Lago di Garda.* I will not say a word about Turin, because it is the most modern, and therefore the least interesting, though even here the Egyptian museum is among the best in Europe. But Milan presents a series of curiosities not less than those of Genoa, of which many escape the victims of a hurried tour. There are but too many who will spend all their time in the gorgeous but not first-rate cathedral—it requires some training to know why it is not first-rate—and will neglect the Ambrosian Library, which not only contains priceless treasures in the way of MSS., missals, ancient printing, etc., but preserves in its upper story an immense collection of sketches from pictures by Raffaele, Michael Angelo, and Lionardo da Vinci. If you desire to enter into the secrets of the art of these three unsurpassed masters, here is a mine of materials, not, I suppose, to be equaled elsewhere. But then the visitor ought to know who these masters were, what their great works are, and why they are prized above those of other men. With this previous knowledge, hours of fascinating research may be spent among these sketches, while the ignorant walk through the rooms, only noting that there are many rude drawings, many hideous faces, and wondering what there is in them to admire.

What shall we say about Venice? This, by far the richest and most complicated in its beauty of all north Italian towns, requires no small preparation for its due enjoyment. But happily I need not dilate upon this since the literary genius of Ruskin† has disclosed to every educated reader what it means to study Venice with proper intelligence. I will only add this remark: let any two reasonable peo-

ple, one of whom has read what Ruskin has to say about Venice, and the other not, compare their views, and they will find that a revelation has been given to the one, while the other is in outer darkness. Or else let any man or woman compare his own mental state as regards Venice before and after reading his books, and then tell us of the contrast. And yet even after such an education much remains for those who will glean. I do not remember that Ruskin has anywhere insisted upon the very Oriental or Byzantine character of Saint Mark's, which makes this church so different from other Italian churches. Here, in fact, and at Ravenna, we can study an ecclesiastical architecture quite peculiar in Western Europe.

The outcome of what has been said so far is this: laying aside altogether the natural scenery of the Italian lakes, which rather belong to Swiss travel, and are best seen at a season too hot for proper Italian travel, there are, in northern Italy, a series of splendid cities with a great history and with noble art which should occupy any intelligent traveler not less than three weeks or a month. For I have not said a word concerning Padua, with its wonderful little chapel full of Giotto's frescoes; concerning Verona, with its mighty amphitheater, its tombs, and its churches; Parma with its Correggios; Modena; Este—but I forbear. Nor do I suppose that the average tourist will desire to see the scenes of Hannibal's or of Napoleon's victories, which are also among the notable things in northern Italy. All I desire to make plain here is this: what vast treasures in this country are passed over and ignored by the traveler who is not properly educated to profit by his travel.

Suppose now that we have "done," as the phrase is, northern Italy. Most of my readers will say that we already have delayed unduly; for to them Italy means four cities—Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, and very uncomfortable railway journeys from each to the next. This is exactly the kind of view which I am trying to combat and correct. There are two ways of approaching Florence from the north, either by the sea-coast route from Genoa, or by Bologna over the Apennines. On the former route there is first the exquisite Italian Riviera,* with its charming sea-side places down to Spozzia, which travel-

*Lake Garda. The largest of the Italian lakes, lying between the provinces of Brescia and Verona.

† See *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for October 1889, p. 91.

* (Rê-ve-â'ri.) The narrow coast land around the Gulf of Genoa.

ers by rail miss completely, as the line is perpetually running through tunnels. Near Spozzia is the scene of Shelley's last days, in itself no mean claim to delay the tourist; and then Pisa with its matchless group of buildings, which not Rome, not Venice, not Florence, can excel, and which will afford ample material for a day's study—if one day can suffice to learn any thing from impressions. On the other route are Bologna and Ravenna, of the first magnitude in interest and beauty.

The Leaning Tower at Pisa, though by no means so good a thing as either the Cathedral or the Baptistery beside it, is so celebrated from its eccentricity that all the world has heard of it, and probably most people think it the only leaning tower in Italy. There are three or four at Bologna, none of them so beautiful in design, but in a town which possesses far more treasure for the visitor than Pisa. And Bologna is a city that is generally omitted in Italian tours. Yet, in the first place, its museum contains the greatest and most distinctive collection of Etruscan remains (from the ancient Vulsinii), which give the student an unique impression of the character and taste of that enigmatical people. Secondly, the museum preserves for the amateur, in matters musical, a collection of mediæval instruments not less astonishing. Thirdly, the picture gallery possesses perhaps the second best picture Raffaëlle has left us, his *St. Cecilia*, and here first the traveler will see the matchless color of that unequalled painter. Beside and around it are not only fine specimens of his master, Perugino, but the two *Francias* are represented by specimens of their art quite the best in Italy, and which will give quite a new idea of their respective excellencies.

Perhaps it will surprise many to hear that all the cities we have been describing were beyond the ancient Italy, which was bounded by the Apennines running nearly east from Genoa, and by the Rubicon for the rest of the way to the Adriatic. Bologna was, therefore, in what they called *Cis-Alpine Gaul*. It is only when we crop over the mountains on the very picturesque railway going south to Florence that we arrive at the vast Italy of ancient history. Before we do so, we must turn south-east to Ravenna, a city not picturesque and charming with galleries, its curious towers, its university buildings, like Bologna, but possessing an art of an earlier stage, and special beauties which might be

sought in vain in any city in Europe. This place is only a couple of hours by train from Bologna, and yet we are carried into a different world, into the Byzantine of the later Roman Empire, which flourished there while the city was the outpost of Byzantine influence in the West. All this must be known beforehand, or the traveler may think he has been fooled when he reaches this tumble-down place, with its bad inns, its marshy site, its general sleepiness. I can imagine him turning away by the next train in disgust, when he sees the vaunted churches mere ugly piles of battered brick, with no outward beauty. But no sooner does even the most ordinary observer enter within, than he is astonished at the curious style of the decoration and the splendor both in tone and design of the mosaic walls. For here we are observing the work of an age which preferred this monumental coloring to that which fades and disappears with age and with damp. The processions of white-robed saints, the star-spangled, deep-blue skies, the strutting peacocks upon the inner walls and domes of these churches are a real revelation of what mosaic can be, and of what the Byzantine splendor must have been, of which so few specimens have been preserved in famous churches. At any rate, discounting the suggestions of *S. Marco* at Venice, there is nothing like it at Florence, Rome, Naples, or anywhere nearer than the unknown Cathedral of Parenzo on the peninsula of Istria.

Now to appreciate all this, and the other treasures in carved ivory, in intricate capitals, in splendid butments, requires another special course of study, say Mr. Jackson's book on *Dalmatia* and its remains, where the student can learn how Byzantine building was slowly developed out of Roman, and Romanesque from Byzantine.

I will not deny that all this knowledge can be best acquired by studies on the spot. Of course it can. But to accomplish the thing in that way, you must, in the first place, live a considerable time on the spot, and have with you some good elementary guide—either a man or a book—and you must learn by practice how to look at things, and find out what are the landmarks, what the distinct evidences of peculiar schools and centuries, and how they pass from one into the other. When you can verify each day's reading by fine examples in the art around you, happy, indeed, are you! Most modern people, espe-

cially Americans with their great inexperience of leisure, will not learn in this slow and thorough fashion, and, indeed, it is better for them to attain sound notions and artistic interests by reading beforehand. But let me warn them of one thing as certain. If they venture to obtrude themselves into these sanctuaries without being duly initiated into their mysteries, the sibyls will be dumb, the oracle will give no response; and they will depart with emptiness and weariness of heart for their portion. How often in my travels have I not seen this melancholy result! How often have I seen respectable elderly people, who had more shrewd business qualities than the whole population of an Italian town, led through galleries and churches, looking with vague bewilderment around them, utterly at a loss what to approve or to condemn, hopelessly at sea about the names of the artists, and the technical words read out to them! And all this—not for want of brains, but of proper preparation.

I have got almost to the limits of my paper; and see how small a way I have reached into Italy! But I were indeed a bad guide if I exhibited the very same kind of hurry of which I am making complaint. Indeed, I think part of that charge, as applied to Americans, arises from the peculiarities of their country, which mislead them when they come to another not lying about in vast materials, but bound up tight and small, with its sights

not spread over a continent, but compressed into a country. In America most important halting-places in any ordinary travel are six, eight, or twelve hours by rail apart, and there is nothing wonderful to see on the way. Hence it is quite natural for an American to start from Turin to Florence, or to Rome. It does not strike him, perhaps, as any exhibition of hurry. But if he will realize that in Italy he has come to a country of such old and condensed culture, that every town is worth seeing, that there are history and art in every place, he perhaps will arrive at my conclusion, that for a tourist who wants to see Italy, to stay six hours together in a train is a great mistake, almost a crime.

Let me conclude with an anecdote which illustrates the extremest form of this crime of hasty ignorance. A friend of mine met an American lady and her daughter just returned from Italy to England, and naturally turned the conversation upon the lady's travels. Where had she been? She guessed she had done most of Europe. What particular countries? All that were worth seeing. Italy? Oh yes, of course; they had been round Italy for a good many days. What city did she like best? Couldn't say, they were all pretty sleepy. Rome, for example? "Rome—Matilda, my dear, can you remember, were we in Rome?" "Oh yes, ma, don't you remember *that was the place where you bought the party stockings*"!!!

REVOLUTIONS.

BEFORE man parted for this earthly strand,
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood,

God put a heap of letters in his hand,
And bade him make with them what word he could.

And man has turn'd them many times; made
Greece,
Rome, England, France;—yes, nor in vain
essay'd

Way after way, changes that never cease!
The letters have combined, something was
made.

But ah! an inextinguishable sense
Haunts him that he has not made what he should;

That he has still, though old, to recommence,
Since he has not yet found the word God would.

And empire after empire, at their height
Of sway, have felt this boding sense come
on;

Have felt their huge frames not constructed
right,
And droop'd, and slowly died upon their
throne.

One day, thou say'st, there will at last appear
The word, the order, which God meant should be.
—Ah, we shall know *that* well when it comes near;
The band will quit man's heart, he will breathe free.—*Matthew Arnold.*

MAP QUIZ.

1. By what gate would a traveler from the north enter Rome? from the south? the east? the west?
2. Entering at the Porta del Popolo, what famous trio of streets, starting from the opposite side of the square, does he see?
3. What hill lies to his left?
4. From the top of the Pincian Hill looking south-westward across the Tiber, what famous buildings can be seen?
5. Trace the route which he would follow in going from the Porta del Popolo to the Vatican.
6. By what name is the Mausoleum of Hadrian (see map in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December) now known?
7. How do the number of bridges over the Tiber in Old Rome compare with those in New Rome?
8. How would one reach the Fountain of Trevi from the head of the Corso?
9. Trace a route from the Capitoline to the church of S. John Lateran (*S. Giovanni in Laterano*).
10. Find the Holy Staircase (*scala santa*).
11. From the Holy Staircase trace a route to S. Maria Maggiore.
12. From there to the Ghetto, the Jewish quarter of Rome.
13. Compare the number of streets now between the Corso and the Tiber with those which existed in the time of Old Rome (see map in December issue).
14. Where are the new streets named after Julius Caesar and Rienzi?
15. Find the Protestant Cemetery where Shelley and Keats are buried.
16. Locate the 15th century palaces mentioned by Harrison on pages 136 and 137 (May issue).
17. Find the palaces of the Corsini and Colonna.
18. Find the Monte Testaccio, or Pottery Hill.



SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[June 1.]

THE IMPERFECT ANGEL.

His angels He charged with folly.—*Job* iv. 18.

The heavens are not clean in His sight.—*Job* xv. 15.

A bruised reed shall He not break.—*Isa.* xlii. 3.

Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in nowise lose his reward.—*Matt.* x. 42.

I WISH to speak about God's purity. That purity is incomparable in its perfection, overwhelming in its intense splendor, and appalling, not only to human but also to angelic thought, in its searching severity. And at the same time I want to put the truth of God's purity in its right relation to His patience and long-suffering and gentleness. It might depress and discourage us to look at one side of the subject without, at the same time, looking at the other. Side by side with the texts setting forth God's unapproachable purity, I have, therefore, placed texts which set forth the patience and beneficence of His character, and the scrupulous and delicate equities of His administration.

In the addresses of Eliphaz the Temanite, God's strict and unapproachable purity is depicted in exalted and impressive phraseology. I do not know, however, that I could rest the whole weight of what I have to say upon the address of Eliphaz alone, because I am not quite sure how much in these addresses we are to account inspired. And here, in passing, I would warn against the not uncommon practice of picking out isolated words or sentences or paragraphs from the Bible, and looking upon these fragments of speech as inspired apart from the great whole. Views are sometimes expressed—in the speeches of Job's friends for instance—that are not finally refuted till after the lapse of fifteen or twenty chapters. Unless you take large and comprehensive views of the drift of the sacred books, and see how part fits into part, you will very soon find yourself in serious difficulties upon the subject of inspiration. This seer Eliphaz sinned through overweening confidence in his own prophetic gift, and Job had to pray on his behalf before his error could be cleansed, and the sure favor of the Most High could be restored to him.

You come to the study of the Book of Job. As a whole, it is easy to accept it as a faultless inspiration. Take out the speeches of any of these three friends, and you do not then get the product of an infallible inspiration. You have much noble truth, much beautiful and sacred poetry, and much blundering assertion that needs to be corrected and modified by God's own summing up of the controversy, at the end of the providential visitation. The nine or ten speeches of these friends were crowded with as many mistakes as the rough draft of a child's first letter. Eliphaz the Temanite, who spoke with such sublimity of idea and such stateliness of diction, erred just as much as the rest of them. His error consisted, however, in the misapplication of truths that were obviously inspired, rather than in the premises he laid down as the basis of his appeal to Job. He was right in his abstract principles. We may accept, without scruple, the truth heard in this vision of the spirit-world about the inconceivable purity of God. The truth is amply sustained by other portions of the Bible. The seraphim veil their faces with their wings. In that attitude they bear witness to the truth, that in the unapproachable light of God's presence, the highest angels are frail and foolish, and marred with imperfection. The Son, who was in the bosom of the Father, declares that "none is good save one, that is God."

[June 8.]

I. God's ideals of purity are so transcendent and so terrible, that the purity of the angel nearest to His throne is a little better than stain, shadow, darkness, in comparison. "His angels He charged with folly."

The very mention of an angel may touch a spring of scepticism in some of our minds, and predispose us to resent the view here taught by Eliphaz as an extravagance resting upon the flimsy basis of a speculation. We may be tempted to set little store by this lesson of a night vision that visited the hysterical spiritualist of Mount Seir, who made such grave mistakes in his noonday logic. Is not the whole subject, with the angel in the background, vague, misty, fanciful?

Well, I rather wonder at the indisposition to believe in celestial intelligences, when our astronomers invent them for us by the thousand. It is true they do not take the responsibility of fitting them with wings, as did the Bible prophets, nor do they determine the exact tinge of the complexion, as did the mediæval painters, but they assume, and assume rightly, that man is not the only intelligent and observing being in the universe of God. Not very long ago a popular and accomplished astronomer assumed, in the pages of the magazine he edits, that mathematical and inquiring and knowledge-loving creatures, like ourselves, exist in the planet Mars. He further intimated his conviction that these beings, as the result of careful observation and reasoning, have come to a great deal more knowledge about the Arctic and Antarctic regions of our globe than we ourselves possess. They have probably long since settled the moot question whether there are open seas around the north and south poles. There are not a few people who will swallow the astronomical angels of Mr. Richard Proctor with undisguised satisfaction, but who will wish to strain out from their well-filtered creed the angels of Eliphaz and Ezekiel and Zechariah and John. They are perfectly willing to believe in the celestial intelligences in Mars and the other planets, who watch our globe from afar in the interests of scientific theory, but not in the angels who stand about the Creator's throne, and who have been interested for untold epochs in the same moral problems as ourselves, and who have passed nearer to the center of those problems. It is surely not unscientific to assume the existence of the pure and mighty beings spoken of by seers and prophets of olden time, nor speculative to ponder well the words which declare, that in comparison with God Himself the angels have about them traces of finite dimness, blemish, imperfection.

The fall of some of their number shows that as a class *the angels have not yet passed beyond the stage of defectibility*. They have not risen into a wisdom so complete that no illusion can betray it, nor into a strength so unassailable that no temptation can score its record of disfigurement upon their lives. The fall of one great spirit from his first estate proves the possible corruptibility of the rest. They are free, it is true, from actual transgression, but they are passing through the first crude stages of a development in which, because of

inward weakness and limitation, there is perilous room for the wiles of the tempter.

A traveler crosses a continent, and in the temperate zones of the continent he finds a plant that sheds all its leaves in the winter and degenerates into a mere skeleton. He passes to the subtropical regions of the continent, and finds that same type of plant shedding only its weaker leaves in the winter time when the tempered cold breathes upon it. He passes on into the latitude of perpetual summer. This species of plant has now become an evergreen. But he knows that it is not an evergreen, by its own tenacious strength and indestructible vitality, like the fir, or the yew, or the cedar. The handfuls of shed leaves that lie around it in the subtropical region remind him that it belongs to a type with innate defect and weakness. It would fade again if transplanted to the snow. And so God looks upon humanity. Its fall is universal. He looks upon the holy ones about His throne. He sees gaps in their glittering ranks. These mighty ones who minister before the throne and make the melody of the temple, have revolted fellows. They belong to a defectible kindred. Perhaps these unfallen ones owe much of their freedom from evil to the shelter of the calm heavens through which they move. God dare not subject them to the same terrible temptations that shall one day be suffered to confront the Son, and that shall leave Him unhurt. God looks upon His own nature in the Son. There is no defectibility there. Should that nature pass through all the risks of an incarnation, it will come back to the Father's bosom as spotless as when it left it. An incarnation with its perils and possibilities would be fatal to an angel. The angel belongs to a family some members of which have faded out of their first purity, and have dropped into moral darkness and decay. Fallen and unfallen were made out of the same lump; they are offspring from the same stock. God can never forget how much of their loyalty they owe to the shelter of His presence.

[June 15.]

And then the holiness of the angel will appear as little better than a frailty if we think of it *in comparison with the uncreated holiness of God*. The Divine holiness has in it a transcendent originality, with which that of the creature can never hope to vie. The holiness of the angel is but a feeble response to a vo-

cation received from another. It is a mere echo. God's holiness is both original and originative. When there was no living creation to play upon His heart, He was just as rich in love, purity, righteousness, and all high moral attributes, as He is to-day. His character is the masterpiece that shall yet move universal imitation. In His care for the moral perfection of the universe, He cannot suffer a lower ideal than Himself to fill the heart of any of His reasoning creatures. Talk about the worship of the holy angels! God's own hand breaks up the image. He Himself becomes the disenchanter.

In the judgment of the Most High, the holiness of the angel verges upon a frailty because of *its inferior vitality* and its less consuming fervor. The bright heralds of heaven have visited this world of shadow from age to age, but perhaps they have not entered very much more deeply into its tragedies than happy and light-hearted children enter into some of the tragedies of death with which they have been brought into contact. They have been messengers of God's holy wrath, but we do not read that in these scenes of judgment they were filled with pulses of unresting compassion that all but identified them with their victims. We do not read that they ever bled in the secret place of the spirit for Egypt's smitten and wailing mothers. When the angel of the Lord appeared over the plague-stricken Jerusalem, and the sword was uplifted against its children, we do not read that the angel would fain have received the sword into his own soul. No angel knows what it is to love with a mighty intensity that makes the love necessarily vicarious, and the heart break with pure grief over the sin and grief and shame of others. Their service is service rendered in balmy climes and amidst speckless sunshine. Their missions take them by rainbow paths and into firmaments filled with the breath of eternal spring. The orbits through which they glide on noiseless pinions are smooth and thornless. The ladders by which they ascend and descend between the presence of God and the creation to which they minister are twined with flowers and crossed with steps of gold. No Bethlehems, or Gethsemanes, or Golgothas have ever immortalized angelic devotion and love. Their love, however crystal pure, is a love to which sacrifice is strange. It does not draw them into incarnations and propitiatory of-

ferings and down into the shadows of vast redeeming shames and agonies.

[June 22.]

The defect of the angel is a defect of *narrowness*. In comparison with the catholic and all-comprehending love of God, his love is insular and restrained. All perfect moral qualities are boundless. We call the love clannish, and imply reproach in the term, that shuts itself up to one family, or to one group of families only. We call zeal for the interests of one class, caste-prejudice. We call a man a patriot who is devoted to the welfare of his own race, and we call a man a philanthropist who is devoted to the welfare of man as man without distinction of race, and philanthropy is confessedly nobler than mere patriotism. There can be no perfection in the love that does not look out toward the larger humanity. Benevolence and righteousness win our praise, in proportion to the circles through which they extend themselves. Think of the boundless fields through which God's attributes work. Angels minister to individuals. An unseen army hovered near Dothan to protect a solitary prophet from his enemies. They came in their hosts to attend Elijah and Lazarus to their new scenes of life. God ministers to worlds from His richer fullness, as they from their poorer moral resources to individuals.

And then the holiness of the angel has about it the defect and limitation inseparable from *the briefness of its own history*. It is a frail thing of yesterday in comparison with the holiness of God. Think of the amazing epochs through which God's holiness has been unfolding itself. The worth of a moral quality is proportioned to the period through which it has verified and established itself. Hoary hairs add their own distinctive glory to righteousness. The virtues of the angels are lustrous beyond earthly dreams, but they are the virtues of neophytes. The heart of a true Christian is always drawn out to a young convert; but however single-minded and fervent and trustful that convert may be, he cannot command the homage we accord to the pure and long-tried saint. In comparison with the Ancient of Days the angels are but like converts of yesterday. Their life is of recent birth, and seems to link itself in God's sight with the most fragile and ephemeral things. Their love is but of a

few fleeting centuries. He is from everlasting to everlasting.

And, again, the holiness of the angel has about it *the defect of immaturity*. The holiness represented by unfallen spirits is probably very imperfect in comparison with that fuller and more exalted ideal into which they shall one day rise. Whilst no Scripture justifies us in thinking that the angels have been redeemed out of sin, there can be very little doubt that they are growing up out of a less into a more exquisite completeness. May not evolution be the one unfailing and all-inclusive law of the universe? God seems to create nothing perfect at the outset of its destiny. He puts the seed of a possible perfection within, and leaves it to rise by the path of an unresting movement into ever expanding breadth and sublimity of life.

From lower to higher, from simple to complete,

This is the pathway of the eternal feet,

From earth to lichen, herb to flowering tree,

From cell to creeping worm, from man to what shall be.

But all this may sound harsh and discouraging to us. If God sees defect in the angel, does He not pronounce upon us a judgment of crushing severity? Does not the theology of Eliphaz paint God with features of arrogance and unreason and intolerance in His character? Let us qualify this view by another, and see if the two will harmonize with each other.

[June 29.]

II. Consider the unparalleled patience and gentleness of God.

"His angels He charged with folly." Yes; but He keeps them at His feet, and with exhaustless grace carries on their education, epoch after epoch. He has yet graver impleachments to direct against the children of men, but He bears with them from generation to generation, and His Spirit never ceases to strive and instruct and allure, so that they may come at last into conformity to His holy design. His all-watching love cherishes the lowliest forms and the crudest beginnings of goodness.

But is there no contradiction in these views? Do they not seem to run in very opposite directions? I think not. Perhaps they may be even seen to sustain each other.

Only He who is infinitely holy can afford to be absolutely gracious and gentle. His very greatness enables Him to stoop. If He is higher than the angel, He can dare to bend

Himself to the bruised reed. Some human judges cannot afford to be magnanimous. They are always thinking of themselves. They are haunted by the fear of possible rivalry. Not a little of the acrimonious criticism by which we are deluged in every department of life, rests upon sheer envy. The commonplace poet, or artist, or musician very rarely recognizes the merit of a rival. Whatever your particular pursuit may be, if your work has any real worth or promise about it, you will get the highest praise and encouragement from the man whose genius is the highest. He is free to recognize the brotherhood of genius and research. And it is so in morals. If you want to crush the erring and the impotent, the pharisee of mediocre virtue will always be the most effective instrument for the invidious task. Less consummate perfection is always more querulous in dealing with imperfection than is supreme perfection itself. It is said that deer will kill wounded members of the herd. Some of us act by a standard very little higher than that. We are always ready to rush upon the sickly and the defective and ill-favored in the Church. God's rigor is not a rigor of that type. His rectitude is immaculately strict, but not with the cruel, envious, impatient strictness of the carping and miserable pharisee. Only He who is so far above the angels that He charges them with folly, can bend to replenish the spring of penitential tears in a woman that was a sinner, and beam grace and acceptance upon the gathering crowds of weary outcasts.

And then again, only the Infinitely Holy can discern the hidden promise and possibility of holiness in the weak and the erring. The intense moral life that makes Him quick to discern the defect of the angel, makes him equally quick to discern the faintest dawn and forecast of goodness in the repenting sinner. It would be an awful thing if we were left to suppose that God was microscopic in His scrutiny for judgment and condemnation only, and not also for blessing and approval. The crystalline purity that enables Him to see the blemish that escapes our introspection, enables Him also to see the spiritual promise, hidden in dim and dark horizons that are beyond our power to scan. That He does not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, nor overlook in His awards the cup of cold water, is, after all, but a sign of how holy He is, and of the high price He therefore puts upon the faintest trace and antici-

pation of spiritual excellence in His people.

If these views be true, what profound reverence is always binding on us in God's presence ! How the holiest in our midst will need to be ever humbling himself afresh ! We do well to speak, and that boldly, of sanctification from sin ; but remember that there is no finality of attainment for us either here or hereafter. The angels have not reached it. Let the angel be arrested at the line of his present life and achievement, and he becomes a transgressor. All holiness consists in end-

less, unresting movement toward God. Stagnation in the high and holy things of the present is a crime against the eternal law of heaven. If God charges the angels with folly, how deep the self-humiliation we are called to cultivate ! God's own image, and that alone, is the ideal by which we must be content to measure ourselves. He would have us copy nothing else, not even the angel. And yet do not let this high demand discourage us. He Himself will never cease to help our effort and to inspire our ardor.—*Thomas G. Selby.*

MORAL TEACHINGS OF SCIENCE.

BY ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY.

V.

Every thing in nature acts according to laws ; the distinction of a rational being is the faculty of acting according to *consciousness* of laws.

Duty ! Wondrous thought, that workest neither by fond insinuation, flattery, nor by any threat, but merely by holding up thy naked law to the soul, and so extorting for thyself always reverence, if not always obedience ; before whom all appetites are dumb however secretly they rebel : whence thine original ?—*Kant.*

WE have seen in our last article that though men who are utterly selfish may, and must, from self-interest think of what is good for others, yet this calculating altruism* never can deserve the name or assume the character of morality. We feel at once that the man who refrains from cheating his neighbor merely because " honesty is the best policy " is not really an honest man ; while he who performs a generous act, reckoning all the while what he will gain in return, is not unselfish. To be really moral needs a higher motive than this, a sense of duty, an enthusiasm for that which is good and noble. Can the laws of nature then have developed in us this earnest sense of duty, which a true man *dares* not disobey even though it curb his strongest passions and desires ? Not only is it possible, but the whole scheme of the continuity of the universe leads us to believe that this, too, is the outcome of evolution or the unfolding by natural law of the will of the Creator, showing that the foundations of morality were not laid merely in man

" upon whom the ends of the world have come," but in the very beginnings of life.

Even among plants it has been the necessity of providing for a future generation, which has developed endless devices in the flower for fertilization and for the protection of its seeds ; while in the insect the mother devotes her whole energies and risks her life to secure food and safety for the offspring which she will never see, taught by an instinct developed in the struggle for existence by the survival of those forms which best fulfilled these functions.

Is it wonderful, then, that after long ages of inheritance this instinct should become so strong as to impel even neuter bees and ants to perform a mother's duties to those who are placed under their care ? And this work for others has no root in *self*, in the strict sense, except in so far as the creature exercising it satisfies an instinct. The butterfly or the sphex adds no enjoyment to her own life in providing laboriously for her young ; and though, when we come to communities, the young bees and ants do in time become useful in the hive, yet it is clearly no calculation of this kind which makes the workers nurse and tend them, but an inner necessity stronger often than the preservation of their own life. So, too, in the higher animals this instinct, developed in both father and mother and inherited by the ancestors of man, acted but feebly at first in the savage, who cared only for his own family or tribe, but became strengthened, enlightened, and purified by ever developing intellect, by the conscious love and care of parents, by the memory of

* A word used " to denote the benevolent instincts and emotions in general, or action prompted by them ; the opposite of egoism."

sympathy given and received, and by the survival of those communities, races, and nations in which fidelity, justice, obedience, and similar virtues knit the members strongly together.

And thus it becomes evident that the stern law of natural selection, though it often enables the strong, the selfish, the hard, and the exacting man to survive, just as it has produced the grasping parasite, the prickly thorn, and the blood-thirsty wolf, has also developed in far greater proportion the loving, the tender, the just, and the disinterested, as it has the mutual attraction of insects and flowers, the industrious law-abiding bee, and even out of the very wolf-tribe itself the faithful, devoted, and affectionate dog.

The moral nature, then, within us is no sordid balancing of debtor and creditor account between ourselves and our neighbor, but the true voice of the Creator, which has spoken from all time; saying first, "Parents love your children," and then to members of a social community, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; and while this command expressed in natural law has played a large part in the production of all forms of healthy life, so also by virtue of it have communities existed. For mere self-interest must, as we have seen, create antagonisms, and, in the end, would ruin any nation or country which acted upon that principle alone, or even in which it outweighed the principle of mutual help.

Nor is this merely a feeling or emotion gratifying to the sentimentalist, for then it would be useless in the struggle for existence. It is really the recognition of universal life as one great whole, of which we each as individuals form part, so that we cannot injure ourselves or our neighbor without, in so far, injuring all life, while the self denial or mere suffering we may incur to benefit others, enriches all.

And now we are prepared to answer the question how a man may hold his own in the struggle for existence and yet sacrifice much for the good of others; and this not with a view to ultimate gain to himself, but because duty prompts and his higher nature responds gladly: surely by seeking to develop his own life in such a manner that it shall produce the greatest good for every living being.

The self-regarding virtues such as self-reliance, courage, prudence, industry, perseverance, and temperance in all things, are essential to him; for we have seen that each

individual must strive to live and flourish, and that in the struggle for existence no effort can be spared. Yet we feel instinctively that these virtues are higher when we exercise them for the good of others as well as for ourselves, and temper them with the altruistic virtues of honesty, fidelity, justice, sympathy, mercy, and benevolence. We respect the resolute man who toils day and night, who gives up his pleasure for work, lives by rule and sternly represses all excesses lest they should hinder him in his attaining success, and when he has achieved it, we feel he has deserved it. But we estimate far more highly the man who exercises the same self-denial and perseverance for the sake of mother or sisters dependent on him; whose prolonged study has for its object the discovery of some truth by which the sufferings of his fellow-men may be mitigated and their condition improved; or who aims at being the master of some great organization not chiefly for position and wealth, but because it gives him power to study great social and commercial problems, and to put on a surer footing the relation of man to man and nation to nation. And the reason we value such a man more highly is because he aspires beyond the narrow duty of self-preservation to the world-wide purpose of good to all.

Though this purpose has been gradually worked out all through life, yet we cannot call the lower animals moral or immoral, for they "follow the law but know not the doctrine." Held fast, for the most part, in the grip of blind instinct, they are examples of mechanical duty, while they are probably never conscious of more than passing sensations. But man emerging into self-consciousness, remembering and reflecting on past actions, and resolving upon future conduct, has to choose between conflicting emotions and interests, and by this conscious choice has a terrible power for good or ill. Thus impulse and reason, the love of self and the love of others, the gratification of appetite and sense, and the restraining influence of higher faculties, contend within him and make his inner life a struggle. As he can rise infinitely above the animal, when by reason and judgment he acts in accordance with the higher laws of his being, so he sinks deplorably below them when, yielding to gross and selfish desires, he chooses the ways of vice and degradation.

Which road he will take will depend chiefly

on two things, first, on the cultivation of his intellect, by which he discerns the sequence of cause and effect, and the consequences of his own actions and those of others, and, secondly, upon his moral nature, his sense of oneness with mankind and with the whole of creation, which keeps him in touch with his fellow-men, with the universe, and with the Unseen Power which is breathing within him the breath of life. The man who has no sympathy, whose inordinate desires are strong and his social instincts weak, is essentially a bad man; yet another may also act with bad results because, though his sympathy is strong, it is guided by a weak intellect. The cultivation of the intellect becomes, therefore, a supreme duty, while the development of love and sympathy is equally imperative. By the cultivation of the first, we recall vividly the memory of past actions and reflect upon the consequences to which they have led; by the exercise of the second, we render the memory of bad and selfish actions intolerable, and desire intensely to make reparation as far as lies in our power. And this is *conscience*, the voice of the law of God within us, which speaks far more strongly than the outer voice of the praise and blame of others, for these only read our motives imperfectly, while we judge ourselves with the knowledge of the thoughts hidden within us, and this judgment becomes keener the higher our intellectual sensibility and the deeper our sympathy with our fellow creatures.

Nor are we left without guidance even from the outer world, for we have the history of past ages spread out before us. Far from being restricted to observations upon the life below us, we can study the science of human life by the light of natural law, and take example from those higher types, which from time to time have risen above the level tide of man, and by superior intellect and more abundant sympathy have approached more nearly to the Source of both.

In all countries and climes, from Buddha to Christ, and from the early Christian heroes to those of our own day, we shall find that the noblest natures, whether searching after truth like Newton, withstanding wrong and oppression like Abraham Lincoln, or going to almost certain death like Gordon, in the hope of being of some use to his "poor, ignorant, black children," have all followed the law taught alike by science and religion,

that he who devotes his life to duty is fulfilling the truest purpose of existence.

It is when we study the lives of such men as these that we notice how closely morality is united to true religion; how in working for all we are working with God; and it is also then that the problem of evil existing in the world presses upon us most heavily. We have seen that this problem cannot be solved with our present imperfect knowledge. Why suffering and degradation should accompany the evolution of all good and happy life must at present remain a mystery to us. But the study of the struggle for existence does to some extent lift the heavy cloud hanging over us, by showing that all low thoughts and actions relate to the narrow life of self. They are the by product of the effort of every being to hold its own in this life, and since those, who in making this effort work for the good of all, have been shown to be the fittest to survive, it follows that, in an infinite and eternal scheme, suffering and evil must in the end be eliminated. Not, however, necessarily in this life, where our bodily restrictions are so great that the individual is always to a certain extent at war with the whole. If the full bearing of evolution is to be worked out it must be in a scheme which embraces the entire universe.

This brings us face to face with the question of immortality which is so profound and so difficult to deal with from the point of view of science that the boldest might hesitate at attempting it. My only excuse for doing so is, that it is intimately connected with all higher morality, and that, therefore, it is a serious duty in those who believe they see a vista in science through things temporal to things eternal, to state their convictions.

It appears to me that our intellect, our moral nature, and the conclusions of science, even apart from religious belief, all point to a continuation of individual existence beyond the few short years we pass in this world. Our intellect carries us back through all phenomena to a First Cause which, because in Him all things exist, cannot be other than omnipotent. It is impossible and a contradiction in thought, to imagine that such a Power could be the author of an imperfect or unjust scheme, such as this world must be if those, who through inheritance or evil surroundings pass lives of suffering, disease, misery, and degradation here, should live only their little span and pass away into

nothing. A perfect scheme must be perfect not only in general results but in every minute detail, and though the pain and suffering around us are undeniable, they must in some way unseen to us be actually good not only for the universe as a whole but for each individual.

So far is the argument of intellect and logic; our moral nature speaks next. To a thoughtful mind it is not the longing for the prolongation of our own existence which makes a future life an imperative necessity, but a jealousy for the honor of the Eternal Being of whom we form part—a conviction that “man cannot be more just than his maker.” Though selfishness and callousness to the welfare of others may linger in the lower strata of our nature, that which relates only to our individual self, our higher life, that which touches the universe, is strong in the sense of justice, sympathy, and mercy; and these qualities in ourselves which we know can come only from the Source of all life, are an absolute proof that the Omnipotent Power by whose laws we exist, must possess these qualities among His many inscrutable attributes; and that since a just man would, if he could, redeem those who in the struggle for life have been too heavily weighted to rise, there must be a compensatory power in the universe which will in the end work out their existence to a just conclusion.

For this continued existence is necessary beyond the present unevenly balanced life, and the strongest arguments for it lie in these conclusions of our intellect and moral nature. Yet science, too, lends her aid, if only we will keep our minds fixed upon the truth that throughout all phenomena it is the underlying invisible energy which is eternal, the form which is temporary. That “mysterious something”—of which Professor Stokes* felt constrained to acknowledge the existence in living beings, after exhausting all the laws of dead matter—cannot depend for its continuance upon the organization of which it is the *cause*; and, moreover, since the development of an organism must take place through changes produced in this life-force by internal and external conditions, there is nothing in the mere dissolution of

the bodily frame to deprive the life-force of the experience it has gained. Long before physiological science had reached its present stage, Bishop Butler* in his *Analogy* emphasized this point; and one of our greatest living biologists, though himself not hopeful of the future, pointed out the argument to me and acknowledged that it had never been refuted and so far as he saw never could be.

We are constrained, therefore, to look upon “life” as an ever active force working from the lowest to the highest form and in itself indestructible. Are, then, all living existences to continue? Science can only answer, “Either none or all, *each in its own degree.*” The life of the plant is in this world infinitely inferior in grade to the life of the lowest animal, just as the life of the insect is not comparable to the self-conscious life of man, but as Bishop Butler again pointed out, the continuation of all life is the only logical conclusion, and the universe has surely room and work for all grades of the living principle.

Startling as this may appear at first sight it becomes less so when we reflect that all energy is part of the Eternal First Cause, and that suffering and struggle have existed from the beginning of life, so that in all sentient beings annihilation would leave an unjust balance. The same argument applies here which was used with regard to our appreciation of the intelligence of animals. Everywhere an increase of knowledge leads us to see continuous gradation throughout all life, and to acknowledge that we are only beginning faintly to comprehend the possibilities of nature.

Yet as in this life the vast superiority of man in his power of abstract thought, spiritual apprehension, and moral resolve, makes him the arbiter of his own success or failure, so his power of anticipation of a future life gives a new and overwhelming impetus to his moral nature. On the side of self-preservation it warns him that the consequences of his actions are far-reaching, and that the penalty which he seems to escape here is “only a postponement. First or last he must pay the whole debt.” With regard

* George Gabriel. (1819—.) A British metaphysician, professor of mathematics and physics in Cambridge University. He is the author of many papers on physics and mathematics.

* Joseph. (1692-1752.) An English writer of great fame. His reputation rests chiefly upon his “*Analogy of Religion Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature.*” This has been called the most profound and original work extant on the philosophy of religion.

to our fellow-creatures it gives a far stronger motive for self-sacrifice. If we are willing to labor and spend ourselves to mitigate the sufferings and better the condition of our fellow-beings for a few short years, how much more then if we feel that the wretched state of their existence is dragging down the life

which should be opening out and learning all that can be learned here before passing into a wider sphere. For in this as in all else we cannot escape from continuity. That which the individual life has gained or lost in the struggle here must characterize it in its onward path.

(*The end.*)

HOW ELECTRICITY IS MEASURED.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD L. NICHOLS.

Of Cornell University.

AMONG the various forms of energy which are of service to mankind, electricity holds a peculiar place. It does not thrust itself upon our observation, as other of the so-called forces of nature do. Indeed, our only direct means of recognizing its existence is through certain physiological effects, such as the stimulation of the special senses of taste and sight and the production of involuntary motions of the muscles. These are interesting in their way, but it is to quite other properties that electricity owes its chief importance.

Our real knowledge of electricity arises from the fact that it is readily converted into motion, heat, light, and the energy of chemical reaction. Now human existence, materially considered, depends almost entirely upon the utilization of these four forms of energy; and the value of electricity in its practical applications, lies in our power to transform it at will into any one of them.

Were the store-house from which we draw our stock of energy for useful purposes, supplied with electricity, the ease and economy of living would be increased incalculably; heat we could have without appreciable waste; the economy of transformation in the process of obtaining light would be from ten to twenty times greater than that to which we now have to subject the latent energy of our raw materials; were power wanted to drive machinery, ten per cent at most would have to be thrown away,—by our present available processes we deem ourselves fortunate if we waste but ninety per cent and save the remaining ten.

At present, the form of energy with which we have to begin the series of transformations necessary to the production of heat or power

or light, is that which has been stored for us in fuel. To obtain electricity from fuel, we have to make three such transformations. The first step is to convert its latent energy into heat, a process which in itself involves no waste; but heat is a very wasteful form of energy because we have not yet learned to use it with economy, to store it successfully, nor to transform it without great loss. In the second step our transformer is the steam-engine, a tool for the conversion of heat into motion, upon the extravagant and wasteful performance of which, our descendants will look back, doubtless, in amazement. The very best which can be done with it to-day is to convert something less than ten per cent of the energy expended. The dynamo machine, by means of which the final transformation into electricity takes place is, however, very nearly perfect so far as economy of action goes, and when we waste more than ten per cent, we do it willfully, in deliberate sacrifice of economy to other qualities which we deem more important.

The time doubtless will come when we shall have learned to turn the latent energy of fuel into electricity without serious loss; but in the mean time, since the latter is obtained by such wasteful processes, it is important to use it to the best advantage.

One of the most urgent problems in the distribution of the electric current from central stations, is that of measuring the amount of energy consumed by each customer. To understand the imperative nature of the case, let us consider what the experience of a gas company would be, which should attempt to furnish illuminating gas at a stated monthly rate for each burner. Under such circumstances all attempts at economy on the part of

the consumer would cease, and the amount of gas necessary to supply a given district would be increased nearly threefold. The only means by which the saving householder could diminish his gas bills would be by reducing the number of burners; a method so unsatisfactory that many would return altogether to the use of the petroleum lamp.

Our electric lighting companies, in too many cases, have attempted to furnish illumination under conditions precisely similar to the above. The experiment has been a costly one, and it has led to the very earnest study of methods for recording the amount of electrical energy used by their patrons.

The measurement of electricity is no new art. It has, indeed, long since been brought to a high degree of precision; but the conditions under which the currents used in electric lighting must be measured, are entirely different from those which exist in the laboratory. The requirements of the case demand a new form of apparatus. It must be cheap, automatic, and reliable; capable of acting without supervision for a considerable period of time, and of such a nature that it can be set up and maintained in working order by men comparatively unskilled and inexperienced. To meet these requirements is no simple matter, and although much time has been spent by the best of our practical electricians, and a large number of ingenious forms of the electric meter have been produced, no altogether satisfactory solution of the problem has yet been reached.

One of the simplest forms of electric meter and one of the most successful of its practical applications, depends upon the chemical action of the current. When the electric current is caused to flow through a vessel containing the solution of any salt, the only way in which it can find passage is by breaking up the compound into two parts. Now the molecules of those compounds, which in chemistry are called salts, are complex. They are formed by the union of two distinct groups of atoms. One of these groups is called the acid radical, the other consists of one or more of the atoms of some metal. The affinity which the acid radical and the metallic atoms with which it is in combination, possess for each other is considerable, and in order to separate them, a certain perfectly definite amount of energy must be expended. When the salt is dissolved in water and its solution forms the path of an electric current, a

portion of the salt is broken up into the two groups which I have just mentioned. In this mysterious process of *e-lec-trol'y-sis*, concerning the real nature of which we know very little, the metal, set free from its acid radical partner, appears in its own natural metallic form at the point where the current leaves the solution. The acid radical appears simultaneously at the other terminal, where the current enters the solution; and it instantly seeks to go into the new combination, either by attacking the substance of which the terminal is formed, or, failing in that, by decomposing some neighboring molecule of water. In the latter case, oxygen is set free and appears in the form of gas, and the hydrogen of the water is forced to combine with the acid radical in the formation of the particular acid of which the radical is the active and characteristic principle.

The work necessary to effect this chemical disunion is done by the expenditure of electrical energy, and the amount of metal set free at the negative pole of the *e-lec-tro-lyt'ic* cell affords us a perfectly definite measure of the quantity of current which has been transmitted. Any instrument for the measure of the electric current by electrolysis is called a *voltameter*.* The principles upon which its action will depend may be summed up as follows:

(1) The electric current cannot pass through a chemical compound of liquid form without decomposing it.

(2) The amount of the *e-lec'tro-lyte* decomposed is always directly proportional to the current, and to the time during which the current has been flowing.

(3) The amount of current necessary to free the various metals from combination, varies with the chemical character of the metal; but it is always the same for a given metal, no matter under what circumstances the electrolysis may take place.

The number of chemical compounds which are capable of being broken up by the action of the electric current, is very large, and it would seem at first sight that a great many different forms of voltameter might be devised. In point of fact, however, our choice is limited to two or three well known types. In order that measurements may be made, the

* (*Vol-tam'e-ter*.) The name was derived from Alessandro Volta (1745-1827), an Italian electrician who was the discoverer of the instrument known as the Voltaic pile. See the "*Chautauqua Physics*" p. 253.

metal which has been deposited must be collected and weighed; and that this may be possible it must be of such a nature that after being deposited it will remain within the solution without becoming corroded or being re-dissolved. It must, moreover, form an adherent coating upon the surface of the electrode,* so that the latter can be removed from the cell and washed and dried, without loss of weight. Almost the only voltmeters in which these conditions are fulfilled even approximately, are those in which silver is deposited from a solution of the nitrate of silver, copper from the sulphate of copper, or zinc from the sulphate of zinc. The water-voltmeter, a form of instrument in which that liquid is decomposed into its components and the oxygen and hydrogen gases thus produced are measured volumetrically, has been used, to some extent, in the past; but it falls so far behind the others in accuracy and ease of manipulation, that we may leave it out of account altogether.

Where the highest attainable accuracy is desired, the silver or the copper voltmeter is invariably used; but in electric lighting some cheaper metal than silver has to be employed, and the choice lies between copper and zinc. Practical experience, running over several years, has decided in favor of the use of the latter metal, and the chemical † meter in use upon electric lighting circuits to-day is a form of zinc voltmeter.

The apparatus is of the very simplest form; it consists of a small glass jar, very similar in shape to the ordinary fruit jar. This is nearly filled with a solution of sulphate of zinc, and two vertical zinc plates, which previously have been weighed with great care, are placed in the liquid. These are connected with the wires along which the current to be measured is flowing, so that the current enters the jar through one of the plates, traverses the solution, and makes its exit through the other. Upon the surface of the latter plate, zinc is deposited, while the terminal at which the electricity enters is eaten away by the action of the sulphuric acid which has been set free by electrolysis upon its surface. Thus whenever the current flows, one of these plates in-

creases in weight and the other loses to the same extent; but the amount of zinc in the solution remains unchanged.

At the end of a month the plates are removed and new ones are put in their places; the plates are again weighed and a comparison of the result with that recorded before the beginning of the operation, affords data from which the quantity of electricity which has traversed the cell in the meantime, may be computed. This quantity may be determined from the gain in the negative plate or from the loss of the positive one or by averaging the gain and loss. It is customary in practice to cause the current to flow through two such voltmeters in succession, by which means a duplicate record is secured.

For the purpose of measuring the electrical energy consumed in lighting a given building from month to month, it is not necessary to pass the entire current through the two voltmeters. The amount of zinc deposited in such a case would be inconveniently large, and a considerable fraction of the total work done by the current within the building would be needlessly expended within the meter itself. A very small but definitely known fraction of the current, therefore, is diverted into a side circuit of high resistance where it is made to pass through the two voltmeter cells, after which it is returned to the main line. It is this small current which is actually measured, and from the relation which it bears to the total current which enters the building, the value of the latter is calculated.

The work involved in the monthly interchange and weighing of plates is a considerable item of expense in the maintenance of electric lighting stations; and this solution of the problem of the commercial measurement of electricity, owes its success to the extreme simplicity and cheapness of the apparatus used, rather than to the completeness of the method. A perfect meter should be direct-reading and capable of maintaining a continuous record, after the fashion of gas and water meters. Attempts were made some ten years ago to render the chemical meter automatic, continuous in its action, and self-recording; and although the use of such meters has been abandoned temporarily for the simpler but more laborious system of weighing the plates, experiments looking toward automatic methods have been continued from that day to this.

Our electrical engineers, in their search for

* (E-lec'trode.) "A pole in the current from an electric battery or machine which is in use in effecting electrolysis; applied generally to the two ends of an open electric current. The positive pole is termed the anode, and the negative pole the cathode."—*The Century Dictionary*.

† So called to distinguish it from those forms of electric meter, the action of which does not depend upon electrolysis.—*E. L. N.*

the best means of recording the expenditure of electricity used for commercial purposes, have not confined their attention to the chemical effects of the current; they have also attempted to take advantage of the magnetic action which it exerts, and of its power of heating the conductors through which it flows. The directive force of the electric current upon the magnetic needle, which is the effect made use of in galvanometers, would seem to be especially well adapted to the purpose in question. It is true that the galvanometer* makes it possible to measure the current with great ease and accuracy, but, unfortunately, it does not sum up the quantities of electricity which have passed during a given time, as the voltameter does, and in order to utilize it for commercial measurements, it would be necessary to obtain a complete record of its varying indications over extended periods. Under conditions in which the apparatus could have daily attention, a self-recording galvanometer would be a very satisfactory instrument; but when, as is the case in electric lighting, the record must maintain itself without supervision for months at a time, its use is almost out of the question.

We expect a properly constructed electric meter to record the total amount of work performed by the current during the period over which the measurements extend. By far the best means of obtaining such a record has been found to consist in placing a small electric motor in the circuit in which the measurement is to be made. Using the term "electric motor" in its most general sense,

* (Gál-va-nóm'e-ter.) An instrument for measuring the force of galvanic electricity. See the "Chautauqua Physics," p. 267, and for origin of name, p. 252.

it may be said that all electric meters now in practical use, excepting those in which the principle of the voltameter exists, are really electric motors. The motor is made to record its own rate of speed, which varies from moment to moment as the current changes. There are many ways in which the current may be made to do work and to record its rate of working. It may be made, for example, to heat a strip of wire or foil through which it is compelled to pass, and the currents of heated air rising from the hot metal may be made to drive a tiny windmill, which, as it runs, records its own revolutions. Again, the current may be set to work driving the liquid back and forth in a kind of electrical pulse glass, which being mounted upon knife edges, rocks from side to side, and, as it goes, makes record of its rate. Instruments based upon each of these devices are in practical use upon electric lighting circuits in this country and in Europe. More frequently the little motor is made to resemble in its essential features some one of the larger forms which have come into use in driving machinery. A tiny armature revolving within a coil, which has its motion controlled by some form of governor so constructed as to make the speed as nearly proportional as possible to the current that drives it, is made to turn the wheel of a set of indicator dials similar to those which are used upon gas meters.

These automatic electric meters meet many of the conditions which the successful instrument must fulfill, and out of them will be developed meters by means of which electricity will be measured more easily and more accurately than gas and water are at the present time.

THE GREEKS OF TO-DAY.

BY ALBERT SHAW, Ph. D.

OF the comparatively few European and American travelers who visit Greece, nearly all use ancient history as their guide-book. They go to see ruined temples and other archæological remains, and to obtain more vivid impressions of the nature and greatness of the civilization of the classical age. They are abundantly repaid; for every feature of the wonderful landscape speaks eloquently, to the instructed mind, of the

glorious past. But there is a new Greece, as well as an old; and the student of history and politics would do well, in visiting those shores, to give some thought and attention to the Greeks of to-day.

The modern Greeks revel almost to intoxication in the grandeur of their lineage and in the ancient supremacy of their politics, art, philosophy, and literature. But their contemplation of the past is simply an element

in the revival of a strong race feeling. They live intensely in the present, and yet more intensely in the future. They are the most buoyantly hopeful and ambitious race in Europe. Their condition has been very low, and remains difficult and perplexing; but they are making progress that promises brilliant fruitage, and their enthusiastic confidence in their own destiny sometimes exposes them to ridicule. They sit in the cafés and market-places reading their crisp little daily newspapers and discussing every move on the great checker-board of European politics as having some deep and intentional bearing upon the future of Greece. As in the other small states of south-eastern Europe, political development in Greece has preceded industrial development; and politics is a principal business and absorbs the best talent, while political journalism also flourishes luxuriantly.

It must be remembered that the country is still very remote and crude. Only sixty years have elapsed since Greece emerged from nearly four hundred years of subjection to the rapacious Turks. The war of independence, with all its romantic and thrilling incidents, occupying nearly the entire decade from 1820 to 1830, tempts me to digress; but it is a chapter of modern history that is accessible and familiar.

The conquest of Greece had followed immediately upon the acquisition, by the Turks in the fifteenth century, of Constantinople and the Danubian provinces. The only break in the continuity of Turkish rule had been the brief episode of the Venetian occupation of Greece near the end of the seventeenth century. If a Venetian bomb had not exploded the Turkish powder magazine on the Acropolis and thus shattered and ruined the Parthenon, there would have been nothing so very memorable about this conquest of Morosini's fleet. The Turks were in power again after a few years, and remained undisturbed for more than a century longer. The revolt of the Greeks in 1821 was a part of that movement of subject Christian peoples, under the encouragement of Russia and under the auspices of the Greek Orthodox church, that delivered Servia and that has been steadily and relentlessly pressing upon the narrowing limits of Moslem rule in south-eastern Europe. The English and French governments joined the Russians in giving final effect to Greek independence, and in establishing the modern

kingdom of Greece. But it is important to remember that the rise of Russia has been the most potent cause of the dismemberment of European Turkey.

The war for independence brought into the foreground some noble and striking characters; but the centuries of Turkish domination had left the people and the country in a condition deplorably low. Population was depleted; there was no agriculture worthy of the name, and there were no other industries of any kind excepting maritime pursuits; Athens was a miserable, squalid town, and there were no other towns of any size in the entire country; there were no highways in the land; the port of the Piræus was choked up and unfit to accommodate modern vessels; the country was in disorder and the prey of bandits; there were no educational facilities; there was almost no literature, and the language had suffered debasement from the lack of diffused education and literary standards; the church was an organ of patriotism and the Hellenic idea, but it had very little moral or religious influence; the vices of lying, stealing, and treachery had become sadly prevalent as a result of long subjection to cruel Mohammedan rulers and tax-gatherers; and so the little country was about as forlorn and debased as a Christian people of such a lineage could be made. These sad and unfortunate conditions are still sufficiently prevalent to excite the unfriendly criticism and harsh derision of not a few travelers who magnify their personal annoyances and give no appreciative sympathy to the efforts of a brave people whose history they do not understand. There is a bright side to the picture; and it merits warm admiration.

It would require several pages to give any adequate account of the political and financial difficulties under which Greece has struggled in these decades of independence; and her modest but solid progress has been won in the face of severe adversity. In 1821, there were only 224,000 hectares of land under cultivation, and in 1860 only 372,000. There are now more than 2,000,000 hectares cultivated. Commercial intercourse with foreign countries is rapidly increasing. Thirty years ago the imports were valued at 44,000,000 francs and the exports at less than 30,000,000. In 1887 the imports were worth 276,000,000 francs and the exports 212,000,000. The exports are olive oil, currents, various fruits, and agricultural products, and ores from the mines.

Although a mountainous country Greece has many fertile valleys that are scarcely tilled at all. When railroads and highways have made these localities accessible to markets they will rapidly become prosperous and populous.

The recent growth of commerce and of cultivated area that I have mentioned, is the direct result of the government's railroad policy. In 1874 there were only 12 kilometers of railway line in all Greece,—this being the bit of road from the Piræus, the port, up to Athens. In 1881 there were 73 kilometers, the Corinth line having been constructed. In 1885 there were 338 kilometers, the increase being due to construction in the Morea. Including lines projected and under contract, the record for 1889 was a total of 1,698 kilometers. Besides new lines for the commercial development of the Morea, there is now building under arrangements made in 1889, a main line that is to give Athens the long-desired connection with the railway system of Europe. Its terminus will be Larissa on the northern frontier. This line will open up to commerce a region now very difficult of access. It has, moreover, a strategic purpose. The mobilization of the little Greek army upon the Macedonian frontier will be rendered easy; and the new line is intended to aid Greece in the acquisition of territory that she regards as rightly hers, though still held by the Turks. As a matter of political necessity the Turks will be obliged to build a line to the junction at Larissa; and thus Greece will have communication by rail with the outer world.

On the sea, the Greeks have made progress that is most noteworthy. They are the best and most successful sailors of the eastern Mediterranean. Their advance in this regard is not fairly shown in the statistics of the number of their ships, because the size and capacity of vessels have increased so greatly. Thus in 1864 there were 4,523 merchant vessels sailing under the Greek flag, and in 1887 there were 5,759, the total tonnage having increased from 280,000 to 750,000. Many of these vessels are steamers of good size. The once neglected port of the Piræus is now gay with the shipping of various nations, and the harbor has been dredged and improved. The Greeks are so skillful that they manage their ships with much smaller crews than are employed by their rivals in the Mediterranean carrying trade; and this element of superiority is enabling them to acquire a larger and larger share of the business.

E-June.

The Greeks are not only the carriers, but they are also the traders and merchants of the eastern Mediterranean. Most of the shipping and most of the local traffic pertaining to such ports as Alexandria and Smyrna and Salonika, as well as to Constantinople itself, belong to Greeks, although not included, of course, in the statistics of Greece. The Piræus, as a shipping center, must receive a new impetus upon the completion of the Corinth ship-canal which is now building. Railroad connections will also divert to Athens much of the trade between Europe and the Orient that now inures to the benefit of Trieste, Marseilles, and the Italian ports. The coming decade is to witness a very remarkable development in the commercial and maritime interest of Greece.

The better times are telling upon the growth of population. In 1838 there were only 750,000 people in the country. In 1870 the number had increased to 1,450,000. The new census of last year shows nearly 2,200,000. Some slight accessions of territory are to be credited with a part of this population increase; but most of it is found in the original provinces. The Greeks are capable of a complex industrial organization that would make their country support a population four or five times as large as now exists. But they need close contact with Europe to arouse them to industrial effort. They are to-day better traders, mariners, and politicians than they are farmers or mechanics. Their relations have been closer with the East than with the West; but they have the full Occidental capacity; and a closer acquaintance with England, France, Germany, and America will rid them of the vanity and self-complacence that their intercourse with Oriental peoples has given them.

The educational progress of the Greeks is particularly gratifying. In 1830 there were only about 9,000 pupils in all the schools of Greece. In 1860 there were about 53,000. The number had increased to nearly 125,000 in 1888. Elementary education is universal and compulsory. The statistics for 1888 show 327 high schools, 989 common schools for boys, and 138 common schools for girls. The University of Athens has grown rapidly as a center of Greek culture, and it has a teaching staff of nearly a hundred professors and assistants with a registration of some 2,500 students.

The possibilities of the modern Athens as an educational center may well excite enthu-

siasm. It should be understood that the Greeks outside of Greece are three or four times as numerous as those living in Greece. There are nearly half a million Greeks in and about Constantinople. There are hundreds of thousands of them in Alexandria, Cairo, and elsewhere in Egypt. They are the business men of Jerusalem, Damascus, and Beirut. They are numerous in Odessa and Bucharest. Altogether, the race numbers from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 people, all of whom use the Greek language, are intensely proud of their nationality, and are steadily advancing in a sense of race unity and a belief in their future political union and their dominion over the shores of the eastern Mediterranean. To Athens as the center of this race sentiment and the seat of Greek learning, all these people are looking with a growing regard; and their sons are sent in large numbers to study in the university, or in the great polytechnic school, or in one of the gymnasia.

It is singularly inappropriate to speak of the Greek as a dead language. The visitor to Athens who finds a dozen or more daily papers in circulation and finds the book-stalls crowded with fresh Greek works by native authors, as well as with cheap Greek translations of popular French, German, and English books, while he finds the theaters occasionally producing a comedy of Aristophanes or a tragedy of Æschylus, and listens perchance to an eloquent speech in the *Boulé* from a statesman who speaks as good Greek as Demosthenes uttered, may well wonder why it is customary in America and England to call Greek a dead language. It is, in point of fact, a very live language, with a brilliant practical future before it. The rise of education and journalism and authorship among the modern Greeks, naturally stimulates pride in their language and tends to its purification. The "Modern Greek," so-called, is simply Greek. The changes it has undergone are many, but they are slight when compared with those that have transformed other European languages.

The evolution of Athens into a modern capital is progressing rapidly. The city has been "laid out" upon a regular plan in its newer parts, and it is quite like a French or Italian town in its architecture and arrangements. There has been much building in recent years; and from the stately ruins of the Acropolis one looks down upon a city which

for the most part seems fresh and new. The sewerage, water supply, street sprinkling, and other amenities of well-kept European cities are not fully provided as yet, but all these improvements are finding place one by one. Athens has grown in population like an American town in the past ten years. In 1879 it had 63,374 inhabitants, in 1884 it had 84,903, and by the new census of 1889 it had attained to 107,000. The Piræus now has a population of 33,000; and it is in the larger sense a part of Athens.

Every thing conspires to promote the future growth of the interesting Greek capital. It has large commercial and industrial prospects, it will become a great center of art and education, and it will profit, to an extent that few persons have ventured to predict, from the influx of strangers. For as Italy's sunshine and her historical and artistic attractiveness have been worth many millions of dollars yearly to her people since the opening of the Italian railway system, just so Greece will profit when her incomparable skies, her wonderful views of purple mountains and blue sea, and her wealth in archæological remains and in historical localities can be made sufficiently accessible to draw a large patronage. Within ten years, Greece will be opened up to travelers; hotels will be built; thousands of European and American tourists will seek her lovely classic shores, and sentiment will be turned by her shrewd people to the most profitable business account.

The political affairs of Greece are in the hands of one of the wisest and most accomplished statesmen of modern times, Mr. C. Tricoupis. He has been prime minister for several years, and had filled the same position in a former cabinet. It has been his aim to bring Greece to a sound financial basis. He found the little kingdom without credit, its interest payments in arrears, its income less than its expenditure, its treasury, therefore, practically bankrupt, its currency depreciated paper, its taxation system wasteful and unequal, and its revenue and customs officers, shameless thieves. What he has done to improve the situation shows him a masterly financier. He has restored his country's credit in the money markets of Europe, and greatly reduced the interest rate, refunding the old debt. He has created a new revenue system that has doubled the income of the country without adding to the burdens of the people. He has driven out and punished the

dishonest officials. He has paved the way for a return to specie payments. But for the misconduct of his political opponents who achieved a brief control of the government, he would have retired the paper money three or four years ago. Mr. Tricoupis is a gentleman of the highest character and of wide experience and knowledge, speaking all the leading European languages with fluency. He had a long training in the diplomatic service, and is perfectly familiar with the most intricate details of modern European politics and history. He shares with his countrymen the ardent hopes they cherish for the future of Greece, but he has the prudence and patience that most of them lack, and he desires a period of peace in order that Greece may attain a sound financial condition, may develop a railroad system, and may improve her agriculture and industries. He believes that the future is hers if she will only prepare herself for it. Consequently, he is not impatient for that general war that other Greeks anticipate as having good fortune in store for their country. He seeks a period of peaceful development.

The Berlin Congress following the Russo-Turkish war, awarded Greece a strip of territory adjoining her northern boundary. She has not been able as yet to obtain possession of the entire strip, although the great powers have aided her to obtain a part of it. She aspires to the possession of all or at least of a large part of the Turkish province of Macedonia, lying north of the present boundary. But the Bulgarians, the Servians, and the Austrians, as well as the Turks, are claimants for this bone of contention; and the outcome of the competition is not yet predicable. The Macedonian towns and seaports are undoubtedly Greek in preponderance of population. But the farmers of the interior are chiefly Bulgarians, with an intermingling of Albanian Mohammedans and a few Servians.

Greece may ultimately acquire a portion of Macedonia, but is not likely to be granted the bulk of the province. Crete, which is properly a Greek island, has remained a Turkish possession. The population is at present in revolt; and the early future will witness the transfer of Crete to Greece. There are

various other islands now governed by the Turks that should be added to the kingdom of Greece; and their acquisition may be confidently expected. Meanwhile, the Greeks should not be over-anxious to extend their boundaries, but should rather seek to develop the possessions they already have.

Greece is a constitutional monarchy, similar in its government to Belgium. The present king, Georgios I., is a brother of the Princess of Wales, and a son of the King of Denmark. He was elected King of the Hellenes in 1863, when eighteen years old, and he married Olga, the daughter of the Russian grand-duke Constantine. They have a family of seven children, the eldest of whom, Prince Constantine the heir-apparent, was twenty-one years of age last summer and was married at Athens to a German princess, in the presence of Emperor William and other royal guests. The eldest daughter, Alexandra, nineteen years old, was also married last summer at St. Petersburg to a Russian prince, with great éclat. King George comes of a family that has made remarkably fortunate alliances; and these recent marriages of his children have undoubtedly added something to the political security of Greece. In case of a complete expulsion of the Turks from Europe and Asia Minor, Greece would occupy a more favorable position than otherwise in an international congress for the division of the spoils, on account of the matrimonial alliances of the royal family.

The legislative power is vested in a parliament of a single chamber, called the *Boulé*, which meets annually. The representatives are elected for four years, by universal manhood suffrage. The body numbers 150 men. The ministers, who are the heads of seven executive departments (Interior, Finance, Justice, War, Marine, Education, and Ecclesiastical affairs and Foreign affairs) are responsible to the chamber, as in England and other European countries. The system of law in vogue is practically identical with the French code. The institutions of the country are liberal and progressive. The people belong, almost wholly, to the orthodox Greek church, organized upon a national basis, under a synod of archbishops and bishops.

End of Required Reading for June.

TENNYSON.*

BY JOHN VANCE, CHENEY.

PART II.

AFTER speaking as we have of the superiority of the laureate's subject matter and of his intellectual and emotional grasp of it, we must also style him the greatest living master of words. In saying this we do not underrate the unique genius of Swinburne, to whom we are indebted for startling manifestations of the technics of his art. Our expression concerns words rich in meaning, words that voice inspiration, that are the tongue of profound poetic thought. Mastery of the diction befitting great poetry is not discoverable in numberless words, each word new to its fellow, or in ringing repetitions of a few favorite words. The great poet is not prodigal, but sparing, of speech; he rarely sows with the whole sack. "Poetry teaches," says Emerson, "the enormous force of a few words, and in proportion to the inspiration, checks loquacity." Here is the place to begin not only a comparison of Tennyson and Swinburne, but to begin to take the measure of the singer that has given us the masterly "Atalanta in Calydon." His fling at Whitman and Tupper, that they merely "accumulate words," is of the boomerang sort, returning to fall too near the feet of the redoubtable thrower. For, speaking strictly and with great poetry as the standard, Swinburne's astonishing feats of rhythm are less poetry than a kind—and necessarily an inferior kind—of music. Too definite for music, they are too indefinite for poetry. Not of these are the words that breathe human breath; the breathing is rather of wind blown through an animate harp—blasts of hot dehumanized meters, the heat of which, like the wind described by Saadi, makes the marrow boil in the bones.

Now that Mr. Swinburne is before us, it may help toward an appreciation of Tennyson and of poetry, to go a little further with him. An uncontrollable flow of words, we say, tells against inspiration, opposes poetry. Poetry turns on intellect, on luminous, searching thought; and thought "checks loquacity." This first; next perchance, we

shall discover that the work of the younger singer does not exhibit among its excellencies the treatment of vital subjects, subjects that repay the patient gaze of the seer. Neither, as a rule, shall we be constrained to say that the more fruitful of the subjects selected are well thought out; and when they are well thought out we shall probably be moved to say that, as a rule, the verbal execution is still disproportionate to both the theme and the ideas. Take, for example, the grandly sonorous "Ave atque Vale." Here the thought is wholly appropriate and sufficient; while the music *per se* is worthy of the noblest theme. The defect in this ode is, that the theme being ignoble, the disproportion between the music and the thought defeats the effect aimed at, the high poetic effect, attained only by a nice balance of thought and expression. It seems, at the start, an exhibition of incongruity, if not of unconscious irony, this lavishing of poetic art on the memory of one who had so poor a conception of it as to declare himself ready to teach it in thirty lessons; but, passing this point, consider for a moment the recklessness of the poet of to-day that can afford to spend his strength on a death song in which the hereafter of the departed is fittingly pictured as follows:

Now all strange hours and all strange loves are
over,
Dreams and desires and sombre songs and
sweet,
Hast thou found place at the great knees and
feet
Of some pale Titan woman like a lover,
Such as thy vision here solicited,
Under the shadow of her fair vast head,
The deep division of prodigious breasts,
The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep,
The weight of awful tresses that still keep
The savour and shade of old-world pine forests
Where the wet hill-winds weep?

When the poet looks into heaven he should find the lowest circle of it at least a few feet

Above the howling senses' ebb and flow.
Imagine Tennyson rising to the realm of spirits only to plunge to this monstrously

*Special Course for C. I. S. C. Graduates.

mundane business. It is still with us a matter of wonderment that the subjective poverty of this ode has not prevented eminent critics from mentioning it favorably in connection with "Lycidas," with "Adonais," and with "Thyrsis." As one of our authorities in literature has said, "The poet's office is to be a voice." Ay, but he does not stop there—a voice lifting "to a purer ether and a wider reach of view." Any shortcoming in this particular is insufferable when the song essays the life beyond.

We breathe "purer ether" here :

There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

There is "purer ether" here :

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

Though our feet keep the green English fields in "Thyrsis," there, too, the spirit takes an upper, a "happier air." On the wings of these three threnodies we take a long flight heavenward; the dirge for "Baudelaire," with its marvelous melody and harmony, after all suffers us to get no higher than the twin sphericities of her "Stript Prodigiousness." Indeed, it is rather a dig downward than a flight upward; the atmosphere, the sights and sounds are of the underground :

Some dim derision of mysterious laughter

And from pale mouths some cadence of dead sighs—

These only, then the hearkening spirit hears,
Sees only such things rise.

A strain from "In Memoriam," in comparison with this, seems wafted from the angelic choir :

Thy voice is on the rolling air ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;

I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

The choice of subject settles a great deal for poets. But subject and thought aside, considering Swinburne simply as an artist in words, is he wholly masterful in technics? There is a good old rule that the highest art is to conceal art. Will it be said that Swinburne does this? Will it be affirmed that he can be read without the thought being first, if not last, on the art, open and persistently conspicuous? Will it be declared possible for this poet to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art? It seems to us much safer to say that if he quits the bounds of the artistic it must be for the region of the artificial. We may find evidence of this tendency even in the "Ave atque Vale":

O sleepless heart and somber soul unsleeping

Dreams and desires and somber songs and sweet.

It is Swinburne's misfortune, both as an artist and as a seer, to be too original. The poet is a reporter, a translator, not the maker, of life; and with the matter of life we must have the compliant manner. Swinburne, as we have attempted to show, gives little of the matter, and surely his is not the manner of life. What he contemptuously terms Byron's "rhetoric" gives much more of both. Byron, at his best, produces by simple means great effects; Swinburne, at his best, surprises us with deftness in the use of technics intricate as unsuspected. Says a critic whom Mr. Swinburne greatly admires, "We do not ask from the poet linguistic feats, difficulties overcome. We expect to be delighted, entranced, even inspired, so that we also, his readers, feel for a time that we too are of the prophets." Swinburne's art, masterful as it is, falls short of this high illusion. What it can do when not too lavishly used, is to be seen perhaps clearer than elsewhere in the "Poems and Ballads" of 1878, in the perfect little poem "At Parting":

For a day and a night Love sang to us, played with us,

Folded us round from the dark and the light ;
And our hearts were full-filled of the music he made with us,

Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed with us,

Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch, with his wings
 had he hidden us,
 Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,
 From the feet that had tracked and the tongues
 that had chidden us,
 Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us,
 Spirit and flesh growing one with delight
 For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest and his feet will not
 stay for us :
 Morning is here in the joy of its might ;
 With his breath has he sweetened a night and a
 day for us ;
 Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way
 for us ;
 Love can but last in us here at his height
 For a day and a night.

Now—for we have detained this singer,
 peerless in his peculiar way, long enough for
 our present purpose, which is, after all, to
 deal less with any one poet than with poetry
 in general—the conclusion is that, tried by the
 first rules of poetry, read with the noble ideal
 fixed in the mind, Swinburne does not write
 great poetry ; that it is not often that Brown-
 ing writes great poetry ; that, on the other
 hand, Tennyson's work generally evidences
 a sufficient number of the elements of great-
 ness to warrant the title of a great poet, the
 title greatest poet being reserved for the very
 few on the long roll of the world's singers
 that are his superiors.

We are indebted to Tennyson, the poet, as
 we are to Matthew Arnold, the critic, for in-
 sistence on the eternal truth that poetry is
 one thing and prose, the best of it, quite an-
 other. In suppressed lines of the laureate
 written in boyhood, we may find a more
 open proclamation of this than in many a
 line mature poets have permitted to stand.
 The verses in the "Juvenilia" about the dy-
 ing lamb, prove the young author to be of
 the distinct race of poets.

In a time
 Of which he wots not, run short pains
 Through his warm heart ; and then, from
 whence
 He knows not, on his light there falls
 A shadow ; and his native slope
 Where he was wont to leap and climb
 Floats from his sick and filmèd eyes
 And something in the darkness draws
 His forehead earthward, and he dies.

It is easy to perceive differences between
 such poems as "At a Solemn Music," "Ode

on a Grecian Urn," "Three Years She Grew,"
 "The Forsaken Merman," Hunt's "Grass-
 hopper and Cricket," and Emerson's "Snow-
 Storm"; is it less easy to perceive that they
 have certain essential poetic elements in
 common, that they are all begotten and born
 of the royal family of songs? Tennyson's
 work is one constant exhibition of this kin-
 ship ; and it is here, in the very beginning,
 that he divides ways with his most illustri-
 ous contemporary, and takes his place as the
 great poet, as *the* poet of his time. Song is
 an inheritance, perhaps the most precious of
 our inheritances. It has come down to us in
 an unbroken line from the great seers of old ;
 and it is Tennyson's fortune to stand in the
 direct line of transmission, to be able to sing
 songs that are a legitimate development of
 the ancestral strains. Hence it is that, while
 the laureate is certainly abreast with the ideas
 of his time, he is more successful than an-
 other in the beautiful application of them to
 life. Hence it comes that his every verse,
 every word, is a double voice—a protest
 against the unlawful and temporary in song,
 and a plea for the beautiful and abiding, for
 the flower, for the fragrance of thought and
 speech.

So from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalks ; from them the
 leaves
 More airy ; last the bright consummate flower
 Spirits odorous breathes.

The bright consummate flower breathing
 odorous spirits—such is the ancestral song,
 such is each transmission of it, such is Ten-
 nyson's singing. To this flower is attached
 no tag of morality ; morality is of the heart
 of it, lives in it, and speaks through it, as it
 blossoms on. It is hardly necessary to add
 that this flower is never a political, never an
 after dinner speech ; never a philosophical
 dissertation, never an exposition of theologi-
 cal doctrine. It is simply art—right, con-
 sistent with life and beauty, and is its own
 excuse for being. What has been so sweetly
 said of Marian's child, always may be said of
 the blossom-child of the poet's brain and
 heart :

Like a rose, I said ?
 As red and still indeed as any rose
 That blows in all the silence of its leaves,
 Content in blowing to fulfill its life.

To return for a word on the point of superi-
 ority in wisdom, let us follow a little way the

eminent scholar and critic—a wooer of the muse besides—Professor Dowden. In his essay entitled “Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning,” he says :

Mr. Tennyson has a strong sense of the dignity and efficiency of *law*—of *law* understood in its widest meaning. Energy nobly controlled, an ordered activity, delight his imagination. Violence, extravagance, immoderate force, the swerving from appointed ends, revolt,—these are with Mr. Tennyson the supreme manifestations of evil.

This is well said ; and, in his respect for law, Tennyson does not forget—what we should least of all forget that he remembers—the law that governs the poet. It is his respect for this particular law that has fostered his genius into the fullness, the luxuriousness, of its blossoming. But Professor Dowden finds that respect for law, while it fortunately does not shut out the idea of God from Tennyson’s poetry, it permits only a slight recognition of special contact of the soul with the Divine Being in any supernatural ways of quiet or of ecstasy. In other words, Tennyson, standing on the ground of modern science, is “precluded” from “all spiritual rapture.” Science being left to its own defense, it must be said that spiritual rapture or enthusiasm is indispensable to the great poet. But there is more than one kind of enthusiasm ; or, better, there are at least two kinds, the sane kind and the crazy kind. Enthusiasm of the sane kind has been defined by one that was no stranger to spiritual rapture, as a “divine serenity.” It will hardly be denied that Tennyson has this kind of enthusiasm.

If the search be philosophy, for instruction, it is not clear to us how such teaching concerning the “dignity and efficiency of law” as may be gleaned from the art field of Tennyson, can prove less acceptable to the best intellect of to-day, and less profitable to the masses of any day, than that to be gained from poets of the temper of Shelley, or from poets of the spiritual and mental and lingual kink of Browning. Enthusiasm is not all ; it must be of the right kind. Sir Thomas Browne, according to Coleridge, was a “sublime enthusiast, yet a fantast, a humorist, a brain with a twist.” We must not decide that Tennyson is deficient in enthusiasm because he never lets it overwhelm his judgment when in the temple of art and in the presence of his readers. This would be as wrong as to decide that his reach of mind is

short because he never attempts to soar in regions where there is no air to stay his wings.

But suppose for a moment, that Tennyson fails as an enthusiast, moreover that he stands convicted of British insularity, moreover, that he lays too little stress on the “distinguished success” of “heroic failure”—suppose these shortcomings and many others proved, may the student of poetry hope to increase his knowledge by heeding a counselor, never so scholarly, that can compare any two lines of Tennyson with two such lines as these?

When liberty goes out of a place, it is not the first to go, nor the second or third to go,
It waits for all the rest to go—it is the last.

With all respect for Professor Dowden’s scholarship, we refuse right here to put our trust in him as a critic of poetry.

When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go, nor the second or third to go,
It waits for all the rest to go—it is the last.

When there are no more memories of heroes and martyrs,

And when all life, and all the souls of men and women are discharged from any part of the earth,

Then only shall liberty, or the idea of liberty, be discharged from that part of the earth,
And the infidel come into full possession.

Incredible as it sounds, the Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin, would have us understand that the liberty lines are poetry. Other critics, distinguished for their attainments, would have us understand the same thing. We must withhold our assent ; we cry out against this, and must ever after view with suspicion the movements of these learned leaders often as they set foot on the poet’s ground. When a counselor in poesy, ay, a poet, can call the liberty lines poetry, can so far forget what poetry is, he can easily fail to discover who is sponsor for it in our time. Next it will be hardly less difficult to find that the laureate’s work is to remain to a certain type “futile and false” ; not more difficult, in fact, than it is for us to perceive that we are to meet forthwith a doughty champion of Browning—not so much of Browning the poet, as of Browning the analyst, the specialist in complex emotions, or Browning the rhapsodist, the exhorter. Though Professor Dowden is discussing the philosophy of Tennyson and Browning, he claims to remember that they are “before all

else artists"; his avowed aim is to deal with poetry as well as with philosophy.

But setting aside the artist for the philosopher, does not Professor Dowden's analysis, after all, support our view of Tennyson's superiority in intellectuality, in worth, sanity, wholesomeness? Both Tennyson and Browning are declared to be optimists, both believe in the progress of the race; but, while with Browning this progress is "dependent on the production of higher passions and aspirations," with Tennyson the chief instruments of it are a "vast increase of knowledge and of political organization." Important as intuitions and yearnings are, it would seem safer to look for progress among the masses of the modern world through knowledge, gained from long experience, wisely applied to their government, than to look for it through the highest passions and aspirations. Indeed, it is not easy to understand how the loftiest aspirations can make headway, unguided by sober, plodding knowledge. The practical class which, first and last, ask poets what they teach, are most freakish folk; for the teaching that pleases them best is, oddly enough, illy fitted to the uses of this world. It may be excellent for some other world—where, by the by, they may have their own poets—but to be practical for us at present it must serve upon the humble mother ground. So far, judgment has been found more useful to the denizens of earth than has passion; and it is simply consistent in one that puts

the passions before judgment, to give not a little time and strength to the laudation of failure. A series of failures, if it be in any way operative for instruction, puts ribs into the suspicion that the victim is not obeying the safest rules of conduct for the world he inhabits.

As a last word, let us go for poetry not to the critics foreign or native born, but to the poets themselves. And when we come to Tennyson we shall emphasize, not his sensitiveness to the presence of law and order, but that strange inexpressible quality found even in so small compositions as the lyrics of the "Princess," the supernal something that insures what the vastest schoolmastership in verse has never compassed—immortality. Let us go to the poems themselves. Then philosophy will be the last thing that we shall think of inquiring about, metaphysics the last thing that we shall dream of inquiring about. We shall not ask the poet's plant for a list of the ingredients from which it sucked up the life that we see in its graceful shape and lovely blossoms, that we smell in its delicate fragrance. We shall drink in with delighted eyes whatever crude philosophic material has helped the white light and the warm winds and the pure dews of inspiration to nourish its precious being; we shall do this unconsciously and blissfully, nothing in our minds and hearts but the beautiful flower and the wondrous fragrance—the blossom and the breath of the deathless plant of song.

(The end.)

DANDELIONS.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

WHAT is your secret, bonny golden flowers,
That star this shining tinsel through the grass?
Form you the web that in the sunlit hours
Penelope doth weave? At night I pass
The dusty road. And raveled lie the threads,
Nor gleams thy gold in e'en the tiniest shreds.

Doth Cupid shoot his golden arrows here
At stately Dian? Or did Hebe fair,
When banished from Olympus and its cheer,
Throw down her golden cup in her despair?
Hath Midas touched you with his fingers cold,
And given you this fairy, fleeting gold?

Or, lavish, flings to earth the war-like Mars
A million tiny copies of his shield?
Or, wasteful Vulcan, chipping out the stars,
Has spilled his precious gold-dust o'er the field?
Nay! Jove, descending from the summer skies,
Danaë-earth still woos in thy disguise.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

EVERY educated American, and a few exceptionally well educated foreigners, know that the United States Senate is composed of two persons from each state, whether the state be as large as New York or as small as Delaware; that the senators are elected by the legislatures of each state, and the term of service is six years.

The Senate now consists of eighty-four members, about one-fourth of whom are more or less distinguished, while the majority are scarcely known, even by name, to the general public. The functions of the Senate are three-fold: legislative, executive, and judiciary. Its legislative function is to pass, jointly with the House of Representatives, bills, which upon receiving the approval of the President of the United States, become Acts of Congress; its executive function is to approve or disapprove of all nominations and treaties made by the President of the United States; its judicial function is to sit as a court for the trial of impeachments preferred by the House of Representatives.

The Senate stands, as was intended by the fathers of the Constitution, as the center of gravity in the Government of the United States,—a body able to correct and check, on the one hand, “the Democratic recklessness of the House,” and on the other, the possible “monarchical ambition” of the President. The House can do nothing without the concurrence of the Senate. The President can be checked by its resistance.

The Senate always has been an eminently dignified political body, although they laughingly speak of it in Washington as an “aristocratic club,” and the “exclusive debating society of the nation.” It is this intellectual supremacy which makes it far superior to the House of Lords, the latter being hereditary, while the former is representative. Although there have been men elected to the Senate who were unworthy to sit in that body, such cases have been remarkably few, and such men have not been re-elected, and have passed from the Senate Chamber to the obscurity whence they were originally taken. The one fatal weak point of the House of Lords is that it is hereditary,

and not representative. No public assembly can be great or powerful or influential whose members are hereditary,—in which imbecility sits because it has inherited a title. A century ago, Mirabeau said in the First Constituent Assembly of France, “We are here by the will of the people, and nothing but bayonets shall send us hence.” These brave words expressed the correct modern sentiment.

One hundred years ago American institutions were a novel experiment in the history of mankind. They are now an accomplished fact, and intelligent people of the Old World, and of the whole world, are deeply interested in the conditions of our political life. For three-quarters of a century after the formation of the United States Government, all Europeans, except a few men of original and philosophical minds, regarded this country either with absolute contempt or with profound indifference. Men who would have been ashamed not to know the history of the republics of Sparta and Athens, whose political independence perished more than two thousand years ago, were not ashamed to be entirely ignorant of the history of the great American republic,—a republic which has more than realized the splendid dream of Plato, and more than surpasses in extent the republic of the Scipios. The Civil War opened the eyes of the world to our boundless resources. Thoughtful Europeans, men like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. James Bryce, Sir Charles Dilke, and a few others, who are far in advance of their age, realized the magnificent part which the American people are destined to play in the development of the civilized world. They saw that this is the Land of the Future, as well as the Land of the Present, toward whose free and enlightened institutions the nations of the earth are moving.

This is an eminently practical age and country, and the Senate as one of the representative bodies of our national legislature, partakes of the practical qualities of the American people. During the century that the Federal Government has existed, the Union has grown from thirteen states, scat-

tered along the Atlantic Coast, to forty-two states, stretching from the rising to the setting sun—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the Gulf of Mexico in the South to the great lakes of the North, a grand continent inhabited by the wisest, wealthiest, and most wonderful people on the face of the earth. The Senate is composed of representative men from every phase of American life, and it is a body of which the American people are justly proud. It is an assembly where all are politically equal, where there are no leaders, but where a few excel by the mere force of a potential personality or mental qualities of a high order.

Some are senators because they are rich, and some are rich because they are senators. These last are very few. The ambassador of Pyrrhus called the senate of Rome an assembly of kings, so some sentimental Americans speak of the American Senate as a sort of Mount Olympus where sages and statesmen sit in god-like majesty. This is a mistake. It is an assembly of shrewd, practical, intelligent men, who, having won honor, or wealth, or both in their respective states, have sought to place themselves conspicuously before the eyes of the whole country by becoming senators; or the Senate is looked upon by men of great wealth as a place of elegant leisure and eminent respectability, perhaps adding an air of social distinction to the possessors of money, thus making wealth respectable and even dignified.

Most of the senators have been local politicians, and they are the best men that our present system calls into politics, not, perhaps, the best men that the country produces, but the best men who devote themselves to politics. Most of the leading men of the last hundred years have sat in the Senate, for it always has offered the highest attraction for ambitious men, being a splendid field for the display of eloquence and statesmanship. The character of the Senate has changed since the days when Clay, Webster, and Calhoun were the foremost men of the nation, and the most eloquent orators of their country. But it still maintains an intellectual character which perhaps no other public body in the world can equal, certainly not surpass.

The Senate Chamber is semi-circular in form. The Vice-President of the United States, who is the presiding officer, has his chair on a marble dais in the center of the

chord, with the senators facing him, seated on leather arm chairs, each of which has a desk in front. The Democratic senators sit on the right and the Republican senators on the left of the Vice President's chair. The Senate meets at noon, each daily session being opened with prayer by the chaplain; after which the journal of the preceding day is read; the presiding officer then lays before the Senate messages from the President, reports and communications from the Heads of Departments, and other communications addressed to the Senate; then follows the routine business until one o'clock; after which the Senate proceeds to the consideration of the calendar of bills and resolutions until two o'clock, at which hour the calendar of general orders is taken up: motions, executive sessions, and questions of privileges. The senators always address the chair as "Mr. President," and he refers to the senators by their states, as "the Senator from New York." The Senate seldom sits later than six o'clock, and night sessions are very rare.

Previous to 1859 the Senate occupied the room now used by the Supreme Court, and it was in that chamber the debates took place in which Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Hayne, and Benton figured so conspicuously. The present Senate Chamber witnessed the solemn scenes immediately preceding the Civil War, when senator after senator from the cotton states took his final leave of the Senate after making speeches full of pathetic excuses for the secession of his respective state. Here, also, the Senate sat during the trying years of the War, sometimes with the Confederates in sight on the other side of the Potomac. It was in this now historic chamber, that the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson was held, in which Chief Justice Chase presided with a dignity and impartiality that commanded the respect of the whole country.

The Senate is more jealous of the equality of its members now than formerly. Simon Cameron sat in the Senate eighteen years, during which time he exercised a controlling influence, not only over the state of Pennsylvania, but, in a less degree, over the United States Senate. There is no senator who justly can claim such a position now. The senators who have the most influence outside the Senate are politicians rather than statesmen.

America has never been wanting in men of sufficient ability to carry on the business of

the country. Never in the whole history of the United States has there been brought to the front so many "practical men" as in this last decade of the nineteenth century. Practical men are what the times require, and the Senate has its full share of them. There are silent senators and speaking senators, political senators and practical senators, poor senators and rich senators. Senator Hearst, of California, has sat in the Senate since 1886 and yet he made his first speech at the present session. He is a "silent" senator, but an eminently "practical" man. Born in Missouri in 1820, he received a very plain education, and passed his early manhood on his father's farm; in 1850 he caught the gold fever and went to California, where he engaged successfully in mining; he is the owner of the San Francisco *Examiner*, a newspaper of large circulation and great Democratic influence on the Pacific Coast. He first appeared in politics in 1865, as a member of the California Legislature. That was the only public position held by him until 1886, when he was appointed United States Senator by Governor Stoneman, as a Democrat, to fill a vacancy, and in 1887 he was elected to the Senate for the full term. Senator Hearst entertains very liberally during the Washington season.

Quite different from Senator Hearst is Senator Ingalls, of Kansas. He is a ready debater, and one of the most aggressive members of the Senate. He is never so happy as when he is shaking the British lion, which he does with a vigor that should make the noble beast tremble, but he has survived the senator's attacks, just as the South has survived his picturesque denunciations. Mr. Ingalls is a slight, refined-looking man, with a gray mustache and imperial. He does not mingle much in the social life of Washington, but he is one of the most conspicuous figures in the Senate, to which he was first elected in 1873, and is now serving his third successive term. He is one of the old members in point of service, but one of the younger senators in point of age, being only fifty-six years old.

Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, is the "Father of the Senate," having served twenty-four years successively, although he is much younger than many other senators. He has a mild, thoughtful face, with white hair and beard, presenting a more venerable appearance than his sixty-two years would warrant. He is an able man,—indeed, he is

regarded by many as the ablest of all the senators, but his ability is shown more in the caucus than in the debate, more in the committee room than in the Senate Chamber. He is very polite, but an excessively modest man, and shrinks from publicity as the sensitive plant shrinks from touch; in fact, he is so reserved, so reticent, so secret, that he does not let his left-hand neighbor know what his right hand is doing. He is, perhaps, the best posted member of the Senate, in touch with all that is going on, not only in Washington, but in the whole country, in the whole world. He is a moderate man, never violent or aggressive, always working more indirectly than directly to secure his ends. He took an important part in the Electoral Commission bill of 1876, and it was he who had inserted in it two words, "if any," which secured the presidency for Rutherford B. Hayes. He was the father of the bill to suppress polygamy in Utah. Senator Edmunds' home in Washington is a handsome house on Massachusetts Avenue, but he does not entertain to any very great extent.

One of the most interesting and picturesque figures in the Senate is Wade Hampton, the senior senator from South Carolina. A member of one of those proud old Carolina families that have been long distinguished in state and national history, he is a worthy representative of his ancient name. He took a prominent part in the Civil War as a cavalry officer, reaching the rank of lieutenant-general just at the close of the strife; he was in command at Columbia, South Carolina, when General Sherman occupied the city in February 1865. At the close of the war he engaged in civil pursuits until 1876, when he was elected Governor of South Carolina, and re-elected in 1878. The same year he was elected to the United States Senate, and is now serving his third successive term. His genial, kindly nature has done much to promote good feeling among senators, North and South. He is not so conspicuous in the debate as his colleague, Senator Butler, who is the ever ready champion of the South. General Hampton is a devoted sportsman, and he finds a congenial companion in Don Cameron, who inherited a name famous in the annals of the Senate, but the condition of his health for several years has prevented him from taking the active part in public affairs that was expected of the son and political heir of Simon Cameron.

Ex-Governor Leland Stanford, of California, is not only the wealthiest senator, but one of the wealthiest men in the United States. Originally a lawyer, he went to California in 1852, and engaged in business. His immense fortune was made out of the Pacific Railroad, of which he was one of the projectors. His first appearance in politics was as a delegate to the Chicago Republican Convention in 1860 which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency. He was elected Governor of California in 1861. At the expiration of his term, he retired from public life until he was elected to the United States Senate in 1885. When in the East, a few years since, he was asked by the Sultan to undertake the construction of a railroad between Constantinople and the head of the Persian Gulf, by which the City of the Golden Horn would enjoy the advantage of its unrivaled position as the Queen of the East. Governor Stanford declined the dazzling offer, saying he was too old and had money enough. So, instead of engaging in this magnificent enterprise, he returned to the United States, and was elected to the Senate. I traveled from Constantinople to Athens with him, and saw much of him during the voyage. He is very plain in his dress and address, but he astonished the people of the East by the state in which he traveled, entering Athens, for instance, with sixteen trunks. Stanford is better known as a wealthy senator than as a wordy senator, for he speaks seldom, and never at length. He is sixty-six years old, and has grown tired of public life, which he re-entered as a distraction to his mind when crushed by the loss of his only child, a bright, promising youth of seventeen, who died at Florence of the Roman fever in the spring of 1884. Governor Stanford was a particular friend of General Grant, and is a devoted friend of Justice Field.

The stately homes and princely entertainments of some of the millionaire senators in these days offer a striking contrast to the plain, simple lives of the great senators of fifty years ago, when Henry Clay had his modest room at the National Hotel, and John C. Calhoun "messed" at a boarding-house on Capitol Hill. The wealthy senators, as a rule, have not contributed any thing to the honor and glory of the Senate. One of them when reminded that he was frequently absent from his seat, replied that as he had bought his seat in the Senate, he thought he had a right to sit in it or not just as he pleased. Senator Sher-

man is an exception among the millionaire senators. He takes a most active part in the business of the Senate. He has a cold exterior and icy manner which have not made him personally popular either in public or private life. He is so tall and thin that he is called "the bean pole of the Senate," as Senator Voorhees is known as "the sycamore of the Wabash." Sherman has a beautiful house in Washington, crowded with art and choice bric-à-brac. His library is the finest in the city, and contains many paintings by Mrs. Sherman.

The Honorable Levi P. Morton, Vice-President of the United States, presides over the Senate with that courtesy and dignity which have distinguished him in every public position held by him; and, in private life, his generous hospitality has made him one of the most popular vice-presidents we have ever had. Mr. Evarts entered the Senate with the prestige of a great name, but his advancing years and declining eye-sight have prevented him from adding a senatorial distinction to his forensic fame. Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, is one of the most prominent Southern senators. He once had an animated discussion with Mr. Blaine on the Chinese exclusion question, in which he proved himself able to hold his own against the brilliant Plumed Knight. He was private secretary of Slidell when he was seized on board the *Trent*, and after the War was Professor of Civil Law in the University of Louisiana. Joe Brown, of Georgia, is a home-spun senator, but an uncommonly shrewd man, who has become a millionaire by the force of his practical business smartness. Senator Gorman, of Maryland, is a political "boss" of his native state. He has been an office holder, without intermission, since his thirteenth year when he was appointed a page in the Senate. His voice is seldom heard in the debate, but as a political manager he has no superior and few equals. Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, has made himself conspicuous as the father of the Educational bill which bears his name. Senator Daniel, of Virginia, entered the Senate with a great local reputation as an orator, but he has not found the Senate a very favorable arena for the display of his oratorical gifts. In fact, it may be said that the age of oratory is passed,—that gift so rare that the names of not a dozen great orators in all the ages have come down to our time. Greece had her Demosthenes, Rome her Cicero, England her Burke, Amer-

ica her Patrick Henry. These by the common consent of the world, are recognized as the greatest orators that have ever lived. Second in rank, may be mentioned Cato, Chatham, and our celebrated trio, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun. All these make ten only. Shall we add Fox and Sheridan to complete the dozen? The universal circulation of the newspaper has rendered oratory unnecessary and almost obsolete. The orator, under the most favorable circumstances, cannot address an audience of more than five thousand persons, but, by means of the newspaper, a speech delivered at night is laid before fifty millions of readers the next morning.

William Pinkney delivered the most "gorgeous speech ever heard in the United States Senate," but it rests on tradition only, for the orator did not write his oration, and there were no reporters in those days to take it down. Joseph Gales, of the *National Intelligencer*, was the first to make reports of the Congressional debates; as a general rule, he published running reports only, but, on special occasions, he reported the speeches in full. The speeches made by Hayne and Webster during their celebrated intellectual combat in the Senate were taken down by Mr. Gales, whose notes, handsomely bound, and enriched with Mr. Webster's annotations, are kept as a precious memento in the family library.

The day that Mr. Webster made his great speech which won for him the name of the "Great Expounder of the Constitution," he met Mr. Gales as he was going to the Capitol,

who asked him how long he intended to speak. "About half an hour," was the reply. Mr. Webster, however, directly after, was joined by Judge Story, who said he thought the time had come for Webster to give the country his views on the Constitution. To this suggestion the Senator assented. Mr. Gales took up his pencil unaware of this new arrangement, and unconscious of the lapse of time under the enchantment of the orator, he continued to write until the close of the speech. But when he came to examine his notes, he found it would be impossible to spare the time to write them out, and when Mr. Webster called for the report of the speech, he was told by Mr. Gales that it was so much longer than he had been led to suppose it would be that he would never have the time to copy his notes. Mr. Webster tried argument and persuasion, but the overworked editor remained firm. In the midst of the dispute, Mrs. Gales came forward, and offered to undertake the task, saying she could decipher her husband's shorthand,—that she had heard the speech, and the resistless sweep of the argument and the gorgeous magnificence of its imagery were yet vivid in her mind. In the course of a week, Mr. Gales submitted to Mr. Webster the report of his speech in the handwriting of his wife. Scarcely a word needed to be changed, and soon a thousand dollar set of diamonds accompanied the grateful thanks of the eloquent statesman. Thus was saved the most memorable oration ever delivered in the United States Senate.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

ABOUT the pursuit of happiness, how often I say to myself, that considering life as a whole, the most one ought to expect is a kind of negative happiness, a neutral state, the absence of acute or positive unhappiness. Neutral tints make up the great background of nature, and why not of life? Neutral tints wear best in any thing. We do not tire of them. How much even in the best books is of a negative or neutral character—a background upon which the positive beauty is projected. A kind of tranquil, wholesome indifference, with now and

then a dash of positive joy, is the best of the common lot. To be consciously and positively happy all the while—how vain to expect it! We cannot walk through life on mountain peaks. Both laughter and tears we know, but a safe remove from both is the average felicity.

Another thought which often occurs to me, is that we each have a certain capacity for happiness or unhappiness which is pretty constant. We are like lakes or ponds which have their level, and which as a rule are not permanently raised or lowered. As things go in this world,

each of us has about all the happiness he has the capacity for. We cannot be permanently set up or cast down. A healthful nature, in the vicissitudes of experience, is not made permanently unhappy, nor, on the other hand, is its nearer level permanently raised. Deplete us and we fill up; flood us and we quickly run down. We think that if a certain event were to come to pass, if some rare good fortune should befall us, our stock of happiness would be permanently increased, but the chances are that it would not; after a time we should settle back to the old every-day level. We should get used to the new conditions, the new prosperity, and find life wearing essentially the same tints as before. Our pond is fed from hidden springs; happiness is from within, and outward circumstances have but little power over it. The poor man thinks how happy he would be with the possessions of his rich neighbor, but it is one of the commonplace sayings of the preacher that he would not be. Wealth would not change his nature. His wants, his longings, would still run on as before. It would be high water with him for a season, but it could not last.

The great depressor and destroyer of happiness is death; but from this blow, too, a healthful nature recovers. The broken and crushed plant rises again. The scar remains, but in the tissue beneath runs the same old blood.

It is undoubtedly true, however, that as time wears on, life becomes of a soberer hue. We are young but once and need not wish to be young but once. There is the happiness of youth, there is the happiness of manhood, there is the happiness of old age,—each period wearing a hue peculiar to itself. One of the illusions of life, however, which it is hard to shake off, is the fancying we were happier in the past than we are in the present. The past has such power to hallow and heighten effects. In the distance the course we have traveled looks smooth and inviting. The present moment is always the lowest point in the circle; it is that part of the wheel which touches the ground. Those days in the past that so haunt our memory and that seem invested with a charm and a significance that is unknown to the present—how shall we teach ourselves that it is all a trick of the imagination, the result of the medium through which they are seen, and that they, too, were once the present and were as prosy and commonplace as the moment that now is?

It is equally a mistake to suppose we shall be happier to-morrow or next day than we are to-day. When the future comes it will then be the present, no longer a matter of imagination, but of actual experience. This prosy, care-burdened self will be there, and the rainbow tints will still be in the distance.

The man who is hampered and constrained by the circumstances of his life, thinks his happiness would be greatly augmented by greater freedom, if he could go here or there, do this or that. But the chances are that he would not. For instance, when I see a man going up and down the country looking for a place to settle, to build himself a home, and when I think of my own experience in that direction, I say happy is the man whom circumstances take by the collar and set down without any choice on his part, in a particular place, and say to him, "There, abide there, and earn thy bread there." He is a free man then, paradoxical as it may seem,—free to make the most of his opportunities without regret. He is not the victim of his own whims or follies. He is not forever tormenting himself with the notion that he has made a mistake, that if he had gone here or there, he would have been happier. Now he accepts the inevitable and makes the most of it. He goes to work with the more heart because he has no choice. He wastes no time in regrets, he makes no comparisons that disturb him, but devotes all his strength to getting all the satisfaction out of life that is possible.

If one were to make a choice of going on foot while other people had the privilege of wings, he would be haunted by the fear that he had made a mistake, and as he trudged along in the mire, doubtless would envy the people in the air above him; but if he had no choice in the matter and was compelled to go a-foot through no fault of his, he would thank his stars that his fate was no worse than it is. When choice comes in and we can elect this or that, then the door for regret, for unhappiness, is opened. We do not mourn because we were born in this place and not that, but if we had been consulted we might fancy some cause of regret.

Yet there is a condition or circumstance that has a greater bearing upon the happiness of life than any other. What is it? I have hardly hinted at it in the foregoing remarks. It is one of the simplest things in the world and within reach of all. If this secret were something I could put up at auction what a

throng of bidders I should have, and what high ones! People would come from all parts of the earth to bid upon it. Only the wise ones can guess what it is. Some might say it is health, or money, or friends, or this or that possession, but you may have all these things and not be happy. You may have fame and power, etc., and not be happy. I maintain there is one thing more necessary to a happy life than any other, though health and money and friends and home are all important. That one thing is—what? The sick man will say health; the poor man, wealth; the ambitious man, power; the scholar, knowledge; the overworked man, rest; etc.

Without the one thing I have in mind, none of these things would long help their possessors to be happy. We could not long be happy without food or drink or clothes or shelter, but we may have all these things to perfection and still want the prime condition of happiness. It is often said that a contented mind is the first condition of happiness, but what is the first condition of a contented mind? You will be disappointed when I tell you what this all important thing is, it is so common, so near at hand, and so many people have so much of it and yet are not happy. They have too much of it, or else the kind that is not best suited to them. What is the best thing for a stream? It is to keep moving. If it stops, it stagnates. So the best thing for a man is that which keeps the currents going, the physical, moral, and intellectual currents. Hence the secret of happiness is—something to do; some congenial work. Take away the occupation of all men and what a wretched world it would be. Half of it would commit suicide in less than ten days.

Few people realize how much of their happiness, such as it is, is dependent upon their work, upon the fact that they are kept busy and not left to feed upon themselves. Happiness comes most to people who seek her least, and think least about her. It is not an object to be sought; it is a state to be induced. It must follow and not lead. It must overtake you, and not you overtake it. How important is health to happiness, yet the best promoter of health is something to do.

Blessed is the man who has some congenial work, some occupation in which he can put his heart, and which affords a complete outlet to all the forces there are in him.

A man does not want much time to think

about himself. Too much thought of the past and its shadows overwhelms; too much thought of the present dissipates; too much thought of the future unsettles. I find that if a horse stands too much in the stable, with too little work, he gets the crib-bite. Too little work makes a kind of a wind-sucker of a man.

I recently had a letter from a friend who, from having rented his farm for a number of years, had too much leisure. In this letter he writes how well and happy he has been during the season—he had enjoyed existence—the gods had smiled upon him and he had found life worth living. Then he told me, not by way of explanation, but as a matter of news, that his head man had been disabled two months before, and the care of the farm had devolved upon himself; more, that he was renovating a place he had recently bought, re-modeling the house, shaping the grounds, etc. Then I knew why he had been so unusually well and happy. He had had something to do into which he could throw himself, and it had set all the currents of his being going again.

About the same time I had a letter from another farmer friend who told me how busy he was, so many things pressing that there was need of his going two or more directions at once, not to get rich, but to make both ends meet. And yet he was so happy! (Therefore he was so happy, say I.) Troubles and trials, he says, are few and soon over with, while the pleasures are past all enumeration. "There is so much to be enjoyed one never gets to the end of it."

This man was too busy to be unhappy, he had no time for *ennui* or the blues. You see he did not over indulge in the luxury of leisure. He was compelled to take it sparingly, hence it always tasted good to him. The fruit of the tree of life of which we must eat very sparingly is leisure. Too much of it, and it turns to gall on our tongue. A little too much of those things which we think will make us happy, and we are cloyed, and miserable, indeed. The boy would like to dine entirely upon pie or sweetmeats, and we all need the lesson that the dessert of life is to be taken sparingly. Because money is good, do not, therefore, think that riches are an unmixed blessing; because leisure is sweet to you, do not, therefore, imagine you would be happy with nothing to do. My correspondent was too busy and too poor to be cloyed

or sated, too much the victim of circumstances to be self-accusing and repining. He had no choice but to go on and make the most of things.

I overheard an old man and a young man talking at the station. The young man was telling of an old uncle of his who had sold his farm and retired into the village. He had enjoyed going to the village, and so now he thought he would take his fill of it. But it soon cloyed upon him. He had nothing to do. Every night he would say with a sigh of relief, "Well, another day is through," and each morning wondered how he could endure the day.

In every village up and down the older parts of the country there are several such men; every day is a burden to them because they have nothing to do. They drift aimlessly up and down the street; they loiter in the post-office or lounge in the grocery store, or hotel bar-room,—no comfort to themselves and no use to the world. With what longing they must look upon the farmers that drive in to get a horse shod or to do a little trading and then drive briskly away! How the vision of the farm, the cattle, the sheep, the barn, the growing crops, the early morning, the sowing, the planting, the harvesting, etc., must haunt them. Nothing to do! When they were driven and oppressed with work they had thought, what pleasure to be free from all this, to be at liberty to go and come as one liked, with no cows to milk or chores to do! Now they probably have not a hen or a dog to comfort them. These men do not live out more than half their latter days. Nature has no use for them and they soon drop away; whereas their neighbors who stick to the farm and keep the currents going, reach a much more advanced period of life.

Rust and rot and mildew come to unused things. An empty and deserted house, how quickly it goes to decay, and an unoccupied man, how is his guard down on every side! When the will relaxes or is not stimulated, the physical powers relax also and their power to ward off disease is greatly lessened. Among men of all kinds who have retired from active life the mortality should be and doubtless is much greater than among men of the same age who stick to their lifelong occupations. Here is a farmer just died at eighty-eight who managed his farm till within a few months of his death; here is his neighbor, ten years younger, who retired to

the village several years ago, now wandering about more than half demented.

Oh, the blessedness of work, of life-giving and life-sustaining work. The busy man is the happy man; the idle man is the unhappy. When you feel blue and empty and disconsolate and life seems hardly worth living go to work with your hands, delve, hoe, chop, saw, churn, thrash, any thing to quicken the pulse and dispel the fumes. The blue-devils can be hoed under in less than half an hour; *ennui* cannot stand the buck-saw fifteen minutes; the whole outlook may be brightened in a brief time by turning your hands to something you can do with a will.

I speak from experience. A few years ago I found my life beginning to stagnate; I discovered that I was losing my interest in things. I was out of sorts both physically and mentally; sleep was poor, digestion was poor, and my days began to wear too somber a tinge. There was no good reason for it that I could perceive except that I was not well and fully occupied. I had too much leisure.

What was to be done? Go to work. Get more land and become a farmer in earnest. Exchange the pen-holder for the crow-bar and the hoe-handle. I already had a few acres of land and had been a fruit grower in a small way; why should I not double my possessions and plant a vineyard that promised some returns? So I began to cast covetous eyes upon some land adjoining me that was for sale. I nibbled at it very shyly at first. I walked over it time after time and began to note its good points. Then I began to pace it off. I found pleasure and occupation even in this. Then I took a line and began to measure it. I measured off a pretty good slice and fancied it already my own. This tasted so good to me that I measured off a larger slice, and then a still larger till I found that nothing short of the whole field would satisfy me; I must go to the fence and take a clean strip one field broad from the road to the river.

This I did, thus doubling the nine acres I already possessed. It was winter; I could hardly wait till spring to commence operations upon the new purchase. Already I felt the tonic effect of those nine acres. They were a stimulus, an invitation, and a challenge. To subdue them and lick them into shape and plant them with choice grapes and currents and raspberries—the thought of it toned me up and improved my sleep.

Before the snow was all off the ground in March we set to work under-draining the moist and springy places. My health and spirits improved daily. I seemed to be under-draining my own life and carrying off the stagnant water, as well as that of the land. Then a lot of ash stumps and brush, an old apple orchard and a great many rocks and large stone were to be removed before the plough could be set going.

With what delight I saw this work go forward, and I bore my own part in it! I had not seen such electric April days for years; I had not sat down to dinner with such relish and satisfaction for the past decade; I had not seen the morning break with such anticipations since I was a boy. The clear, bright April days, the great river dimpling and shining there, the arriving birds, the robins laughing, the high-holes calling, the fox-sparrows whistling, the blackbirds gurgling, and the hillside slope where we were at work—what delight I had in it all, and what renewal of life it brought me. I found the best way to see the spring come, was to be in the field at work. You are then in your proper place, and the genial influences steal in upon

you and envelop you unawares. You glance up from your work and the landscape is suddenly brimming with beauty. There is more joy and meaning in the voices of the birds than you ever before noticed. You do not have time to exhaust the prospect or to become sated with nature, but feel her constantly as a stimulating presence. Out of the corners of your eyes and by a kind of indirection you see the subtle and renewing spirits of the season at work.

Before April was finished, the plough had done its perfect work, and in early May the vines and plants were set. Then followed the care and cultivation of them during the summer, and the pruning and training of them the subsequent season—all of which has been a delight to me. Indeed the new vineyard has become almost a part of myself. I walk amid it with the most intimate and personal regard for every vine. I know how they came there. I owe them a debt of gratitude. They have done more for me than a trip to Europe or to California could have done. If it brings me no other returns, the new lot already has proved one of the best investments I ever made in my life.

FROM CATHEDRAL TO CATHEDRAL.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

THIRD PAPER.

IF Hereward the Wake and Oliver Cromwell haunt the country about Ely and Peterborough, Robin Hood and his Merry Men are the shades who brush past you in the lanes and roads near Lincoln. The very name of the town suggests that memorable green in which they went arrayed; and within but a short journey is Sherwood Forest, their home. This, of a surety, is the country of Robin and his fellows.

Down the long hill, on a winding road, we wheeled regretfully from Lincoln. On the level we at first kept by the dykes, straight narrow streams with rows of poplars, boats sailing along with sails up, and on their shores an occasional village of red-roofed houses or a big old barn and farm-house, brilliant dahlias in its garden. And then the road started off through a wood, with here and there a long glade, and we knew we were on the outskirts of the forest. And beyond the F-June.

wood we saw on the horizon a great belt of soft blue woodland, and to this we came ever nearer and nearer, as we left behind the tiny white towns, the rose-grown cottages, and the solitary beeches drooping gracefully over the hedge, where blackberries tempted us to stop and look back at the Minister towers of Lincoln. For nine miles we rode, before the gray shadows, for long growing fainter on their background of sky, had faded away entirely.

It was well on toward noon when we reached Ollerton, and we found coaches and brakes drawn up in front of the inn, and such large parties of tourists lunching in the coffee rooms that we were put into a tiny little cupboard of a room by ourselves; for probably more people come to Sherwood Forest on a summer's day than to Lincoln Minster in a week. There were tourists with purple heather in their hats, in Edwinstowe, another picturesque village just beyond where, by the church with its spire rising from a gentle

hillside, the road turned and almost at once we were in the Forest,—in the Sherwood I have known and loved since the nursery days, when even before I could read I listened to tales of Robin Hood and Allan-a-dale and Friar Tuck, who for many years thereafter were my heroes.

Sherwood was not more beautiful in their day, though its thickets and glades may have extended farther on every side. The old oaks under which the Merry Men passed with bow and arrow, or feasted through the long quiet night, or lay at rest in the hot noontide, rose on either side of us, and between them was a rich growth of ferns, waist-high. And the slim, white-barked beeches mingled with the oaks, and above, through the great network of branches, were rifts of blue sky, and in places the trees fell back on either side, a grassy glade.

Farther on as the forests grew wilder, the oaks gave way for a space to cedars with tall red trunks, and the ground below was brown with their needles, and instead of ferns we came to broad stretches of heather. But wild as the way seems, nowadays it is the wildness of cultivation. The Dukeries, this part of Sherwood Forest is called because of the many great ducal estates it comprises. Big gates, which little girls and boys wait to open for pennies, mark their boundaries, and from the road you see the great mansions at the far end of a wide lawn, or beyond, the little streams where the trees bend low into the lily-covered water. The stags, browsing quietly in the shade, lift up their fine antlers and stand more quietly than cows to look at you and your tricycle as you pass; but small credit to Robin Hood to-day were he to bring down such game. And the rabbits that show you their little white tails as they scurry through the ferns, and the pheasants, as tame as chickens in a barn-yard, are carefully preserved that, when the proper season comes, a handful of sportsmen from those big gray houses may shoot them down, while all the papers throughout the British Isles ring with praises of their skill and the nobility of British sport.

The afternoon in Sherwood was the most beautiful we spent in all that journey from London to Durham, and when I think of it I cannot but advise all who intend going there to go as independently as possible. For though you can see the beauty of the green-wood from a coach, you cannot leave your

seat on top to lie on the heather, or linger by the lilled streams, or rest under the oaks.

At the other end of the forest is the town of Worksop, where, for our evening walk, we strolled along the banks of the little river to the ruins of the Abbey with its great, gabled gateway, where the glass is broken in the windows and all trace of features has long since gone from the statues in their niches, and its old grave-yard with the grass growing about the gray grave-stones.

The next day we rode only as far as Doncaster, for the weather was against us. But beyond Worksop our way took us through outlying portions of the forest, while all the fields were bounded by the woodland; and we passed through Tickhill, where there are the ruins of an old castle, more than once heard of in history, its outer wall still standing, its moat still filled with water. England is full of these out-of-the-way sights no one comes to see. And having again returned to the train at Doncaster, we entered the gates of York that same evening.

Yorke, Yorke, for my moine,
Of all the fair cities that ever I see,

the old song says, and fortunately it is on the main railroad line, and, moreover, the station where every one on the way from Edinburgh to London is glad enough to get out for lunch; and that there are many who stay for something more, you may know by the large parties the verger has almost daily to show through the Cathedral.

At York we again went into lodgings; there is a large new hotel at the station, this station, by the way, being one of the sights of the town; and in Coney St., the Broadway or Strand of York, there is the old Black Swan of stage-coach days with a gloomy coffee room where no one dares speak above a whisper, and a severe waiter who keeps you in your proper place, and every essential of respectability; and there are still other inns of various degrees of picturesqueness, for York is a big city. But to go into lodgings is the surest way to make yourself at home in a place. You have your own rooms, where no one can disturb you; you do your own marketing and get to know the butcher and baker and grocer, and take a home-like interest in market days, while all the unpleasant details of housekeeping fall upon your landlady.

We decided upon a house on Blake Street,

chiefly because the front door was hidden up a quaint little covered alley where one least expected to find it, and because the back windows commanded a fine view of the west front of the Cathedral. But it answered admirably, and afterward we were assured by those who considered themselves authorities, that it was the house where Shelley had once stayed with Harriet, and from the very windows of our sitting-room had thrown political tracts to the good people of York. In biographies of Shelley there is no mention of this tract throwing until his Dublin sojourn, and I have never found a reference to his stay at No. 16 Blake Street. Still it was a pleasant thought. And there was not a doubt that in a big house opposite, the interesting, if disreputable, Branwell Brontë lived as tutor. And at all times, we could look out upon the Minster towers.

After you have seen a few cathedrals you begin to be critical. The first seems such a marvel that you can but look and wonder; the second suggests comparison with it; the third arouses very positive preferences. Coming to York from Lincoln you miss the hill which gives the Cathedral in that town such beauty of situation. In York itself you have effective glimpses, now of the towers, now of a long line of battlemented, pinnacled roof, between the rows of gabled houses; and from one point on the old city walls—as well worth walking around as those of Chester—the east end and the high pointed Chapter House are seen rising far above a sea of house roofs and smoking chimneys. But the town, as indeed all the country near, is very flat, the central Minster tower is low and not in fair proportion with the two others, and so the distant views of the Minster are tame and unimpressive. And the west front, though with its gable between the towers it is architecturally correct, somehow has not the grandeur of that beautiful mistake at Peterborough. And though to one side is a little lawn with trees for shade, there is no peaceful green close like that which forms half the loveliness of Canterbury or of Salisbury.

But even as you admit your disappointment in these respects, you can but marvel at yourself for finding fault. For elaboration and beauty of detail, for feeling of height and space, I hardly know which is finer, the exterior or interior of this "glorious temple of the north." I can never forget the evening service there; the days were shortening, and

already when the first notes of the organ pealed through the great church, the shadows had deepened into darkness in the nave, where we always sat. But in the choir many lights burned, making a bright radiance behind the organ loft and above the beautiful screen where the kings of England stand in a row under richly carven canopies. A curtain was dropped before the door, and we could not see the singers, whose voices came to us sweet as spirit voices from that place of light, until just at the end when the verger drew aside the heavy folds and we looked, as in a picture, to the white robes against the dark wood work, with here and there a bit of red in the hoods of the dean and canons. And after the procession had passed solemnly and slowly from out the choir, under the great tower, and so through the beautiful iron gates to the sacristy, and the last notes of the last response had died away, the organist still played on while we listened in the twilight of the nave.

At York we saw the ceremony of the Judge's Visit to the Minster, when the dean and chapter in white robes marched down to the great west door and waited until his arrival was announced by a loud knocking and a flourish of trumpets; the door was thrown open, and up the aisle they walked again, followed by halberdiers, the lord mayor with mace and sword bearer and six aldermen, footmen carrying cocked hats, the chaplain, the sheriff in full regimentals, and then the judge lost in red robes, ermine hood, and enormous wig, his trumpeters, who looked as if they had just stepped from out a mediæval picture, and more halberdiers, and the nave was a blaze of light as they passed. And as York is a garrison town, there were Sundays when the troops quartered in the barracks came to church, and the great interior was brilliant with their red coats, and a military band replaced the organist for the time. In this Cathedral there are still great religious pageants as of old.

Thackeray says somewhere that to understand a country, you should see it for two hours, then go away and never come back again. But this is only true inasmuch as no after impressions have the freshness and value of first ones. But then you could not see York in two hours; we stayed there four months, and when we left I felt I was only just beginning to know it. The Minster is far from being its only show place. There is

no other town in England where so much of the old life still survives. You can walk round the old walls, restored it is true here and there, but on the whole in wonderful preservation. In almost every direction, you enter or go from the town under an old city gateway; at one, the barbican is still standing. There are a dozen small churches or more, each of which is architecturally important and all are full of the rarest old glass. And there are ruins of an ancient abbey, of a castle, of royal palaces.

Street after street is lined with fine seventeenth or eighteenth century mansions, to which the Yorkshire gentry once came for the season as they come now to London, or with even older houses of delightful irregularity; if the gable of one recedes, the next is sure to project; if one has bow windows, in the next they are quite flat; if on one are bits of old carving, the next probably hangs out a modern ship or Indian for a trade sign; in the shambles, where the butchers have their shops, the topmost stories almost meet overhead. If you walk out into the country, you come to tiny villages with a little gray church, to see which an architect would travel far, or to a fine manor house, or to Marston Moor. And down the Ouse, you can sail or steam to Bishopthorpe, the archbishop's palace, with a lovely old brick wall, stone-patched, and gables turned to the river, and a garden where roses bloom late into the autumn.

Durham is one of the few towns which lose nothing in impressiveness by being approached in the train. It is a short railway journey from York, and your pleasure in it begins some little time before you steam into the station. After Darlington, the long stretch of flat meadow-land comes to an end; bridges span low-lying fields, and there are countless cuttings through the hills. From one of these, the train flies out seemingly into space, and before you the Cathedral towers and Castle walls rise high above a mass of gray smoke, hanging cloud-like over the clustered houses on the hillside.

There is a jolly little inn in Durham that should on no account be missed. It is the Three Tuns where, as you enter, before you can engage your room, the landlady meets you with a glass of cherry brandy, and if you at first refuse, she insists upon your drinking it. "It is a custom of the house," she tells you. And when you go away, she bids you good-bye with another glass, which also you

must accept as a gift from her and drink for custom's sake. We took lodgings in Old Elvet, a street in the old part of the town, deserted, silent, and grass-grown, though in other quarters there is life enough; for all around Durham are collieries which gave a new impetus to the place when its ecclesiastical interests—and there was a time when it had no others—declining, it bade fair to settle down to the long sleep which has overcome a cathedral city like Ely or Wells, farther south.

At Durham the river Wear plays as important a part in its picturesqueness as the hill upon which it stands; the streams run round the town on all but the north side in a great horse-shoe curve, making a natural moat below the promontory, crowned with the Cathedral and the Castle. The opposite banks are wooded, with little paths running between the trees, and a prettier woodland walk it would be hard to find. Across the narrow river, you see the steep hill-side on which trees reach up their branches to meet the ivy-grown houses on the top, or else terraces are gay with flower gardens. And from the bridge by the little old yellow mill, you look up to the Cathedral lifting its western towers far above the heights of foliage. This is the best view you can have of that west front, which rises from the very edge of the hill, here descending with a sheer plunge to the river banks.

The exterior of the Cathedral seems severely plain after York. There are none of the sculptured, pinnacled buttresses, the wealth of tracery, the statued niches, which are the glory of Gothic churches, nor has the old Norman work been left in its original sternness and simplicity. But the interior has been comparatively untouched, and remains one of the most glorious of all the glorious monuments to the genius of Norman architects. After their time, men erected tombs or filled the choir with carven stalls that could but honor it, until about forty years ago a vandal, without conscience or artistic sense, pulled down a fine sixteenth century screen of oak, bits of which now panel a little hall in the near Castle, a constant reproach to his vandalism, and set up in its place a meaningless, inappropriate Gothic archway. Otherwise, the Norman interior has suffered but little. It is without the height and space of York Minster; it is cold and colorless compared to St. Mark's in Venice or to the lower church

of St. Francis at Assisi ; but it is impressive and grand and solemn as are none of these, and nowhere do choristers sing more sweetly ; in no other cathedral is the music as good as at Durham.

It is strange in the midst of this solemnity to find, about a doorway or on a capital, jolly devils and centaurs, and men beating children, and impossible beasts and birds, the rude jests dear to Norman builders. And of these the biggest is the knocker on the north door, a mocking devil's face with a double-headed snake nestling in its jaws, which grinned at the fugitive or criminal who came to knock and claim the protection of Mother Church.

Durham Cathedral is the burying-place of the Venerable Bede, whose tomb bearing the angel-wrought inscription stands in the Galilee Chapel ; with its graceful arcades, zigzagged arches, and slender clustered piers, this chapel is unrivaled in all England. It marks the transition stage between the men who set up the heavy piers and rounded arches in nave and choir, and those who built the high, pointed arches, the slender columns, and lancet windows of the chapel of the Nine Altars at the east end ; and by this time, after seeing half a dozen cathedrals and many churches, one begins to know a little about the different styles of architecture, just enough to appreciate something of the beauty of each.

There is little else to see in Durham, save

the Castle with its long tapestried galleries, spacious state apartments, and little crypt-like Norman chapel, its old carved furniture, wide chimney place, and deep window seats, its carven stairway, as worthy of a palace as the Doge's Stairway in Venice, and, perhaps best of all, the beautiful outlook from upper windows down the wooded precipice to the river below, and far away over a great stretch of rolling country. But the walks about Durham are inexhaustible, through pleasant woods, up sloping meadows, or by the winding river ; and coming home you have ever in front of you the tower, glittering through the smoke with the white light one never sees far south of the Border, and the gray Cathedral, high over all, strong and fair as when the monks raised it to the glory of God and the honor of St. Cuthbert.

Only to a very few of the northern cathedrals does this ride from London to Durham lead. I have said nothing of Litchfield or Oxford or Chester, nothing of Norwich or Ripon or Carlisle ; I have not space even to mention all the picturesque Cathedral Cities, scattered in the south of England, from the hop gardens of Kent to the orchards of Somerset and Devon. But when it is shown how much is seen on this one little journey, perhaps it will be realized that, as I have said, to make the tour of all the Cathedral Cities is to see the better and greater part of England.

(*The end.*)

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, U. S. A.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

Commander of the Atlantic Division of the United States Army.

THE famous Colonel Bonneville was accustomed to say as he stood by the grave of a fellow officer, *Chacun son tour*, which we may freely render, each one in his turn. The turn of another comrade has come. The 21st of March, at a quarter-past seven a. m., at the Pacific Hotel, in Chicago, Illinois, death fell on Major-general George Crook. The summons came so unexpectedly that everybody was startled. A journal says, "It was necessary to have the report confirmed several times from trustworthy sources before it finally was accepted as true." The day before, he was apparently well, going through the usual routine of office work, issuing such orders and instruc-

tions as his Division of the Missouri required. One perhaps could not say of him while at his desk, that his face wore the signs of perfect content ; but, at any rate, there were the usual equanimity and the pleasant smile that came at command to welcome a friend. In the morning he was exercising with some gymnastic devices, such as Indian-clubs and dumb-bells, a kind of substitute for his late abundant frontier tramps and horseback riding which he had so long practiced in the Western wilds. He stops, reclines upon a sofa, and then calls to his wife, "Oh, Mary, Mary, I need some help, I cannot breathe"; and this was all. The spirit had fled. Then followed the intense sorrow of his wife and

intimate friends, then, opposition ceased; thousands of public journals all over the land commenced the recital of his history and sounded his praises.

A short time ago the writer saw the statement that the phenomenal generals of our great war, except General Sherman, were already dead. This statement is not true; there are many more whose record is very bright and will be presented to the nation when each one in his turn shall have just passed on to the final bourne. It is not our purpose to offer a transcript of the history of Major-general George Crook, but, rather, to give a small contribution to the things said,—the contribution of an associate, a companion, and a friend. But recently, following his favorite bent, he selected a few companions and went with them to the Indian Territory on a hunting expedition. He was not very well, did not look very rugged during the trip, but if anybody spoke of his health he would answer, "Oh, only a little of the gripe." General Strong, one of the hunting party, remarks: "One day he was riding for several hours along the river, hunting wild turkey. At night he was thoroughly exhausted." Yes, but the usual strength of will buoyed him up and kept back all complaint.

These last pictures afford characteristic incidents in the life of George Crook. He and General Grant were much alike in certain habits of mind. There was a Spartan heroism ever present, ever influencing their thoughts, their words, and their actions. As a captain, in 1857, Crook commanded the Pitt River expedition, in northern California, where he had several combats with the Indians. At one time, as he often did, he with a small detachment separated himself from the main body, doubtless with a view to match the Indians who were making untiring efforts to turn his flank. As he was creeping along the side of a cañon some Indians across the deep gully discovered him and showered their arrows upon him and his detachment; one of the arrows pierced his thigh. The General extracted it himself and the wound healed over, but some sort of poison was in the arrow and so left behind; and this first wound gave him trouble as long as he lived. On that expedition he had no surgeon with him, so that there was actually no remedy but his own rough treatment and to trust to time and superb health to overcome the disability. It was a most extraordinary

thing for Crook even to mention this wound or the irritation and pain that it caused. He never did so except to the most intimate of his friends. Furthermore, exposed as he was during his campaigns among the Indians in California and Oregon and afterward in the War of the Rebellion in the West and Southwest, and again, after the War, in Idaho, Arizona, and Dakota, he got his system thoroughly impregnated with malarious influences. He became so sensitive to this influence that by a single night's sojourn he could tell if a post was infected with malaria; yet, in spite of this infliction, which as well as the Indian arrow, poisoned his system, his habits of life were so regular and temperate that he acquired a superabundance of physical energy which kept the double poison in abeyance.

A companion testifies concerning him: "General Crook was one of the most temperate and moderate men I have ever seen. He never drank and never smoked; he never ate more than barely enough to keep him going; he was a true hero; he never saved himself."

It is difficult to gauge General Crook's acquirements. His reticence was remarkable. He was more quiet and retiring than General Grant, for the latter always conversed readily and fully upon subjects that did not bear upon matters immediately at issue; for example, upon his life at West Point; incidents of the Mexican War; stories of his youth, especially such as had some humorous twist in them; but Crook was more careful than that. He preferred not to talk, but to hear a friend talk; he carefully reserved his opinion or cautiously expressed his judgment, and never unwarily committed himself. Seeing him in one of the most trying periods of his life, the writer noticed that he enjoyed some simple game at draughts or cards, to go out upon a brief hunting trip for a day or two when possible, or to steal away by himself for the chase or for fishing. There was no way to divine his thoughts or purpose until his plans were completed and he was ready for action. Such remarkable reticence is sometimes interpreted against a man. It is said that he does not converse because he lacks the ability; he gains credit for wisdom that he does not possess. In the case of General Crook the answer to such a suggestion, which only rivalry or hostility could possibly raise, is found in his superb reports

and letters touching Indian affairs. In them will be found directness, brevity, it is true, but clearness and sufficient fullness to put before the mind, in the most emphatic way, his plans, his operations, or the thoughts which he wished to convey.

He had a peculiar physique. At West Point when a youth his hair was of a light brown; it darkened with age; his complexion then and always was light almost to pallor. He became about six feet in height, with a figure fairly good, never fleshy, but sinewy; his eyes, always small and far back in his head, so far back that they were really not open and transparent windows to his soul, still they had the power of brightening and enlarging, which gave him sufficient personal presence to chide impertinence, arrest and slay a fault, and beget respect.

One, for a long time his staff officer, remarks concerning the General's extraordinary power of endurance: "I have known him, on one occasion, to take the saddle at four a. m., in bitter winter weather on the high mountains of Arizona, and ride till eight a. m. the next day. Every man in his command was worn out when the party arrived at the San Carlos River, but General Crook himself showed no signs of exhaustion. Taking his gun that morning he went out and shot some birds for breakfast." The same officer gives another picture: "His command left Goose Creek, in the Big Horn Mountains of Montana, in the summer of 1876, with half rations of coffee, bacon, and hard-tack for fifteen days, and remained out sixty days without a change of clothing; for twenty-two days rain fell continually, for ten days the sun never shone, and for eleven days the command had nothing to eat but the flesh of their horses."

A soldier who shared his toil, adds to the picture: "On this expedition, day after day, General Crook, wearing a white slouch hat, blue flannel shirt, and brown canvas overalls, rode a mule at the head of his column. At night he went into camp like the soldiers of the command; that is, with *one blanket only*. His rations were as limited as his men's. I have seen him after a hard day's march, sitting on a saddle, eating a piece of raw bacon and a few hard-tacks and taking his coffee from a tin cup."

It should be remembered that General Crook, who was justly reputed a remarkable Indian fighter, usually was kept upon the

frontiers as long as there were any frontiers. Before the War, as a lieutenant, he joined the same regiment to which General (then captain) Grant belonged, and went through the arduous Indian expeditions of the Northwest. As soon as the War broke out we find him a colonel, commanding the 36th Ohio Volunteer Infantry; and soon after, he was with Rosecrans and McClellan in West Virginia, and had stepped forward to the command of a brigade. He took a gallant part in the battle of Lewisburg, and was again wounded. Up to the end of September 1862 he was engaged in the various battles of northern Virginia and Maryland. For his remarkable services after Antietam he was brevetted as high as a major-generalcy in the regular army. His reputation already was so thoroughly established that General Rosecrans called him to the West and placed him in charge of a division of cavalry in connection with the Army of the Cumberland, i. e., the moving forces which he, Rosecrans, then commanded.

It would take a volume to describe the service that division rendered while under Crook's command. It raided boldly over mountains and through wild country, chasing troublesome guerrilla bands. It defeated the enemy's cavalry and drove it across the Tennessee River. It protected the flank of Rosecrans' scattered army as it crossed the rugged Raccoon and Lookout Mountain ranges. Again this division pushed its way far to the right and into the enemy's country, till Crook's presence became a synonym of alarm to the enemy and a message of confidence to his friends. There was something so uncommon about the marches, captures, and general conduct of this division, that General Grant, though far away, often spoke of it and ascribed its character and success to the unflagging energy of General Crook.

After Grant had passed from the command of the Geographical Division of the Mississippi to that of the whole army, and had reached the East, Crook was again reinstated in an Eastern command, that of the Kanawha District in West Virginia. Here he labored and fought, sometimes successfully and sometimes like other generals, receiving checks and hindrances, till he passed from the district to a department. He finally was succeeded in the field force of the department by General Sheridan, for it became General Grant's policy to put for a time a much larger active force into the Shenandoah Valley.

Under Sheridan in all that terrible Shenandoah campaign, Crook held in command, one Army Corps; General Wright another, the sixth; and General Talbot, the Cavalry Corps. Crook's presence and ability, which was never wanting, for he ever did what he was sent to do, and did it well, always afforded great satisfaction to the redoubtable Sheridan. Once his corps-line was broken by Early's furious attack, and this during the absence in Washington of Sheridan, but the brave men, though disturbed by a temporary panic, were rallied again by Crook, after Sheridan's return, and then, taking the offensive, they immediately did grand work in dislodging and driving from the valley the enemy that so recently had conquered.

It is no blur upon the reputation of a general officer that his men sometimes give way. Several times Sherman himself met with discomfiture; Grant got away with difficulty from Belmont and had a sore trial at Shiloh; Sheridan was taken in flank at Chickamauga, and with difficulty brought his remnants to the sturdy Thomas near the close of the battle. So with Crook, a rival could pick out engagements in which his men or part of them gave way; but the confidence reposed in him by his men and his seniors in command never varied. He was sagacious. He kept himself informed of what the enemy was doing, and he struck hard blows; and, perhaps I may say it, always was relentless in dealing with a foe; but when that foe had surrendered and submitted, Crook became kind, considerate, and humane. Those western Virginia battles, and there were many of them, caused him finally to be chosen to command that celebrated body of men which under Stoneman, Pleasanton, and Sheridan had been molded into a most efficient cavalry corps. It was the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac. That corps was like a fiery steam-engine in all the later operations which had taken place just before the surrender at Appomattox. It would speed away from place to place, always getting ahead of the enemy; it would arrive at unexpected places, dismount, and fight like infantry, never flinching, assailing at will infantry or artillery. The very center and inspiration, next to Sheridan himself, of this later cavalry work was our indomitable, energetic, reticent, sagacious Crook. He ever responded to Sheridan's planning and vigor.

General R. B. Hayes (now the ex-president),

who served under Crook, and Mrs. Hayes not only entertained the highest respect for General Crook's character and ability, but conceived for him so sincere an affection that they would not allow an army rival to criticise him in their presence.

Such was General Crook's standing and position at the end of the War of the Rebellion. His work, however, had hardly begun. He was made lieutenant-colonel of the 23rd Regular Infantry at the time of the reduction and consolidation of the army, and sent with his regiment far away to the Northwest. His campaigns, out there in that endless country, over mountains, through forests, and over broad arid plains, where he had to march miles to find any thing but deep alkali dust, were planned and carried on against the restless, nomadic Indians, who would kill the dwellers upon scattered ranches, fight a single battle, and then scatter in different directions, defying pursuit.

After giving good account of himself there in defeating Indians, establishing new army posts, and putting all departmental matters into good organized condition throughout Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Nevada, he again was demanded elsewhere, being transferred to Arizona. In Arizona he had even rougher country and greater hardship and a more wary enemy to meet than in the north. He introduced new methods, as well-equipped pack-trains; he put his soldiers into the Indians' vacant strongholds, when they were out raiding, so as to capture them on their return; he hunted them in their hiding-places until Tontos, Arravipas, White Mountain Apaches, and others had been captured.

He operated in Arizona and New Mexico where the Navajos roamed, and into the border where the Chiricahuas raided and robbed and murdered. He never altogether completed his work there, because some portions of those who were conquered would not stay conquered. Crook, however, exerted a great influence in starting the Apaches in industrial pursuits and most of them whom he had conquered, ever after remained on the farm-lands to cultivate their little patches. Their crops assisted the Government in their support; but yet some would break forth and raid. From the Indian's standpoint the wrong was not on their side,—there are massacres by white men. The Indians were robbed and their children taken and sent off and many

sold into Mexico. They were being cheated out of lands they had formerly occupied and believed to be their own; they had had many of their number killed in war and very many slaughtered by treachery. Some were slain at feasts. Some were butchered by concealed weapons. Some saw their own little ones taken from wagons and beaten to death while being transported from place to place. The old Apache pass has never been cleansed, according to their spirit-faith, after the hanging of the Apache prisoners and the leaving of their bodies to decay upon the improvised gallows. All these things were grievances constantly insisted upon and repeated in complaint by the Indians as a warrant for them to go to war.

A single "teswin" spree would often make a tribe or band of Indians wild. In intoxication they would strike blows and kill neighbors who had been most friendly to them, and then greatly multiply their outrages—exceeding us in their terrible cruelty. General Grant's peace policy came in, during the decade of the seventies, with the hope of allaying all this sad work. The writer, as a peace commissioner, brought out the main portion of the Chiricahua Apaches from the Dragoon Mountains of Arizona, and put them upon a reservation. At this time General Crook was commanding the Department of Arizona. He knew, as well as the commissioner, the wishes of General Grant, and understood the peace methods of the special envoy, and whether he approved of them or not, he zealously assisted the work of making peace, as it was done, tribe with tribe, and all the tribes with the Government. In 1875-76 the same indomitable man, again asked for, was in the north conducting another campaign against the Sioux. He successfully organized a considerable force, fought some battles successfully, and finally conquered all the bands that were in arms against us, notwithstanding the terrible success of that blood-thirsty Indian, Sitting Bull, in the massacre of the brave Custer and his detachment. He succeeded not only in conquering the Indians but in winning their confidence and esteem, so that during the last season we have had an instance of a treaty made with the Sioux in which they have been induced to sell their lands, take other lands in severalty and allow the settlement of the whites in their midst, and submit to the extension of railroads and telegraph lines through their territory. Gen-

eral Crook, one of the visiting committee, did most to bring this to pass. Being satisfied that it was the best the Indians could secure in their behalf, he urged them to comply with the terms of the Government.

He had another fierce conflict with the Cheyennes, in the winter of 1877-78. Speaking of this trial a friend says, "It was a bitter and prolonged campaign against the Cheyennes, when on half rations of mule meat, in the face of stinging blizzards he underwent the severest exposure without flinching. That hastened his death." While executing this arduous duty, Crook was made to face "storms of abuse" and vilification. That tells the whole story. It really has been the history of every Indian campaign, the most trying of any that a general can be called upon to conduct, that many correspondents who are at home and in comfortable quarters are apt, for sensational purposes, to hold him up to the ridicule and public contempt of mankind. These Indian campaigns have been necessitous tasks—thankless labors. But fortunately for our country the days of such trials are nearly over.

Robert Williams, his adjutant-general, speaks of him handsomely, indeed: "General Crook and I were boys together at West Point, and have been warm personal friends ever since. I have served many years under his command. I know him personally and officially, well. I know of no character more loyal, true, upright, and lovable. That covers all I can say."

During this last winter General Crook endeavored, in conjunction with other officers, to secure justice and kindness to those Apaches who are now prisoners at Mount Vernon, Alabama, about four hundred in all. The writer has received letters from him pleading for them, that funds might be raised to purchase lands on which to settle them, or that influence might be exercised to get legislation in their behalf. His whole course toward these Indians exhibited a decided and unique character. Some of them have been his scouts, and he thought they had been treated with injustice; some of them had been fierce, though wretched, enemies; he thought these had been subdued and should be forgiven. And is it not a little remarkable that so many army officers who have been prominent in war and successful in battle, should exhibit so strong a desire for justice and mercy and favor toward such a conquered foe? In

this respect General Crook was not behind any of his comrades.

After the death of a man, we are inclined to forget his weaknesses and his errors, and to put forth, for remembrance and imitation, his virtues. Yes, and even this disposition is praiseworthy. Undoubtedly General Crook during the eventful years underwent changes in his heart and character. The severity, for at times in the distant past, severity was characteristic, the sternness of his nature gave way, and some years back there came in upon him a strong desire to build up the lowly, those who had few friends and no efficient helpers.

In the Secretary of War's (General Proctor's) order concerning him, he closes with these words: "He could treat with Indians successfully, for their faith in his honesty in the council was as strong as their fear of his courage and sagacity in the field. A true soldier, a good citizen, faithful to duty, upright of purpose, considerate to his inferiors, simple and modest in his demeanor toward all, his life and example may well be commended to

all young men and especially to those of the army in which he so honorably served."

It is not claimed that George Crook could have replaced thoroughly either Grant, Sherman, or Sheridan, but certainly he always had good abilities, grand qualities, led a pure life, and performed an essential part in supplementing the execution of their orders and plans.

There has been, ever since the War, one companion who has been able to soften the asperities of General Crook's rough life, his good and faithful wife. They were not blessed with children, but their own companionship has been perennial and happy. No one knows how much a man's success is due to the watchfulness and fidelity of a good wife. It was a delight to friends to be entertained at their home. Guests so honored were taken into the home-life and shared the home comforts, in whatever rough place that home was for the time located. Doubtless, if General Crook could have spoken again, he would have said, "Mary! Mary! my only regret is in leaving you behind; we must meet again."

AN EXCURSION TO A FAMOUS CONVENT.

BY M. EDOUARD SCHURÉ.

Translated from "The Chautauquan" from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

FOR a long time the wish had haunted me to visit La Grande-Chartreuse, the most celebrated convent of France. Last autumn I realized this desire; and I will now attempt to give an account of the impressions which I received from one of the wildest passes of the Dauphiny Alps and one of the most curious monuments of our past history.

It was from Aix-les-Bains that on a warm September morning I set out in a carriage for my visit to the ancient monastery. A rapid journey through wild mountain scenery led me in a few hours from that popular rendezvous of fashionable life into the heart of a cloister whose moral atmosphere was that of the eleventh century.

The Grande-Chartreuse in the department of Isère, of southern France, is surrounded by thick forests, and shut in by a circle of high mountains. Built upon an inclined plateau, it resembles a little fortified city, with its long parallel buildings, its slate

roofs, its bell turrets, which remind one of the cowls of the monks, and its rectangular walls. But from this city there goes out no rumor, no noise, it is a city silent as that of the dead.

We knocked at a door on the north side, the only entrance to the institution. A brother porter half opened it and peered out at us. Under his white cowl there was a good, placid face, bearing rather a vacant expression and showing a resigned docility. After crossing the porch we found ourselves in an interior court, in which the most utter barrenness prevailed. Not a bench to sit down upon; no shrubbery, no grass, no flower; only the black, bare ground. Two jets of water which fell back into their gray stone basins alone animated this yard. We mounted a few steps and found ourselves at the entrance of a long corridor from which radiated hallways communicating with the different parts of the building. In the refectory we were received and waited upon by a

young monk clad in white hair cloth, as were all the members of this order. His head was shaved, his hair was black, his eyes brown and mild, his manners humble. The perfect submission of this vigorous young man with rosy cheeks had something touching in it, as it seemed to indicate a complete self-renunciation. Unfortunately, monastic rule effaces or represses human individuality. It often impresses upon it a sort of mechanical goodness in which there is entirely lacking that which gives the highest value to the qualities of the soul, namely, spontaneity.

A brother then led us into the interior of the convent. A visit here is of the most chilling character. It introduces the attentive and impressionable visitor into the very heart and soul of monastic life. A glacial chill falls from the long, vaulted, and empty corridors with their white plastered walls. In one of them is found a gallery of ancient oil paintings in dark tones in which are represented the different Carthusian monasteries of the world—there being more than thirty of them, scattered in different countries. Everywhere, it seems, men have experienced the need of constructing similar fortresses to barricade themselves against the temptations and the cruelties of life.

And now behold us in the very center of this city of silence. The great cloister is in the form of an extended trapezium built upon a plateau inclining from the north to the south. The long ascending corridor with its Gothic arcades of the twelfth century, stretches away nearly as far as the eye can reach. Along the left, set at equal distances apart in the walls, are little doors painted brown. They open into the cells of the fathers. A chain of iron with a small weight attached hangs from each door, to be used when, for any exceptional reason, it is necessary to summon the inmate. In the wall, which is three feet thick, is a wicket closed by an iron slide, through which is passed once a day the nourishment for the Carthusian within. For they eat alone as they live alone, except during the weekly promenade in common, and during the religious devotions of the day and of the night. Over each door there is an inscription composed of a letter and of a Latin motto. The letter is the initial of the name of each father, and the motto is that chosen by each on entering the order and taking his vows. Like the inscrip-

tion on a tomb it sums up and closes a human destiny. For the outside world, this thought without any signature is all that remains of a man.

In the obscure light of these galleries the charm of solitary life half insinuates itself for an instant on the heart; but the heart repels all such seductions when one enters into one of the cells which serve as the retreat of these monks. They are like so many little separate houses, each lighted by three windows, and each composed of two apartments consisting of an oratory and a studio, having a wood-house and a little work-shop below. A small garden is attached to each. The furniture of the studio, which serves also as a dormitory, is composed of a straw bed, a table, a chair, a crucifix, some books, and an hour-glass. That which saddens one is not this poverty, but the narrowness of the life which is led by these dwellers. Each father works his own little garden. When he lifts his head he sees rising before him to an immense height the formidable wall of rock composing the over-hanging mountains. The convent is built in one of the upper valleys of the group, but to a person standing in one of these little gardens it is like being in a gigantic chasm, so far above it tower the higher peaks. In the evening before going to sleep each Carthusian can see the warm sunlight caressing and gilding the vast rocks which form his retreat, while he himself is plunged in somber shadows. He can see the setting sun redden and brighten the summits which mark the boundaries beyond which he will never pass.

Involuntarily the thought of the visitor questions the human lives which have run aground here. What could have been the emotions, the deceptions, the hopes, which led them, in our day of the world, so to immerse themselves? Spontaneous calls to lead a contemplative life are rare at the present time. It is natural to think, then, that great sufferings, great disappointments, must have preceded such a step. There are at La Grande-Chartreuse now thirty-five inmates. Among them are to be found, so they tell me, a Russian general named Nicolai, who obtained permission from the Czar to end his days here. The fact is so much the more curious as he passed from the Greek Church to the Latin Church in order to satisfy this religious or poetic fancy. This affords another proof of the strange fascination which

La Grande-Chartreuse has exercised in all time over certain souls.

There is also another strange contemporaneous case of which they told me in Savoy. I know only the simple facts, but they are very suggestive. In connection with sad circumstances of which I am ignorant, a skilled engineer of bridges and highways lost his wife. He was still very young ; but this sudden death enveloped him in a deep melancholy which did not leave him and which led him to wish to separate himself from the world. He was, at the time, intrusted with constructing the present route leading to this famous monastery. The work shortly seemed to give him a new interest in life. He devoted to it his whole energy. He resolved to conquer the mountains whose perpendicular rock seemed to defy the work of art. Gradually chasms were bridged over and terraces were built. During several summers, detonations, reverberated as long peals of thunder by all the echoes of the mountains, announced to the scattered inhabitants that the gates of the desert were being forced. But in proportion as this engineer conquered the rock and notched his road-way into its gorges, he felt himself strangely attracted by the profound forests and the lofty summits. We can easily imagine that under the influence of their silent incantation, he there lived over again his past life, day by day, hour by hour. He had promised to go back to the busy scenes of the world, and to resume his old duties. He was awaited there with impatience. What was the astonishment of his friends when they learned suddenly that the engineer had become a Carthusian. Had the mountain which he had trenched upon taken vengeance by making him a prisoner? Had the old forest thrown over him the spell of its somber magic, from which he could not break away? The only response to these questions comes from the mute doors of these cells, where one reads such mottoes as "O happy solitude!" "O solitary happiness!"

One must pay a visit to the chapel of St. Bruno in the depth of the forest in order to understand the soul of this monk of the eleventh century, who founded the order of the Carthusians.

On leaving the Grande-Chartreuse, the eye sweeps over the magnificent amphitheater formed by the Grand-Som, the Little-Som, and the Charmanson. These abrupt summits

form the extreme limits of the gorge. Wooded heights rise one above another at the base of these summits. The ascending road is lost to sight as it passes under the large beeches. At the end of three-fourths of an hour one comes upon a glade in which there is a little church built upon the foundation of an old convent. Two hundred steps farther on, in the darkest part of the forest, a little chapel, built in a sort of grotto, clearly defines itself against a perpendicular wall of rock. It has only three windows and a single door with a little peristyle of only two columns.

It was to this sinister solitude that St. Bruno with six companions retired about the year 1070 in order to found the fraternity which was destined to develop into the order of the Carthusians. On entering the little chapel there will be seen upon the walls, the frescoes of the saint and his six disciples. The dim light lends to these mediocre paintings a strange vitality. One of the brothers, having a young face, seems to follow the visitors with a long, sad look. He has the appearance of seeking still the absent master who was obliged to abandon his companions of the desert in obedience to the orders of the Pope.

St. Bruno was born at Cologne in the year 1035. A gentle and mystical soul, he loved from his infancy religious books, nature, and solitude. Studious, intelligent, and precocious, at the age of ten years he could be seen bending over missals and illustrated parchments of the collegiate church of St. Cunibert. He became a canon at Cologne. He studied theology at Rheims and philosophy at Tours under the famous Béranger. These schools then enjoyed a European renown. Very learned, gifted with persuasive eloquence, of an enthusiastic nature, he seemed destined for a brilliant ecclesiastical career. But Bruno had determined to abandon all things to follow Christ. The dream of escaping from the world and realizing a holy life in solitude had haunted him from his earliest years.

The horrors of the eleventh century strengthened this natural disposition. Pests, famines, and wars ravaged this epoch. There was war between the king of France and the feudal barons ; war between the pope and the emperor of Germany ; bitter war even in England. Popes and anti-popes excommunicated one another alternately. Bishops bought

their positions with money. Many priests led lives of open shame; and scenes of violence, even of bloodshed, were frequent. It is easy to understand how such spectacles should drive gentle souls like that of Bruno to absolute solitude.

Thus impelled, he set out with six faithful companions, to seek an inaccessible retreat in which to lead the life of a cenobite. They wandered for a long time without knowing where to rest their heads. "But at this time," says one of the biographers of Bruno, "Hugues, the bishop of Grenoble, who had formerly been a pupil of Bruno, had a vision. He was transported in the night into the midst of the Chartreuse Mountains. And there it seemed to him that the Lord constructed a magnificent temple. He saw seven brilliant stars shining over this edifice and clothing it with a pure and mysterious light. The next day Bruno and his friends sought out the bishop, led by the renown of his wisdom and virtue, and asked his advice in selecting the retreat they wished. Hugues, astonished, told them of his dream. All accepted it as a divine presage, and the travelers under the guidance of the bishop himself, shortly began their journey to the Chartreuse Mountains."

After the departure of Hugues, Bruno and his friends built cabins for themselves, and in a little grotto they erected a chapel. Life there for all of them soon grew to have an intense charm. The bishop of Grenoble came occasionally to share their spiritual exercises and to seek repose from his labors. The seven hermits formed a happy family; they had realized their dream. Their sky was brightened by the soul of their leader, by his sweetness, his tenderness.

But neither the leader nor the followers were destined to enjoy this happiness to the end of their lives. One of Bruno's old pupils having become pope under the name of Urban II., called on his former teacher to aid him by his councils in his struggle against the empire, and well knowing Bruno's love of a contemplative life and his horror of the world, he, as the head of the church, formally commanded his immediate presence at his court. Bruno was too good a Catholic not to obey, though he deeply regretted the summons. One can imagine the sorrowful parting between him and his companions and the desolation experienced by the latter after the departure of their master.

At the end of a year, unable longer to en-

dure the loneliness, they went to rejoin him at the court of the pope. Bruno was rejoiced to see them again, but he reprimanded them for their faint-heartedness, and succeeded in persuading them to return to the desert of Dauphiny to found there an asylum for the shipwrecked souls of life. He never ceased to correspond with the little band, and after his death the rules governing the order were compiled from these letters. He died at the age of seventy-one in Calabria, at which place he had obtained permission from the pope to found another resort of the Carthusian order.

At the hour of our return from the chapel of St. Bruno to the convent, the shades of night were fast gathering over the valley. At the refectory a brother served us a meager repast, such as is given to all the monks. The few visitors who had decided to pass the night at the convent were gathered around a smoking lamp for this meal. All were affected by the dreariness of the place. The coarse linen, the low ceiling, the bare walls, all gave to it a rigid and forlorn air. Scarcely any words were exchanged; all felt that any gaiety would scandalize even the very atmosphere. The melancholy of the house was contagious. The meal finished, I entered my chamber, passing through the long cold hall. The chamber was one of the cells of the monks. Soon a heavy step resounded along the corridor, it was that of the father who lighted the lamps. Then a profound silence fell over the whole building.

I dropped asleep with an impression of being enveloped henceforth all my life in this mournful silence. At midnight a monk came to awaken me to be present at the devotions of the night. We entered the gallery of the church, which was so feebly lighted by a single lamp as to give the place the appearance of a cave. Soon all the fathers entered, each carrying a little lantern. They glided in like ghosts, in their long white mantles, and, arranging themselves in their stalls, began to chant their litanies in a slow, sonorous, and frightfully monotonous manner. When one reflects that these monks repeat this proceeding every night in the year at midnight and at two o'clock in the morning, one is astonished at the power of endurance in human nature.

I had made an arrangement with a guide to be in readiness for me at two o'clock in the morning at the door of the convent with a mule, as I wished to make the ascent of

Grand-Som and see the sun rise from its summit. What a happiness I experienced on leaving those solemn walls and breathing the fresh air of the night! The moon was shining brightly as we set out, and never before had I so deeply felt the magnetic power which it can exert over living beings. Looking back at the convent I involuntarily murmured the unorthodox prayer, "Chant, O monks, your sad litanies, and sleep in peace if you can, but do thou, O Hecate, be favorable to a bold traveler," and striking my spurs, rode away.

A long, hard climb took us to the summit just as the sun was coming up from behind the Alps. A magnificent panorama was disclosed to our view, which no words can describe.

A white cross crowned this summit and the rising sun enveloped it with a rosy light. I could not help thinking of the difference between it and the black cross I had seen in the church the night before when the monks were chanting their devotions. That black cross had seemed to me like the funeral sign of a religion too narrow for the modern mind. The white cross, on the contrary, stretching its arms over this peak of the Alps, was the happy symbol of an enlarged Christianity, the sign of the universal and eternal religion of the Divine Spirit which opens wide all sources of knowledge and cries always, "Light! More light! Light within, light without!" And turning, we began the descent on our homeward journey.

HOW TO MAKE AND RETAIN FRIENDS.

BY CHARLES H. THOMAS.

MANY people complain that they have few friends—that is, friends whom they can trust. "Why is it," say they; "I always use people all right, yet I do not make warm friends? My acquaintances may like me well enough, but they don't stick. They don't seem to 'cotton' to me, so to speak. Why, I believe I could count on my ten fingers the people who really care for me, and half of those are of my own flesh and blood."

There are many who complain because they are not invited into the society with which they would like to mingle. "Why, I have lived here for years. I have never robbed anybody, never have slandered my neighbors, and yet I believe if I were to bow to some of the people I ought to know, they would regard it as an impertinence."

How many times we have all heard these complaints, and how many times shall we continue to hear them?

"Can't help it if you have heard them," pipes up Mrs. Smythe. "It ain't my fault, and if people don't like me, it's simply because they don't know me."

"Very likely, Mrs. Smythe; but how long have you lived here?"

"Five years in April."

Let me see, when you came, Mrs. Luther Johnson, wife of Deacon Johnson, called on

you, and invited you to attend church and sit in her pew. You told her you never went to a Presbyterian Church in your life; that you were an Episcopalian, and couldn't stand some of the doctrines of the Presbyterian creed, or confession of faith, or whatever they were pleased to call it. You sneered at a town which couldn't, or didn't, support an Episcopal Church, and said you didn't see what your husband ever wanted to move here for, anyhow. Poor Mrs. Johnson went away rather earlier than you expected, and hasn't called since, I believe.

Next week Mrs. Dudley, of the Methodist Church, came and was very cordial. She said she had heard that you were an Episcopalian, and thought that as there was no church of your faith in the town, you might like to attend the Methodist Episcopal, as the next best choice. What response did you make? You sighed, and said you knew very little about that denomination; that none of your friends at home ever went to that church; that Methodists, you had supposed, were rather drawn from the common people, and that you knew nothing of the doctrine of falling from grace, and would not know how to act in a class-meeting. You said all this very prettily, smiling as you said it, and all the time thinking Mrs. Dudley adorable for inviting you. But poor Mrs. Dudley felt that

her efforts had not met with the reception she expected, and she went away half wishing that she had not come.

The result was that you did not go to church for a long time, and when you did go people treated you with such a degree of politeness that you felt they regarded you as a stranger whom they should not soon see again.

"But," exclaims Mrs. Smythe, "I didn't mean to offend those ladies! How was I to know they were going to take offense? I don't like people who misunderstand every thing I say, and go off mad about it. It is provoking, and I wish you wouldn't say another word about it."

"Not for the world, Mrs. Smythe, not for the world."

And there you are. Mrs. Smythe feels that she is misunderstood, that she ought to have friends, yet does not see any way out of the difficulty.

But all the people do not live in Northcot Junction, so let us take a city case, in the cosmopolitan city of New York, where it is so hard to bring people together. There, if anywhere, in the center of wealth and refinement, people ought to know each other. But they do not, and many seem to rejoice in the boast to their country cousins that they do not know even the names of their next door neighbors. "We do not care to know them," they possibly add, "for from what we have seen of them they do not appear to be our kind."

"Yes? But how much have you seen of them?"

A few days ago a wealthy widow of thirty-five, who lives with her army of servants in a Fifth Avenue mansion, called to ask after a little maid, the daughter of her laundress. She was born to the purple, and had, of course, so many friends that she never felt the need from which so many as worthy, if less wealthy, suffer.

"Ah, me," she began, "New York has grown to be a fit dwelling-place for but two classes—the very rich and the very poor."

How true that is only metropolitans know. But to the story that followed, which she told very prettily:

"One night not long since I was awakened by sounds which alarmed me. My window was down at the top, and from the well-hole these sounds drifted in. I knew well enough that they came from the bed chamber of my

next door neighbor. I listened and listened, and at last decided that it was the groaning of a woman in pain. What was the trouble? Had she poisoned herself? Had she been gagged by burglars? All these questions, and many others, passed through my mind. It was midnight, and a storm was raging outside, and the blinds were slamming. I was alone, except for the servants in their attic, and had felt lonely when I retired. But here was this poor woman, suffering, may be dying, and what was to be done?"

"Who was she? I had seen her pass in and out for years. A little, slight woman, refined in dress and manner, but who or what she was, what the source of her income, who her antecedents, of these matters I had not the slightest idea. What *was* I to do? I decided that I could not, as a Christian, go to sleep, with a fellow creature groaning, possibly dying, even if my meddling caused me to figure in the police court as a witness of some criminal deed.

"So at last I put a shawl over my head, and timidly rang the bell at her door, half wondering whether I should not be coldly told to attend to my own business. But I did not have long to think it over. My slight neighbor came to the door, opened it against the chain, and inquired what was wanted. I quickly told her my name—which she recognized—and why I had come. You should have seen that door fly open. Before I knew where I was she had dragged me into the parlor, thrown her arm about my neck, and was sobbing as if her heart would break. I was still alarmed, but tried in a blind way to comfort her, and waited for her to speak.

"I have a terrible neuralgia," she sobbed at last, 'but that is not why I am crying. I'm crying because you were so good to come. I have lived in this house five years, and you are the first one who has ever crossed my threshold to inquire whether I was living or dead.'

"She told me afterward all about herself. She was the daughter of a wealthy Southern planter, and her husband was away much of the time on business. I found her charming, and shall never cease to bless the neuralgia that brought us together."

What do you suppose our misunderstood friend, Mrs. Smythe, would have done under these circumstances? The fact remains that my acquaintance, the widow, has many friends.

"If you want friends you must show your-

self friendly." There is no other way. People will not flock around you if you act as though you preferred to flock by yourself. People are selfish. If they like you, it is from a selfish motive. If you say kind things to them, they feel benefited, and they bless you for the benefaction. Say nice things to people if you want them to get enthusiastic. If you cannot do any thing more, at least give them a chance to tell you their experiences, their trials, sorrows, and ambitions. It cannot harm you, unless you have a train to catch, and if you have you can take the friend to the depot with you, and he will be so engaged in thinking what a nice, sympathetic fellow you are that he will not notice the walk back alone. If you do not feel that you are equal to saying agreeable things to people who do not exactly deserve it, you at least can be a sympathetic listener. If you encourage a man to talk about himself, pay close attention to what he says, fall in with his temper to a certain degree, and he will very likely leave you feeling you to be the best friend he has, even if you have only said "yes" two dozen times with the changing inflections necessary. The good listeners—I mean sympathetic listeners—have so many friends that they have to fight to keep away from them.

There are plenty of people all about you who would be your friends if they felt sure you took a kindly interest in them. You have acted well toward them, they will not deny it; but did you go to see them when they were sick, if only to tell them the news about town? "No, I did not," you say. "What good could I have done, and, besides, I could not find time." Both your query and statement are false. You *could* have done good by saying a few kind, cheerful, sympathetic words—by changing the air in the room, by breaking up the long day, by giving the sufferer something agreeable to think about. As for the time, why that is too ridiculous to talk about. People always find time to do what they really want to do.

Many people lack friends because they are abnormally timid. They are afraid they will bore some one with their company. Such people usually do bore people, because they persist in acting as if they were expecting a slight. No one should have a chip balancing continually on his shoulder. Nine times out of ten the fancied insult was not intended, and even if it were, if you keep your temper

you have decidedly the best of it. No person can successfully insult the man or woman who declines to be insulted. You do not need to swallow every thing put upon your plate. If you are timid, you have, at any rate, a large percentage to your advantage over the cheeky man, who, if he is not kicked, has only to thank the good nature of the people upon whom he inflicts himself. The cheeky man does not need friends, for he is all-sufficient.

If you go to a strange place, do not stand too much on ceremony, and wait for the few acquaintances you may have to call on you. You can send them your address, and when you may be found at home. Ceremony, misnamed etiquette, is the bane of friendship, for friendship—at least the kind I am describing—is most unconventional. Be friendly to your friend's friends, especially when in his company, for that is but a compliment to his judgment of selection.

When you settle in a strange town or city, do not expect too much. Do not get indignant if people do not hasten to make your acquaintance. They do not know you half as well as you know yourself. In their minds you may be all right, or you may be all wrong, and, besides, why should they bother their heads in either event? Possibly they do not get time to attend properly to the friends they already have. Try to figure what you would do were you in their places and they in yours.

"Well," you say, "these Browns and Joneses may call or not as they like. I can go to church at least, and there, in God's house, all His children are equal, and I shall surely find some kind face to welcome me."

Certainly, friend, you must go. If your reason for going is not as commendable as it would be under certain well-defined conditions, you would better go any way. Never restrain yourself from doing a good deed, just because your motive happens to be selfish. The Church of Christ ought to be a luxury for would-be good people, and a necessity for the wickedly unsaved.

Any way, go. Get there early. You are not told you must not sit down in a pew until eleven o'clock, but the usher rather dawdles around for a few minutes, and you hold back. You usually find it convenient to wait a few minutes. Then you are taken in hand, and it all ends by your being given a good seat with some family of pew-holders. They treat

you courteously, offer you a hymn-book, and try to make you comfortable. But you are not comfortable. You are thinking, "Why did not they give me a seat at once. Surely salvation ought to be free." Salvation is free, dear heart, always has been, and always will be. But the seats are sold for money, and notwithstanding that nearly twenty centuries have passed since the birth of Our Lord, poor weak human nature looks sour when not permitted to enter upon that which his money has purchased. This particular church has probably been maintained for many years, without the slightest expense to you, oh pouting worshiper, yet the preacher ministers to your spiritual wants, and the music floods your soul, gratis; but the first call on the pews and cushions always did, and always will, belong to the people who pay the bills.

You say, do you, that this need not be the case if the seats were free and the expenses were raised by voluntary contributions? Oh yes, it need; Brother Jones would still keep his hymn-book and Bible in a certain rack, and if he could not sit in the pew where his father sat for forty years, he would not be at home, and would feel bad and draw a long face.

"But, surely some one will at least speak to me." Yes, dear, the poor, tired pastor will do that. He will hurry out of the pulpit and station himself at the door, to grasp you by the hand, as he makes a practice of doing with every stranger, and as many others as possible. He will ask your name, and will probably invite you to come again, and then some other strange face will catch his eye, and you will pass on and out. The members of the church will nod to you a smiling welcome, greet each other effusively, and go out, thinking vastly more about the dinners awaiting them at home than about you.

You go home disgusted, saying to yourself, "That is a cold church, only fit for swells and people with a million; I will not be caught there again."

That is where you deceive yourself. You would do just as those people do, were you in their places, and they would probably think just as you do, were they in your place. Besides, if you went to church to worship the minister and congregation or have them worship you, you were served as you deserved.

Suppose we follow up the treatment. Go to the week-day evening prayer-meeting, if only to verify your suspicions. There the

pastor will have more time, and, besides, he will not be overcome with fatigue. After the meeting go to him, and say that it was a good meeting. Of course you need not lie about it, but—well, just say that anyway. Tell him you are glad you came, that you are a stranger. If he does not straightway introduce you to some one really worth knowing, then you can make up your mind that your first impressions of that church were more than half correct.

Suppose he does introduce you to a lady of the church, and you have a minute's chat with her. She promises to call, and does so, bringing with her one or two ladies of her acquaintance. Do not say to yourself, "This is a formality; I am not expected to return this call." Do return it, and try to make yourself worthy of friendship. If it was intended as simply a formal call, you will be able to judge only after you have returned it. Do not stop here. Go to the social meetings of the church, and you will be surprised how soon you will know people—people who are worth knowing.

Of course no one would think of asking you to get into a church just for society. Not at all. If you are a Christian, to join a church comes by desire, but whether you are or not, you ought to develop your better nature by sitting under moral instruction. Then, too, there are plenty of regular attendants at both preaching and praying services, who are not Christians, yet who are regarded as members of the congregation, and are often elected to offices of trust and responsibility in the organization, and are among its most liberal supporters. If you go into the church from duty, so much the better, but go anyway, selfishly rather than not at all, and if you need friends—and good ones—you will find no better place in which to make them.

There are plenty of other organizations where you may succeed if you only can form the habit of getting enthusiastic over other people instead of yourself. Look at the display: debate, music, art, charity, sports, gymnastics, soldiery, and so on to the end of the book.

After all, you must know how to *keep* friends once you have them. Do not treat them so that they may suspect that they are friends for revenue only. Do not talk about yourself. Your friends have a much more exact measure of your powers than you have yourself. Do not act sour; recollect that vin-

egar has an affinity for cabbage heads. Do not hold your friends at arm's length, as if they might be state-prison birds in disguise. Do not give advice until it is asked for, and then do not make your friend out a fool for following his own ideas. Do not hesitate to lend money to your friends when asked for; no one loves the person who distrusts him. Do not thrust yourself in; better stay out than

be frozen out. Don't fail to keep your appointments. Do not sponge. Do not wait to be teased.

Finally, if you want friends, do your part toward gaining them; go at it in a common sense way, through common sense channels, and, once you have them, do as you think you would like to be done by.

And good luck to you.

TWO QUATRAINS.

BY LUCY C. BULL.

THE MAPLE.

I WAS a vigorous tree whose top the ax did cut away.
Around in melancholy heaps my starving branches lay,
When lo, four limbs supplied the place of two which were affronted,
And double is my joy that I in early life was stunted!

THE ELM.

THE mountain ash is glad because her clusters are so rich,
The maple is on fire before her leaves begin to push,—
They do not dream that half-way up, in one sequestered niche,
I revel in the coral-red of a young currant bush!

MIND-READING.

BY PROFESSOR ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON, D.D.

Of the University of Pennsylvania and the Seybert Commission.

IT is very natural for us to assume that our ordinary experiences of the operations of the mind furnish pretty complete exhibit of its capacities, and that what is not done every day cannot be done at all. And the prejudice in favor of the normative character of ordinary experience is very much strengthened when the facts we are asked to believe are such as we have no explanation of. Although we are not furnished with an intelligible account of half the facts we do believe, we ignore this through our familiarity with them as facts; but we none the less demand an intelligible reason for whatever is out of the range of ordinary experience. Nor are scientific men free from pre-judgments of this kind. For instance, electricity once in a while makes its appearance in a moving ball, which moves slowly about various objects, and then explodes with destructive force. The evidence for the fact was enough to satisfy any reasonable demand for proof;

but the fact did not fit into any of the theories of electricity, so there was a general scepticism among scientific men about it. When, however, an electrician suggested an explanation of it, which furnished a link between fact and theory, then the fact became credible and the doubts ceased.

Our ordinary experience is that mind communicates with mind through the channels of the senses, and more especially through the senses of sight and hearing and touch. For this reason we have been used to calling the senses "the gate-ways of knowledge," and to considering that there must be something "miraculous" or "supernatural" in knowledge obtained in any other way. And those who showed that they had obtained knowledge independently of sense-communication, were believed when they declared that they got it from invisible spirits,—human, di-vine, or demoniac. It was the evidence of such knowledge which won credence for

some of the keepers of the ancient oracles, which brought people under the suspicion of witchcraft in later times, and which in still later times has been appealed to as authenticating the claims of those who professed to be "mediums" of communication with the spirits of the dead. It is, therefore, of some practical importance to ascertain whether there is any other gate-way through which such knowledge may come.

The proofs of the existence of such a gate-way are of three kinds. The first is that furnished by the phenomena of Mesmerism, or, as it now is called, Hypnotism. The second is that furnished by the experiences of Hallucination under some kind of excitement. The third is that furnished by experiments in Thought-Transference in the case of people who are neither hypnotized nor excited.

I. In 1776 the Swiss physician, Franz Anton Mesmer, in watching the operations of a faith-healer, the Jesuit Gassner, discovered the art of producing the somnambule state artificially, by making "passes" at his patients. In a number of cases this "animal magnetism" was found to have a curative effect, and it also was discovered that the magnetizer obtained a certain control over the mind and will of the "subjects," by which he could produce impressions on them even at a distance, create in them delusions as to facts within the reach of their senses, and communicate to them any sensation he himself was experiencing. "Mesmerism" has been driven out of vogue by more pretentious wonders, but there are few people who have not seen something of these performers.

Modern Hypnotism is simply the scientific study of the facts which the mesmerists handled in an empirical way. A chief difference in method grows out of the discovery that mere fixing of the eyes in a constrained position will produce the somnambule or mesmeric or hypnotic condition, without the intervention of any personal agency. But the much greater facility with which it was produced by mesmeric passes, and even by mere volition without passes, is proof of the efficacy of mind upon mind; while the impressions produced upon the subjects in both methods are such as show that the senses are not the only way by which mind reaches mind. There are well-authenticated cases of mesmeric sleep being produced at the distance of miles between subject and operator, and of wishes being obeyed at the same distance.

II. As the mesmeric state is something abnormal and puzzling in itself, a closer interest attaches to thought-transference between persons in a more ordinary state of mind. The most striking group of facts of this kind is that which is associated with excitement on the part of one of the persons concerned, and resulting in an impression upon the other often at a great distance. Almost every one has heard of cases in which the death of friends was known to others at a distance, and in advance of any possible means of ordinary communication. If such communications were confined to cases of death, it might be claimed that these were through the actual presence of the departed spirit at the point where intelligence was thus furnished, and this theory would seem to find confirmation in the fact that generally there is some kind of sense of perception of the event or of the supposed presence of the deceased. But it is not limited to cases of death. It occurs very frequently in connection with great danger or accident, where there has been no loss of life, and, therefore, no disembodied spirit to carry the news of his own departure to another world.

Messrs. Gurney, Meyers, and Podmore of the English "Society for Psychical Research" have collected into two stout volumes, under the title, "Phantasms of the Living," the evidence they could obtain for the conveyance of knowledge of this kind without any of the ordinary means of getting it. Many of these are instances of deaths being known at once at considerable distances, although the persons who obtained this knowledge generally had not the slightest reason to expect any thing of the kind. But many also are not death cases. Bishop Wilberforce, for instance, while writing at his desk, had the clearest conviction that something had happened to one of his sons, and at that very hour his son Herbert had his foot crushed on board the ship of which he was an officer. Canon Warburton sees his brother fall down stairs in coming out of a ball-room, miles away from where he sits. An English clergyman's daughter sees her brother in the kitchen of their father's house, approaching her in clothes dripping wet. On his return from his voyage in a man-of-war, she finds that at that very hour he had fallen into the water while his ship lay in an Australian harbor. He had gone ashore without leave, and in trying to get back without be-

ing observed, his foot had slipped and he had come near being drowned.

These cases exclude the "ghost" theory of their cause, and lead to the conclusion that even in cases of death, apparitions are subjective, not objective. They are caused by the transference of impressions, thought, and feeling between minds closely associated in previous life. A curious evidence of this is that the impression received is through that sense whose operations are associated in the most lively way with the distant person. One young lady feels her lover's arm around her waist as she goes up stairs, at the very moment when he, at the distance of several miles, has a vivid dream of meeting her on the stairs and greeting her thus. A girl's guardian had a habit of stroking her hair. Just at the hour of his death at a distance, she feels some one stroke her hair, although she is alone in her room. In most cases it is the sense of vision which is most affected by the phantasm; next to that, the sense of hearing, and generally, but not always, in connection with the sense of vision. This exactly corresponds to the use of the senses in ordinary social intercourse, and, therefore, confirms the belief that the phantasm is subjective, in the sense of being the outcome of the relation of mind with mind, though not in the sense of being the uncaused fancy of a single mind.

That there are phantasms of the latter kind, is well known. And if they were frequent enough, it would happen that many of them would coincide with death, danger, or deep emotion of some kind in a distant friend. But careful inquiry made of over five thousand persons reduces the frequency of such causeless hallucinations to an average much too low to permit of this explanation of the cases where they seem to have a cause in the circumstances of the distant person. And it is noticed that in the case of these causeless hallucinations it is the sense of hearing that is much more frequently acted upon than that of sight. The

. . . aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses,

are much more easily evoked by the unaided imagination, than are the counterfeit presentments of absent friends.

Mr. Gurney and his friends have collected more than seven hundred cases of these hallucinations. A few are from literary records,

but by far the greater number are from the testimony of living people, mostly English men and English women of the educated classes, the representatives of the most truthful and incredulous people in the world. In very few instances do the witnesses give evidence of a prepossession to ghost-seeing; the one case they describe is all they have to tell. In still fewer are they of those who have been inclined to expect such things by theories they held of the relation of the dead to the living; they are very seldom Spiritualists. And the attempts to break down the evidence by criticism has come to nothing even as regards the cases selected, while criticism has not even assailed the cumulative force of the long series. I have no doubt that the number of cases could be doubled and tripled from American experience and that of other parts of Europe.

It is noticeable that it is persons associated by natural kinship, by love or marriage, or by close friendship, who furnish the pairs of these strange experiences. It was the observation of facts like these which led to the formation of our word "sympathy." It is well known that the elder Dumas' *Les Frères Corses* is founded on the mysterious relation which existed between M. Louis Blanc and his brother Charles, the writer on art. Whatever the distance between them, the one knew of what was happening to the other, if it were of a serious or dangerous character. In 1839 Louis was struck a violent blow in the face with a club, it is believed by some emissary of Louis Napoleon, just after the appearance of his crushing review of *Des Idées Napoléoniennes*. Charles, who was absent in the provinces, at once wrote to ask what had happened to his brother at that hour. The most constant illustration of this is seen in married people, who come to feel and think alike in a way which induces such experiences. It belongs more strictly to my next topic, but here may be mentioned an experience which befell two of my neighbors, as they then were. They were to start for Washington by an early train, and the wife awakened near daybreak, and thought it was time to rise. She spoke to her husband, who awoke and struck a match to see the face of his watch. His wife was lying with her face to the wall and away from him, yet the instant the light fell on the watch-face, she told him the exact time, although it was much earlier than she had

supposed. As she said, she saw that watch-face with her mind's eye although it lay beyond the range of her vision. She, no doubt, saw it through her husband's mind.

III. The experimental investigation of Mind-Reading is said by Mr. Gurney to date from about the year 1875. Ten years before that, the late Dr. Daniel R. Goodwin in his instructions to the senior class in our university, called attention to the existence of this power, and suggested that we study its relations to the "phenomena" of Spiritualism. I attended several "séances" to ascertain whether, and how far, the key fitted the lock, and was impressed with its importance as an explanation of the astonishing stories I heard; and in subsequent cases, where I had to deal with this belief, I found his suggestion of the greatest value.

In 1871, or at any rate not later than that, I met with a mind-reader of unquestionable sincerity and well-developed powers, who confirmed what Dr. Goodwin had said and what I had observed in others. He is a business man of Philadelphia, engaged in a manufacture which requires exceptional intelligence. In attending a spiritualist "séance" he was told by the "medium" that he possessed "mediumistic power" in a very high degree. Some notion he had as to the relationship of this "power" to clairvoyance led him to test his own ability in that direction. He and his partner in business, after the work of the day was over, took their seats at the opposite ends of their counting-room, sitting with their backs to each other. Each had a pencil and a sheet of paper. His partner selected a number not above thirty and wrote it down. He then guessed that number and wrote down his guess. The numbers and the guesses were not compared until this had been done a dozen times, and then it was found that the two lists corresponded "almost exactly." The numbers were not taken in any rational order, but just at hap-hazard. "How did you do it?" I asked him. "I passed the numbers in review before my mind's eye, and one would come along looking a little brighter than the others, and that one I wrote down." He is a man of quiet temper, absolute truthfulness, and unobtrusive habits. He never made any other use of his gift. He just wanted to satisfy himself.

It was the popularity of what was called "the guessing game," which attracted gen-

eral attention to the facts of Mind-Reading. In this game something is hidden in the absence of one of the participants. On his return to the room, all will that he shall find the object, and one or two of the others hold him by the hand or the waist while he perambulates the room in search of what has been hidden. In many cases, if not in most, this was not Mind-Reading, but Muscle-Reading, as the leaders unconsciously directed his steps to the place, according to those laws of unconscious muscular action, which Faraday was the first to point out. But in other cases what was required of the finder was too complicated to be accounted for in this way. He was not merely to discover the hidden article, but he was to remove it to another location, or to kiss it, or do something which his guides hardly could have communicated to him by either conscious or unconscious muscular suggestion. It was this that suggested to observers that there might be still more subtle lines of communication between his mind and theirs—lines independent of the senses by which a "thought-transference" took place. Dr. McGraw, of Detroit, in 1875 suggested a transference of volition as the explanation; but, while there is a volitional element present in the transaction, the account given by the subjects forbids the supposition that it is mere obedience to another's will which is the cause of these actions. They say they have a notion of what is to be done in the shape of a mental image more or less distinct, and the fact that they not only do actions but guess words and objects, confirms this.

With 1875 began the era of experiment, in place of mere casual observation. At first it was confined to persons who had, or professed to have, exceptional powers of this kind. Afterward methods were devised to enable any one to test whether, and how far, he possesses the power thus to communicate in this direct way with any other mind without the agency of the senses. The simplest of these is a series of cards bearing pictures of simple objects—a square, a triangle, a circle, a star, an anchor, a flag, a heart, and the like. The operator draws a card from the series again and again for a hundred times, and without himself looking at it, he asks the person he is testing to say what it is. He then records the success or the failure, after he has compared the card with his friend's guess. He then repeats the same number of experiments in exactly the same way, but he now looks at the card be-

fore asking what the picture is ; and he again records the success or the failure.

If the number of successes is very considerably greater in the second case than in the first, there is reason to suppose that the larger number of accurate guesses is not the result of chance, and it is worth while to carry the experiment further. In making the experiment, the guesser should not be informed beforehand which series is proceeding ; and the two should be made at different times so that the mind may be as fresh in the second as in the first.

In most cases there probably will not be any result which will indicate thought-transference, so that the power is ascertained to be by no means universal. And it may be found that two people who have no power thus to communicate with each other, will each of them be able to communicate with other individuals. People who live in the close relations of family or friendship are more likely to succeed than any others. It must also be said that this test, although the simplest and the easiest to apply, is not the most favorable. The series of pictures is known to the guesser as well as to the operator, and to some extent they occupy his mind with expectations, whereas an entire passivity of the guesser's mind in relation to the active volition of the operator, furnishes the most favorable condition for success.

More striking are the experiments made by Mr. Malcolm Guthrie, of Liverpool, with the co-operation of persons in his employment. Here the transference was that of a visual image. A simple picture or diagram was drawn, frequently in another room from that in which the experiment was carried out. This was placed on the opposite side of a wooden stand from that on which the percipient was seated. When the drawing was made in the room, the percipient was blindfolded, and the blind was not removed until the reproduction was to begin. In all cases the agent stood on the side of the screen on which the drawing was, and looked at it intently, until the percipient was ready to begin. In most cases there was no contact between the operator and the percipient, so that the hypothesis of muscular suggestion is not applicable. The copies of the drawings made under these circumstances were frequently wide of the mark ; in many cases they made a rude approximation to the original ; in a considerable number the resemblance was astonishingly close.

And the astonishment of the percipient at such results was as great as that of any one else. Yet there was, in some cases, a perception as to the exact nature of the failure to catch the whole of the figure, which excludes the supposition of blind submission to an alien volition. Evidently intelligence was at work. In most cases it was a visual impression which was caught and reproduced ; in others, an impression of a word reached the mind, and the thing corresponding to the word was drawn, although in a different way, from the original drawing. And it is notable that there was a marked tendency to draw objects upside-down, where they had no character which indicated a top side. Similar results were obtained from experiments of the same kind conducted in this country and in Germany.

Other experiments have shown in normal subjects just such transference of the impressions of color, motion, smell, taste, and sounds, as have been so often illustrated in the cases of mesmerized or hypnotized persons. Not only simple, but comparatively complex, ideas have been thus conveyed, not always, not uniformly, but to an extent which forbids explanation by an accidental coincidence, and under tests so rigid as to exclude the supposition of collusion or fraud. Here is where Mind-Reading distinguishes itself from Spiritualism, in submitting its evidence to the most searching investigation and the severest tests, and in making no demands upon the expectancy of the witness. And it also draws no extraordinary, unwarranted, or supernatural inferences from its facts, while it finds in them disproof of the vast bulk of theory which has been constructed upon the dubious phenomena and untested evidence of Spiritualism. It is scientific.

And yet it has been met with hardly less incredulity. This, I believe, has not been due only to the fact that the theory cuts across the prejudices which grow out of ordinary experience. It is because it is not in line with those prevalent conceptions of mental action, which associate it with the cerebral organism so intimately as to leave but little room for the recognition of the spiritual character of the human intelligence. Even in the speculations of Mr. Gurney as to the way in which thought-transference is possible, we may trace the influence of the materializing tendency, although he is any thing but a materialist in his own beliefs.

We have fallen upon a time when even those who reject materialism seem to fall naturally into an apologetic air when they have to put forward facts which do not tally with that theory, or, when they are stating their own views, do so with as little contradiction of the materialist's assumptions as possible. Now the facts we have been considering are quite incapable of being brought into harmony with any materialistic theory of what the mind is. Especially is this true of those facts which exhibit it as showing a certain superiority to the limits of space, and as transmitting its impressions to a kindred mind at a distance of thousands of miles.

With all the prejudices of use and wont on his side, it is not astonishing that the materialist should deal with the evidence of these things in a lofty style, which has no claims to being called scientific. But it is somewhat surprising that those who believe that the human spirit is something incapable of being bounded by the limits of a body, are at once disturbed by these proofs of its ability to transcend body and space, and to reach out to an immediate contact with other spirits in a way, which, although unusual, is not very different from what we might have expected.

To some, the theory of thought-transference, or mind-reading, is offensive as involving the assumption that the secrecy of personality is at stake. While they believe that God knows and searches all hearts, they object to the idea that man possesses any such power as this; and they decline to admit that their thought can be known without the help of word or sign. But the facts which have been collected by observation or discovered by experiment involve no violation of the sacredness of the individual consciousness. The passivity of the actor on one side and the volitional activity of the agent are prerequisites to the communication of thought in this way. There is no indication that any one has, or can acquire, the power to take God's place in reading human hearts.

The greatest stretch of power evinced as yet, is that of communicating a thought of our own to another, not of extracting from others what they do not choose to communicate. In some cases this power has been used to the best ends. Hypnotic patients, while under that influence, have been infected with such a

dislike of liquor or of tobacco, as to lead to abstinence for months afterward, if not to their permanent cure. In one case a lazy boy, while hyponotized, was so impressed with the need and use of diligence in his studies as to work his way to the head of the class. A more striking illustration, and one not associated with hypnotism, is furnished by the Rev. A. Moody Stuart in his "Reminiscences of Dr. John Duncan." One Sunday morning while Mr. Moody Stuart was conducting the devotional services in his church in Perth, he found himself uttering petitions and using expressions which were not natural to him. When he had brought the prayer to an end, he said to himself, "If I did not know that Dr. Duncan is on the Continent on the business of our Church's mission to the Jews, I would suppose he was in this church." But it also occurred to him to look over the pulpit into the long "Elder's Pew" to see if he were there; and there below him he saw Dr. Duncan's bald head among the elders of the congregation.

It will not do to insist too much upon the sacred secrecy of human consciousness. The moral phenomena of unconscious influence are not the least important of human experiences, and they certainly are among the most real. Life overflows into life, and the bounds of human personality seem to be transcended in a way too subtle for us to trace. Have we not in the facts of thought-transference some faint outlining of the way in which this takes place? The thoughts within us which are really vigorous, and closely associated with our volitional activity, overflow to others either for good or for evil,—either to lift them up or to drag them down. It is this which makes the associations of the Christian congregation a necessity of true discipleship. We might "find a better sermon to read at home," but we come to church to give and take, and that to an extent which we hardly can realize. If we come in a lifeless and uninspired way, we absorb the heat from others and drag down the level of the spiritual temperature. If we come with warmth and life in our own hearts, all our brethren are sharers in the gift of God through us. There lies our responsibility—to come, and to come full of the good thoughts and aspirations which will flow from hearts until the fire burns in all.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

C. L. S. C. COURSE FOR 1890-91.

ONE of the most delightful experiences of a reader's life is, one course finished, to look ahead over that which is to come, to fix in mind the subjects which are to furnish him thought, to recall what he knows of the authors whom he is to follow, to get his route fixed, so to speak.

We fancy hundreds of C. L. S. C. readers will find much pleasure in going over again and again the course of study for 1890-91, outlined on pages 352 and 353 of the present impression. The English year it is called, and the appropriateness of the name is evident since the bulk of the reading is on English history and literature. The text-book on history, by Mr. James Joy, is one of those satisfactory short books in which the essentials are told simply and pleasantly and which leaves the reader with the feeling that here he has a frame-work strong enough and broad enough to build any structure on. Supplemental to the text-book on history come the readings in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. These are not of the "drum and trumpet" sort. The historian Green says, in the introduction to his charming "Short History of the English People," "It is the reproach of historians that they have too often turned history into a mere record of the butchery of men by their fellowmen. But war plays a small part in the real story of European nations, and in that of England its part is smaller than in any." It will not be with feats of troops or the maneuvers of war ships that the serials of the magazine will deal. They will study the customs of the people in the Saxon, Norman, and modern periods; the origin and growth of the idea of property in land, of the town, and the present financial policy of the English will be traced; Prof. Woodrow Wilson, of Wesleyan University, will explain where the great country got its famous constitution and what it is; and the territorial growth of the empire through the years of its life will be explained logically and clearly. To emphasize the pivotal points in the history and give them a picturesque setting, typical characters will be drawn by skillful writers. "An

Early Britain," "A Norman Lady," "A Scholar of the Eighth Century," "A Striker of 500 Years Ago," are among the English Vignettes which are to be placed in the course.

The studies in literature, of course, will be English mainly. Professor Beers, of Yale, has prepared the text-book. An anthology is promised in connection with the text, a wise and welcome addition. In connection with the literature, *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* announces one of the most important serials it has ever run, "The History of the Intellectual Development of the English People," by Edward A. Freeman, one of the greatest of living historians. The readers of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle may consider themselves favored, indeed, that this eminent scholar has consented to use his great resources and power to furnish them a lucid and clear story of the growth of thought in England. The advanced thought of England, as it shows itself to-day, also will be considered. A practical part of the year's English work will be Professor Hill's talks on "Our English," and several pointed papers in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* on "How to Write Good English."

An opportunity to compare French literature, translated into English, with the English, will be given. It was Emerson who declared he would as soon think of swimming across Charles River when he wished to get to Boston, as of reading all books in the original when he had them rendered for him in his mother tongue; and that is the way members of the C. L. S. C. have come to feel toward the literature of other tongues since they have had their series of English renderings of foreign authors.

In science the magazine will give monthly articles on Astronomy. They are to be written by Mr. G. P. Serviss, one of the brightest and most popular specialists in America. Professor Winchell's book on Geology furnishes the rest of the science for the course.

In religious literature the magazine is always strong. The Sunday Readings selected by Bishop Vincent include passages from the best and deepest religious thought of the

day. To them will be added a study of the Church in America.

The Discussion of Important Public Questions, which the magazine introduced three years ago, will be continued by brief, pointed, good-tempered presentations of great questions of the day.

This is but a brief summary of the work outlined for the coming year. It is a special course in one sense, but it offers large variety. It fits on logically and naturally to the course of the present year but it is complete, nevertheless, in itself. We believe those who follow it will find it the most brilliant, helpful, and satisfactory which has been offered by the C. L. S. C.

IS A UNIVERSAL EIGHT-HOUR DAY POSSIBLE?

"MAN'S work extends from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." This ancient rhyme has more to say than its words tell. It once expressed the complaint of weary housekeepers who saw their husbands return from their work at dark to rest while they, unhappy women, sat up to do the mending. It tells now of the time when a day's work really extended "from sun to sun"—in June about fourteen hours. Farm work to-day often fills every hour of daylight, but in the trades there has been a steady decrease in the number of working hours. Ten hours is in many trades a day's work; in others it is nine; and lately there has been a concerted effort in many parts of the world to reduce it to eight hours.

How long shall a working day be? Can we all agree to work only one-third of the time? It is an easy matter to assemble and resolve and appoint committees, it is even possible for a number of people to refuse to work more than eight hours, but will all this really make an eight-hour day? Suppose we arrive at a legal eight-hour limit for a day's work. Wherein will it profit any man or woman? There can be no question that many people will be, in their own estimation, better off. Hundreds have, to-day, eight hours for work, eight for rest, and eight for—something else. It is a gain that the terrible working hours once common everywhere, and still common in a few trades, have been reduced. It is a gain that men and women are enabled to live to-day with less labor. It is a gain that all business hours are much

shorter than a hundred years ago. The point is, shall we reduce every thing to eight hours, and, if we do, will it be to the advantage of all? In the first place, if we all reduce the hours of work, there will be less work done, and all the work done will cost so much more. If ten carpenters build a house for one thousand dollars in so many days of ten hours, it is plain that they cannot build it in an equal number of days of eight hours each, and the result is the house will cost more than a thousand dollars. Whoever occupies the house must pay more rent, and, if it be one of the carpenters, he will hardly enjoy paying the difference caused by his own reduced labor. Again, one-third of all the people work for themselves. Being their own employers they will not be bound to eight hours and there never will be a law to compel them to lie idle. The man working for himself ten or fourteen hours surely will beat the eight-hour man in the long run. If the eight-hour day is universal in the trades, hundreds of workmen will turn to other work to fill up the time on their own account. No man will be idle, if he have the ambition and the opportunity to earn money on his own account. Men of every vocation will soon have their avocation.

There is beyond all this, another aspect to the matter which forever makes it impossible to have a hard and fast limit to a day's work. This is individual physical capacity for work. Every stroke of work costs blood. If the brain works, the actual stored energy in the blood will be consumed in from three to five hours. Original composition at the desk cannot be kept up every day for more than about three hours in twenty-four. The book-keeper, performing a more mechanical mental work, may work eight hours. A laborer working with his hands or arms, may be less exhausted in ten hours than a writer in three. Many men can do more work on the same food than others. Blood is the price of labor, and every man's work is limited by his capacity to turn steaks and potatoes into blood. It seems as if the advocates of eight-hours a day took no thought of man, as if they regarded all men as machines. A man is a man—free to work out his own salvation—and his opportunities, his ambition, his very children will decide how long he shall work. If he be a man, his capacity to make blood, his capacity to use his strength, will be his limit of labor—and not the dictates of custom

or the rules of federated workmen. Eight hours a day is a crutch for those who cannot walk. Those who can walk, will run—and the race will be to the swift.

PROMPTNESS IN GOOD MANNERS.

THE habit of hesitating is at the bottom of some very bad manners. Promptness of action is quite as necessary in society as in business or professional life. "Hesitate and you are lost," is a universal law. Many a poor fellow who has studied faithfully the mysteries of social intercourse, who wants to do the graceful and kindly thing, feels himself failing without discerning why. At one critical point he is weak. He hesitates. An instant of indecision goes before every action; that instant destroys the *ton* of the action. It may be done perfectly when the doer summons his resolution, but the quaver which precedes it takes away that air of firmness, of certainty, which is an indispensable element in any perfect performance. The weakness at the start prejudices observers and lessens the actor's own self-confidence.

The chronic hesitator is in a pitiable plight. When dining he may never be guilty of cutting his bread or laying it on the cloth to spread it, he may eat his fish with a fork and he may tear his lettuce daintily instead of carving it with knife or fork as if it was a stubborn roast, but for all that, he is a painful object to see. He does not know what to eat first. He raises a mouthful of meat and puts it down for a bit of vegetable. He pauses as a dish is passed and looks helplessly at it until the humane feel an instinctive impulse to decide for him. A hotel menu is a *bête noir* to him, and he, one to the waiter. To know what one wants, to take it, and refuse what is not wanted is evidently the business of a man who dines. If he is the victim of hesitation, there is but one way, to take something whether it proves to be what he wants or not, and to eat it whether palatable or not. A few attempts to eat parsnips, which he does not like, when he might have had asparagus, which he does like, will do much toward forcing him not only to choose but to choose correctly.

The habit pursues its slaves to the street. The woman who suffers from it is so indecisive about whom she shall bow to, that she fails to use discreetly the privilege custom gives her of speaking first to gentlemen, and dis-

covers to her horror that in her hesitancy she has cut the acquaintances she would have kept and encouraged those to whom she was indifferent. A man hesitating in speaking; wins the reputation among his fellows of being surly and soon makes enemies among women, who are incensed that he either gives them no opportunity to speak, or if he does, that he seems loath to raise his hat. People are constantly being hurt and even enemies made by hesitancy in the matter of recognition. The offended party naturally believes that the other does not want to continue the acquaintance, while really it is only the offender's constitutional trouble of doing nothing promptly.

In conversation, the practice is intolerable. It is not more irritating to walk with one who forever is stumbling than to talk with one who never asks or answers directly and pointedly, who must stop to decide, to consult, or to investigate. Conversation to be a relaxation, must flow, trip, dance. When it begins to drag, it ceases to be a diversion and becomes a task.

There are two principal reasons for hesitation, a vacillating mind and shyness. The habit of never being quite certain of any thing puts its possessor into numberless ridiculous and awkward situations. There are two sides to every fence, but it is evident that one cannot stand on both sides at once, and that the effort to do so puts one into a sprawling and absurd position. One side or the other must be chosen. Do it with promptness. If a mistake is made, a graceful and dignified retreat can follow. With a little practice, mistakes will cease.

Hesitation caused by shyness is harder to cure. For some reason shyness attaches a certain merit to itself, and does not so readily agree to conquer itself. The shy confound their error with modesty and frequently take no little comfort in congratulating themselves on possessing that charming quality. A man may be painfully shy who really has very little modesty. The modest rarely show much of the confusion of shyness. Aversion to meeting people is the characteristic of the shy. Aversion to making one's self conspicuous is the characteristic of the modest. The one will call the attention of a roomful of people by bolting as he comes to the door; the other will enter promptly to escape notice. The one will blunder over his meals, his talk, his walk, be-

cause his shyness muddles his wits so that he has no control over hands, tongue, or feet. The other will do every thing simply and quietly because the modesty of his nature keeps him from being conscious of himself. Shyness has no virtue in it. It is a state of mind and nerves to be put under control immediately and decisively. A quality which keeps a man in a cold and clammy condition, which prevents his looking his neighbor in the eye, from helping the needy, from entertaining the dull and lonely, from enjoying himself and making others happy, is a social vice.

There is an erroneous idea that there is a

suggestion of boldness about manners from which all trace of hesitation is erased. Boldness is as much a fault as hesitation, though in the opposite direction. Both qualities result in attracting attention, though the feeling they inspire is different, one awakening contempt, the other, pity. The removal of all trace of hesitation gives an equipose, a steadiness of manner. It tells one how far to go and warns him when to stop. It justifies him in forgetting himself in public and thinking about others. It gives him the control of his faculties as well as of his members and makes him a help instead of a dread in social life.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

ATTENTION is called to the announcements made on the fourth advertising page of this issue concerning the *Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald*. It will be noticed that those who send in their subscriptions immediately, will receive a copy of the Advance Number of the *Assembly Herald* containing the full program for the season of 1890 at Chautauqua. The combination offer of the *Assembly Herald* for 1890 and THE CHAUTAUQUAN for the coming year, should be noticed as it is especially advantageous.

AFTER a five months' sojourn, the Pan-Americans have separated. What sort of recommendations are they going to make to their governments? Not the much talked of commercial union, nor any thing very decisive regarding a common silver coin. But they will advise honest treatment of inventors and authors, less complicated customs regulations, steamship subsidies and an international railway, and, most emphatically, arbitration for all inter-American differences. The last point alone is certainly worth holding a congress for.

THE Chinese Enumeration bill, which has caused such disgust, was the maximum of congressional indiscretion on that question. It proposed that the superintendent of the census should give Chinamen certificates of their right to be in this country and that any Chinaman found here ninety days after the

beginning of the enumeration, without his paper, should be deported or subjected to five years' imprisonment. The bill failed as it ought. It is only excelled by the New Zealand action in 1888, when the Government revived an old health proclamation declaring all places where there is a Chinese population, to be infected with smallpox and imposing quarantine upon all persons coming from them or having received any person coming from them.

THERE was a warm debate in the House of Representatives in April on Civil Service Reform. The opposition proved neither wise nor strong and the support was both. The circumstance is the more important because it revealed that the approval of the best men in both parties belongs to the Reform. There is more reason than ever for believing what Congressman McKinley said in the debate: "The merit system is here and here to stay."

THE defeat of the International Copyright bill in the House was due mainly to the cry of "cheap literature." The speeches showed that the meaning and the results of the bill are but poorly understood by many Congressmen. Probably most of the country understand them as little. The campaign of enlightenment which the Copyright League has begun, must go on.

CONGRESS is about deciding what sum shall be devoted next year to Indian education. An increase of \$800,000 on last year's appropriation is asked for. This is not the place

for the Government to plead the necessity of economy. School accommodations for less than 11,000 out of the 36,000 Indians of school age exist. If this ratio is to be lowered it must be by yearly increases in the appropriations. An admirable Indian school scheme has been proposed by Commissioner Morgan. He should not be disheartened by a refusal of this increase, which, in reality, is \$600,000 less than what he first determined to ask for, and which is not sufficient to do the work he had planned.

THE socialistic program which Emperor William outlined at the opening of the *Reichstag* is certainly much more moderate than his first declarations warranted one to expect. He asks for provisions for Sunday rest, for the restriction of women's and children's labor, for the protection of workingmen against dangers threatening their lives, morals, and health, and for industrial courts of arbitration. His policy he announces thus: "In just care for the workingman's needs lies the most effective increase to our strength, and every attempt to disturb violently law and order shall meet with our most determined opposition." None but the most determined *laissez-faire* follower could disapprove of such a platform.

"STATE socialism is protecting us from a social revolution," said Mr. John Morley recently in a public address in England. The opportunities which a government gives its people for a better chance in life is what Mr. Morley means by "state socialism." No one who has studied the social conditions of England for the last fifty years can doubt that such measures as the Poor law and the Factory law are what have prevented "social revolution" in that country. Nor can any one examine the present condition unbiasedly, without feeling that much more can be done wisely by the state to remove the pressure from the laboring classes, and, what is more, that these classes know this and they are certain to insist that it be done.

THE first of May was observed over nearly the whole civilized world by workingmen. Their demonstrations were mainly in favor of an eight-hour day. It was feared especially in Paris and Vienna that riot would ensue. The day passed, however, without serious consequences anywhere. The result all goes to show that the value of order is appreciated

more than ever, not only by governments who aim to keep it, but by organizations who are suing for redress of grievances. These latter are learning that rioting is a poor argument with which to convince and a poorer method by which to win good-will.

THE Balkan Peninsula has been a factor in most European movements for several years, and if Sir Rowland Blennerhassett is right, it is concerned in Prince Bismarck's removal. He believes that Bismarck attributed great importance to friendly relations with Russia and hoped to bring about such an arrangement between Austria and Russia that the powers of each in the Balkan would be satisfactorily adjusted. This scheme the Emperor regarded lukewarmly. If there was any possibility of Bismarck's consummating such a plan, then his removal is a greater loss than has been commonly supposed.

THERE is not much encouragement in the Brazilian news of the last month. The activity of the Provisional Government in decreeing far reaching measures continues, one of the latest announcements suppressing religious instruction in the state schools. But serious disturbances have occurred, and changes have been made in the cabinet. So serious is the state of things that a censorship has been established over the press. It is one thing to declare a republic, it is another thing to make one; and so un-republican an institution as a press censorship does not look like advancement.

IT was with "bread and circus" that Rome long kept her lower classes in order. Many provinces of the Argentine Republic and of Chili are succeeding by an instrument less costly than the first and less barbarous (though perhaps the musical will doubt that) than the second. It is the brass band. In the *plazas* of the towns brass bands play every night. The allowance for public education is not so far in advance of that for the bands but that the two are compared with much satire by those who object to the government providing the people with music.

A MOST satisfactory trial of profit sharing is reported from the H. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company of St. Louis. After paying capital seven per cent, the rest of the profits is divided equally between wages and capital. Dividends of five, ten, eight, and ten per cent have been declared in the last four years.

One-tenth of the profit is now set aside for a provident fund, the same for a surplus, and something for a library. The company is following the excellent plan of carrying its works out of the city and establishing a village of its own, something on the plan of Pullman, Illinois; though in one particular, at least, the Pullman plan will be improved upon: no houses are sold to employees there, in this case none will be rented, but all will be sold on easy monthly payments.

THE deaths of Representative S. J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, and of Senator James B. Beck, of Kentucky, remove from the United States Congress two men of fine integrity. Both Democrats of long service, neither was afraid to oppose his party when he believed it wrong, and no one could doubt the sincerity of their belief in measures which they did support. These qualities are not common even among the highest officials. Stories of fraud and dishonor in high places are too frequent, and the custom of giving support to a measure because it is "our party" is general. Men like Representative Randall and Senator Beck, fearless enough to practice better things, are the greatest need of American Government.

THE leading Jewish journal of the United States, the *American Hebrew*, recently collected a number of opinions concerning the prejudice against the Jews. One question it asked was, if the Sunday-school and church did not foster the feeling. Every Christian will deny that it does this directly, but we believe that indirectly most children have their inherited prejudice against the Jews strengthened—not by what they are taught—but by what they are not taught. They are told that the Jews killed Jesus, and it is not added that the Gentiles assisted, that Jesus was a Jew, that the present race is not responsible for their ancestors' deeds, and that race prejudice is wrong and unchristian-like. The question is worth the attention of Sunday-school teachers.

WE notice that in several places school superintendents, teachers, or boards are advising greater simplicity for commencement exercises. The rivalry in commencement gowns and in the number and value of presents given has become so great that the poor are burdened and disturbed, and an example is set which is of great harm because it is so

universal. In some places a simple dress, uniform in material and make, has been adopted. In certain places presents are discouraged and none displayed. A crusade in favor of simplicity is in order, and the graduating class is an excellent point from which to start.

THOSE excellent public disciplinarians, the comic journals, are attempting to laugh down the abuse of the word *lady*. Through a false idea that to be only a woman is neither fine nor fair, that strong and beautiful word is being discarded, even in compounds. Saleswomen are sales-ladies. We employ lady teachers, lady bookkeepers, lady doctors; even womanliness and womanly are less esteemed than ladyhood and lady-like. It has been suggested that if public use continues in this direction it will be necessary to alter the marriage ceremony to read, "Wilt thou take this lady?" etc. Beautiful as it is to be a lady, the word in its best sense even has neither the strength nor significance of woman. The expression of Jesus, "Woman, behold thy son," has hallowed the word also in a special way.

APROPOS of Professor Nichols' article on "The Production of Artificial Cold" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April, a correspondent sends us a description of what is done in Denver. Pipes are laid under the street and the "cold is turned on" in shops of all sorts which contain perishable matter, just as is done with steam, illuminating gas, or electric lights. Anhydrous ammonia is used, and by its expansion through coils of pipe produces the cold. The same temperature entirely free from dampness can be kept for any length of time. A storage warehouse is one of the institutions supported by the company, and here those who cannot pipe their own places can deposit their valuables for a pittance.

THERE is a strange blending of sentiment and practicality in the Beatrice celebration which opened last month in Florence, Italy. Its occasion is the six hundredth anniversary of the love of Dante for Beatrice; its method is an exhibition of woman's art and industry, with contests for women in music and a series of lectures by women on the life of women in Italy. The occasion for the celebration is worthy of the age of chivalry, the method is purely nineteenth century-like.

SECRETARY RUSK of the Agricultural Department has written a letter of advice to the farmer. Two cautions are particularly sensible: that which warns them that exact business habits are essential, that "a successful farmer must be as well trained and careful in business as the store-keeper, and his equal in intelligence and general education"; and that which advises them to use all the information in regard to supply and demand, in regard to the quality of products which is furnished by farmers' organizations, the agricultural press, and the Department. These things are truisms, many a farmer will say undoubtedly, but it is the failure to act on truisms that keeps many men out of their heritages.

THE matter of revising the Westminster Creed of the Presbyterian Church is before the presbyteries. The last published result of the vote showed that out of the 213, 197 have been heard from, 128 of which vote for revision. The result of the *referendum* probably will be that the General Assembly, which meets in May, will revise the standards of the church. The large vote in favor of change is most significant of the influence which liberal interpretations have had upon even this conservative body.

MISS ISABEL HAPGOOD, who is known especially as an accurate and sympathetic translator, has refused to translate Tolstōi's much-talked of *Kreutzer Sonata*. She explains that she was asked by Tolstōi himself while she was on a visit to his home in Russia to translate it, and that she promised. But on reading the version he sent, she was shocked to find it "too frank and not decent," and she promptly declined the work. Here is a species of courage and conscience of uncommon strength and fineness. The *Kreutzer Sonata* is sure to reach English in some way, and many persons will read it because of the very judgment pronounced on it, but Miss Hapgood's fidelity to her ideals under circumstances especially tempting, is none the less a rare example.

MARK TWAIN'S Connecticut Yankee, who turned up recently in King Arthur's court much to the delight of the reading world, carried on, it will be remembered, a most energetic crusade in favor of the introduction

of soap, even converting the court buildings into soap factories to the disgust of Lancelot and his fellow knights. It would be an excellent plan to secure this energetic soap missionary to go to India. This country needs him sadly. Statistics show that only a shilling's worth of soap to each one hundred inhabitants was consumed there last year, though this is double the consumption of six years ago. One difficulty in introducing soap into India has been the religious belief of the Hindoos that tallow or animal fat is defiling. It has only been since the introduction of "vegetable" soaps that the use of the article has increased.

THE Popular Education Circular, familiar for so many years to Chautauquans, is coming out in a new form. Like all things Chautauquan, it is improving. In its new dress it is going to be an attractive leaflet with which to call attention to the design of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

IN the October issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN the Sunday Readings were selected from President Hill, of Rochester University. One passage has been criticised as "absolutely without foundation." The objectionable sentence is: "Some counselors, like Herbert Spencer, advise us to follow our own self-interest, without concern for others, with the assurance that all will thus be happier, because more independent." President Hill has made a long and able reply to his critics in course of which he says:

I do not mean that Mr. Spencer advocates an absolute and unqualified selfishness, *taking no account of the rights of others*. His teaching is, that there is a "permanent supremacy of egoism over altruism," that "each creature shall take the benefits and the evils of his own nature, be they derived from ancestry or those due to self-produced modifications," and that "egoistic claims must take precedence of altruistic claims" ("Data of Ethics," pp. 186, 187, 189). He says "that general happiness is to be achieved *mainly* through the adequate pursuit of *their own* happinesses by individuals; while, reciprocally, the happinesses of individuals are to be achieved in part by their pursuit of the general happiness" ("Data of Ethics," p. 238). I think he means to encourage self-reliance as the primary virtue of humanity and that he seriously believes that what is known in the world as "charity," weakens it. I am aware that my words can be so interpreted as to represent Mr. Spencer as indifferent to human beings other than himself, but that is not my meaning. He distinguishes between acting "to the detriment of others" and acting "*without active concern for others*" ("Data of Ethics," p. 227), and I use the words "without concern for others" in his own sense.

THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

"Languor can only be conquered by enthusiasm, and enthusiasm can only be kindled by two things: an ideal which takes the imagination by storm, and a definite intelligent plan for carrying out that ideal into practice."—ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

THIS magazine is part of a system for promoting popular education, by giving direction to self-educators either individually or in groups (local circles). While the C. L. S. C. can by no means be a substitute for college, it offers the student what is called the "college outlook," and in thousands of cases has served as an excellent review for college graduates. The course covers a quadrennium and requires less than an hour of attentive daily reading for nine months in the year. The student is expected to fill out question papers which may be used for regular examinations or simply as aids in review and systematic arrangement of information. Examinations are not required. The diploma granted at the end of the course does not represent a degree of any kind, and is valuable only as an evidence of four years of faithful reading. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is a "definite intelligent plan" for helping honest, ambitious people in every

sphere of life, to undertake conscientious, careful study for the sake of personal culture and not to win an empty honor.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER.

ANSWER the following questions: 1. Name in full. 2. Post-office address. 3. Married or single? 4. Age? Between 20 and 30, 30 and 40, 40 and 50? etc. 5. If married, how many children living under age of 16 years? 6. Occupation? 7. Religious Denomination? 8. Graduate of High School or College? Give name of institution. 9. If formerly a member of C. L. S. C., state class. 10. Do you join as an individual reader (alone)? 11. As a Home Circle reader (in a family)? 12. As a Local Circle reader?

Send answers to these questions together with fifty cents (annual fee) to John H. Vincent, Chancellor, Buffalo, N. Y. You will receive membership packet with full instructions concerning books, magazine, and plan of study.

BULLETIN FOR C. L. S. C. MEMBERS.

GENERAL.

By a printer's error in last month's magazine the number of non-paying readers reported through Local Circles was given as *two thousand* instead of *ten*. It is a fact that ten thousand people are enjoying all or a part of the benefits of the Chautauqua system without contributing to its support. Is this quite fair?

MEMBERS of the C. L. S. C., and especially secretaries of Local Circles, when sending fees to the Central Office should bear in mind that local checks, no matter how small the amount, cost fifteen cents each for collection. Remittances, in all cases, should be made either by post-office order on Buffalo, N. Y., postal note, registered letter, or bank draft on New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. A fifty cent check, which costs fifteen cents for collection, is an expensive fee.

TO THE CLASS OF 1890.

A LONG list of assemblies is announced for the summer of '90. Each one of these gatherings will hold its C. L. S. C. Recognition Day, a full list of which will be sent to every member of '90 before the 25th of May, and any member who fails to

receive by that date a "Report Blank" or "Final Address to the Class of '90" should at once notify the Central Office, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y. This communication will be of the greatest importance and no member of the Class of '90 should be without it. It will accompany the spring edition of the *Alma Mater*.

THE experiment of a three years' graduate course in English History and Literature has proved most successful, more than one thousand students having engaged in this work during the past year. The course for next year it is hoped, will meet with still greater favor as it is the English year in the four years' course of the C. L. S. C., and graduates wishing to work with undergraduate circles, without difficulty can adjust their studies to those of the circles. In the preparation of the work for the remaining two years of this course, the experience of graduates during the past year will prove of great value. Individual readers as well as graduate circles, therefore, are invited to send at once a brief statement of their experience with this new course of study, to John H. Vincent, Drawer 194, Buffalo, New York.

C. L. S. C. COURSE OF STUDY FOR 1890-1891.

Subjoined is the completed course of study for 1890-91. Slight variations in the order may be made, but the books and topics for the magazine readings will remain as here given.

October.

English History.

Our English.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "How the Saxons Lived." I.
- "English Ideas of Property in Land." I.
- "English Constitution—Origin and Growth." I.
- "English Vignettes."
- "History of the Intellectual Development of the English People."
- "The Religious Life of England." I.
- "Studies in Astronomy."
- "Sunday Readings."
- "Important Public Questions."
- "What Shall we do with Our Children?" I.

November.

English History.

Our English.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "How the Saxons Lived." II.
- "English Ideas of Property in Land." II.
- "English Constitution—Origin and Growth." II.
- "English Vignettes."
- "History of the Intellectual Development of the English People."
- "The Religious Life of England." II.
- "Studies in Astronomy."
- "Sunday Readings."
- "Important Public Questions."
- "What Shall we do with Our Children?" II.

December.

English History.

Our English.

English Literature.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "How the Saxons Lived." III.
- "English Ideas of Property in Land." III.
- "English Constitution—Origin and Growth." III.
- "English Vignettes."
- "History of the Intellectual Development of the English People."
- "The Religious Life of England."
- "Studies in Astronomy."
- "Sunday Readings."
- "Important Public Questions."
- "What Shall we do with Our Children?" III.

January.

English History.

English Literature.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "After the Norman Conquest." I.
- "The English Town." I.
- "English Constitution—Origin and Growth." IV.
- "English Vignettes."
- "History of the Intellectual Development of the English People."
- "The Religious Life of England." IV.
- "Studies in Astronomy."
- "Sunday Readings."
- "Important Public Questions."
- "What Shall we do with Our Children?" IV.

February.

English History.

English Literature.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "After the Norman Conquest." II.
- "The English Town." II.
- "The English Domain." I.
- "English Vignettes."
- "History of the Intellectual Development of the English People."
- "The Religious Life of England." V.
- "Studies in Astronomy."
- "Sunday Readings."
- "Important Public Questions."
- "Practical Talks on Writing English."

March.

Geology.

Church History.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "After the Norman Conquest." III.
- "The English Town." III.
- "The English Domain." II.
- "English Vignettes."
- "History of the Intellectual Development of the English People."
- "Advanced Thought of England."
- "Studies in Astronomy."
- "Sunday Readings."
- "Important Public Questions."
- "Practical Talks on Writing English."

April.

French Literature.

Geology.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"Social Life in Modern England." I.

"England as a Financier." I.

"The English Domain." III.

"English Vignettes."

"History of the Intellectual Development of the English People."

"Advanced Thought in England."

"Studies in Astronomy."

"Sunday Readings."

"Important Public Questions."

"Practical Talks on Writing English."

May.

French Literature.

Geology.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"Social Life in Modern England." II.

"England as a Financier." II.

"The English Domain." IV.

"English Vignettes."

"History of the Intellectual Development of the English People."

"Advanced Thought in England."

"Studies in Astronomy."

"Sunday Readings."

"Important Public Questions."

"Practical Talks on Writing English."

June.

French Literature.

Geology.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"Social Life in Modern England." III.

"England as a Financier." III.

"The English Domain." V.

"English Vignettes."

"History of the Intellectual Development of the English People."

"Advanced Thought in England."

"Studies in Astronomy."

"Sunday Readings."

"Important Public Questions."

"Practical Talks on Writing English."

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

FOR JUNE.

First Week (ending June 9).

"Latin Courses in English." Part I. Chapter V.

"Chautauqua Physics." Chapter X. to page 261.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The Making of Italy."

"Italian Literature."

"How Electricity is Measured."

Sunday Reading for June 1.

Second Week (ending June 17).

"Latin Courses in English." Part II. Chapter VII.

"Chautauqua Physics." Chapter X. from page 261.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The Archæological Club in Italy."

"Casa Guidi Windows."

"The Greeks of To-Day."

Sunday Reading for June 8.

Third Week (ending June 23).

"Latin Courses in English." Part II. Chapter VIII.

"Chautauqua Physics." Chapter XI.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"Life in Modern Italy."

H-June.

"How to Travel in Italy."

Sunday Reading for June 15.

Fourth Week (ending June 30).

"Latin Courses in English." Part II. Chapters IX. and X.

"Chautauqua Physics." Summary.

IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"Roman Morals."

"Moral Teachings of Science."

"The Chautauquan Map Series." No. IX.

Sunday Reading for June 22 and 29.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Roll-Call—Quotations about June.

2. Table Talk—Current events.

3. The Lesson—As given in the corresponding week in the *Outline*.

Music.

4. A special study of Part II. of "The Making of Italy," by topical analysis.

5. Readings—"Ingenuous Electrical Effects," "The Father of the Telegraph."*

6. Debate—Resolved: That lightning-rods are more dangerous than efficacious.

*See *The C. L. S. C. Library Table*, page 375.

CICERO DAY.—JUNE 17.

The brilliant, brave, boastful, shrinking, timid, vain, garrulous, learned, wise, unhappy, tender, pious, immortal Cicero deserves to be blamed somewhat, pitied a little, excused a great deal, admired more, praised and loved most of all.—*W. R. Alger.*

A CICERONIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

A number of "open letters" are to be addressed to Cicero. They are to go in pairs, taking opposite views of certain phases of his character. Those of an accusatory nature may be as straightforward, unvarnished, sharp, and sarcastic as the truth will permit; but they must be logical and sustain in a perfectly fair way, their side of the argument. Those of a commendatory character are to avoid all traces of flattery and yet are to assure the great Roman of the high appreciation in which the writers hold him and clearly to show the reason for this appreciation. While avoiding the special features of a debate, the writers are to anticipate, as far as possible, the arguments of their opponents and to weaken or destroy them. The following two topics would open wide fields for discussion after this manner: 1. Cicero's strife for personal glory. He is to be openly accused of having this as his aim in all of the undertakings of his life; this is to be met in an indirect way by the correspondent who looks at the other side of the picture, notes his remarkable genius, patriotism, scholarship, and intellect, and shows that as he was the leading Roman of his day so he was justly conscious within himself of being best fitted to take the leading part in the scenes. 2. He is to be accused of cowardice, and to be commended for indomitable courage. The first writer can bring forward his fear of ridicule, his fear of death, his double dealing as regards Caesar, his utter collapse at the time of his exile, etc.; the second cites his open defiance of Catiline, his Philippics hurled against Antony, and his heroic death.—The evening might be opened with a question box, in which the questions are restricted to Cicero, and are to be answered or discussed in an informal way. This exercise is to be followed by the reading of "Cicero as a Wit,"* after which come the letters.

THIRD WEEK.

1. Roll-Call—The name of an Italian artist, the dates of his birth and death, and one of his works.
2. Table Talk—Edison and his inventions.
3. The Lesson.

Music.

4. Paper—Mrs. Browning and her work for Italy.

5. Readings—"The Ubiquitous Michael Angelo," "An Invitation to Rome," "Venetian Color."**
6. Questions and Answers on Physics in the present issue of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll-Call—Votes on the favorite subject studied during the year.
 2. Table-Talk—Summaries of personal benefit derived from the Local Circle during the year, each one to state in what particulars he has derived most good.
 3. The Lesson.
- Music.
4. Paper—Sketch of the present King of Italy and his family.
 5. Readings—"The Soul," "The Present Rome," "The Question Whither,"*
 6. Special Study of the "Map Quiz" in the present issue.

CIRCLE GAME.—"HONORABLE MENTION."

The following, a variation of the old game, "Fish, Flesh, or Fowl," will be found admirable for training the memory to respond readily, as well as an amusing method of conducting a review of the four years' readings in history.

The players seat themselves in a circle, and the one chosen to begin the game, stands in the center. Turning quickly he points his finger at one of the players and says rapidly, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, *Roman*," to which the one to whom he is pointing must respond (before another ten can be counted) with the name of a character in Roman history. Failing in promptness, he must take his place in the center and act as leader; otherwise the first leader continues in office, calling for Roman, Greek, English, or American historical characters in irregular order and passing in quick succession to various parts of the circle. Each failure causes a change of leaders, and the one who holds that office the most frequently in the course of ten changes, is declared the loser of the game. Those who are not obliged to be leaders at all, are entitled to "Honorable Mention."

THE CHAUTAUQUAN TRAVELERS' CLUB.

ITINERARY NUMBER VI.—AROUND ROME WITH HAWTHORNE.

All visitors to Rome should "do" the city at least once with Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," or, as it is called in Rome, "The Transformation," as a guide. The Travelers' Club by using the map on New Rome in the present impression, and a copy of Hawthorne's fascinating story (if possible get Houghton and Mifflin's elegant new

*See *The C. L. S. C. Library Table*, page 374.

*See *The C. L. S. C. Library Table*, page 374.

illustrated edition) can make a most delightful journey. One member should be appointed to tell the story, another to trace the routes on the map, and others to describe, at the appropriate points, with Hawthorne's help, the various spots which the party visits. Such a tour would include the Catacombs, the Piazza del Popolo, the Pincian Hill, the Fountain of Trevi, Trajan's Column and Forum, the Roman Forum with the Arches and Coliseum, the Capitol, the Capuchin Crypt, the Medici Gardens, St. John Lateran, Saint Peter's, the Castle of Saint Angelo, the Ghetto, the Appian Way with tombs, the Campagna, the Claudian Viaduct, and the Pantheon. The stereopticon could be called in for the views if the Travelers should desire to invite their friends to accompany them.

THE CHAUTAUQUA CORNER.

The Occupant was dusting the shelves which hung over the study table. The Scribe watched the process. He saw come down, one after another, an incongruous collection of birds' eggs, minerals, cards with pressed flowers, fossils, etc., etc.

"Occupant, my dear," said he, "do you know you are very absurd?"

The Occupant is a modest person with a habit of introspection, and has had a suspicion of the fact before, so the answer was merely, "Why?"

"To save all that litter."

"Why that's my collection!"

"Collection, humbug! A collection means carefully gathered and well arranged specimens of *one* thing. It does not mean a helter-skelter medley like that. Why you have a dozen robins' eggs there and not a single other kind. You have a double handful of stingy little brachiopods and not a solitary crinoid, though you can find them in the same strata from which these came; you have pressed flowers and not a sign of a leaf or bud with them. Humph, collection indeed!"

"Well, I don't see the point, really," said the

Occupant pathetically. "I supposed it was the thing to make a collection of whatever one found interesting as he knocked about, and I've always done so. Why, I have a whole bureau drawer full up stairs."

"I presume so, and a great deal of good you get from them, too. It is 'the thing,' as you say, to make a collection, and what is a greater recommendation to a sensible person? A rightly made collection is a source of pleasure and information, but, bless your heart, you cannot collect every thing. The way to do it is to adopt one thing of which you wish to know something, and then to gather specimens of that, and that only. I wouldn't advise you to make a collection of barber basins, as a man in a Western city is said to be doing, but to take something of which you know a little and of which you would like to know more, and to collect on that subject."

"I always have had a real desire to know a great deal about ferns, but when I have gone for them there were always so many other"—

"Yes, of course," interrupted the Scribe in high scorn. "You profaned your taste by stopping to pick up a mushroom here and a quartz pebble there, and came home without a single new point. Why, if you had been wise, you might be a specialist now with this Corner overrun with all the ferns of this neighborhood and of all the places where you have ever been."

The Occupant looked abashed.

"Cheer up, now," continued the Scribe, "I am not haranguing you because of the past, but in the interest of the future. There is no normal mind but what sooner or later learns to collect. You have the taste. Do not fritter it away on all sorts. Throw this stuff into the fire and begin your fern collection to-morrow. Wherever you go, look for ferns; get them on your outings this summer. Gather the same species at various periods of its development. Sort, compare, collect, study, and soon you will have a collection worthy of the name and of the Corner."

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS.

FOR JUNE.

"LATIN COURSES IN ENGLISH."

P. 107. "Open ses'a-me." In the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," one of the stories is that of "The Forty Thieves," the characters in which are represented as having their home in a secret cavern in the forest. The door of the cave would open and shut whenever the magic word "sesame" was spoken, and by no other means could one gain entrance.

P. 112. "Conscript fathers." Senators of Rome.

The name was first given only to the senators who were enrolled and elected from the equestrian orders, but it was afterward applied to the whole body. The two classes of senators in earlier times, the patrician nobles, and those who were enrolled, were distinguished by the names "fathers" and "conscripts," which were finally united, and "conscript fathers" included the whole body.

P. 116. "George Croly." (1780-1860.) A British author and clergyman.

P. 118. "Sylla." Another form for the name of Sulla, the dictator. "Sulla gratified his friends by placing in the fatal lists their personal enemies or persons whose property was coveted by his adherents. The confiscated property, it is true, belonged to the state, and had to be sold by public auction, but the friends and dependents of Sulla purchased it at a nominal price as no one dared to bid against them."—*Smith's "Classical Dictionary."*

P. 124. "Archias" (ar'ke-as), Licinius. A Greek poet, who when quite a young man went from Antioch to Rome, and after a time obtained the Roman franchise in accordance with a law passed in 89 B. C. A charge was brought against him in 61 B. C., for having illegally assumed the right of citizenship, and in the trial Cicero defended him. The orator but briefly discussed the legal points, and rested his defense mainly on the great merits of his client as a poet.

"Manilian Law." This was a law granting to Pompey the command of the war against Mithridates and Tigranes, and the government of the provinces Cilicia and Bithynia.

P. 128. "Lupercalia." A Roman festival of purification and expiation held in honor of Lupercus, the god of fertility. "The appropriate sacrifices were goats and dogs, after the offering of which two patrician youths were led forward to the altar, and one of the priests touched their foreheads with a sword dipped in the blood of the victims; another immediately washed off the stain with wool and milk. The priests next partook of a banquet, at which they were plentifully supplied with wine. This over, they cut the skins of the goats that had been sacrificed, into pieces, with some of which they covered parts of their body in imitation of Lupercus who was represented half naked and half clad in goat skins; with the other pieces, cut into thongs, they ran through the streets, striking every person whom they met. [See Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar," beginning of Scene II., Act I.] Antony, on the day when he offered Cæsar the diadem, was officiating as a priest of Lupercus."

P. 130. "Rufus Choate." (1799-1859.) An eminent American lawyer, the most effective pleader of his day. He served in Congress as senator from his state, Massachusetts, from 1841 to 1846. In 1853 he was elected attorney-general of his state.

"Merrivale," Charles. (1808—.) "Congreve," Richard. (1818—.) English historians, both of whom have written histories of Rome.—For "De Quincey" see THE CHAUTAUQUAN for January, p. 478.

P. 412. "Atticus." His Roman name was

Titus Pomponius. He left Rome for Athens during the civil wars between Marius and Sulla and made his home at the latter place for twenty years, during which time he so won the favor of the Greeks by services rendered them, that they erected statues in his honor. He starved himself to death, like Corellius Rufus, (see p. 464 of text-book) to avoid other physical sufferings.

P. 413. "Dion Cassius." A Roman historian who flourished during the latter part of the second century A. D. His most important work, the "History of Rome" from the landing of Æneas in Italy to the year 229 A. D., was comprised in eighty books of which only a comparatively small part is extant.

"The ladder of political promotion." "Soon after his [Cicero's] marriage" says Collins, "he was elected quæstor—the first step on the official ladder, which gave him a seat in the senate for life. The ædileship and prætorship followed subsequently, each as early in point of age as it could legally be held."—"The Roman senators held office for life. . . . The persons eligible were those who had been quæstors or curule magistrates, and the latter held seats *ex-officio* and were entitled to speak but not to vote. No property qualifications seem to have been required previous to the time of Augustus, who established a senatorial census, which was increased from 400,000 sesterces [a sesterce was worth about four cents] to 1,200,000; and any senator falling short of this amount was obliged to withdraw from office." The consulship was the supreme civil and military office in the government, and the consul held this power till Cæsar became master of the republic, when the office was degraded, and its functions transferred to the emperor or senator.—The following note from Collins' "Cicero" perhaps will explain best the standing and the duties of the offices at that time, though they are in some measure a repetition of what has been said already. "The quæstors, of whom there were at this time twenty, acted under the senate as state treasurers. The consul or other officer who commanded in chief during a campaign would be accompanied by one of them as paymaster-general. The ædiles, who were four in number, had the care of all public buildings, markets, roads, and the state property generally. They had also the superintendence of the national festivals and public games. The duties of the prætors, of whom there were eight, were principally judicial. The two seniors, called the 'city' and the 'foreign' respectively, corresponded roughly to our home and foreign secretaries. These were all gradual steps to the office of consul."

"Washington Irving." (1783-1859.) An eminent American author and humorist.—"Edward Irving." (1792-1834.) A distinguished Scotch divine.

P. 416. The "personal enemy" who succeeded in having the sentence of banishment passed upon Cicero, was Publius Clodius, the man who by disguising himself in a woman's dress and thus gaining admittance to a religious celebration held only by Roman ladies, caused the divorce of Cæsar's wife, Pompeia. In the trial held against Clodius for this offense, Cicero appeared as a witness against him, and though Clodius escaped conviction, he never forgave Cicero, and only waited for an opportunity to be revenged. Having succeeded in being elected tribune some time after, he used the power of his office to effect Cicero's downfall.

P. 417. "Cicero brought back to Rome." Long before the year and a half had expired, "there had come a reaction in his favor. The new consuls were well disposed toward him; Clodius' insolence had already disgusted Pompey; Cæsar was absent with his legions in Gaul; and his own friends took advantage of the change. . . . A motion for his recall was carried at last by an immense majority."

P. 419. "The gift of Pallas Athene." This was a certain air of nobility, which the goddess occasionally bestowed on the wandering hero, in order that he might so impress the people among whom he chanced to be thrown, as to win from them kind treatment. The Phæacian Nausicaa thus describes the change induced in Odysseus by the gift:

Not wholly hated by the gods, I trow,
This man to the Phæacian race doth seek.
To me he seemed a little while ago
Strange, formless, and uncouth, who now doth show
Like to the gods who in Olympus dwell.

P. 421. "Lord Chesterfield." Philip Dormer Stanhope. (1694-1773.) An English orator and courtier, a model of politeness and taste. His fame as a writer rests almost wholly on his "Letters to his Son," which are "admired for the beauty of the style and prized for the knowledge of the world which they teach."

P. 426. "Anthony Trollope." (1815-1882.) An English writer, chiefly a novelist.

P. 427. "Mr. Froude." (See THE CHAULTAUQUAN for January of the present year, p. 478.)

P. 433. "*Finesse*." A French word meaning stratagem, artifice.

P. 435. "Rods and axes." An ax tied up in a bundle of rods was carried before Roman magistrates as an emblem of their authority, these being the instruments with which criminals were scourged and beheaded.

P. 442. "Panætius." A stoic philosopher who lived in the second century B. C.

P. 446. "So-dal'i-ty." A fellowship or fraternity.

P. 458. "Ride instead of a drive." These words in this use are restricted in meaning, the former to an excursion on horseback, and the latter to an excursion in a carriage. This usage agrees with the first definition given under each noun by Webster in his Dictionary.

P. 462. "Josiah Quincy." (1772-1864.) An American orator and patriot; a lawyer by profession. He was the author of several powerful political speeches against the measures adopted by the English, against slavery, and against the admission of Louisiana. He was president of Harvard University from 1828 till 1845.

P. 463. "Tennis." "A game of great antiquity [which] belongs to the class of ball games, and finds its analogies in the *sphairisis* of the Greeks, and the *pila* of the Romans. Under the name of *paume* it is noticed in the Arthurian romances, and in the earlier records of the Dark Ages. In the fifteenth century it was in great vogue in France, among all classes, and in England in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries it was practiced under the name of tennis."—*People's Cyclopedia*.

P. 464. "Eu-than'a-sy." A word derived from the Greek language and meaning an easy death.

P. 465. "Mr. Peabody," George. (1795-1869.) An American who as a banker and broker amassed an immense fortune. In 1837 he removed to London and there established a banking house which became the headquarters of Americans in that city. Among his munificent gifts were \$1,000,000 to found a literary and scientific institution in Baltimore; \$150,000 to Harvard University; \$150,000 to Yale College; \$3,500,000 to found common schools in the Southern States; and £500,000 to erect lodging houses for the poor in London. His obsequies were celebrated in Westminster Abbey, and his body was brought to the United States on the war ship *Monarch* and buried at his birth-place, Danvers (now Peabody), Massachusetts.

P. 476. "Aratus." A Greek writer who lived in the third century, B. C. It is from Aratus that St. Paul quotes in Acts 17:28.

P. 477. "Exordia." The Latin plural form of exordium, meaning the introductory part of a discourse, the preface of a composition. In a more general sense it is applied to the beginning of any thing.

"Domitius Afer." A celebrated orator, the teacher of Quintilian.

P. 480. "Dith-y-ram'bics." "A form of

Greek lyric composition, originally a choral song in honor of Dionysus, afterward of other gods, heroes, etc. In its distinctive form it consists of a number of strophes no two of which are metrically identical."

"*Oratio pedestris*." A Greek idiom meaning prosaic; without poetic flights; without pathos.

P. 484. "Cult." "A subject of devoted attention or study; that in which one is earnestly or absorbingly interested."

"Landor," Walter Savage. (1775-1864.) An English author. His most noted work is his "Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen," giving many original ideas.

P. 485. "Ælius Stilo." A distinguished Roman grammarian, one of the teachers of Varro and of Cicero.

"Cæcilius." A Roman comic poet, the immediate predecessor of Terence.

"Afranius." A Roman comic poet who lived about 100 B. C.

P. 489. "Euphranor." A Greek sculptor and painter who lived in the fourth century B.C.

P. 491. "Mar'a-thon and Sal'a-mis." Two great battles gained by the Greeks over the Persian invaders of their country. The former occurred in 490 B. C., and the latter in 480 B. C.

P. 492. "Mnemonically" (ne-mon'ic-al-ly). In a manner tending to assist the memory; mnemonics being a system of rules and precepts invented for the purpose of aiding the memory.

"CHAUTAUQUA PHYSICS."

P. 233. "Amber." A hard, light, semi-transparent substance found along the sea-coast or in alluvial deposits, and thought to be a fossilized vegetable gum. The trees from which it is supposed to have come, now form the strata of bituminous wood which are buried beneath beds of clay and sand. It is found in the greatest quantity on the Prussian coast of the Baltic Sea. It exhales a fragrant odor when burned. Formerly it was held in great repute as a medicine, being regarded as a charm against disease and witchcraft. The Greeks and Romans regarded it with superstition, and mythology supposed it to be the solidified tear-drops of the sisters of Phaethon (the youth who attempted to drive the chariot of the sun one day, and whom Jupiter killed with a thunderbolt to save the earth from being burned up as a result of his rashness). These sisters hunting for his body were changed into poplar trees, and their tears to amber. Another superstition was that it was a concretion of birds' tears. Moore in his "Lalla Rookh" says:

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird hath wept.

P. 237. "Hy-gro-met'ric moisture." Moisture absorbed from the atmosphere.

"E-lec-troph'o-rus." "An instrument for exciting electricity, and for repeating the charge indefinitely by induction." The original apparatus to which the word was applied, consisted of "a flat, smooth cake of resin as an electric, upon which is placed a corresponding piece of metal, with an insulating handle as conductor." The name is derived from two Greek words meaning electricity and to bear. By substituting for the last word the Greek term to spy, the name electroscope is formed.

P. 238. "Vul'can-ite." India rubber which has been made hard and horn-like by causing it when raised to a high temperature to combine with sulphur. It is also called ebonite because usually being black it resembles ebony.

P. 247. "Muschenbroeck" (müs-ken-brook), Pieter van.

P. 251. "St. Elmo's fire." Various explanations of this name are given, one being that it was so called by the Spaniards because with them St. Elmo was the patron saint of sailors. The name is thought by many to be a corruption of Helena (Helen of Troy), the sister of Castor and Pollux. When two lights are seen, called Castor and Pollux, it is considered a sign of fair weather; one ball, called Helena, is looked upon as a bad omen. It is also claimed that the name is derived from St. Erasmus, a Syrian martyr of the third century, and the phenomenon is also called the fire of St. Elias, St. Nicholas, St. Clara, and *composant* or *corposant*, that is, *corpus sanctum*, Latin for holy body.

P. 268. "Mahomet's coffin." The mosque of "the great prophet" is in the eastern extremity of the city of Medina, and within the mosque is his tomb. It is concealed by a curtain of silk and is said by the Mohammedans never to have been seen by a Christian, and is no longer to be seen by the Moslems themselves. The attendants declare that any one looking at it now would be blinded by the supernatural light. Washington Irving says, "The marvelous tale, so long considered veritable, that the coffin of Mahomet remained suspended in the air without any support, and which Christian writers accounted for by supposing that it was of iron and dextrously placed midway between two magnets, is proved to be an idle fiction." It is said that Burckhardt (1784-1817), a celebrated Swiss traveler, disguised as an Arab, visited the mosque, and discovered that the story was a hoax passed off by the Moslems on all visitors.

P. 285. "Pe-riph'e-ry." The circumference of a circle or of any curvilinear figure.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

WILKINSON'S "PREPARATORY AND COLLEGE COURSES IN ENGLISH."

1. Q. What educational advantages did Cicero enjoy? A. The best that Rome, Athens, and other centers of learning could afford.

2. Q. What profession did he adopt? A. That of lawyer.

3. Q. How did he make it serve him? A. As a stepping-stone to political promotion.

4. Q. For what was he distinguished while quæstor in Sicily? A. Ability and probity.

5. Q. What did he set about doing on his return from this province to Rome? A. He practiced every art of popularity and kept himself constantly in the sight of the Romans.

6. Q. What was his first really great display of oratory? A. His impeachment of Verres.

7. Q. What great political crime marked the year of Cicero's consulship? A. The conspiracy of Catiline.

8. Q. What is known as the First Oration against Catiline? A. The strain of personal invective directed against that conspirator.

9. Q. What was its effect? A. It drove Catiline into voluntary exile.

10. Q. What is the attitude assumed by Cicero in vindicating himself for permitting Catiline to escape? A. He boldly makes a merit of his conduct.

11. Q. What was the effect of Cicero's four powerful orations? A. The conspiracy was suppressed, and the remaining leaders put to death.

12. Q. How did Cicero manifest his own pleasure in the success of this plan? A. He never wearied praising himself.

13. Q. What great calamity sprang out of the very heart of this success? A. Cicero's exile.

14. Q. What caused this? A. The conspirators were Roman citizens, and they had been put to death illegally without trial.

15. Q. How did the thought of exile affect Cicero? A. He questioned whether it would not be better to commit suicide.

16. Q. What compensation awaited him? A. A re-action took place in his favor, and in a year and a half he came back as a conqueror.

17. Q. How did he spend the next few years? A. In the practice of his profession, and later as the governor of Cilicia.

18. Q. Whose side did Cicero take in the duel for empire between Cæsar and Pompey? A. That of the latter.

19. Q. Upon advice how did Cicero reluctantly seek favor with Cæsar the conqueror? A. He wrote him a propitiatory letter.

20. Q. Was Cicero guilty of complicity in Cæsar's murder? A. No, but he openly rejoiced over it.

21. Q. What severe calamity befell Cicero about this time? A. The death of his daughter.

22. Q. What occasioned Cicero's bitter denunciation of Mark Antony? A. The attempt of the latter to revive Cæsarism.

23. Q. By what name are the fourteen orations devoted to this arraignment known? A. Cicero's Philippics.

24. Q. How did Antony revenge himself for these Philippics? A. On the establishment of the Second Triumvirate he placed Cicero's name in the list of those condemned to death.

25. Q. Which of Cicero's miscellaneous works must be termed essays? A. Those written on Old Age and Friendship.

26. Q. What are his chief philosophical works? A. The *De Finibus*, the *Academica*, the *Tusculan Disputations*, and the *De Officiis*.

27. Q. To whom was the last named work addressed? A. To his unworthy son Marcus.

28. Q. Which one of Cicero's works is almost such as Addison might have issued in his *Spectator*? A. The *De Senectute*.

29. Q. In what two capacities has Cicero been studied in the text-book? A. That of orator and writer.

30. Q. What is the most remarkable trait in all of his works? A. The modern style in which they are composed.

31. Q. What relationship existed between the Elder and the Younger Pliny? A. The one was the nephew and adopted son of the other.

32. Q. What field of study was the specialty of the Elder Pliny? A. Natural history.

33. Q. How did he lose his life? A. In the eruption of Vesuvius.

34. Q. What offices of dignity and trust did Pliny the Younger hold? A. He rose successively through nearly all of them until he reached the consulship.

35. Q. In what form are his chief literary productions? A. Letters.

36. Q. A glimpse of what usage in the literary world before the days of printing is given in one of these letters? A. That of a writer assembling his friends in order to read to them his productions.

37. Q. What letter will make the name of Pliny memorable as long as the Christian religion endures? A. The one written to the Emperor Trajan regarding the persecution of Christians.

38. Q. In what respect are Pliny's writings like those of Cicero? A. In their modern, life-like tone.

39. Q. In what threefold capacity did Quintilian run a famous career? A. As advocate, rhetorician, and man of letters.

40. Q. What position among Roman writers does Quintilian hold? A. Prince among critics.

41. Q. Who was his great contemporary and rival? A. Seneca.

42. Q. How did the two differ in their writings? A. Seneca sought a brilliant, artificial style; Quintilian, simplicity, naturalness, truth.

43. Q. What double purpose is the chapter on Quintilian made to serve? A. That of biography and of a general review.

44. Q. What adapts it to the latter use? A. Quintilian passed under review every Roman author studied.

45. Q. What place in Roman literature does he assign to Virgil? A. The first, and far ahead of all the rest.

STEELE'S "CHAUTAUQUA PHYSICS."

1. Q. From what is the word electricity derived? A. Greek name of amber (elektron).

2. Q. What is known of electricity? A. Only its laws, nothing of its nature.

3. Q. Under what two heads is it discussed? A. Frictional and voltaic electricity.

4. Q. In how many ways does frictional electricity manifest itself? A. By attraction and repulsion, or as positive and negative.

5. Q. What is the theory regarding it? A. That it exists in every body with its two forms in a state of equilibrium; and when this equilibrium is disturbed, separation follows and then each form manifests itself.

6. Q. What is an electroscope? A. An instrument for detecting electricity.

7. Q. What is a conductor? A. A body which allows electricity to pass freely through it.

8. Q. When is a body said to be charged? A. When it is electrically excited.

9. Q. What part of a body may be charged? A. Only the surface.

10. Q. On a cylinder where is the electrical density the greatest? A. At the ends.

11. Q. When is a body said to be insulated? A. When it is in contact only with some non-conducting substance.

12. Q. What is a dielectric? A. A body through which induction occurs.

13. Q. Explain what is meant by "bound" electricity? A. An object charged by induction cannot have its electricity conducted away as long as it remains in the presence of the exciting body; the latter holds it captive.

14. Q. What apparatus shows the laws of induction and of bound electricity? A. The Leyden jar.

15. Q. How is the Leyden jar discharged? A. By bringing a conductor provided with an insulating handle, in contact with the outside coating and the knob.

16. Q. Of what phenomenon of nature is the discharge of the Leyden jar an exact representation? A. Lightning.

17. Q. What serves as the conductor? A. The air.

18. Q. What causes lightning to assume a zigzag course? A. The conducting power of the air is never quite uniform and the immense spark moves along the line of least resistance.

19. Q. What causes thunder? A. The spark suddenly heats the air which expands and instantly collapses.

20. Q. Upon what principle are lightning rods based? A. That lightning always seeks the best conductor.

21. Q. In what does their greatest value consist? A. In quietly restoring the equilibrium between the earth and the clouds, and thus lessening the liability of a discharge.

22. Q. What is voltaic, or current, electricity? A. That produced by a battery.

23. Q. What did Galvani think he had discovered in his so-called animal magnetism? A. The agent by which the will controls the muscles.

24. Q. What did Volta discover to be the real source of this electricity? A. The contact of dissimilar metals.

25. Q. Of what does the voltaic pile (the first battery) consist? A. Plates of zinc and copper separated by pieces of moistened flannel.

26. Q. What is meant by the term electric current? A. The continuous neutralization and renewal of electric potential in the closed voltaic circuit.

27. Q. As there is no transfer of matter, how came the word current to be used? A. By analogy it was applied to the transfer of energy.

28. Q. What is the unit of measure for electro-motive force? A. The volt.

29. Q. What is an ohm (Ω)? A. The unit of measure for electrical resistance.

30. Q. Of what is an ampère the unit of measure? A. Of the effective current obtained when the electro-motive force acts against the resistance.

31. Q. What is the law for finding the cur-

rent strength in ampères? A. It is equal to the electro-motive force in volts divided by the resistance in ohms.

32. Q. What is a galvanometer? A. Any instrument designed to measure the strength of an electric current.

33. Q. In the attempt to remedy what evil have many special kinds of batteries been devised? A. The collection of hydrogen upon the plate in connection with the positive pole, which tends to neutralize the electro-motive force.

34. Q. What is electrolysis? A. The decomposition of compound bodies by the voltaic current.

35. Q. What is electrotyping? A. Depositing, by electricity, metals in solution.

36. Q. What effect has a current of electricity upon a magnetic needle? A. It turns the needle at right angles with the current.

37. Q. What is Ampère's rule for determining the direction of the current? A. To imagine a little swimmer going with the current and facing the needle; the needle will turn to his left.

38. Q. What is an electro-magnet? A. A pair of coils of wire placed around the arms of a U-shaped rod of soft iron, whose magnetic strength

comes and goes as the current is made or broken.

39. Q. To what great invention did the discovery of the power of the electro-magnet lead? A. The electric telegraph.

40. Q. What is known as the aurora? A. The luminous phenomenon which appears about the poles of the earth's axis.

41. Q. Why is it inferred to be due to electrical action? A. It disturbs the magnetic needle, and acts on the telegraph wires.

42. Q. How is the telephone enabled to reproduce speech? A. By utilizing magneto-electric currents.

43. Q. How are these magneto-electric currents produced? A. The sound of the voice makes a thin disk of soft iron vibrate against a magnet pole; disturbances thus produced in the strength of the magnet traverse the coil of wire and reach the distant telephone.

44. Q. How must the currents employed for electric lighting differ from the telephone currents? A. They must be continuous.

45. Q. What name is given to the magneto-electric machine that accomplishes this result? A. The dynamo.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

THE WORLD OF TO-DAY.—CHINESE LEGISLATION.

1. What rights were secured to the Chinese by the Burlingame treaty?

2. What modifications of prior conventions were made in the treaty of November 1880?

3. On what ground did President Arthur veto the bill in 1882 suspending Chinese immigration for twenty years?

4. When was the bill signed which fixed the period of suspension at ten years?

5. When did China, of her own accord, propose to establish a system to prohibit her laborers from coming to the United States?

6. As a result of this proposition what action was taken by the United States?

7. Why did the Chinese government refuse to ratify the treaty of 1887?

8. For what did the recent Chinese Enumeration bill provide?

9. What was the object of the bill?

10. What amendments to it were proposed by Senator Evarts?

ROMAN AMUSEMENTS.

1. According to Juvenal, for what two things only did the Roman populace care?

2. How many holidays were there in the Roman year?

3. Upon whom did the burden for the expense of the spectacles enacted on holidays, fall?

4. From what four classes were the combatants in the arena taken?

5. What was the main entertainment provided in the Great Circus?

6. What was the main difference between the Greek and Roman chariot races?

7. What colors were worn on racing days by jockeys and the factions to which they belonged?

8. The size of the theaters putting hearing at a disadvantage, what superseded the drama in popularity?

9. In what characters of the Atellan farce is it supposed the modern Harlequin and Punchinello originated?

10. What games of ball are mentioned by Latin writers?

11. What games of chance were popular?

12. In what field sports did the Romans delight?

13. What games were played that resembled chess and backgammon?

14. What was the game of *morra* and what proverb is connected with it?

15. What toys were familiar to the Roman child?

ENGRAVINGS.—IV. SUBSTITUTES FOR.

1. What process is gradually superseding engraving?
2. What is the meaning of the word *héliogravure*?
3. What is lithography?
4. Where are the best stones found for lithographic work?
5. Chromo is the abbreviated form of what word?
6. What is a chromo-lithograph?
7. How are the backgrounds in chromo-lithographs made to represent canvas?
8. What is the value of photo-lithography?
9. What is photo-xylography?
10. What is meant by photo-intaglio engraving?

PROBLEMS IN PHYSICS.—IV. HEAT AND LIGHT.

1. Water boils at one place on a mountain side at 194° F., and at another at 183° F. What is the difference in elevation?
2. Change 45° C. to the equivalent Fahrenheit reading.
3. Find the equivalent Centigrade reading for 50° F.
4. Express 75° C. in Réaumer reading.
5. If a gas measures 10 cubic centimeters at 59° F., what will be its volume at 302° F., the rate of expansion being one four hundred ninetieth?
6. 2,000 lbs. of water at the freezing point would be warmed to what temperature by the heat generated by a cannon ball weighing 150 lbs. and moving 1,920 ft. per second?
7. How many candles are required to produce at a distance of 6 ft. the same illuminating effect as one candle at a distance of 2 ft.?
8. What must be the angle of incidence that the angle between the incident and the line of vision shall be 30°?
9. A standard candle placed 2 ft. from a screen, and a lamp 4 ft. from a screen, cast shadows of equal intensity. What is the candle power of the lamp?
10. How many times could light travel around the earth in one second?

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAY.—CICERO.

1. What Greek poet was one of the teachers of Cicero at Rome?
2. For whom had Cicero invented the title, "The Father of his Country"?
3. How did Cicero obtain his wealth?
4. What actor proved a remarkable advocate for the banished Cicero by so throwing into

Andromache's lament for her absent father his own feeling for Cicero as to move his whole audience to sympathy for the exile?

5. Who was Tiro to whom Cicero wrote the numerous letters which best show his kindness of heart?
6. Who said of Cicero's treatise on "Old Age," that "it made one long to grow old"?
7. What has been given as the reason for Cicero's divorcing his second wife?
8. When Cicero's head was carried to Rome, who is said to have pierced the tongue with her needle in revenge for the sarcasms it had uttered against her?
9. By a singular coincidence to whom was the message announcing Mark Antony's death addressed?
10. What does Addison say concerning Cicero's talking of himself?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN FOR MAY.

NATIONAL AID TO EDUCATION.

1. Washington. 2. The circulation of the reports of the Paris Exposition regarding the great European universities. 3. A university at the capital endowed by the Federal Government to the amount of \$20,000,000, yielding 5 per cent interest; the income to be used for buildings, furnishings, and the general support of the university. 4. That of 1787. 5. The stimulation which it gave to state and local enterprise. 6. Thirty-three at least. 7. The National Museum, the Congressional Library, the National Observatory, and the Bureau of Education. 8. To conduct original researches or verify experiments on the physiology of plants and animals; their diseases and remedies; the advantage of rotative cropping; the analysis of soil and water; and such other experiments and researches as bear on the agricultural industry of the United States. 9. Each Congressional district and territory and the District of Columbia is entitled to send one cadet. The President also appoints annually ten cadets, at large. 10. The Hon. George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy. 11. One for each member or delegate of the House of Representatives, one from the District of Columbia, and ten appointed at large by the President. 12. In 1800. 13. By deposits from the Smithsonian Institution, purchase, copyright, donation, and exchange. 14. Collecting such statistics and facts as shall show the condition and progress of education, and diffusing such information as shall aid in the establishment and maintenance of efficient school systems and otherwise promote the cause of education throughout the country. 15. By distributing

\$77,000,000 in 8 years among the states and territories in proportion to the illiteracy in each.

ROMAN LIBRARIES.

1. That which L. Æmilius Paulus, the conqueror of Macedonia, brought over from the palace of King Perseus. 2. After changing hands several times it fell into the possession of some ignorant people who, hearing that the king of Pergamon was collecting books for a new library, buried it underground in a damp place where it was much damaged by mildew. 3. It should be exposed toward the east because most convenient for reading in the early morning hours and also because less favorable for the development of moths and mildew in the books. 4. Because they were never warmed by artificial heat as that would be accompanied by the danger of conflagration and favor the development of moths. 5. One contained the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, one the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, one the *opera omnia* of Virgil. 6. Borrowed from Athens to copy, but sent back the copies and kept the originals. 7. About A. U. C. 717, by Asinius Pollio, the author. 8. Augustus. 9. The library of Octavia, the one in the palace of Tiberius, the one connected with the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the library of Apollo on the Palatine. 10. Next to the episcopal chair. 11. Pope Damasus who occupied the chair of St. Peter between 366 and 384. The building stood until 1486. 12. The medallion or image of the author whose works were in the case. 13. No, they were placed horizontally. 14. Illuminated on a small piece of parchment and pasted on the back of the volume. 15. Books with leaves of ivory; the library of Trajan.

ENGRAVINGS.—III.

1. After the face of the block of wood has been made even and smooth, it is covered with flake white; upon this the drawing is made with a lead pencil, pen, brush, or with lead pencil and brush. The engraver then cuts away the surface around the lines of the drawing, thus leaving in relief the lines which are to be printed. 2. The wood generally used for fine engraving is box-wood and mahogany, maple, pine, and sometimes pear, apple, and peach for the coarser. 3. The subject to be engraved is photographed directly upon the block, and the time and expense of the drawing are saved by this means. 4. The various methods each engraver adopts peculiar to himself to produce the desired effects. 5. Different workmen engrave the various blocks; then the blocks are fitted together and clamped. 6. It is engraving executed in dots instead of lines. 7. Engraving in wood in which every line is either drawn on the block or else photographed from pen and pencil draw-

ing in reduced size; the work of the engraver being to remove the wood between the lines. 8. An engraving in which the drawing being in wash, gauche, or oil paint the engraver must invent the lines, which he cuts in such a manner as to render when printed the exact shades of the original drawing. 9. "A process of engraving on an etching-ground which gives to the subject the appearance of being raised from the surface of the print, as if embossed. It is frequently employed in the representation of coins, medals, bas-reliefs, etc." 10. A facsimile of the engraving is obtained by moistening the engraving with dilute phosphoric acid and transferring the ink from the impression to a plate of zinc. The plate is then subjected to the action of an acid which leaves in relief the portions thus protected, from which prints can be taken easily.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAY.—HORACE.

I. "When from my nurse, erewhile on Vulcan's steep
I strayed beyond the bound."

—Conington's translation.

2. His literary master at Rome noted for his flogging propensities.

3. "To see my dress
And slaves attending, you'd have thought, no less

Than patrimonial fortunes old and great
Had furnished forth the charges of my state."

4. His paternal acres were confiscated and he was left penniless.

5. "Want stared me in the face, so then and there

I took to scribbling verse in sheer despair."

6. Canidia and Sagana.

7. "First from the roll I strike myself of those
I poets call,
For merely to compose in verse is not the
all in all."

8. The fact that so many English travelers visit it with so much enthusiasm.

9. "With what I have completely blest,
My happy little Sabine nest."

10. The Roman poet Propertius. 11. Ofellus.

12. "The undiscovered country from whose
bourne no traveler returns." 13. "To carry
logs of wood into a forest." 14. Mæcenus.

15. "Of writing well, be sure the secret lies
In wisdom; therefore study to be wise."

PROBLEMS IN PHYSICS.—III. SOUND.

1. 10,900 ft. 2. 2,350 ft. 3. 62° F. 4. 1.31 +
ft. 5. 100. 6. 3 lbs. 7. 500. 8. 384.
9. 2 ft. 10. The presence of one beat each second will be clearly discernible. In "Answers to Problems" (May issue) omit *ounces* in No. 3, and for No. 5 read $4\frac{1}{3}$ cu. ft.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1893.

CLASS OF 1890.—“THE PIERIANS.”

“Redeeming the Time.”

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. D. A. McClenahan, Allegheny, Pa.

Vice Presidents—John Lee Draper, Providence, R. I.; the Rev. Leroy Stevens, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; Charles E. Weller, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Dr. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.; Miss Amy L. Sanderson, Toronto, Canada; Geo. H. Iott, Chicago, Ill.; A. T. Freye, Crestline, Ohio; Miss Helen Chenault, Ft. Scott, Kan.; S. M. Delano, New Orleans, La.; Miss Sarah Young, Danville, Ky.; Mr. Seymour Dean, French Creek, N. Y.

Eastern Secretary—Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, New Jersey.

Western Secretary—The Rev. H. B. Waterman, Griggsville, Ill.

Treasurer—Mrs. E. P. Wood, 252 General Taylor Street, New Orleans, La.

Class Trustee—Dr. J. T. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.

Items for this column should be sent to Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—THE TUBEROSE.

THE Class of '90 has the largest enrollment of any one of the twelve C. L. S. C. Classes. Its record for good work and strong class feeling has been well sustained during the four years. The time is approaching for us to show whether our final record shall justify us in claiming the honor of the largest enrollment among the graduating classes. This is our test year, our final opportunity. Let us measure up to it. More than forty assemblies will hold recognition days during the summer of 1890. The Class of '90 should be well represented at each.

TEN members of '90 from the Oriental Circle in India are entering upon their fourth year's work. They are a zealous missionary band and their zeal is evidently “according to knowledge,” for no difficulties however formidable have been able to discourage these stanch Chautauquans. Two report from Shahjahanpore, one from Lucknow, three from Cawnpore, and four from Bareilly. Once a year the circle, which contains a strong force of '92's also, meets for mutual good fellowship; and the Chautauqua circle has proved a strong bond in the lives of these busy missionaries.

MANY of the '90's have not been satisfied with the small amount of twenty-five cents assigned to them as their contribution to the class building fund, and we are happy to acknowledge the receipt of a number of contributions of one dollar each. Enthusiasm has reached even the high water-mark of a five dollar bill in several instances, while circles that are rich in good

works, though not in this world's goods, have combined their resources and made substantial contributions to the class treasury. This is a point worthy of special mention, for where it is inconvenient for one person to forward a small contribution, several could combine and remit the money safely by draft or post-office order. Oh, that every '90 circle would rise to this occasion! We shall be four thousand strong at least, at graduation and, an average of twenty-five cents per member makes the Class Building an accomplished fact.

CLASS OF 1891.—“THE OLYMPIANS.”

“So run that ye may obtain.”

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. J. M. Durrell, D. D., Manchester, N. H.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, Jackson, Mich.; the Rev. J. A. Smith, Johnsonburgh, N. Y.; W. H. Wescott, Holley, N. Y.; the Rev. J. S. Ostrander, D. D., 314 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Hawley, Buffalo, N. Y.

Secretary—Mrs. Hattie E. Buell, 2604 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Harriet A. H. Wilkie, Onondaga Valley, N. Y.

Treasurer—Prof. Fred. Starr, New Haven, Conn.

Class Trustee—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander.

CLASS FLOWERS—THE LAUREL AND WHITE ROSE.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHAT.—Our wise man who may be chosen in the future to make up our Chautauqua Almanac, will record in the advice for spring, “About this time look out for the preliminary symptoms of Chautauqua fever. It is a periodical disease that comes over certain literary people at the breaking up of winter.” Have you felt the symptoms? At first there is a constant recurring of the idea that summer assemblies are preparing for great things. Then come sundry flutterings of the heart, followed by a marked desire to go to Chautauqua, where Bishop Vincent rules from the Chancellor's chair. Congestive chills follow in some cases, where individuals live at a distance from the beautiful lake in south-western New York, and the pocket-books are closed with many sighs. New flushes of expectation course through the system, and resolves are made to go either to the original Chautauqua or to some of the local assemblies near home.

Chautauqua fever is an impulse that had better be encouraged; it is a sign of vitality rather than infirmity, an infatuation that is eminent-

ly sane, an enthusiasm that is consistent with self-control, an epidemic that passes over the foolish and strikes only the wise, a thirst that is quenched only at the fountains of knowledge, and a projection of the mind from the routine of daily life to the restful fields of recreation, recuperation, and inspiration.

If your purses will allow, give way to the impulse and begin to make your plans for the summer gathering. Members of '91 will find classmates at all these places. The school teacher will be helped in the Teachers' Retreat; the student will find assistance in the language drill of the camp college; lovers of art may add to their skill and taste, under the personal influence of noted artists; theologians may build up physical strength in the balmy air of the woods, and fill their quivers with arrows, sharpened on the grit of the Bema; overburdened business men may rest from their toil, and find delightful change of mind in the open air lectures and concerts of the Auditorium; housewives may find respite from the worry and care of servants and the conduct of an establishment. Hotels of moderate rates open their doors to all, and music enchants the senses.

If you can, plan to go. Remember that Chautauqua assemblies are not dress parades. Leave your Saratoga trunks at home, plan for comfort, and aim to get the most out of the gathering for body and spirit.

CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."

"Seek and ye shall obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—Col. Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, Ark.

First Vice-President—Prof. Lewis Stuart, Ill.

Second Vice-President—F. W. Gunsaulus, Ill.

District Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Frank Beard, N. Y.; Dr. P. S. Henson, Ill.; Charles P. Williamson, Ky.; the Rev. J. C. Hurlbut, N. J.; Mr. J. T. Barnes, N. J.; Mr. E. P. Brook, N. Y.; Issa Tanimura, Japan; Mr. J. S. Davis, Albany, Ga.

Secretary—Miss Jane P. Allen, University of North Dakota, N. D.

Treasurer and Member of Building Committee—Lewis E. Snow, Mo.

Class Trustee—Mr. J. P. Barnes, Rahway, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

'92, give heed to this: "The general diffusion of half-digested information does not raise the general level of intelligence, which can only be raised to any purpose by thorough self-culture, by assimilation, digestion, meditation."—*Charles Dudley Warner*. Chautauqua aims to "raise the general level of intelligence." Let us be her worthy representatives.

A '92 from New York State reports, "I have bought thirty-one books since I began my work as a Chautauquan. Of course I do not pretend to

say that I have mastered or even attempted to read the contents of all these volumes, but the Chautauqua course is doing this for me—it has aroused my interest in subjects that I never thought of before, and my books are my greatest delight; life has been a new thing to me in these last two years and you can understand why I am an enthusiastic Chautauquan."

CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 33 Oak St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Evanston, Ill.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Port Colborne, Province Ontario, Canada; The Rev. D. T. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas.

Secretary—Mrs. L. L. Rankin, Room 3, Wesley Block, Columbus, Ohio.

Treasurer—Miss Julia J. Ketcham, Plainfield, N. J.

Building Committee—Mr. Dodds; Mr. Rankin.

Assembly Treasurer and Trustee for the Union Class Building—Mr. George E. Vincent.

EMBLEM—THE ACORN.

'93's like the Athenians of old are ever ready for some new thing and it seems they are not to be disappointed. THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March gave a full account of the Chautauqua Circle in the penitentiary at Lincoln, Nebraska. The April number alluded to correspondence with a '93 from Sing-Sing prison applying for membership—and this month we can report a similar interest in the Northwest. At Stillwater, Minnesota, is situated one of the best managed state prisons in the country, and here, through the efforts, first of a Chautauqua student in Minneapolis, and second through the influence of a bright, active young man within the walls of the prison, the work has been introduced. The names of 78 persons willing to enter the Chautauqua work have been taken, and a first class of 24 has been formed. As soon as this class is fully in hand a second will be formed. A sanguine member declares that four classes of twenty-four each are almost certain to result. The officials of the institution have shown the greatest kindness and helpfulness in the efforts to introduce the work. *The Prison Mirror*, an admirable little sheet edited and published by the inmates, gives the movement a hearty greeting, declaring that it is greatly to be desired that the C. L. S. C. gain a firm footing in the prison for the incentive it would be to many to form habits of self-improvement; and it gives the sensible advice to go slow in forming the classes. The undertaking seems to have opened finely, to have zealous and wise leaders and an earnest membership. Here is work for Minnesota Chautauquans, an opportunity such as is offered to but few. The care of this important movement will,

we know, not be confined to '93's, but as the members of this circle are our classmates, let us see to it that they do not lack class sympathy and co-operation.

GRADUATE CLASSES.

THE following names are added to the list of graduates of the Class of 1889.

Mullin, Anna E. W., Kan.

Adams, Herbert William, Mass.

Cooper, Lillie F., Ky.

Fosdick, Lucien J., Mass.

Page, Gertrude E., Mass.

Peirson, Armedia, N. Y.

THE A. E. Dunning Circle of Brooklyn, N.Y., composed of graduates of '88, recently held a parlor sale, the results of which, amounting to twenty-five dollars, were sent to the treasurer of the '88 Class Building fund.

THE following communication from a graduate of '83 comes most appropriately under the head of class items, since there are few of the C. L. S. C. Classes which do not number one or more foreign missionaries among their membership. We are sure that some of the Chautauquans in this favored land will be glad to respond to this call. The letter which was ad-

ressed to the Central Office reads as follows: "I wonder if you have any second-hand Chautauqua books which you would be willing to donate to a foreign missionary shortly returning to Persia. I have given her three volumes of THE CHAUTAUQUAN (she having one year) to complete the course. She is anxious to start a reading class among the girls who have left the mission schools, so that they may in a measure keep up interest in good things, and from going backward in their daily life." The address to which books may be sent is Mrs. J. H. Shedd, 53 Fifth Ave., New York.

A COMMUNICATION from the class officers recently mailed to all members of '89, has resulted thus far in more than fifty dollars for the building fund.

MRS. E. N. DAVIDSON, of Harbor, Ohio, secretary of the Class of '89, has secured the negative of the photograph of the Amphitheater taken last summer with the '89 Recognition Day decorations, and will be glad to furnish members of the class with copies as desired, one-third of her receipts being devoted to the Class Building fund. Two styles will be prepared, one on thin cards 11x14 inches suitable for framing, at 75 cts each, the other 10x12 inches on heavy beveled cards for easels.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.

BRYANT DAY—November 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.

MILTON DAY—December 9.

COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.

LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKSPEARE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

CICERO DAY—June 17.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua.

ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua.

RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after the first Tuesday.

THE month of June is the last working month of the C. L. S. C. year. The Scribe feels that his occupation is going, that this is his last chance for three months to preach to his local circle constituency. One theme is uppermost in his mind. What is this constituency going to do through the summer? Go to the Assemblies, undoubtedly, if it can. But the Scribe is confident that the great majority cannot go at all, that many can go for but a short time, and that the membership of most circles will remain

above the quorum-point all summer. Now are all the delights of the outing, all the pleasures of sight-seeing, of excursions, of adventure, to be lost to them because they cannot leave their homes? Ingenuity, forbid! If the mountain does not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain. If an outing is not forthcoming, it must be found. Nothing is easier. Your local circle is a perfected fact. Instead of suspending during the summer, use the organization you have for a summer of pleasure. But how?

Elect an outing committee instead of a program committee, a leader of sports instead of a president, adopt a game instead of a book, wear a flower in place of a badge, then go instead of read, play instead of recite. Is yours a city circle, then the committee must plan trips to neighboring resorts, picnics to parks, visits to places of interest. It must learn to use the moonlight prodigally. It must elect a game, say tennis, and provide a regular place for the circle to play.

The circle which has its home in a village or small city is fortunate indeed. All that is missed in winter by lack of opportunities to hear good music, see great men; to mingle in large movements is fully compensated for now by opportunities to see the summer in all its moods, to live on the most intimate terms with nature in her own fastnesses. Here driving parties are possible to even thin pocket-books, here an all day outing means little delay or fatigue in reaching a point. Here the sunsets, the forests, the fields, the flowers, the birds that the city-dwellers must go far to see, are at hand. All that remains is to persuade one's self that they are just as delightful at home as they would be one hundred miles from home and for the program committee to plan lavishly. THE CHAUTAUQUAN means to help on these schemes of summering at home by replacing its *Suggestive Programs* by *Outing Programs* in which, no doubt, many a ravishing scheme will be unfolded.

Is it beneath the dignity of bodies whose object has been the "promotion of true culture" to make it for three months merely a "jolly good time"? Are tramps and sports and lawless enjoyment inconsistent with Roman politics and social discussion and problems in physics? Not for the wise man. The present Irish Secretary, Mr. Balfour, has just published a treatise on the game of golf. THE CHAUTAUQUAN in recognition of the need of a lighter vein in every serious purpose announces that its summer numbers will each contain a novelette; a sort of mental outing after the tasks of the working period. There are but three or four men in the United States who can make the lenses for the large Newtonian reflectors and at least one of them, the Scribe happens to know, though he is seventy years old, can walk a stretch of ten miles without flagging, and does it, too, almost every day of his life. Sport and study, books and tramps are the best of allies, the best of friends. May every local circle in Chautauquadom know it before fall.

NOTES FROM THE UNIONS.

THE usual excursion to Chautauqua will be

held about August 4 by the Brooklyn Chautauqua Assembly. Tickets for round trip, good for 30 days, \$10. All Chautauquans and friends are invited. For further information address Miss C. A. Teal, secretary, 214 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, or Mr. E. P. Brook, president, 62 William Street, New York.

THE Chautauqua Union of New York City and the Brooklyn Chautauqua Assembly are to have a moonlight excursion on the 28th of June. The steamer *Grand Republic*, having a capacity for over three thousand passengers, has been engaged, and will start at 1 p. m. for a sail of forty miles up the Hudson River; a landing will be made at a picturesque island near Peekskill, where over three hours will be allowed on shore, part of which time will be spent in a Chautauqua Round Table, at which Bishop J. H. Vincent, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and Dr. Frank Russell have been invited to speak. The exercises at the island will close with an Athenian Watch-Fire. The tickets are strictly limited to within two-thirds of the capacity of the boat, and will be sold only through the circles, thus assuring a quiet and orderly company. Further information may be obtained of Frank M. Curtis, 2107 Seventh Ave., New York City, or of N. H. Gillette, 283 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. No Chautauquan can afford to miss this excursion.

THE St. Louis Chautauqua Union has added three circles to its make-up. Its roll now stands: Vincent, Lafayette, Union, Fireside, St. John's, Graduate, T. H. E., Central, Harmony, Kimball, Second Baptist, Carondelet, T. M. Post, Delmar, St. Mark's, Webster. The Union's Longfellow Memorial Meeting was a great success.—A unique entertainment was given by twelve of the Brooklyn Chautauqua circles in February. Booths representing different nations, at which national characters presided, were arranged about the hall. A stage performance was given by distinguished foreigners who there visited the different booths and assisted the occupants in serving the guests with appropriate viands. The Cossacks and Russians were to be found in the Russian booths, where Russian tea was dispensed by Russian princesses. The booth of Rome was guarded by two Romans in armor, with their shields and spears. The chief character was Julia. Here grapes, olives, and roast pig were served to all visitors. In Greece, Diogenes was seen in his best; here, also, could be seen Clio and Sappho. The visitor to Spain would find Ferdinand and Isabella upon the throne, and a number of maids, courtiers, and civilians

doing honor to them. Here, also, was Columbus, a suppliant at their throne.

"THE meeting will please come to order," says the Scribe, beaming with pleasure as he looks over his glasses at the crowd of C. L. S. C. delegates each eager to deliver a message which, like Viola's, is excellently well penned and much pains have been taken in conning it. "Mr. President," pipes a small voice from the corner of the room; "Mr. President," resounds from another quarter in a deep bass; "Mr. President," comes in an appealing tone from near the chairman's elbow. Now the Scribe flatters himself that he is nothing if not impartial; each shall be heard in turn and shall say all that he came to say. First the

NEW CIRCLES.

CANADA.—Cannington Circle hands in a program which is a fair sample of the work required. It includes reviews of the text-books and THE CHAUTAUQUAN articles, a map study, criticism, and a table talk on Virgil.—Fifteen membership blanks are asked for by the new circle of London which has formed in one of the churches there, and is to be known as the Dundas Street Center C. L. S. C.

VERMONT.—The two friends who are reading together in Putney find the studies full of interest.

NEW YORK.—Buffalo has two more circles, one called the Mignonette, the other not yet named.—West End Circle of Syracuse starts with a bright outlook and a long list of members.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Utopian Circle of Pittsburgh has a membership of thirteen.—A new circle formed in February at Darby.

VIRGINIA.—"Great enthusiasm prevails in our little circle and much good work has been done," says the secretary of the Query at Staunton.

FLORIDA.—Five applications for the Class of '93 come from Crescent City. The circle is to be known as the Talofa.

TEXAS.—The Hesperians of Abilene are fourteen in number, and have a graduate of '88 for president.

OHIO.—Hazleton Circle is connected with St. Paul's English Lutheran Church of Cincinnati, and has been hard at work with the pastor as teacher since last October. One book at a time is the rule.

ILLINOIS.—Sycamore has a large class, most of whom are graduates.—Four ladies in Elwood are reading together and three others form another circle.

MICHIGAN.—Ionia and West Bay City have new circles.

WISCONSIN.—The circle of Racine connected with the First Methodist Church has nine members.—Kewaskum Circle organized with five.

MINNESOTA.—Eleven applications come from Marshall for enrollment among the '93's.

KENTUCKY.—Aurora of Eminence organized in December with sixteen members.

IOWA.—This from the representative of Otumwa Circle: "We began work in October, have thirty-three members, follow the work as suggested in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and observe all the Memorial Days. Sometimes our president questions us upon the lesson, at other times one of our number leads in conversation upon a subject and all are expected to join. Our meetings are full of enthusiasm."—Atlantic reports four more '93's.—The Elizabethan Circle of Grinnell has five members and the motto, *Nulla dies sine linea*.—Smith's Villa Circle of Sioux City has made up three months of lost time, not having organized until late in December.

MISSOURI.—Bryant Circle formed with twelve members in Kansas City.

KANSAS.—The new circle of Tribune includes eight beginners and one graduate.

NEBRASKA.—There has been no circle in North Platte for four years, but interest has been revived, and a thriving class of thirteen meets weekly, doing double work because of a late beginning.—Ten students, all new to the work, are beginning in Axtell.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—Aberdeen Circle began with a membership of thirty.

NEVADA.—The four members of Tybo Circle meet two evenings of each week to discuss the topics of study and compare notes on what they have learned since the last meeting.—Mason Valley has a new circle.

CALIFORNIA.—Riverside Circle begins with every prospect of success.

OLD CIRCLES.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.—Each Wednesday afternoon in Hilo the little circle named Lei Aloha holds a meeting at the home of the president. A trip through Rome with the Chautauquan Travelers has been among the pleasant features of the year. A large map drawn by a friend and given to Lei Aloha, was found of much service. While studying Political Economy, discussion of social problems profitably occupied much of the time. The secretary pays a tribute to the kindness of the members by stating that those who have the most leisure are willing to do the heaviest part of the program work.

CANADA.—The annual social gathering in the Alpha of Galt, this year took the form of a pro-

gressive conversation party. The dainty, tinted souvenirs bore several appropriate mottoes, such as this, from Sir William Temple: "The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit." The topics discussed were: What shall I say? What I have gained by the C. L. S. C.; The novel of my choice; Amusements. The Alphas are good workers, and a number are striving for the white seal.—In the three years of its organization, the *Eis esmen* of Toronto has grown from a membership of twenty-four to thirty-one, and has lost but few of its original members. The circle uses the following program blank:

PROGRAM.			
For	1890.	At	
1. Opening Exercises.			
2. Roll-call, Quotations from			
3. Reading of Minutes.			
4. Questions on {		from page	
5. Music,		by	
6. Table-Talk on			
INTERMISSION.			
7. Reading or Recitation		by	
8. Music		by	
9. Essay on		by	
10. Reading or Recitation		by	
11.			
12.			

—"On, Stanley, on," and "Much remains to conquer still," are the mottoes of Stanley Circle of Montreal. The written programs state the number of minutes allowed for each part of the exercises, five, ten, and fifteen being given as the importance of the subject may demand. The electric pen is used in preparing the cards bearing the responsive sentences of the opening and closing exercises, and for the "Instruction Leaf." The latter is so simple and so convenient that other circles, doubtless, will be glad to use a similar one. In the lesson column the books are designated by A, B, C, D, a key at the top of the page explaining which ones are meant by the letters:

STANLEY CIRCLE.			
Instruction Leaf.		October 1889-June 1890.	
DATE.	LESSON.	ESSAYISTS.	READERS.
Nov. 14	A. p. 82-98	Miss A	Miss B
	B. p. 123-183		Mrs. C
	C. p. 94-138		
Nov. 28	A. p. 98-112	Mr. D	Miss E
	B. p. 183-239		Mr. F
	C. p. 138-159		
Dec. 12	A. p. 112-123	Mrs. G	Miss H
	B. p. 239-283		Miss I
	D. p. 1-102		
Dec. 26	A. p. 123-135	Mrs. J.	Mr. K

—Berkeley Circle of Toronto sends some sam-

ple programs of a high order. The question box is opened at every meeting, and any questions not answered satisfactorily are given out as subjects for study.—Windsor Circle has seven members.—The twenty-five enrolled in Winnipeg are all '92's. THE CHAUTAUQUAN programs are used, occasional public meetings are held, and the study year closes with a banquet.—The Victorians of Oakwood have a different quotation, always something helpful, written at the top of each program. The class numbers seventeen this year.

MAINE.—An ingenious and inexpensive way of presenting the order of exercises was devised by Forest City Circle of Portland. Decorated program covers, such as may be procured for a small sum at almost any printing establishment, are used for the outside, and leaves of writing paper fastened in for leaves. A narrow ribbon binds all together, and a convenient book of reference and pretty souvenir is thus obtained.—The forty members of Bryant Circle, another Portland organization, are as well up in the news of the day as in the events of Roman history. Among the recreations have been an account of the United States mail service, personal reminiscences of the battle of Gettysburg with map illustrations, criticisms on current art, newspaper clippings containing personals of interest, and so on.—The Longfellow of Portland enrolls twenty-nine, two of whom are graduates.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—All are '91's in the Unique of Haverhill. They have some very kind words to say about the C. L. S. C.—Ten are enrolled in the Crescent of West Swanzey.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The circle of Rockland was entertained most hospitably by Abington Circle in March. A Swiss gentleman gave an illustrated lecture on Switzerland, which was followed by music and a banquet with toasts. Abington has a free library which is made good use of by the circle.—A circle in which fifty per cent of the members are graduates must be a prosperous one. Such is the case in Everett.—The Castalian of Whitinsville is now four years old.—There are nine in Grace Church Circle of Cambridgeport, all of the Class of '92.—The Delphians of Chicopee hold monthly meetings at which delightful programs are presented.

RHODE ISLAND.—The six '92's forming the Enterprise of Providence, remain an unbroken company.—The Progressives of South Portsmouth enroll thirteen.

CONNECTICUT.—Words to test the members' ability to spell and pronounce are brought to each meeting of Marlborough Circle.—Judging from the programs sent by Stafford Springs,

the members have a continual feast of good things.

NEW YORK.—The Mysterious in History was the subject of a series of essays in one meeting of Dianthus Circle of Woodside. It included "Who was Casper Hauser?" "Who was the Man of the Iron Mask?" and "Did Louis XVII. escape from the Temple?"—The Ontioras Circle of Catskill has had five lectures this year besides its regular meetings.—All the parts of *The Question Table* appear on the programs of Clarence Circle as well as the required work and the news of the day.—Lathrop Circle of Johnsonsburg has a review once each month.—Decorated correspondence cards are used by the Advance of Brooklyn, on which to write the programs; a collection of the year's cards will make a pretty *souvenir*, as the Scribe once heard a Mrs. Malaprop remark.—The nineteen Satellites of Buffalo have made a good record in this their first year.—The Philomatheans of Cherry Creek do not forget that their motto is, "On to higher things," and the work is done with all possible thoroughness. Four new members have been added since organization.

NEW JERSEY.—Hope Circle of Rahway has added eight names to its list. It publishes a monthly paper called *The Chautauqua Chat*.—Bridgeton Circle is faithful and energetic.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Kittanning Circle has changed its plan of having all the literary exercises after the recitations, liking better to "sandwich" them in between the quizzings on different subjects.—Canton Circle is one of the organizations of 1878, and still meets regularly with eleven members.—The Jefferson of Philadelphia is at the close of its fourth year.—The circles at Ewing's Mills and Berwick both report an increase of membership over that of last year, and a good per cent of graduates.

DELAWARE.—The Columbians of Smyrna, twelve in number, hold weekly meetings.

MARYLAND.—St. John's League of Baltimore has had a number of lectures this year by specialists of Johns Hopkins University and the Manual Training School, and by a prominent clergyman of the city. Meetings are held twice each month with an average attendance of twenty-five. The leader is expected to be prepared to answer any question on the subject of the evening.

VIRGINIA.—The bi-weekly meetings in Lynchburg call together fourteen students who carry out to the letter the programs of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The three friends forming the French Broad Circle of Brevard are separated by too great distances to hold regular

meetings, but hope to graduate in the same class, that of '90.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Athenians of Spartanburg have for their president the professor of Greek in Wofford College, and to his enthusiasm they attribute much of the success that attends them. The three circles of the city hold a union meeting once a month in the public library, a committee of one from each circle arranging the programs.—An entire circle of '90's, twenty-three all told, is nearly ready for diplomas at Cheraw.

TEXAS.—Dallas Circle has been obliged to turn away several applicants as its number is limited to twenty-five. Four lectures on Latin Literature were given before the circle in April by one of the high school teachers. The fines and monthly dues furnish the treasurer with funds for current expenses, such as programs and prizes. Memorial Days are observed by open meetings which are largely attended.

OHIO.—Cummins Circle has graduated twenty-one in the eleven years of its existence, and still has a large membership. Its eleventh celebration of Longfellow Day included quotations, essays, reviews, anecdotes of a visit to some of the localities mentioned in the poems, an impromptu acrostic on the poet's name by the audience, instrumental music, Chautauqua songs, and the Vesper Service.—A feature recently introduced in the Osborne of Toledo, and one that is popular, is the requirement of a short talk, dignified by the name of lecture, from each member in turn. The subjects are assigned by the president.

INDIANA.—The two circles of Covington united in giving a Roman party, inviting their friends to the spacious home which was thrown open to them. The banquet for which one hundred covers were laid, was followed by tableaux of Roman legend and history, nearly all of the circle members personating some character.—The five '92's from whom we heard last year in Roann, still keep together.—New Castle's circle now numbers eighteen.—The nine members of Cynthia Circle live in the country, but meet regularly and require the best of work.—Brookville Circle is doing much good both for itself and the cause.

ILLINOIS.—At one of the open meetings in Kewanee a Chautauqua Corner was fitted up with books, magazines, papers, and a diploma with several seals, and the non-members were introduced to its seclusion. Three different Assemblies were visited by the members last summer and the comparing of notes before the circle will result in a larger representation in the coming summer. The circle enrolls twenty-four but is plan-

ning for several more at the beginning of the English year.—Although the members of Sullivan Circle are but eighteen in number they undertook the responsibility of a public lecture course last winter, and now have a surplus in the treasury. All but five are graduates.—A lecture on Political Economy has been given in Champaign under the auspices of the Prometheians of that place. This circle has grown from fourteen to twenty since last year.—The five '92's forming Odin Circle find their number not too small for carrying out THE CHAUTAUQUAN programs.—Streator Circle enrolls eighteen. One of its members has formed also a flourishing circle of the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union, which is an important part of the Chautauqua plan and one in which parents should be particularly interested.

KENTUCKY.—Newport Circle enjoys the advantage of connection with the Cincinnati Union. Of the twelve members, three will graduate in the summer.

MICHIGAN.—Blake Circle of Union City is named in honor of its president who has been an active member for nine years. The twenty members take turn in alphabetical order in leading the meetings.—A decrease in numbers but an increase in interest, is the report from Lansing.—To do the required work thoroughly and well, is the aim of the Long Table of Adrian. A rigid course of questioning for review forms a part of every week's program.—Nearly all are '93's in Lowell Circle.—Nine form the class in Berrien Springs.—Crystal Falls Circle conducted a course of lectures in the winter. The ten members meet weekly.—The Hiawatha of Menominee gave its first annual banquet in April.

WISCONSIN.—One of the duties of the secretary of Monona Lake Circle at Madison, is to notify absent members what the lesson will be at the next meeting.—Whitewater Circle is one of the organizations that have come to stay. Each year adds new members.

IOWA.—An original feature of the program for Longfellow Day given by the Aldine of Rockwell was a medley with the alliterative title, "Longfellow's Lines of Lore, Love, and Logic."—The menu for the banquet served by Hawthorne Circle of Marengo on Longfellow Day, bore the lines :

Ask for any thing you see,
But in rhyming it must be.

—Five graduated from the Havergal of Osage last year, and the circle now has seven members.—The Philippian of Waterloo has tried various ways of conducting the meetings and enjoyed them all. Sometimes the questions are given

orally, sometimes written on slips of paper and drawn at random ; again an off-hand talk is required.—Palo Circle closes the year with three students, Schreiner of Wilton Junction with nine, Lyons Circle with twelve, and Princeton with ten.—"Allerton Circle," writes the secretary, "is still on deck, with four high school graduates enrolled this month and the prospect of more new members next year."

MISSOURI.—In St. John's Circle of St. Louis all members are expected to be prepared to answer whatever question on the lesson the leader may ask. The leader distributes from twenty to fifty written questions, then calls for them by number.—All the programs of Richardson Circle are published in the newspaper at Sedalia. A lecturer is among the list of officers, the circle having been so fortunate as to secure the pastor of the Baptist Church to fill that important position.—The Columbians of Hannibal meet weekly, making the lesson the principal feature of the evening.—Centre View Circle has thirteen undergraduates, Lee's Summit five.—Truthseekers' Circle of Macon prepared an original Game of Authors for the meeting on All Fools' evening. Among Nero's books were "Nero the Fiddler ; or the Dance of Death," and "The King's Cadenza ; or Terpsichore on the House-top." Æneas figured as the author of "The Horrors of Hades ; or the Grecian on the Gridiron," and "Dido's Dude ; or the Fatal Kiss." The Cyclops (people who inhabit Cyclopædia) contributed four books. Dido was supposed to be the author of "'Twas a Broken Heart She Died o'." Among the works of Ulysses was "Afraid to Go ; or The Wouldn(t) Horse." "The Last Empress ; or the Effect of L'A-grippin-a Roman Family," was the interesting memoir of the fair Agrippina. Among the other works were "Socrates the Hen-pecked ; or Xantippe's Revenge," "Woman's Proper Sphere ; or Zenobia in Chains," "Toiling for Taters ; or Cincinnatus' Caprice (a Tale of Harrowing Interest)," and "Diogenes' Disappointments ; or Latin Lanterns vs American Electric Lights."

KANSAS.—Ottawa Circle holds weekly, instead of fortnightly, meetings as heretofore, in order to carry out all the programs of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. While studying "How to Judge of a Picture" the circle invited fifty of its friends to an art social for which an original program was prepared, very appropriately including among the recitations, "A Dutch Portrait," by Longfellow, "Order for a Picture," by Alice Carey, and "The Portrait," by Mrs. Browning.—There were only five Hesperians in Cherry Vale last year but so many of their friends were

attracted to the pleasant meetings that now twelve are regularly enrolled.—The seven ladies of Belleville Circle, the Ingleside Gleaners, meet every Monday evening at the home of their president, for a thorough review of the study of the week.—Nine members and five associates form Zephyr Circle of Russell.—Home Circle of Pomona enrolls ten, Hyperion of Holton eighteen, and Browning of Olathe eighteen.—Waterville Circle organized with twelve members this year, and is planning for twice that number at the next Opening Day.

NEBRASKA.—Osceola Circle makes use of the local press to notify its members of the programs. Appreciable progress, good attendance, and a membership of fourteen are reported.—Roca's Circle of twelve meets every Friday evening.

COLORADO.—Boulder's circle of ladies meets weekly in the afternoon at 2:30. Several essays appear on each program besides the usual review. A paper on perspective, illustrated, was given when Van Dyke was being studied.—Three graduate classes are represented among the twenty-one members of Leadville Circle.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—Wilmot Crescent reorganized with two '91's and five '93's. The weekly meetings are full of interest.

ARIZONA.—There are twelve regular members in Tucson Circle and as many more who attend the meetings. All the professions are represented and the discussions over the subjects studied bring out many widely varying views. The sessions never lack animation.

OREGON.—The Portland Students' Club is completing its sixth year. Seventeen names are enrolled and the average attendance is high. The programs are well arranged and bring out much latent talent.

CALIFORNIA.—Alpine Circle of Stockton organized in March, 1889, with thirteen members,

all of whom were willing to work through the summer months in order to begin with their class in October. In spite of the bad roads of the past winter, a number drove eight miles to the meetings. Bryant and Milton Days have been observed in addition to the regular work.—The ladies of Santa Paula Circle meet weekly, recite the lesson, answer the questions of *The Question Table*, and talk over articles in current magazines, if any have been found in line with the work.—Columbia Circle of Santa Clara has the same membership, thirteen, as last year.—Ten form the Athena of San Diego and twelve the Vincent of Garden Grove.

GRADUATE WORK.

VERY cordial indorsements of the graduates' English History and Literature Course have recently been received from individual Chautauquans as well as from circles. A circle in New York State writes, "In our judgment, the course cannot be improved; enough of it, and none too much to meet our wants, and the readings so well chosen. The suggestions and recommended helps we find very useful." The president of another circle writes, "I do not think our enthusiastic professors were any too sanguine last summer in stating the advantages which would be derived from their pamphlet of suggestions. Some of our circle are able to do a good deal of the recommended reading, others not so much, but I think all make more or less use of the recommended books."—At Jamestown, N. Y., there is a pleasant class of twenty reading the English course and enjoying it.—The Twilight Circle is what five '87's at Hartford, Conn., call themselves. They have taken the English work.—Several most careful and scholarly programs of the work done in the English course reach us from St. Louis, Mo. Evidently the graduates there are going to the bottom of the readings.

WINTER ASSEMBLIES FOR 1890.

DE FUNIAK SPRINGS, FLORIDA.

EVERY one who visited the Florida Chautauqua in its sixth session came away delighted with the place and the character of work doing there. The program from first to last was excellent. The first ten days were enriched by the presence of Chancellor Vincent, who spoke several times. A long list of distinguished lecturers appeared, several of them assembly favorites, and several more of them new men, who at once made themselves favorites.

The music at De Funiak always has been good. This year it was especially so. To Rogers' Band was added a trio, a quartet, and several soloists, and the pianist, Constantin Sternberg.

Classes were formed in various subjects, in kindergarten work, in voice culture, in wood carving. The Normal work was, of course, well cared for, Drs. Peirson and Gillet taking the advanced work, and Dr. Davidson the Boys and Girls' Class. The C. L. S. C. was looked after, frequent Round Tables holding.

Dr. Gillet's management is highly commended. Somebody writes, "To hear Dr. Gillet recite the daily bulletin board is equal to the average lecture"; and another, that "he is large and liberal in plans and sentiments. He is quick to perceive and act. He has determination and energy, faith and hope, skill and influence."

So large and loyal a constituency of both Northern and Southern people has grown up around the Florida Chautauqua in its six years of life, and so wise have been its movements that it is pretty certain of a successful and growing future.

MT. DORA, FLORIDA.

AN interesting and successful session of the South Florida Chautauqua Assembly closed at Mt. Dora, on March 7. The program had been arranged and carried out most satisfactorily, and the attendance was good, notwithstanding a cold wave which came in the midst of the season. The closing day witnessed the largest audience yet gathered at the Assembly.

The Normal Class, under Mr. J. B. Underwood, of New Haven, the gymnastic department, under Miss Livingston, and the chorus, under the direction of Prof. C. C. Case, all did excellent work. The musical department was assisted by two good soloists, and the concerts gave great satisfaction.

Those present were highly favored in the lecture program. Among the speakers were Dr. P. S. Moxom, of Boston, Dr. Geo. M. Boynton, of the Congregational Sabbath-school and Publication Society, and Mr. Underwood, whose tabernacle talks, illustrated by his model, were both instructive and fascinating. Mr. Green, of Cincinnati, who was so well received at Chautauqua last summer, gave another series of stereopticon lectures. Mrs. Alden (Pansy) read two original stories and conducted a Children's Normal Class. Perhaps the chief attraction of the session was Dr. Frederick Starr, Registrar of the Chautauqua University, and now at the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park, who gave some of the popular scientific lectures which he has delivered at Chautauqua, and which delighted his Florida audiences, interesting, as few have the rare faculty of doing, both the highly cultured and the superficial hearers.

The accommodations for visitors were much less primitive than in years gone by, and the beautiful grounds were found to afford a de-

lightful resting-place. We understand that the session was financially satisfactory, and that a goodly sum has already been pledged to the support of next year's program.

ALBANY, GEORGIA.

THE second annual session of the Georgia Chautauqua was closed on March 31. From the opening of the special schools, on the tenth of March, Chautauqua was loyally given the right of way in Albany. The special schools in Music, Physical Training, and Business met with marked success, and the appreciation of the advantages they offered was attested by an attendance of nearly six hundred. The Normal Class for ministers and Sunday-school teachers enjoyed the Rev. A. E. Dunning, D. D., who was associated with Dr. W. A. Duncan as Superintendent of Instruction. The class was large and grew in appreciation with every lesson. A large impulse to the study of God's Word with more intelligent design and purer purposes resulted. Mrs. A. F. Sherrill, of Atlanta, conducted the Primary Class with great skill and ability. Chancellor Vincent honored the Georgia Chautauqua with his presence during the second week of the progress of the schools. He was accorded a warm welcome.

The Assembly must needs have been an enjoyable occasion after the thorough work of the schools. The program arranged was rich and varied and was presented as published, a fact gratifying to the management and pleasing to the large audiences which daily gathered.

W. A. Duncan, the Superintendent of Instruction, to whose generosity and efforts the people of Albany and Georgia are indebted for the institution, intelligently directed the affairs of the Assembly. Opening night was enjoyed by fully two thousand persons, many of whom were from the surrounding country and neighboring towns, while every large city in Georgia had representatives in the throng. The interest in the session culminated on Governor's Day at which time fully five thousand visitors thronged the grounds. Senator A. H. Colquitt, Congressman H. G. Turner, and Governor John B. Gordon were present and spoke. The afternoon of the Closing Day was devoted to a Memorial Service of the late lamented Henry W. Grady, who was one of the speakers on the occasion of the first Assembly. The gifted editor of the *Macon Telegraph*, A. H. Richardson, delivered a wonderfully chaste and eloquent eulogium on the life and character of his dead friend.

THE ASSEMBLY CALENDAR.

SEASON OF 1890.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK—July 1-August 25. Recognition Day, August 20.

ACTON PARK, INDIANA—July 28-August 26.
Recognition Day, August 15.

BAY VIEW, PETOSKEY, MICHIGAN—July 16-August 13. Recognition Day, August 6.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA—June 26-July 8. Recognition Day, June 28.

COLFAX, IOWA—June 24-July 4. Recognition Day, July 1.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS—July 16-July 23. Recognition Day, July 22.

COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA, IOWA—July 1-July 18. Recognition Day, July 15.

EAST EPPING, NEW HAMPSHIRE—July 26-August 23. Recognition Day, August 21.

EPWORTH HEIGHTS, OHIO—July 30-August 13

ISLAND PARK, ROME CITY, INDIANA—July 30-August 13. Recognition Day, August 6.

KANSAS, TOPEKA, KANSAS—June 24-July 4. Recognition Day, July 3.

KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY—July 1-July 11. Recognition Day, July 8.

LAKE BLUFF, ILLINOIS—July 24-August 6. Recognition Day, July 31.

LAKESIDE ENCAMPMENT, OHIO—July 17-August 7. Recognition Day, July 31.

LAKE GEORGE, NEW YORK—July 21-September 7. Recognition Day, August 11.

MISSOURI, WARRENSBURG, MISSOURI—August 5-August 14. Recognition Day, August 13.

MONONA LAKE, WISCONSIN—July 22-August 1. Recognition Day, July 30.

MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE—July 1-August 23. Recognition Day, August 1.

MOUNTAIN GROVE, BERWICK, PENNSYLVANIA—Recognition Day, August 6.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND—July 29-August 11. Recognition Day, August 8.

NEBRASKA, CRETE, NEBRASKA—July 1-July 11. Recognition Day, July 10.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, CANADA—July 19-August 9.

NEW ENGLAND, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS—July 15-July 25. Recognition Day, July 24.

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND, FRYEBURG, MAINE—July 28-August 9. Recognition Day, August 5.

OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY—July 31-August 1. Recognition Day, August 1.

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY—July 12-July 23. Recognition Day, July 23.

OCEAN PARK, MAINE—July 22-August 2. Recognition Day, July 31.

OTTAWA, KANSAS—June 17-June 27. Recognition Day, June 25.

OXFORD, ENGLAND—First Session, July and August.

PACIFIC COAST, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA—July 2-July 18. Recognition Day, July 18.

PIASA BLUFFS, ILLINOIS—July 29-August 18. Recognition Day, August 7.

PIEDMONT, ATLANTA, GEORGIA—July 16-August 27. Recognition Day, August 15.

PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON—July 23-August 1. Recognition Day, July 29.

REDONDO BEACH, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—July 24-August 15. Recognition Day, August 14.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN, PALMER LAKE, COLORADO—July 9-July 30. Recognition Day, July 30.

ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK—July 28-August 15. Recognition Day, August 9.

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS—June 26-July 23. Recognition Day, July 16.

SEASIDE, KEY EAST, NEW JERSEY—July 6-August 31. Recognition Day, August 28.

SILVER LAKE, NEW YORK—July 14-August 7. Recognition Day, August 1.

WASECA, MINNESOTA—July 8-July 31. Recognition Day, July 24.

WILLIAMS GROVE, NEAR HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—July 21-July 26. Recognition Day, July 22.

WINFIELD, KANSAS—June 24-July 4. Recognition Day, July 1.

THE C. L. S. C. LIBRARY TABLE.

INGENIOUS ELECTRICAL EFFECTS.

THE moon in nature borrows her light from the invisible sun, but electricity nowadays furnishes the magnificent moon in scenic representations. When Marguerite in the opera "Faust" thrusts her hand out of the window of the garden pavilion and exclaims,

How sweet the notes of you nightingale,
How soft this moonlight,

she not only compliments an excellent imitation of this bird, but pays a tribute to the stoker, engine-driver, and dynamo in an electric lighting station.

The designer and operator of one of these terrestrial moons when asked as regards its mechanism, showed a high shelf where a sun and moon and some evening stars were snugly resting.

"Hermann," he called out, "just take a ladder and go up there and bring the moon down."

This moon is about eighteen inches in diameter, of porcelain or milk glass. Within are six incandescence lamps, three red, three white, connected with a circuit and also a resistance coil. The current in the electrical moon is switched into the three red-globed lamps, the white cut off. The moon rises between the hills, a great fiery red globe. The hills are in a glow, there is a shimmer among the tree tops, the red growing fainter and fainter as it mounts, from the lowering of the intensity of the current, till finally the red lamps are cut off and the white ones turned on, then the hills and trees are silvered.

The electrical sun is a big ground glass disk, with a voltaic arc lamp behind it, of about two thousand candle power, connected with a circuit.

A very fine representation can be given in the duel between Valentine and Faust. The electric wires are connected with the duelists. The poles of the battery are connected under the floor with copper plates sunk into the flooring where the duel takes place. Copper nails driven, one into the shoe of Valentine, the other in that of Faust, connect up with the floor plates whenever they respectively stand upon them, and wires running up the legs and body of each and down their several sleeves, end in a small plug. So, when they draw their swords, they have but to insert these plugs into the holes sunk into the hilts, and they are connected with the electrical storage battery, Valentine

representing the positive pole, and Faust the negative, and when the swords are brought in contact, the sparks fly furiously.

A very pretty electrical effect is had in the garden scene in "Faust," where Siebel, the would-be lover of Marguerite, advances to a bed of tulips, some red, some white, some gold, to pluck a nosegay that he would leave upon the window to speak for him. Concealed in the corolla of each flower, or rather disguised as stamens and anthers in the corolla, are two tiny incandescence lamps, the whorl of petals fresh and sparkling as when we see them fed by sunlight. Siebel had long before been warned,

Every flower that you touch
Shall rot and shall wither.

Unheeding, Siebel picks a golden tulip which shines yet as he lifts it up to him (the fine wire carrying the electrical current that keeps the bulbs in the flowers aglow, trailing after it, unseen amid the foliage). No sooner does he examine it than the current from that single flame is cut off, and it grows dull and withers perceptibly.

Siebel says:

What, faded! Ah me!
Thus the Sorcerer foretold at the fair:
That should I touch a blooming flower,
It shall wither.
But my hand in holy water I'll bathe—
See, now, will they wither?

Here he plucks a red tulip, a white and golden one, holding them up triumphantly, a rich mellow glow in each (the electrical current following upward along the fine wire and the little bulbs yet lighted). Then he changes hands, and, like a flash, they fade; beaming with light again when, remembering it was the other hand that touched the holy water, he hands them back—the operator watching the scene, turning the electrical switch on or off as required.

The firefly is another ingenious device. Tiny fifteen-volt incandescence bulbs are affixed to weeds and rushes in a swamp, each bulb getting its life from a fine wire connected to an electric accumulator, in the wings. The operator in his hiding-place, by pressing upon the knobs of his key-board alternately, lighting up one and then another, could make a single firefly seem to be darting hither and thither, then there would be two of them, a half dozen, a score.

The artificial rainbow is made by the interpo-

sition of two triangular prisms, one elevated slightly over the other, before an electrical reflector. The electrical sun set opposite the point where the rainbow is to appear, is made, the better to aid the illusion, to shine into a mass of cloud, the rainbow being seemingly only the reflection, refraction, and disintegration of sun rays into the various colors of the prismatic spectrum, the influence of the rain drops. So ingenious is the work that there is made to appear as in nature, two arches, the primary with its inner circle of red, and the secondary with red along the inner.—*Arranged from the "Scientific American."*

THE FATHER OF TELEGRAPHY.

In October 1832, S. F. B. Morse sailed from Havre on the ship *Sully* for New York. That passage marked an epoch in American progress. Morse said in conversation at this time, "If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any part of the circuit, I see no reason why intelligence may not be transmitted instantaneously by electricity." He thought the subject over. He took his note-book from his pocket and thought out his alphabet of dots and lines. When the vessel reached New York, Morse said to the captain, "Well, captain, if you should hear of the telegraph one of these days, remember the discovery was made on board the good ship *Sully*."

For twelve years he labored to give his telegraph to mankind; labored in the midst of distressing poverty, the ridicule of acquaintances, and the indifference of the world. Morse was so poor that he bought his food in small quantities and prepared it himself. He says, "To conceal from my friends the stinted manner in which I lived, I was in the habit of bringing my food to my room in the evenings, and this was my mode of life for many years."

In 1835 Morse made his discovery of the relay, the most brilliant of all the achievements to which his name must be forever attached.

Months went by and Congress did not aid him, and he became despondent. He said, "I am sick at heart. I feel at times almost ready to cast the whole matter to the winds, and turn my attention forever from the subject." There seemed to be no appreciation of his undertaking. Even the janitor of the university building in New York where Mr. Morse was professor of the literature of the arts of design, said to a young man who was looking for a studio, "You will have an artist for your neighbor, though he is not here much of late; he seems to be getting rather shiftless; he is wasting his time over

some silly invention, a machine by which he expects to send messages from one place to another. He is a very good painter and might do well if he would only stick to his business." And he added with a sneer of contempt, "The idea of telling by a little streak of lightning what a body is saying at the other end of it!"

But in December, 1842 a bill was submitted asking for the thirty thousand dollar appropriation—and *it was carried*. Mr. Morse at once proceeded to construct the first line of his electric telegraph between Washington and Baltimore, and in May, 1844 this, the first, message was sent over the wires, "What hath God wrought."

There were many amusing incidents in connection with this early telegraph. One day a pretty little girl tripped into the Washington termination, and after hesitating and blushing asked how long it would take to send to Baltimore. Mr. Morse said, "One second!"

"Oh, how delightful, how delightful!" ejaculated the little beauty. "One second only; here send this even *quicker* if you can." And Mr. Morse found in his hands a neatly folded gilt-edged note.

"I cannot send this note," Mr. Morse said, "it is impossible."

"Oh, do, do!" implored the distracted girl. "William and I have had a quarrel, and I shall die if he don't know that I forgive him in a second."

Mr. Morse still objected, when the little maid brightening up asked, "You will, then, send *me* on, won't you?"

"Perhaps," said one of the clerks, "it would take your breath away to travel forty miles in a second."

"Oh, no, it won't. The cars in the morning go *so slow* I can't wait."

Mr. Morse now comprehended the mistake which the petitioner was laboring under, and attempted to explain the process of conveying important information along the wires. The letter-writer listened a few moments and impatiently exclaimed, "It's too slow; and Mr. Morse, you are a cruel man that you won't let me travel by the telegraph to see William."

Honors now poured in upon the inventor, and he lived from this time on, a peaceful and happy life.

On June 10, 1871, a bronze statue of Professor Morse was unveiled in Central Park, New York. In the evening a brilliant reception was tendered him, and the following dispatch was sent on his original register: "Greeting and thanks to the telegraphic fraternity throughout the

land; glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men." Then the white-haired Morse, eighty years old, took his seat at the instrument and signed his name to the message—"S. F. B. Morse."

In April 1872 he died, and was buried with distinguished honors.

Through all his days of poverty, as well as of prosperity, he retained his child-like, tender, and loving disposition. American history does not furnish a more sublime illustration of faith in God and indomitable perseverance.—*Arranged from Sarah K. Bolton's "Famous Men of Science."*

CICERO AS A WIT.

IN this indefatigable appetite for work of all kinds, he reminds us of no modern politician so much as of Sir George Cornewall Lewis; yet he would not have altogether agreed with him in thinking that life would be very tolerable if it were not for its amusements. He was, as we have seen, of a naturally social disposition. "I like a dinner party," he says in a letter to one of his friends, "where I can say just what comes uppermost, and turn my sighs and sorrows into a hearty laugh. I doubt whether you are much better yourself when you can laugh as you did even at a philosopher. When the man asked, 'Whether anybody wanted to know any thing?' you said you had been wanting to know all day when it would be dinner time. The fellow expected you to say you wanted to know how many worlds there were, or something of that kind."

He is said to have been a great laugher. Indeed, he confesses honestly that the sense of humor was very powerful with him. "I am wonderfully taken with any thing comic," he writes to one of his friends. He reckons humor also as a useful ally to the orator. "A happy jest or facetious turn is not only pleasant, but also highly useful occasionally;" but he adds that this is an accomplishment that must come naturally and cannot be taught under any possible system.

There is at least sufficient evidence that he was much given to making jokes, and some of them which have come down to us would imply that a Roman audience was not very critical on this point. There is an air of gravity about all courts of justice which probably makes a very faint amount of jocularly hailed as a relief. Even in an English law court, a joke from the bar, much more from the bench, does not need to be of any remarkable brilliancy in order to be secure of raising a laugh; and we may fairly

suppose that the same was the case at Rome.

Cicero's jokes were frequently nothing more than puns, which it would be impossible, even if it were worth while, to reproduce to an English ear. Perhaps the best, or at all events the most intelligible, is his retort to Hortensius during the trial of Verres. The latter was said to have fed his counsel out of his Sicilian spoils—especially there was a figure of a sphinx of some artistic value, which had found its way from the house of the ex-governor into that of Hortensius. Cicero was putting a witness through a cross-examination of which his opponent could not see the bearing. "I do not understand all this," said Hortensius; "I am no hand at solving riddles." "That is strange, too," rejoined Cicero, "when you have a sphinx at home."

Tiro is said to have collected and published three volumes of his master's good things after his death; but if they are not better than those that have come down to us, there has been no great loss to literature in Tiro's "Ciceronia." He knew one secret, at least, of a successful humorist in society,—"that a jest never has so good an effect as when uttered with a serious countenance."—*The Rev. W. L. Collins, M. A.*

AN INVITATION TO ROME.

OH, come to Rome, it is a pleasant place,
Your London sun is here, and smiling brightly;
The Briton, too, puts on his cheery face,
And Mrs. Bull acquits herself politely.
The Romans are an easy-going race,
With simple wives, more dignified than sprightly;
I see them at their doors, as day is closing,
Prouder than duchesses, and more imposing.

A sweet *far niente* life promotes the graces;
They pass from dreamy bliss to wakeful glee,
And in their bearing and their speech, one traces
A breadth, a depth—a grace of courtesy
Not found in busy or inclement places;
Their clime and tongue are much in harmony:
The cockney met in Middlesex, or Surrey,
Is often cold, and always in a hurry.

Oh, come to Rome, nor be content to read
Of famous palace and of stately street
Whose fountains ever run with joyful speed,
And never-ceasing murmur. Here we greet
Memnon's vast monolith; or gay with weed,
Rich capitals, as corner-stone or seat,
The site of vanish'd temples, where now molder
Old ruins, masking ruin even older.

Ay, come, and see the statues, pictures,
churches,
Although the last are commonplace, or florid.—

Who say 'tis here that superstition perches?
 Myself I'm glad the marbles have been quarried.
 The somber streets are worthy your researches:
 Tho' ways are foul, and lava pavements horrid.
 The pleasant sights, that squeamishness dis-
 parages,
 Are miss'd by all who roll along in carriages.

.....
 Come! We will charter such a pair of nags.
 The country's better seen when one is riding:
 We'll roam where yellow Tiber speeds or lags
 At will. The aqueducts are yet bestriding
 With giant march (now whole, now broken crags
 With flowers plumed) the swelling and subsiding
 Campagna, girt by purple hills afar,
 That melt in light beneath the evening star.

.....
 Oh, come! I send a leaf of April fern,
 It grew where beauty lingers round decay:
 Ashes long buried in a sculptured urn
 Are not more dead than Rome—so dead to-day!
 That better time, for which the patriots yearn,
 Delights the gaze, again to fade away.
 They wait, they pine for what is long denied,
 And thus wait I till thou art by my side.

—*Frederick Locker.*

THE UBIQUITOUS MICHAEL ANGELO.

IN this connection I wish to say one word about Michael Angelo Buonarroti—I used to worship the mighty genius of Michael Angelo—that man who was great in poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture—great in every thing he undertook. But I do not want Michael Angelo for breakfast—for luncheon—for dinner—for tea—for supper—for between meals. I like a change, occasionally.

In Genoa, he designed every thing; in Milan, he or his pupils designed every thing; he designed the Lake of Como; in Padua, Verona, Venice, Bologna. who did we ever hear of, from guides, but Michael Angelo? In Florence, he painted every thing, nearly, and what he did not design he used to sit on a favorite stone and look at, and they showed us the stone. In Pisa, he designed every thing but the old shot-tower, and they would have attributed that to him if it had not been so awfully out of the perpendicular. He designed the piers of Leghorn and the custom-house regulations of Civita Vecchia. But here—here it is frightful. He designed St. Peter's; he designed the Pope; he designed the Pantheon, the uniform of the Pope's soldiers, the Tiber, the Vatican, the Coliseum, the Capitol, the Tarpeian Rock, the Barberini Palace, St. John Lateran, the Campagna, the Appian

Way, the Seven Hills, the Baths of Caracalla, the Claudian Aqueduct, the Cloaca Maxima—the eternal bore designed the Eternal City, and unless all men and books do lie, he painted every thing in it.

Dan said the other day to the guide, "Enough, enough, enough! Say no more! Lump the whole thing! Say that Italy was made from designs by Michael Angelo!"

I never felt so fervently thankful, so soothed, so tranquil, so filled with a blessed peace, as I did yesterday when I learned that Michael Angelo was dead.

But we have taken it out of this guide. He has marched us through miles of pictures and sculpture in the vast corridors of the Vatican; and through miles of pictures and sculpture in twenty other palaces; he has shown us the great picture in the Sistine Chapel, and frescoes enough to fresco the heavens—pretty much all done by Michael Angelo. So with him we have played that game which has vanquished so many guides for us—imbecility and idiotic questions. These creatures never suspect—they have no idea of sarcasm.

He shows us a figure and says: "Statoo bronzo." (Bronze statue.)

We look at it indifferently, and the doctor asks, "By Michael Angelo?"

"No—not know who."

Then he shows us the ancient Roman Forum. The doctor asks, "Michael Angelo?"

A stare from the guide. "No—thousan' year before he is born."

Then an Egyptian obelisk. Again, "Michael Angelo?"

"Oh, *mon dieu*, genteelmen! Zis is *two* thousan' year before he is born!"

He grows so tired of that unceasing question, sometimes, that he dreads to show us any thing at all. The wretch has tried all the ways he can think of to make us comprehend that Michael Angelo is only responsible for the creation of a part of the world, but somehow he has not succeeded yet.—*Mark Twain.*

VENETIAN COLOR.

To understand and feel Titian aright, we ought to know Venice thoroughly, its *cortili*, as well as its canals; for it is precisely these peculiar, these merely local characteristics—this subdued gloom in the midst of dazzling sunshine; this splendor of hue deepened, not darkened, by shade; this seclusion in the midst of vastness; this homeliness in the midst of grandeur; this artlessness in the midst of art; this repose in the midst of the fullness of life, which we

feel alike in Titian's pictures and in Venice.

And then his men and women,—his subtle, dark, keen-eyed, grand-looking men; and his full-formed, luxuriant, yet delicate-featured women—are they not here still? Such I have seen, as I well remember, at a *festa* on the Lido; women with just such eyes, dark, lustrous, melancholy,—and just such hair, in such redundancy, plaited, knotted, looped round the small elegant heads—sometimes a tress or two escaping from the bands, and falling from their own weight,—so like his and Palma's and Paolo's rich haired St. Catherines and St. Barbaras, one would imagine them as even now walked out of their pictures,—or rather walked into them,—for the pictures were yet more like *life* than the *life-like* pictures.

And with regard to the Venetian women: every one must remember in the Venetian pictures, not only the peculiar luxuriance, but the peculiar color of the hair, of every golden tint from a rich, full shade of auburn to a sort of yellow flaxen hue,—or rather not flaxen but like raw silk, such as we have seen the peasants in Lombardy carrying over their arms, or on their heads, in great, shining, twisted heaps. I have sometimes heard it asked with wonder, whether those pale golden masses of hair, the true *biondina* tint, could have been always natural? On the contrary, it was oftener artificial—the color, not the hair. In the days of the elder Palma and Giorgione, yellow hair was the fashion, and the paler the tint the more admired. The women had a method of discharging the natural color by first washing their tresses in some chemical preparation, and then exposing them to the sun. I have seen a curious old Venetian print, perhaps satirical, which represents this process. A lady is seated on the roof, or balcony, of her house, wearing a sort of broad-brimmed hat without a crown; the long hair is drawn over these wide brims, and spread out in the sunshine, while the face is completely shaded. How they contrived to escape a brain fever, or a *coup de soleil*, is a wonder;—and truly of all the multifarious freaks of fashion and vanity, I know none more strange than this, unless it be the contrivance of the women of Antigua to obtain a new *natural* complexion.

I have been speaking here of the people; but any one who has looked up at a Venetian lady standing on her balcony, in the evening light, or peeping out of the window of her gondola, must be struck at once with the resemblance in color and countenance to the pictures he has just seen in churches and galleries.

We may also contrast in the Venetian portraits the plain black habits of the men (the only ex-

ception being the crimson robes of the Procuradori di San Marco), with the splendid dresses and jewels of the women, to whom, apparently, the sumptuary laws did not extend; and still you see their love of ornaments, and of gay, decided, bright colors, which nowhere else appear so bright as at Venice.

I am acquainted with an English artist, who, being struck by the vivid tints of some stuffs which he saw worn by the women, and which appeared to him precisely the same as those he admired in Titian and Paul Veronese, purchased some pieces of the same fabric, and brought them to England; but he soon found that for his purpose he ought to have brought the Venetian atmosphere with him. When unpacked in London, the reds seemed as dingy, and the yellows as dirty, and the blues as smoky, as our own.

But it is not merely the brightness and purity of the atmosphere—elsewhere in Italy as pure and as bright—it is still more the particular mode of existence at Venice, which has rendered the perception of colors in masses so great a source of pleasure, while it has become a leading characteristic in Venetian art.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

THE SOUL.

THREE messengers to me from heaven came
And said: "There is a deathless human soul;—
It is not lost, as in the fiery flame
That dies into the undistinguished whole.
Ah, no; it separate is, distinct as God—
Nor any more than He can it be killed:
Then fearless give thy body to the clod,
For naught can quench the light that once it
filled."

Three messengers,—the first was human Love;
The second voice came crying in the night
With strange and awful music from above,—
None who have heard that voice forget it quite:
Birth is it named. The third, O, turn not pale!—
'Twas Death to the undying soul cried, Hail!

—*Richard Watson Gilder.**

THE PRESENT ROME.

If a traveler who had known Rome twenty years ago were to go there now, and take his stand on any one of the Seven Hills, he would find as many changes as the Shade of the old Florentine in "Romola," who saw the golden morning break on the banks of Arno after the lapse of four centuries. Instead of that picturesque confusion of broken, irregular roofs, of towers and *loggias* surrounded by dense masses of foliage which he remembered; instead of red-brown houses with projecting balconies and ter-

*The Celestial Passion. Published by The Century Co. New York.

races of orange and citron trees, he would see a big modern city with wide boulevards and straight, white streets reminding him of some London or Paris suburb.

Here and there, no doubt, his eye would rest on some familiar object, but he would at first have some difficulty in recognizing even old friends under these altered conditions. His gaze would turn instinctively toward the Forum and the Coliseum, but he would find them changed. The arches of the Flavian Amphitheater are stripped of their exquisite garlands of leaves and flowers. The Baths of Caracalla, no longer the wilderness of myrtle and laurestines they were in Shelley's days, rise bare and gaunt against the sky. The Forum has lost its shady groves. The wealth of verdure which decked marble columns and fallen temples is gone. The ruins have been dug out, and lie, swept and garnished, open to the eye from end to end. And St. Peter's is still there, although its height is so much dwarfed by enormous blocks of new houses that at first sight it is hard to believe this can be the dome which Michael Angelo made the mightiest in the world. As for the Castle of St. Angelo, that is almost hidden by streets of the same factory-looking dwellings, five or six stories high.

Father Tiber rolls his tide of yellow waters big with immortal memories toward the sea, but the beauty has departed from his banks. Even the old bridges are altered. Gone is Ponte Rotto, with the mighty black piles which had stemmed the force of the current for ages past, and in its stead a new bridge of cast-iron spans the stream. Gone, too, are the green woods and the quaint old houses along the shore, and all the mediæval quarter of the ancient Ghetto where the Jews lived for three centuries and more. The vineyards and gardens of the Cælian Hill, the lonely slopes of the Aventine, the grassy plains which stretched from the city walls to the river, they are all built over now. The woods of Monte Mario have been cut down to make room for a chain of forts. The green meadows on the banks of the Tiber, by the fountain of Acqua Acetosa and the Villa of Claude, are turned into brick fields. That most delightful walk, where, standing on the site of ancient Antemnæ, you looked out on an unri-

valed view of snowy Apennines, is a huge dust-heap, where all the filth and refuse of the city is allowed to accumulate. And the villas—the villa gardens which were the pride and boast of Roman princes for generations, they are sold and cut up into building plots. Many of them are already covered with cheap tenements.

Go where you will in or out of Rome, climb the heights where you stood of old to watch the sun set, seek out your favorite haunts by river-side or crumbling tower, and you will find everywhere the same story—the trees cut down, the Campagna and the mountains shut out, the beauty of the spot irretrievably ruined.

Certainly modern civilization has done her worst by Rome. Of all famous cities, there is none where the hand of the destroyer has worked such havoc as in this one, which was once the mistress of the world, and is now for her sins the capital of modern Italy.—*Julia M. Ady.*

THE QUESTION WHITHER.

WHEN we have thrown off this old suit,
So much in need of mending,
To sink among the naked mute,
Is that, think you, our ending?
We follow many, more we lead,
And you who sadly turf us,
Believe not that all living seed
Must flower above the surface.

Sensation is a gracious gift,
But were it cramped to station,
The prayer to have it cast adrift,
Would spout from all sensation.
Enough if we have winked to sun,
Have sped the plough a season;
There is a soul for labor done,
Endureth fixed as reason.

Then let our trust be firm in Good,
Though we be of the fasting;
Our questions are a mortal brood,
Our work is everlasting.
We children of Beneficence
Are in its being sharers;
And Whither vainer sounds than Whence,
For word with such wayfarers.

—*George Meredith.*

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

France in the Revolutionary Period. The actual condition of the French provinces in 1789 is what one gets from reading Arthur Young.*

That famous traveler rode or drove in the years 1787, 1788, and 1789 over nearly the whole of France. He was an ardent and scientific farmer, he was kindly and wise, he had a quick eye, he was political economist enough to see the effects of French government practices, he had letters which secured him excellent opportunities among the seigniors and the clergy, and when he wrote out what he saw and thought, he did it well. His volume of travels is full of shrewd sense and entertaining comment. Miss Betham-Edwards, a devoted follower of the good squire, has edited his "Travels" with a view to comparing what he saw one hundred years ago with what one would see now in a like journey. She is well fitted for the task as for fifteen years she has been traveling in France visiting and re-visiting the places he described. The comparison shows astonishing progress. This new edition is by far the best issued and is essential to a reader of French history.—That there is much in a name, as applied to a book at least, is plainly evidenced in the case of "The Wife of the First Consul."† So called, what is really both an entertaining and instructive work proves an unsatisfactory one. Of the various characters introduced there is scarcely one about whom there is not much more said than of her whose name it bears. As a book giving clear glimpses into the brilliant scenes of official life during the consulate of Napoleon, and also into the more informal domestic affairs, it is bright, effective, and charming. There is given only enough of a historical and biographical setting to place the persons who are most ably depicted, in the right light.

Great Britain. Recent extended journeys in various parts of the world have induced Sir Charles Dilke to publish a new book on a different basis from his "Greater Britain," a work of travel written after a similar journey made several years ago. This late work,

"Problems of Greater Britain,"* is an exhaustive treatise on the present position of all of England's dependencies. Beginning with North America and taking up in succession Australasia, South Africa, India, and the minor colonies, he has accurately studied each one and its separate political divisions, as regards their local government and their relations to the crown and to one another. Many of the leading questions of the times in which Americans are especially interested are fully and fairly discussed, such as the union of the United States and Canada, the fisheries troubles, the Australian system of government the labor question, temperance movement, etc.; and these discussions, coming as they do from a leader of the republican element in Great Britain, harmonize well in general with American thought. The work is pronounced, advanced, and one of the strong productions of the times.

Religious Thought.

In "The Unknown God"† Mr. Brace makes a close study of the different religious systems in order to find in each its germs of truth. From Egyptian monotheism, Greek mysteries, Roman stoicism, Buddhism, and all other forms of worship, he seeks to know man's conception of the First Great Cause. Studying them in the light of Christianity, he finds in all, marks which to his mind bear witness to their inspiration by the Holy Spirit, and which must serve to broaden modern ideas regarding the providence of God. He holds that beginning with the good which these men already know, Christianity should lead them on to fuller knowledge. The book is quite a new departure from the commonly accepted modes of thought, but it can be productive of only good results. It breathes of the highest Christian philosophy.—Christianity as a momentous fact and as a system of doctrine and belief is critically examined after the analytical method by Dr. Purinton in his "Christian Theism."‡ Asking for his subject no favors, but insisting that it shall have fair and impartial treatment, he leaves it to bear the

*Travels in France. By Arthur Young. With an Introduction, Biographical Sketch and Notes by M. Betham-Edwards. New York: Scribner & Welford. Price, \$1.40.

†The Wife of the First Consul. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Thomas Sergeant Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

*Problems of Greater Britain. By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart. New York: Macmillan and Co. Price, \$4.00.

†The Unknown God. By C. Loring Brace. New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son. Price, \$2.50.

‡Christian Theism. By D. B. Purinton, LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

weight of all the opposing theories that can be brought against it, and proves its ability to withstand them. He submits all of its claims to the severest forms known to logical reasoning and shows that it triumphantly meets the test. The book is an impressive and conclusive work.—A volume of fresh and invigorating thought is "Unto the Uttermost,"* Its theme is the redemption of man. Departing from the commonly conceived opinion the author holds that it is not God, but man himself, who draws the line of limitation. He fortifies his position by clear and direct teachings, drawn from the Bible and from nature. The influence of the book must lead to deeper thought and greater watchfulness and activity on the part of readers.—Dr. Weidner's "Theological Encyclopedia"† and "Studies in the Book"‡ are two most helpful works for Bible students. Both are in the form of text-books. The former, in two volumes, is an exhaustive treatise in this branch of theology, which has for its object the giving of "a summary view of what is embraced in theological knowledge." Besides its full definitions, rules, historical and biographical outlines, its full record of religious bibliography tells where all further needed religious knowledge may be found.—In the second book which the author speaks of as "Outline Studies," the method pursued is that of an extended Normal course on the Bible. The outlines in this volume which covers the Historical Books, General Epistles, and the Apocalypse of the New Testament, are complete even to the minutest subdivision, are given in a clear, terse form, and have connected with them numerous references.—"Come and let us reason together" is the note to which Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has keyed her book, "The Struggle for Immortality."|| Plain, sensible, and forcible reasoning is it, too, with which she openly and frankly meets the puzzling questions springing out from every turn of the argument. With the faith of Christianity deeply rooted in her heart, she takes her position on one of the standpoints of evolution and argues that as in the material world man struggles for existence, so must he also in the spiritual life; weakness there, is sin, and the weak soul must die.—Two recent books studying evolution in relation to its bearings on Christianity are written, the one by Dr. McCosh of the Free Church of

Scotland and the other by the Rev. Mac Queary of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Both are advocates of the doctrine. Dr. McCosh treats the subject* in rather a general manner. He begins his argument by stating the question as lying not between God and no God, but "between God working without means and by means, the means being created by God and working for Him." He then throughout his whole study of the natural world traces development, and finds in it large evidence of God's beneficence. Whether there is a leaning toward his position or not, all must concede that the subject could not be put in a fairer light.—The second author enters more into the details of the subject and is decidedly unorthodox in his treatment.† In his study of Revealed religion he denies the truth of every thing of a miraculous nature. A controversial spirit is manifest through the whole work, and he taunts the Christian Churches as possessing still the spirit of persecution because they do not endorse men holding views like his. It is not a fair book, hence not a strong book.—"Methodist Episcopalism"‡ is an unpretentious little book having for its motive an earnest desire of giving to young people a history and simple exposition of the doctrines of this church. While marked by loyalty and enthusiasm, it does not fear to utter some words not commendatory of some of the forms into which the church worship has fallen.—In "Keys to the Word"|| the leading thought in each book of the Bible—the text from which it is written—has been sought out and used as a key to unlock the teachings, and as a light by which to trace the development of the Word of God to its consummation. In very brief outlines it is told *why* each book was written, *when*, *where*, and *by whom*, and the divisions under which the main subject has been treated. It will be found a sure guide to earnest and profitable Bible study.

The first complete edition of the works of Walter Bagehot§ appears in five large, substantial, attractive volumes. They are prefaced with so interesting a memoir

*Unto the Uttermost. By James M. Campbell. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price, \$1.25.

†Theological Encyclopedia. ‡Studies in the Book. By Reverend Franklin Weidner. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell.

||The Struggle for Immortality. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.25.

*The Religious Aspect of Evolution. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

†The Evolution of Man and Christianity. By the Rev. Howard Mac Queary. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‡Methodist Episcopalism. By Mrs. G. W. Chandler New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, 65 cents.

||Keys to the Word. By A. T. Pierson, D.D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Price, 50 cents.

§The Works of Walter Bagehot. Edited by Forrest Morgan. Hartford, Conn.: The Travelers Insurance Company.

of the author as immediately to awaken a desire to cultivate a better acquaintance with his works. As a political economist Mr. Bagehot has been so long and so favorably known as to render unnecessary any comment on his writings on this subject. His "Physics and Politics," a thorough study into the causes of the progressive changes in the world, entitles him to high rank as a philosopher and scientist. His "English Constitution," much the longest of his productions, is generally and deservedly held to be a standard work on the science of government. His numerous sketches of celebrated characters, chiefly of statesmen and authors, are the most popular of his writings, and offer delightful reading. In his study of other men he himself becomes a fine character study. A careful, methodical reasoner, he is prone to measure others by his own line and plummet, and wherever discrepancies appear he aims his criticisms. He is an adjuster, and would have every character perfectly symmetrical. His worst fault lies in his patrician spirit.—Mr. Bigelow has done an excellent work in putting the life history of the poet Bryant* into such a concise and complete form. No character could be more worthy of study than Bryant's, and the author shows it in its strongest light. He presents him as a person simple in life, strong in his convictions, a partisan, of great sincerity, universally respected and revered, and with a character outshining even his great poetic talents.—The opening sentence in Swinburne's "Study of Ben Jonson"† best shows the attitude of the writer in undertaking his work: "If poets may be divided into two exhaustive but not exclusive classes,—the gods of harmony and creation, the giants of energy and invention,—the supremacy of Shakspere among the gods of English verse is not more unquestionable than the supremacy of Jonson among the giants." He then proceeds, after a few general words, to examine his separate literary productions. By comparison with other writers he points out Jonson's superiority. The one point in which he finds him deficient, and that lamentably so, is in his utter lack of sympathy with his characters as fellow creatures; his "æsthetically blameless" works are cold and lifeless; perfect statues. Mr. Swinburne is radical in his views, positive in his writings, and, as all must agree however much they may differ from his opinions, a good critic.

* William Cullen Bryant. By John Bigelow. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.25.

† A Study of Ben Jonson. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Worthington Co.

Fiction.

As gloomy and depressing as a picture of poverty and suffering, oppression and crime, necessarily must be, is Balzac's "Sons of the Soil."* The author himself says his "courage shrank from the many essential details of a drama so doubly dreadful and so cruelly bloody." Yet there is no sign of any faltering of the hand; the peasant life of France after the Restoration has never been more vividly and truthfully painted.—Mrs. Catherwood chooses again to deal with the fortunes of the early French explorers, making the most prominent figures, this time, the brave La Salle and his lieutenant Tonty. The characters are sharply accented, and the descriptive portions brilliant. The book† gives further proof of the thoroughness with which the author has studied this interesting period of history, and cannot fail to add materially to the enviable literary reputation which her former works have won for her.—Unsatisfactory ever must be the sequel written by another hand than the one which laid down the pen. Of the two following Ibsen's drama of "The Doll's House," that by Ednah Cheney‡ is far more in keeping with the characters of the play, and shows a keener appreciation of the purpose underlying it. One has no doubt that under similar circumstances such a diary might have been written, but questions whether it is such a one as Ibsen's Nora would have kept.—Worthy to rank among the best pictures of New England life to be found in our literature is "The Broughton House."§ It shows the true artist's instinct, a hand skillful to portray, and an eye quick to observe.—A strange mixture of gloominess and humor, of illogical Hibernianisms and sound philosophizing, is contained in "Stories from Carleton."¶ One can easily see why this novelist of a half-century ago is still so dear to the Irish heart. Cold, indeed, must be the reader who is not moved to sympathy by so eloquent an interpreter of his countrymen's wrongs and sufferings, or to admiration of their native hopefulness and cheerful endurance.—A love story simply and only,

* Sons of the Soil. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

† The Story of Tonty. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25.

‡ Nora's Return. A Sequel to the Doll's House of Henry Ibsen. By Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price, 50 cts.

§ The Broughton House. By Bliss Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

¶ Stories from Carleton. With an Introduction by W. B. Yeats. Camelot Series. New York: W. J. Gage & Co. Price, 40 cts.

with no lesson to teach, no type to depict, no cause to present, no creed to expound, is verily a *rara avis*. Such is "The Mistress of Beech Knoll."* With it one may pass a pleasant hour or two and the impression left will be as fleeting as

"The bubbles that swim,

On the beaker's brim,

And break on the lips while meeting."

—An entirely new type of "The Parson in Literature" will be found in Octave Thanet's novel,

*The Mistress of Beech Knoll. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Price, \$1.25.

"Expiation,"* and, by the way, this parson is one of the best drawn of its characters. There are fewer crudities in this story than in any other of this young writer's, and those who are watching her literary career will be pleased with the marked improvement in workmanship here displayed.—It would be hard to find a more delightful little book than "A Waif of the Plains."† It is as fresh as the breath of the prairies over which the sturdy young hero wanders.

*Expiation. By Octave Thanet. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

†A Waif of the Plains. By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Price, \$1.00.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR APRIL, 1890.

HOME NEWS.—April 1. One thousand Chicago plumbers go on a strike.

April 3. The House votes to admit Idaho.

April 5. The last council of Sioux on their old reservation is held.

April 7. Six thousand carpenters of Chicago go on a strike.—Prophetstown, Ill., and Harper's Ferry, Ky., devastated by a cyclone.

April 8. The Senate passes the Anti-trust bill.

April 9. A tornado does great damage in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, and Illinois.

April 12. The Senate passes the bill transferring the Weather Bureau to the Agricultural Department.—The torpedo-boat *Cushing* is accepted by Secretary Tracy.—Close of the Sub-Tropical Exposition.

April 13. Death of Samuel J. Randall.

April 15. Opening in New York City of the Convention of Working Girls' Societies.—The Loyal Legion celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary.

April 16. The Senate tables the Chinese Emigration bill by a vote of 51 to 2.

April 19. The Pan-American Congress adjourns *sine die*.

April 21. The Senate passes the World's Fair bill, providing a naval review in New York.

April 22. The World's Fair bill, with the Senate amendment, is passed by the House.

April 23. The Republicans of the House and Senate agree upon a Silver bill.

April 24. A severe earthquake is felt on the Pacific coast.

April 25. The President signs the joint resolution of Congress appropriating \$150,000 for relief of the Mississippi flood sufferers.

April 28. The International Arbitration treaty is signed by ten American republics.

April 29. The Land Grant Forfeiture bill is passed by the Senate.

FOREIGN NEWS. April 1. Prince Bismarck celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday.

April 2. Emin Pasha accepts the position of German governor of Central Africa.

April 3. The British war-ship *Sultan* captures a slave dhow on the African coast.

April 8. Gold reaches a premium of 187 per cent in Buenos Ayres.

April 9. The Dominion House of Commons defeats an amendment to the Canadian budget favoring reciprocity.

April 12. The Samoan treaty is ratified in Berlin.—Death of Marquis Tseng, the Chinese diplomat.

April 13. Resignation of the Argentine ministry.

April 14. Colonel Bermudez is elected president of Peru.—Five thousand dock laborers go on a strike in Liverpool.

April 15. The Prussian Diet is opened by a speech from Chancellor von Caprivi.

April 17. Brazil suppresses religious instruction in the state schools.—Labor riots occur in various parts of Austria.

April 19. The Portuguese Cortes is opened by the king.

April 23. The Dahomeyans lose five hundred men in an engagement with the French.

April 25. Emin Pasha with a large force starts for the interior of Africa.

April 29. The Dominion Senate votes to extend the *modus vivendi* with the United States.

April 30. British influence in Uganda, Africa, is established by treaty with King Mwanga.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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THE GOLDEN CALF.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

Author of "Gunnar," "Idyls of Norway," "The Light of Her Countenance," etc.

CHAPTER I.

VICARIOUS CASTIGATION.

TRAVERSVILLE had once been prosperous on a modest scale; but that was in the days when men demanded less of life, and a broadcloth suit for Sunday (though it were ever so shiny) was a mark of opulence. Why people had congregated in sufficient numbers to make a town on that bleak hill-side, no one could ever discover, unless the original settlers had been guided by esthetic considerations—which was not likely. It was undeniably healthy; and those hardy Puritans were, perhaps, robust enough to live on health alone, without much extraneous support.

A long straggling Main Street, such as we find in every New England town; three gaunt, white-painted meeting-houses, resembling in their style of architecture cigar boxes, with squatty bell-towers; a blacksmith's shop whose decrepitude was hidden under a coating of gay circus-bills; and two stores (one of which was also a post-office) exhibiting in their windows pyramids of canned goods, with all sorts of tempting labels—that was Traversville.

There was a fight of long standing between Eli Tappan and Calvin Jenks, the two store-keepers; and each had done what he could to ruin the other. First, they were rivals for the postmastership, which Jenks now held on a precarious tenure; and secondly, they were so constituted that each regarded the other's trade as a robbery from himself, and the other's customers as his personal enemies and ill-wishers. Traversville had about enough

trade in the way of dry goods and groceries to support one man in comfort or two in discomfort and penury. Both Eli and Calvin had long since made this discovery; and each was of opinion that common-sense and self-interest ought to have shown his rival the hopelessness of the struggle and induced him to clear out.

Squire Holden, the political oracle of the village, and its weightiest citizen, compensated Eli somewhat for his loss of the post-office, by drawing customers to him by his habit of spending his evenings in his store, talking politics and religion. But then Squire Barker, who had an abiding grudge against Holden, made his headquarters at the Jenks' store, and discoursed there (though less trenchantly) on the same topics.

Oliver Tappan, Eli's oldest son, had grown up in this atmosphere of contention and rivalry which had soured his father's temper and often spoiled the peace of the family. He was a fine young lad of fourteen with a handsome face, the downy youthfulness of which was very attractive. A pair of lively blue eyes, frank and wide-awake, made it safe to prophesy for him a fairly prosperous career. He looked life fearlessly in the face, as if he expected great things of it, and would be content with nothing less. He was the sort of boy that people turned about and looked at, not because of any thing striking in his appearance, but because it seemed good to see any thing so fresh and sturdy and utterly unspoiled. The tribe of Tappans was large in that part of New England; but there was little or no tribal spirit or coherence

among them. Eli Tappan had seven children alive (besides having buried two) and he had half a dozen brothers and sisters in neighboring towns, who had also large flocks of children. Under such circumstances a boy more or less seems to matter very little; and the boy in question being left largely to his own devices, grows up, he scarcely knows how or why, and accepts the fact of his existence with stoical indifference.

Oliver's early years were chiefly spent in fighting the Jenks boys and their partisans. But he did so good-humoredly, and without malice, giving and taking thrashings with the same cheery equanimity. He was the recognized chief of the Tappan faction among the boys and maintained his supremacy by dint of his muscle and sunny pugnacity. Of education he had had precious little up to his fourteenth year; for outside of the town, which yet preserved a semi-American character, the country had been settled by Irish and French Canadian Catholics who had bought the abandoned farms for a song and crippled the public schools by refusing to patronize them and establishing parochial schools under the direction of their clergy. The people of Traversville felt this vaguely as a grievance, but having a material interest in the re-settlement of the country, endeavored for a while to conciliate their alien neighbors rather than to antagonize them. It was not until the latter had made the discovery that it was for their advantage to trade with Haversham, which was on the railroad, rather than with Traversville, that the "Traversvillians" became aware how utterly odious those foreign interlopers were and how detrimental their presence was to the best interests of New England. But there they were; and this is a great and glorious country. The hospitality which once had been offered and accepted could not now be withdrawn.

Besides three clergymen (whose education had not in any sense been liberal) the only man of culture in Traversville was an elderly little German named Dr. Habicht—one of that noble company of exiles who, after having participated in the revolutionary movement of 1848, had sought refuge in the United States.

Oliver, who with the rest of his tribe had been inclined to poke fun at this queer-looking, curly-haired, near-sighted foreigner, made his acquaintance, contrary to his wishes, in the most surprising manner. Dr. Habicht had a son of Oliver's age, named

Ferdinand, a scrawny, overgrown boy, with a pimpled face and tousled hair, who in spite of his unattractive appearance and unpleasant characteristics, was the apple of his father's eye, his joy, his care, and his perpetual affliction. Ferdinand had a positive genius for getting into trouble and lived in a state of warfare with all the boys in the town. He was (according to his own narratives) continually being maltreated and abused without fault of his own; and Dr. Habicht, who was not judicial-minded when his son was concerned, would allow himself to get entangled in his feuds with the boys, and occasionally give Ferdinand's persecutors a regular overhauling. In return, the latter would follow him in troops through the streets, when he took his walks, shout all manner of derisive epithets at him, string invisible wires across the sidewalk to trip him up or knock his hat off, ring his door-bell, and torment him in a hundred ingenious ways, known to boys. But what hurt the feelings of the gentle German more than any thing else was a stupid rhyme which some young vagabond had composed, and which greeted him fifty times a day from every street corner, wherever he appeared. This was the rhyme:

Dutchman, Dutchman, funny Dutchman,
With the crooked legs,
Sauerkraut is on your snout
And lager beer in kegs.

The doctor told himself repeatedly that it was beneath his dignity to take any notice of such an utterly silly performance. But, though he summoned all his stoicism, the senseless jingle, yelled suddenly at him by some shrill boy voice, startling him from his philosophical musings, would pierce him like a poisoned arrow and make him writhe with pain. He was proud of his nationality; proud of Germany's great poets and thinkers; proud of her scholarship, her culture, her warlike fame. He believed firmly that the Fatherland was the standard-bearer of civilization in the nineteenth century. But this proud conviction, comforting though it was in the abstract, would not serve him as an armor against the jibes of a lot of uncouth young barbarians, to whom he felt himself infinitely superior.

Oliver Tappan, being the recognized chief-tain in all boyish enterprises in Traversville, also had taken the lead in the persecution of Dr. Habicht. He included the pimpled Fer-

dinand and his father in the same comprehensive dislike. With the exception of some harmless Irish laborers and servant girls, they were the only foreigners in the village; and Oliver had an idea that foreigners were, as a rule, atheists and ate all sorts of nasty and outlandish things, besides being dirty in their habits. He would have regarded it as a matter of congratulation, if by his ceaseless annoyance he could have driven the objectionable Teuton and his cowardly sneak of a boy out of town.

It was, in fact, a mystery to most people in Traversville that Dr. Habicht continued to make his residence there. The dozen or more music lessons which his wife gave every week, scarcely sufficed to support the family, even with the aid of the instruction in Latin, Greek, and the modern languages, which he himself offered at the moderate price of fifty cents per hour. He received, to be sure, a good deal of mail, and sent out as much—a fact which made him a half suspicious character in the eyes of the villagers. With a view to satisfying the public curiosity, Mr. Jenks, the postmaster, slipped all third class mail matter, addressed to the doctor, out of the wrappers, and subjected it to a conscientious examination without becoming a whit wiser than he was before. His limited experience precluded him from arriving at the conclusion that the doctor was a publisher's hack who translated novels, political articles, and scientific treatises from half a dozen languages and managed by this means to scrape up a scant livelihood.

Frau Habicht, his wife, who disagreed with him, on general principles, in every thing, said not once but ten times a day, that it was a sin and a shame for a man of his learning to content himself with the pittance which he got for his work, and allow the greedy publishers to fatten on the proceeds of his labor. The doctor never undertook to argue this point with her but submitted meekly to her reproaches. He had a dim suspicion, at times, that she was not wholly wrong; but he was unable to devise any scheme for improving his condition which did not involve the risk of being bounced altogether. And that risk he could not afford to take; as he was secretly (and without his wife's knowledge) accumulating a little capital which, in time, would enable Ferdinand to go to a German university, where, of course, he would not neglect the opportunity to distinguish himself and make

an illustrious name in the annals of science or literature.

This was the doctor's darling ambition, for the sake of which he endured his perpetual drudgery, amid uncongenial surroundings, in a town where there was not a single person who was capable of rating his attainments or his character at their proper worth. The attraction of Traversville to him was that living was cheap there; and the opportunity might be afforded him to save more of his earnings for Ferdinand than he could hope to do in any other place within his knowledge. Ferdinand, he thought, was well worth the sacrifice. For that nature (though withholding from him the gift of beauty) had endowed him generously as to intellect, his father was firmly convinced. In order to develop his embryonic intellect, Dr. Habicht subjected his son to various educational experiments. He sometimes tried to guide him by gentleness and persuasion; and when Ferdinand refused to respond to appeals to his reason, he would suddenly lose his temper and trounce him soundly. There was no denying that Ferdinand was a fearfully exasperating boy; he would have tried the temper of the archangel Gabriel. And the doctor, with all his admirable qualities, lacked the virtue of patience.

For his daughter Minna—a pretty rolly-poly girl of twelve—he seemed to care very little. He was sufficiently aware of her existence to be irritated when she disarranged his papers (though it was difficult to imagine how they could be more disarranged than they were already). But he had no sort of personal relation to her; no plans or ambitions for her future; no interest in her development. As long as she did not bother him (which she was sometimes inclined to do) it seemed of small consequence how she disposed of her time. He had never been able to penetrate into the character of women; and had a feeling of bewilderment and alienism in their presence. It was to this day never quite clear to him how he came to marry; he only accepted the accomplished fact with the resignation becoming a philosopher.

One day in the early spring he was sitting in his den, which was the front room of the house and opened right on the street. The publishing firm for which he worked had sent him a French medical book to translate, and he was hunting in a dozen dictionaries for

the exact English equivalents of the scientific terms. The floor was littered with papers; the desk, which was extremely plain, was piled high with pamphlets and foreign-looking books in paper covers; and book-cases which had a home-made and unfinished appearance covered the walls up to the ceiling. The rag carpet and the little skin rug under the desk were well worn and clumsily darned in spots. The atmosphere was rank with stale tobacco smoke, and a general air of disorder pervaded the room. Here sat the little doctor with his thin curly hair rumpled and his nose nearly touching the paper, writing away for dear life, and so completely hidden among his books and pamphlets that you might easily have passed through the room without discovering him, if the scratch, scratch, scratch of his quill and the smoke of his pipe had not betrayed his presence.

He had had rather an exasperating morning; for he had wasted much time in consulting dictionaries; and had just begun to suspect that his publishers had outwitted him in making him agree to a price which was all out of proportion to the amount of time which this translation would cost him. He had made no allowance for his comparative ignorance of scientific terms. He was ruminating upon this fact when a yell of derisive laughter, outside of his window, made him jump up and pace the floor in nervous irritation. He heard distinctly the voice of his son, but the words—the words—they could not possibly come from Ferdinand. A torrent of foul language, such as the good doctor had never heard before, abusive terms, teasing, challenging jibes, all evidently addressed to some antagonist within hearing distance, sounded from the mouth of the youthful Habicht with amazing volubility and vigor. The father stood listening, at first incredulously; but as the conviction forced itself upon him that this was indeed Ferdinand and none other, a mighty wrath took possession of him. Ferdinand had deceived him, made a fool of him in making him espouse his cause in his numerous quarrels with the town boys. It was too obvious that he was himself the challenger, and got no more than he deserved. The doctor, however, would teach him a lesson which would wean him of further trifling with his father's dignity.

With unwonted agility he darted toward the corner where his stout bamboo cane

was standing; and in so doing knocked off his spectacles, which, while writing, he had pushed up on his forehead. In a flash he had torn open the door, grabbed the culprit by the collar, and proceeded to belabor his back lustily with the bamboo cane. He had, indeed, all he could do in mastering the young rascal, who fought back like a tiger. The sunlight dazzled the doctor after the grateful dusk of his den; and the absence of his spectacles, in connection with his wrath, had made him both deaf and blind. Utterly forgetful of his dignity he waltzed about on the sidewalk with the young fellow; whirled the bamboo cane about his head, striking wildly whenever he got the chance, but receiving on the whole as much as he gave.

He perceived dimly that the people were being attracted by the noise of the fight; and as his shyness began to master his anger, he opened quickly the door, and grabbing the boy by the nape of his neck pulled him into the house. A sense of awkwardness and shame stole over him; trembling violently he put away his cane, and began to fumble on the floor for his spectacles. The boy remained standing motionless at the door; and he made no attempt to escape. That gave the doctor a little grain of comfort, for it showed that, whatever Ferdinand was, he was not a coward. The spectacles were at last found and properly adjusted in their place.

"I am deeply grieved, my son," began Habicht, in German, "I am more distressed than I am able to express."

"I don't understand your Dutch," interrupted an angry voice, which was utterly unfamiliar to the doctor's ears. "What I want to know is why you lick me, when I hain't done nothing to you? It was your coward of a boy who called me names, and I won't stand that from nobody!"

The doctor took off his spectacles once more and rubbed them with his handkerchief. The floor undulated under his feet; the walls reeled. He was surely losing his senses. He stood for a moment staring with a tremulous uncertainty at the youth he had thrashed, without being fully able to realize the situation. He saw now plainly enough that it was not his son. The suspicion dawned upon his bewildered mind that he had thrashed the wrong boy.

"I—I—I—peck your bardon," he managed

to stammer, mopping his large forehead with a red checked handkerchief, "I mean not to drash you, but Ferdinand. You understand?"

"No, I don't understand it a bit," answered the boy sullenly, rubbing his back against the frame of the door, where the bamboo cane had left unpleasant reminiscences.

"You make me sorry," the doctor continued with pathetic awkwardness; "my son Ferdinand—he makes me much drouble—and I am vary nearsighted."

He always spoke with an odiously foreign accent when he was excited; while ordinarily his speech was fairly idiomatic and correct. His apologetic manner and his obvious regret did explain, however, the situation to the boy, who was undoubtedly vowing dire retribution. Oliver Tappan—for the victim of the vicarious castigation was none other than he—was fuming at the thought that he had been struck by this miserable foreigner; and a sense of outrage sent the blood coursing through his veins with a fierce impetus. That the doctor had not meant to hurt him seemed for the moment to aggravate rather than excuse the unprovoked assault. A crowd of angry thoughts chased each other through his brain. He was inclined to have it out with his foe then and there; and would have felt justified in renewing the combat, if the doctor's confused anxiety to make amends had not somewhat mollified him. He remembered, too, and not without shame, his own conduct in the past toward the doctor; his jibes and insults and petty persecutions. He was not lacking in sense of fairness; and before long was half ready to admit that, perhaps, he had got no more than he had deserved. It had, on the whole, been an even fight and honors were easy. His antagonist's swollen nose from which the blood was dripping and his general air of discomfiture and defeat appealed vaguely to Oliver's sympathies. He resolved to be magnanimous.

"I wouldn't bother any more about it if I were you, sir," he said, encouragingly. "I am none the worse for it."

Habicht liked the ring of that speech. It was manly and generous. He went close up to the boy to get a good look at him. The features pleased him no less than the voice.

"I feel vary pad, I peck your bardon," he said, holding out his hand to Oliver, "I do vhatifer you like to show you how pad I feel."

"Your nose is bleeding, sir," remarked Oliver evasively. "I guess we are about even," he went on, as the German applied his handkerchief to his nose, "I haven't acted quite fairly by you either, and I ain't sorry you got a whack at me."

He uttered these words hurriedly, as if he were a trifle ashamed of his generosity; laid hold of the knob of the door and was about to dodge into the street.

"No, shtop one moment," cried the doctor; "you come back und see me soon, I show you sometings. I haf lods of books—books dat make your mouth vater. You see dem all de vay up to de ceiling. I show you vat is in dem, if you like."

Oliver cast a glance of shy eagerness about the room but did not release his hold upon the door-knob. He had never seen so many books in all his life. There they stood in long, solemn rows; and some of them, which could not find room on the shelves, were stacked on the floor or piled on the top of the topmost cases. The offer to examine their insides seemed very attractive, and he determined to avail himself of it, as soon as his self-respect would permit. With a jerky bow, he slipped out of the door, and with burning cheeks and a dim agitation in his brain ran up the hillside toward the woods. He felt the need of being alone, so as to clear his turbid thoughts. Life had suddenly grown complicated to him, and he felt no longer sure of his footing. He, Oliver Tappan, alert, supple, and strong, who was the chieftain of the village boys, knew in his heart of hearts that he was responsible for the sufferings this lonely foreigner had endured. From sheer wantonness he had made his life a burden to him. Even for the scurrilous rhyme which he had encouraged by his approval, when by a single word of censure he might have suppressed it, he could not shirk the responsibility. The doctor by his kindness had heaped glowing coals upon his head. If it had not been for the thrashing he had received (upon which he now was inclined to congratulate himself) he would never have the hardihood to meet again the honest eyes of the German scholar.

He sat upon a stone under a large elm-tree and pondered this first serious problem of his life. At the end of an hour he rose with a face full of resolution and walked back to the village.

That night, when Dr. Habicht took his

constitutional, no missiles were aimed at him, no cords were strung across the street, and not once did he hear the objectionable rhyme yelled at him from behind the fences or street corners. It struck him as a little curious that on this very day, when he had been half prepared for retaliation, no attempt was made to molest him. But it did not occur to him to ascribe his immunity from persecution to his encounter with Oliver Tappan.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

OLIVER allowed a week to pass before availing himself of the doctor's invitation; and during that week Habicht enjoyed a blissful peace which never before had been his portion, since he settled in Traversville. Though he had by this time begun to suspect that Oliver had something to do with the cessation of hostilities, he was afraid of embarrassing him by a show of gratitude. For, of course, the implication of his responsibility for the persecution was, in such a case, scarcely to be avoided. He took a great fancy to the manly and handsome lad, tried to arouse his ambition, and volunteered, after a month's acquaintance, to give him gratuitous lessons in French and German and mathematics. It was of nouse that Mrs. Habicht scolded him for wasting two precious hours every day on the education of that "village rowdy," as she called Oliver (for she did not credit him with any change of heart since the memorable thrashing). The doctor shook his head with an impatient snort, when she took him to task for his disinterestedness, and if she persevered in her vituperations, he took to his heels and locked the door to his study, before she had time to follow him.

As the months went by, the education of "the village rowdy" became the doctor's chief interest and delight. He made Oliver share in all the lessons which he gave his own son Ferdinand and tried hard to shut his eyes to the fact that the former was much the cleverer of the two. He consoled himself with the reflection that Ferdinand was lazy, and that sooner or later, when his ambition was sufficiently aroused, he would wake up and show what stuff there was in him. He, therefore, devoted himself largely to demonstrating the value of knowledge, how it enlarges the horizon of our minds, opens

sources of happiness which to the ignorant are closed, and ennobles and dignifies existence. He drew the contrast between the uneducated man, whose soul is unawakened, who knows few pleasures but the evanescent ones of the senses, and the man whose powers have been developed by careful training, who has at his command all the faculties with which nature has endowed him, whose soul is conscious and wide-awake, and to whom all the wide and varied phenomena of life yield a noble pleasure. It was in the midst of such a discourse that the doctor was interrupted by his son, who in the expectation of embarrassing him, asked this question:

"But, father, what good does all your learning do you? You know more than anybody else here, but you certainly are worse off than most of them—and I don't see that your learning makes people think any more of you or furnishes you with any of those noble pleasures of which you speak."

The doctor jumped up as if he had been stung, threw a glance full of reproachful sadness at Ferdinand, and began to pace up and down the floor, his head wrapped in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"*Ach, mein sohn,*" he exclaimed, stopping in the middle of the floor and wringing his hands; "you are a Philistine, yes; you shudge, like a fool, by the standard of bread und bootter. You know not vhat your fader has inside of his breast, which makes him content mit obscurity und poverty und exile. You make me sad und mournful, Ferdinand. You know not your fader. I haf dat here vat makes me rich!"

And the doctor smote his breast and resumed his excited promenade on the floor. His obtrusive alienism in speech and manner jarred a little on Oliver, who sat with his eyes wide open, listening in grave wonder. He had not the remotest idea of what that precious something was which reconciled the doctor to his hard lot. He knew that he himself would never be content with obscurity and penury, under any imaginable circumstances. Much as he would have liked to have the mystery cleared up, he felt awkward and shy in the presence of Ferdinand, who would have been much amused at his "freshness" in taking "the old fellow's" diatribes seriously. For Ferdinand had small respect for his father, and regarded his moral discourses as the purest poppycock. Vulgar as he was by nature, he was

unable to take any other view of scholarship than that which he heard expressed at Jenks' grocery store. The opinions which were doled out there, by Squire Barker and the village worthies who sat smoking around the stove, carried to him an unquestioned authority. And Oliver, too, who had imbibed his views of life from the coterie who spat upon his father's stove, had accepted, so far, Squire Holden's ratiocinations on politics and religion as the final expressions of human wisdom. A little doubt now stole into his mind—a sense of insecurity and unsettled conviction. He resolved to question the doctor on the first occasion when he should find him alone. But fully a year went by before such an opportunity presented itself; or, rather, before Oliver found courage to seize the opportunities which, with a little trouble, he might easily have contrived.

A certain boyish awkwardness—a fear of appearing “fresh”—always clogged his tongue whenever the desire to know the secret of the doctor's happiness stirred within him. For that the doctor was happy in the midst of his poverty and many tribulations, was quite obvious. There was not another man in Traversville whose face bore such evidence of contentment. Squire Holden himself (who was reputed to be rich enough to buy out the whole village) looked sour, haggard, and sad when compared to Dr. Habicht. And Oliver's father, not to speak of Mr. Jenks and Squire Barker, had a care-worn and worried look which contrasted strikingly with the serene and guileless air of the genial German. The solution of the problem came about in a wholly unexpected way, when Oliver had almost given up the hope of settling the difficulty.

It happened that Minna Habicht, who was now about thirteen years old, cherished an extravagant but unrequited admiration for Oliver. He had been kind to her on a certain occasion, when she had been annoyed by the teasings of some village boys, and the off-hand, magnificent way with which he enforced his authority, had made a deep impression upon the little girl. She bestowed her unclaimed little heart, then and there, upon her champion, and henceforth felt humbly grateful whenever he chose to notice her. To be frank, it was not often that he was in a sufficiently magnanimous mood to grant her this source of happiness. She was a neglected child, and in spite of her rosy

cheeks and trustful blue eyes, would scarcely challenge attention by her attractiveness. Her face was rarely quite clean, and her yellow hair was unevenly cut and hung in tousled strands about her forehead. She had not yet reached the age when the instinct of embellishment asserts itself in the feminine heart. That she exerted herself early and late, though shyly and awkwardly, to serve his high-mightiness, Oliver Tappan, the latter was far from suspecting. He had only noticed, in a general way, that Minna hung around at a respectful distance (until her father chased her out), when he came to take his lessons, and that he often caught the calm and steady gaze of her blue eyes fixed upon him, whenever she was allowed to remain.

Now, it happened one day in the early autumn that Oliver and Ferdinand had conceived a bold scheme for becoming suddenly rich. They had found some glittering stones up in the woods, where Oliver had set his snares, and they were firmly convinced that they had discovered a silver mine which in time would make them both millionaires. What boy has not at some period of his life cherished some such delusion? It was upon Oliver's suggestion and urgent insistence that they took the doctor into their confidence and asked him to analyze the stones. It required but a brief examination on his part to ascertain that the glittering spots were mica, and that the stones contained nothing of value, except a small quantity of copper, too slight to make the working of the ore remunerative. The disappointment of the prospective millionaires was, of course, acute. Ferdinand, who was inclined to distrust his father's judgment, could scarcely restrain his anger; while Oliver deprecated his violence and shamed him into reason.

Little Minna, who was in the hen-coop, overheard their conversation on this subject, and through the cracks in the thin partition wall could see the boys standing in the wood-shed arguing with unwonted vehemence. The thought came to her like an inspiration that if she could help Oliver to become rich, perhaps she might win his favor. It was no sentimental hope she was cherishing, but in a vague and hazy way she felt that nothing gave her more pleasure than his companionship. There was a deep humility in her heart—the humility transmitted to her sex through generations of thralldom.

The conversation of the boys had fired her

imagination. Plans for obtaining wealth haunted her early and late. Child as she was, and utterly unacquainted with the obstacles in the way of her schemes, she could dream on unhindered. To be a sort of good fairy to Oliver, who fulfilled his wishes quickly and mysteriously and reaped his gratitude in return—what could be more delightful than that? The manner of obtaining the coveted wealth which was to bless her hero was a secondary affair with Minna. She had so firm a faith that the riches would come and come through her agency, that she troubled herself little about how they would come.

In the German fairy books which had so far constituted her favorite reading, all desirable things came at the proper time to him who deserved them, if he only was good and patient and wise. And Minna was confident that, in spite of minor shortcomings, she was both good and patient; and when measured by the standard of Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood, she seemed also, to herself, tolerably wise. She was, therefore, not in the least surprised when one fine day, while roving over the hills in search of berries, the hand of the good fairy who attended her almost flashed out visibly in the sunlight. What she saw was a swamp almost white with the silky tassels of a plant which she had never seen before. She pulled off a dozen stalks and found the silk soft and fine. Here was a road to wealth, surely. This substance could be spun and manufactured into precious stuffs which the finest lady might be proud to wear. She filled her pocket with the downy tassels and hastened eagerly home to communicate her secret to Oliver. Her heart sang within her, as with bounding pulses she danced down the hill-sides. For herself she cared nothing for wealth—but for Oliver. He had set his heart upon it and he must have it. For how could any thing be beyond the reach of Oliver?

She found him and Ferdinand bombarding each other with horse chestnuts under a big tree outside of the village. She ran toward them, all gayety and dimples, forgetting her usual shyness in her eagerness to relate her discovery. Even her brother's presence, though it gave her some uneasiness, did not discourage her.

"Oh, Oliver," she cried, all out of breath, as she paused at a safe distance; "won't you come here? I want to speak to you."

Oliver stuffed the chestnuts he held in his hand into his pockets and stared at Minna, as if he thought she was not quite right in her head. She, the shy, awkward thing, address him, Oliver Tappan, in such unceremonious fashion! Yet, kindhearted as he was, he scarcely would have snubbed her, if Ferdinand had not burst into a derisive shriek, just as he was about to approach her. He was boy enough to feel the implied taunt, and to be ashamed of his generous instinct.

"You get out, Minna," he cried with an uneasy laugh, as he wheeled about on his heel; and with both hands in his pockets, walked off with a boyish swagger.

Minna's grave eyes, as she lifted them toward him with a look of deep injury, made him uncomfortable. He glanced casually at her, as he strolled off, and the little quiver of her lips gave him a pang. He felt a trifle ashamed of himself, and wished that pestiferous Ferdinand would let him alone and mind his own business. But there was no help for it now; he could not relent without a sacrifice of dignity. He glanced back once more and saw the girl's helpless look of grief; and it cut him to the quick. Should he speak kindly to her or should he leave her to her bitter reflections? He was just debating this question when he caught sight of something black darting through the air; and in the next instant Minna gave a scream and fell backward. It was her brother, that coward, who had hit her with a horse-chestnut. All the pent-up anger and shame in Oliver's breast burst forth, and he flew at Ferdinand like a tiger. They wrestled, hit, and pummeled each other; punched each other in the head and pulled each other's hair until Ferdinand was thrown and begged for mercy. Minna in the meanwhile had picked herself up with a big bump on her forehead, and had found her way home. It seemed as if her heart would break. She felt sure that no one in all the world had ever been so unhappy as she was. She was now determined she would never tell Oliver her secret. But in the afternoon, when she sat tearless, in the hen-coop, brooding over her sorrow, she heard a familiar voice calling her; and though her pride told her to keep quiet, an uncontrollable impulse prompted her to make a little noise whereby to betray her presence.

"Minna," whispered Oliver, "where are you?"

There was something touching and, at the

same time, keenly satisfactory to her self-esteem in having Oliver seek her—a thing he had never done before—in this clandestine manner. Her anger melted and her resolution gave way. She would surely tell him.

"Minna," he repeated, "are you in the hen-coop?"

She tried to answer, but her emotion overwhelmed her and she burst into tears. When she looked up, Oliver was standing before her with one hand in his pocket and the other scratching his head. He looked very uncomfortable.

"I thought you was hurt, Minna," he began, blushing with awkwardness. "I came to speak to you and tell you how sorry I am."

Such magnanimity Minna had never met with in all her experience of life, and the contemplation of it made her heart swell with feelings which, at her age, can find vent only in tears. So she wept on, until Oliver, utterly mystified, concluded that she was beyond the reach of his consolation and resolved to betake himself off. But just as he made a motion to go, Minna suddenly controlled herself, wiped her swollen eyes on her apron, and with tearful resolution begged him to remain. And oh, the blissful hour of confidence which now followed! She told him of her discovery, looking at him imploringly all the time, trembling lest it should fail to impress him, while she pulled from her pocket the precious wool-grass, and spread it out in her lap. He assumed a judicial mien, felt the stuff with his fingers, pulled it out to test the strength of its fiber, and finally smelled it. And all the while, Minna was quivering with excited expectation.

"It won't do," he said finally; "the fiber isn't strong enough, nor long enough."

He had no idea of the pain he inflicted upon her; and the quivering lips and the slowly-filling eyes gave him no clue to the mystery.

"Don't you see, Minna," he continued, feeling quite magnanimous in his condescension, "that, if this stuff had been valuable, people would have found it out long ago? For it grows in every swamp all over the state."

Yes, she saw her folly, but that did not make her disappointment any easier to bear. He was quite right; and she was in the wrong, as always.

"Good by, Minna," he said pleasantly, as he turned his back upon her and strolled off.

He was, on the whole, well satisfied with himself, and never dreamed, in his masculine obtuseness, what a stab he had planted in her heart—what an agony of baffled hopes, humiliation, and remorse he had awakened by his heedless words. Girls always had seemed to him of small consequence, anyway; and it did not occur to him to trouble himself further about Minna's emotions.

He was just opening the rickety front gate when he heard his name called in a sharp angry voice, and turning about, faced the doctor and Ferdinand. The latter, somewhat crest-fallen, skulked behind his father's back; while the doctor, bursting with indignation, came slowly forward like an angry turkey-cock.

"Und dat is de vay you pay me back?" he cried with a choking stentorious voice; "I dake you into my posom, like a sohn, eh, und you shting me like a viper."

Oliver, who had almost forgotten his tussle with Ferdinand, was for a moment utterly dumfounded. What did it all mean? Had the doctor taken leave of his senses? But Ferdinand's swollen nose and a bloody scratch on the cheek presently explained the situation to him.

"Ferdinand was very mean, sir," he said, raising his head, and meeting the outraged father's eye without quailing; "he flung a horse-chestnut at little Minna with such force that he knocked her over. That made me mad and I thrashed him."

The doctor, whose fondness for Oliver made him ready to put the best construction upon all his acts, now turned savagely toward Ferdinand.

"Vhy you not dell me dat?" he queried with a ferocious scowl.

Ferdinand withdrew cautiously beyond the range of his father's stick, before he answered.

"It was none of Oliver's business what I did to Minna," he whimpered.

"Yes, it was, too," Oliver retorted hotly. "I won't stand by and see a boy hurt a girl. It's only sneaks that do that; and there's nothing I hate more than a sneak."

The doctor's sense of justice by this time had overcome his paternal wrath; and he called both boys into his study and asked them to tell the whole story. A chance remark of Ferdinand's about the mining experiment, in which Oliver and he had first fallen out—and they had never quite become

friends since—aroused his curiosity, as it supplied a motive for many of their actions which had appeared strange to him. He began a careful cross-examination and found that the boys dreamed of wealth, early and late, and were possessed by a sordid ambition to accumulate riches. He learned, to his amazement, that little Minna in her innocence had caught the pestiferous infection, and actually was picking wool-grass in the hope of becoming a millionaire. It was too ludicrously pathetic. One scarcely knew whether to laugh over it or to weep. The doctor was evidently more inclined to do the latter, for he paced excitedly up and down the floor, blew his nose sonorously and wiped his forehead.

And, at last, fired with holy zest, he burst into one of his tremendous tirades—the equal of which Oliver never had heard before. It made a deep impression upon the boy, and influenced for a while the course of his life.

"It is a pitiful sight," he exclaimed, "to see a great people dance like de Shews of old, about de Golden Calf. Dis ravenous hunger for gold, which lurks in de bottom of every American soul—dat is a plague, a blight, a deadly fungus, which kills de germ of every noble endeafor. Vhat fouler, vhat meaner ideal can a man cherish dan de mere desire to fill his stomach mit good tings, und bedeck his body mit fine clodes, und shtrut like a peacock und flaunt his riches in de face of de world? Vhat real greatness can a soul harbor which is taken up mit sometings so small und contemptible? Vat vordy aim can shtrike root in so barren a soil? Notting but tistles and great prickly, noxious veeds. You shust make dis life a game of grab; pay honor to de most successful grabber; und I dell you, you will debase de human race; you reverse its upward evolution by securing de survival—de predominance of mere base craft und cunning; und de suppression of de nobler qualities upon which de progress of de race depends. De growt of a sordid ideal is de greatest calamity which can befall a nation; for it is de indication of an invard blight—a deadly disease which preys upon its vitals.

"Ach, you shmile Ferdinand! You do not believe me. You tink I am poor because I am not cleffer enough to be rich. But I dell you I wouldn't shange mit Shay Gould. I haf higher and deeper pleasures dan he, pleasures from which he is debarred. I haf de

companionship of de great shpirits of de world. I live in royal company. When I get dired I sit down mit Goethe und converse mit him; he reveals to me his glorious thoughts in his Faust und in his Vilhelm Meister und in Hermann and Dorothea, und every day he is new and fresh; und every day he makes me glad mit a gladness which is like dat of Columbus when he saw de New World shpread out at his feet.

"De pleasures of de senses are short und poor; und are not vorth de expenditure of de vitality which dey cost. No true happiness ever came from indulgence. But de delights of a shpiritual kinship mit de greatest and best who haf lived in all ages, involve no loss, but conshtant gain; no deterioration, but conshtant ennobling. De man who can rejoice in de beauty of Homer is a happier man dan he who vastes his soul in rolling up millions. When I read my Dante, my Goethe, my Shakspeare, I often shdop und shmile an Olympic shmile of pity for de shmart, vulgar, cunning eart-bound souls of de millionaires. You read de sixth book of de Iliad to Shay Gould, mit de shplendid role of de noble hexameter, und you see vhat he vill make of it; or Keats' sonnet on 'Reading Shapman's Homer,' und you see if a gleam of fine intelligence lights up his eye; but show him how he can shtear a railroad; or shweep in de hard-earned money of a dousand silly people, by cornering de market—and I dell you den you vill see de flash of gratified rapacity in his eye. Should I envy such a man? No, mine sohn, if you belong to God's shosen people, haf de courage to be proud und grateful for it; und do not basely squint into de flesh-pots of de Egyptians."

CHAPTER III.

A DELIGHTFUL DISCOVERY.

WHEN Oliver Tappan had filled his twentieth year, he was fully prepared to enter Harvard or any other American university. Dr. Habicht urged him to find the means for procuring a collegiate education; and Oliver used all his powers of persuasion to induce his father to grant him the necessary funds. But Eli, who was a rigid utilitarian, asserted that the smartest and most successful men of the country had had nothing but a common school education and he expressed with much emphasis the opinion that book-learning was

a needless encumbrance to carry through life and rather hampered than helped a man in making his living. The doctor's praises of Oliver had gradually inclined him to the belief that his eldest son was above the average and had the promise in him of a successful career. But his idea of success departed widely from that which Oliver was cherishing. A vision which occasionally invaded Eli's fancy was that of his son, returning to town, seated in a smart new buggy, driving a pair of fast showy trotters, holding a long whip in his hand, and nodding with a certain careless preoccupation to his former acquaintances, as they enviously came to contemplate his magnificence. By what road Oliver was to reach this eminence was a matter of minor consequence to his father. Whether he made his success as a showman, like P. T. Barnum, as a better on horse-races, or as a wrecker of railroads, made, on the whole, very little difference. But it was beyond the power of Eli's limited brain to conceive of any sort of success which did not take the form of fast horses and a long bank account.

Oliver came frequently into collision with his father, on account of this radical difference of view. Eli began to resent the doctor's influence over him, because he saw that its tendency was antagonistic to his own. He had, to be sure, never cared to influence the boy, one way or another, until the doctor had begun to interest himself in Oliver's welfare, but he felt, on that account, none the less incensed against the German for encroaching upon his parental privileges. More than once he spoke slightly of the doctor, and was not a little astonished at the hot indignation with which Oliver replied to his taunts.

For the relation between Oliver and his teacher had become closer and more intimate with the lapse of years. Habicht's whole philosophy of life (of which the above recorded harangue gives the key-note) he revealed to Oliver; tried to open the youth's soul to the appreciation of all that was beautiful; and to communicate to him his own delight in all high manifestations of human power and excellence. He was no longer the pedagogue, pounding knowledge into an unwilling pupil, but an enthusiastic friend revealing the treasures of his own mind to a peer and equal. To stand in the foremost ranks of the battle for human progress; to

spread light into the world's dark places; to combat the political and social wrongs, which are inherent in our present social condition—this was the noble ambition which the Teuton kindled in Oliver's soul.

"Do not bodder yourself about happiness, Oliver," he would exclaim, when they took their afternoon walk together, "for happiness never comes to him who goes in search of it. It is de most voeful mistake a young man can make to begin his life mit de purpose to haf as good a time as he can. If he does dat, he vill exhpend his vitality in brief und transient pleasures which lead to premature decay und he vill accomplish notting vordy, notting vort accomplishing. Happiness, which to de great vulgar herd is but de gratification of de immediate desire, seems always mitin reach und always vort pursuing. But I dell you, it is like de goddess which turned to a damp und shilly cloud in Ixion's embrace."

"But what aim do you then regard as worthy and worth pursuing?" asked Oliver eagerly.

"I dell you dat very soon Oliver," the doctor replied. "Happiness comes to us, as it vere, incidentally, on de shly, by the fulfillment of duty. You cannot catch it by running after it; but when you never tink of it, it may come to you unawares—like a fairy dat kisses you in your shleep."

"But when I am asleep, what good will it then do me?"

"I am shpeaking metaphorically. I mean dat true und blessed satisfaction vill come to you from your labor—if it is vell done. It is absurd und futile to exshpect great ecstacies und high paroxysms of rapture in dis earthly life. But many sveet und temperate delights you may exshpect, and dey are de more to be desired, because dey are lasting. Und dese come from congenial labor—from de sense of having done vell—from de conshtant exercise of high faculties—from de fulfillment of a duty, however burdensome, in every relation of life."

It was with these teachings, repeated and varied in a hundred harangues, that Oliver at the age of twenty left Traversville, to explore the world on his own account. His dream of going to Harvard he had to abandon; it was only with difficulty that he obtained money enough from his father to pay for his fare to New York, where he had the prospect of obtaining employment in a railway office. The night

before he was going to leave, he was strolling along a path that lead over a rocky slope toward a chestnut and maple grove, about two miles from the town. He was a tall, well-grown fellow, a trifle lanky, perhaps, like most youths of his age ; but manly and frank in his bearing, and with a pair of grave blue eyes which inspired confidence. The path he was now treading, he had trodden many a night before ; and by a curious accident he had regularly met Minna Habicht to whom the same region seemed to have a strong attraction. There never had been any agreement between them that they were to promenade here toward sundown, but by an unaccountable coincidence they always did.

Minna was now a pretty girl of sixteen, with a sweet Teutonic Thunselda-face and a red and white complexion which seemed to Oliver positively dazzling. She was no longer the insignificant, half-fledged creature whose adoration he had barely tolerated, on her father's account. By some miraculous process she had bloomed out—as it were, over night—into something new and wonderful, something rare and radiant, which possessed an irresistible fascination. And strange to say, her conduct had changed as much as her appearance. There was a perpetual arch smile in her eyes, however grave the rest of her face might seem to be ; and this smile would sometimes spread from the eyes, until it illuminated her entire countenance. It was simply wonderful how lovely she looked when she flung back her yellow head with all the rebellious curls and laughed at one of Oliver's witticisms. Almost every thing he said found a quick response in her mobile and expressive features. When he attempted to be funny, her fresh laugh rang out so deliciously ; when he was serious, she grew grave as a deacon ; and when he discoursed to her on the problems of life (bringing the doctor's wisdom down to the level of her feminine intelligence) her face lighted up with a grateful appreciation which was beautiful to behold. If all this was, in its effect, the subtlest flattery, it must be said, that on Minna's part, it was not intentional. She did regard Oliver as the noblest, finest, and most brilliant personage with whom she had ever come in contact ; and she could no more have helped betraying her admiration for him than she could have helped breathing. And to him (though his dignity would not have permitted him to confess it)

this undisguised idolatry was very agreeable. He seemed always at his best in Minna's presence. His thought was more vigorous, his speech bolder and clearer, his outlook into the future freer and brighter. And so great was the sympathy between them that she seemed to guess his unspoken ideas, and to give him back his own thoughts in a noble, clarified form. He had come to be so dependent upon these rendezvous of late, that he could afford to ignore the taunts of his boyish associates, and to cut himself loose from them, because Minna more than compensated him for the loss of their companionship.

It was late in September when the fields were bright with golden-rod, when the mullein raised its tall yellow candles at the roadside, and the asters bloomed at the edge of the forest, that Oliver hastened to the last interview with Minna, before his departure for New York. He found her seated on the tumble-down stone fence ; and the late sunshine filtered through her sun-bonnet and bathed her face in a pink glow. It seemed as if this pink radiance deepened as he came nearer ; and it did not take much penetration, on his part, to discover that she had been crying. But for all that, her face lighted up with joy as he took her hand and pressed it with unwonted warmth. He had never made so pronounced a demonstration of friendliness before ; but, somehow, the thought that she had shed tears for his sake, touched him, and made him forget his reserve. He felt an impulse to be good to her, to soothe and comfort her. And yet, by some queer perversity, his first remark was certainly not comforting.

"I suppose," he said, with a twinge of jealousy, which had so far been absent from their relation, "that when I am gone, you will be sitting here on this very fence with Ned Hopkins or Buck Hawley or some other fellow."

He had not meant to wound her ; but his jealous fancy had prompted the query, which he had not the gallantry to resist. He saw her eyes fill with tears ; and he felt ashamed of his rudeness. He strolled about uneasily for some moments, decapitating the mullein stalks with his stick ; then, with sudden resolution seated himself on the fence at her side.

"Minna," he said, blushing with awkwardness, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"You didn't hurt my feelings, Oliver," she answered, smiling through her tears, "you

know I am very silly sometimes, and the least bit of a thing makes me cry."

A long pause followed, during which Oliver seemed intent upon forcing the ferrule of his stick into a hole in the stone which was too small for it.

"Minna," he said at last, fixing upon her a glance full of tender regret, "do you know what I wish?"

"No, Oliver, I don't know what you wish."

"I wish you were a boy; then I would take you along with me."

The look of grateful devotion that came into her face warmed the youth's heart; and all sorts of confused instincts wrestled within him.

"I don't know why it hurts me so to go away from you," he resumed with a dogged recklessness, "but the fact is, Minna, I could almost cry; I shall never in my life care for anybody as much as I care for you."

His eyes again sought hers, and the happy radiance which beamed into his face almost took his breath away.

"Now, you may go, Oliver," she cried with joyous sweetness. "I shall not mind so much your going now."

"Why, Minna," he remonstrated, a slow sense of injury kindling in his face; "do you really want me to go away? All right, I shan't trouble you any more with my company."

He rose indignantly; and she, too, jumped up and put her hand on his arm.

"Oh, you great stupid boy," she ejaculated with a merry child-like laugh, "can't you see, that now, when I know that you care for me, I shall have you always with me, even though you are away?"

Oliver looked down into her happy face with slowly dawning intelligence. It was a new aspect of the case which presented itself to him, but on reflection he found it not unreasonable.

"You mean to say," he observed, with the obvious desire to put the proposition fairly, "that you don't care where I am, as long as you are sure that I care for you?"

She looked at him with a certain reflective intentness; and the pathetic little droop of her lip stirred depths of tenderness within him.

"You don't know any thing about those things, Oliver," she said quietly. "You don't understand how a person feels when he cares a great deal about somebody else."

"And you mean to say that you do?"

"Yes."

A certain lack of respect seemed to be implied in this answer, and if Oliver had not been so absorbed just then in Minna's loveliness, he would have resented it. That she could know any thing which was beyond his comprehension he would have been the last to admit. But all in a flash the deeper meaning of her speech was revealed to him, for which, complimentary would have been too feeble a word. This girl, whom he had seen daily in her pink sun-bonnet and the flowered calico dress which draped her lithe figure, underwent in his eyes a divine transformation. Her lustrous blue eyes, so crystal clear and guileless, her full but delicately chiseled lips, her curling hair, with all its yellow Teutonic abundance, her throat, her ankle, nay her low-cut shoe with a black tape crossed on the pink stocking—all seemed invested with a new charm which rippled through his nerves and well-nigh overwhelmed him. A great wave of feeling swept him along; and he was conscious of nothing, except Minna's loveliness and the entrancing fact that she loved him.

For an hour or more they sat together on the stone fence; and when they parted before the doctor's house, they kissed each other and vowed solemnly to love each other through all eternity. And Oliver promised to send a gold betrothal ring from the city and to return and make Minna his wife, as soon as he earned money enough to hire a little flat in which to domesticate their happiness. It seemed to Minna that no one since the creation of the world could have been so happy as she was that night. And Oliver, though he would have shrunk from so extravagant a statement, would scarcely have disagreed as to the fact.

CHAPTER IV.

URBAN EXPERIENCES.

THE aspiration which was uppermost in Oliver's mind as he approached the great city of New York was to benefit his kind. It was in a serious mood that he entered upon the new life which was about to open before him. He felt an indomitable energy within him, and did not doubt that by dint of industry and ability he would gradually rise to a position in which he could put the doctor's teachings into practice on a large scale. Habicht had

told him, not once but a hundred times, that there never was a period in our history when the country was in greater need of noble and upright men, who had also the power and willingness to assert themselves in public life. That was Oliver's chief ambition—to stand forth like a spotless Aristides amid the throng of corrupt and self-seeking men who by their public and private conduct have lowered the standard of American manhood. He was "fresh," perhaps, and no doubt would have been mercilessly ridiculed if he had confided his ambition to any of his new acquaintances in the city. But he was by nature retiring and watchful of his dignity; and, therefore, was not likely to err on the side of over-trustfulness.

That a clerkship in a railroad office does not offer many opportunities for benefiting mankind, was the first bitter experience which Oliver made in his new position. He had known, of course, that he was not to be president of the company at once; and that he had a long and weary road to travel before any conspicuous service of any kind would be expected of him, he had also dimly anticipated. But, burning as he was with his friend's noble idealism and philanthropic zeal, he found it trying beyond measure to reconcile himself to a purely mechanical labor, which required no high order of intelligence and which, moreover, seemed to doom him to a hopeless obscurity.

In this seething caldron of human activity, what was he—Oliver Tappan—and what did it matter to humanity at large what he did or left undone? If he went to the dogs, how would it concern anybody but himself? He surely would not be missed. There were thousands and thousands eager and competent to fill his place. Few will comprehend what torture there was to him in this thought of the cheapness of human life, which continually oppressed him in the midst of the multitudes thronging the streets of this great city. He had been a chieftain, a leader, among his tribe in Traversville. The consciousness of his eminence had been in the very air he breathed, and had been an indispensable condition to his well-being. But here it was quite otherwise. He seemed to himself small and pitifully insignificant. The multitudes almost crushed him; and the utter indifference of the world to him and all that concerned him, often awoke dangerous proclivities within him and made him laugh

bitterly at his high-flown impracticable ambitions. The first thing he had to do was to get on; for unless he did that, he would have no chance to benefit anybody. But how miserably slow the road seemed; and how remote the prospect of any achievement!

Oliver, however, had one thing in his favor, which counted for more than he was aware of. He had an extremely attractive face, a manly bearing, and an unobtrusively courteous manner which soon made him friends. The president of the railroad, Mr. Cyrus Carter, began to notice him; and having met him by accident in his church, was struck with his manly appearance. It turned out that Mr. Carter's brother, Sutherland Carter, was a member of the publishing firm for which Dr. Habicht worked, and a letter from the doctor, heartily recommending his former pupil, had been received by the publisher some months ago and had slipped out of his memory until he met the youth in question at his brother's house. Being favorably impressed with Oliver, he invited him to dinner, quite *en famille*, and began to interest himself in his welfare.

Mr. Sutherland Carter was a stout, genial gentleman of fifty, with drooping eyelids, a well-trimmed, iron-gray mustache, and an air of scrupulous elegance. He was externally, at least, a religious man; but, somehow, most people found it a little difficult to take his religious professions seriously. There was a kind of lurking humor in his eyes which flashed forth at the most unsuspected moments—a gleam of unhallowed mirth which slyly took you into his confidence, notifying you, as it were, not to be taken in by his solemn talk. Some were of opinion that Mr. Carter was a churchman chiefly on his wife's account. He had a profound regard for this estimable lady; as had, indeed, every one who came in contact with her. Only it was a riddle which no one would have undertaken to solve, how she came to marry Mr. Carter. She was small, stout, and rather plain; but the expression of her face was radiant with sweetness and benevolence. There was something almost touching in the innocence of her gaze. She seemed constitutionally incapable of believing evil of any one.

Nothing could be pleasanter than the family life of this strangely assorted couple. They had two daughters, one of whom was grown up, and two sons; and they all seemed very fond of each other. Mrs. Carter treated

her husband with a scrupulous consideration which (to an outsider) seemed a little in excess of his deserts. But he was undeniably an ornamental head of the household; an able, good natured, and genial person; the most indulgent of fathers; and considering the strong infusion of the Old Adam in his nature, he deserved, perhaps, particular credit for his acceptance of the ideal of civic and religious excellence which the rigid conscience of his better half imposed upon him. There was something delightfully humorous, at times, in his submission to her firm but gentle exactions. He went to church twice a day on Sundays; cheerfully, briskly, in the morning; but in the evening droopingly, wearily, with the air of a martyr. He subscribed handsomely to charities, and always could be depended upon, within a reasonable amount, to make up deficiencies in the church funds, when collections fell short. But when, in recognition of Mrs. Carter's unwearied activity in such enterprises, he was elected on the board of trustees of hospitals, missions, and orphan asylums, he sometimes grumbled, but always in the end acquiesced. He had to live up to his wife's conscience. That was one of the inconveniences of having so excellent a wife as he had. Even though he were a Saul among the prophets, he was forced by his constant association with the holy men to assume their standard of speech and conduct, until he actually began to feel like one of them.

And his martyrdom was not without its compensations. All the world accepted him at his wife's estimate, and paid him the honor due a man of such lofty excellence; and she, though she may have suspected the effort it cost him to play the rôle which she forced upon him, loved her own ideal of him, and with unflinching resolution strove to identify him with this ideal. Long before she married, she made up her mind what kind of a husband she wanted; and when the one she got was found to differ in many essential respects from the desired type, she set to work to mold out of the inconvenient material which he presented, the cherished idol of her maidenly imagination. And the marvel of it was that she succeeded. Barring occasional little lapses of speech which savored of the Old Adam (and which Mrs. Carter ignored or with admirable diplomacy misunderstood) he made really a very respectable pillar of society and wore his mask

with a beautiful propriety and resignation.

It was in this charming family that Oliver was made welcome some six months after his arrival in the city. Until then the letters of Minna, which came twice a week, had been his only joy and comfort. They were in the shape of a diary, recording not external events, but the daily and hourly variations in the moods and sentiments of Minna's tender and loving heart. She wrote a small, clear, regular copy-book hand—so very different from the dashing high-shouldered chirography of the society damsel—and not a quarter inch of space did she waste of the precious paper. Oliver felt often shamed and humiliated by the singleness and intensity of her devotion. For he, though he loved her, and meant to marry her, had a dozen other interests in life, besides, and could no more have risen to such heights of feeling than he could have lifted himself by the straps of his boots. It amused and touched him, too, to observe her little efforts to display her intellect—to show that she was, as regards mental gifts, not unworthy of him; and with a sudden kindling of sentiment, he imagined the gentle radiance of her trustful blue eyes, as she penned this passage or that, intended to impress him with her claims to intellectual superiority.

The letters he wrote her in return were pitched in an entirely different key. He expatiated upon his worldly prospects and the work of the office; and made sage observations on the social and political life of the city, which Minna was sorely tempted to publish anonymously, because it seemed a pity to her that such brilliant projects for reform, betraying so much practical wisdom, should be lost to humanity. She felt, indeed, deeply honored and yet grieved at being the only recipient of these sagacious disquisitions; but, then, she had no chance of reading the metropolitan newspapers, and could not judge to what extent Oliver was indebted to *The Evening Post*. In fact, she did not soon forgive her father, when, after having read a portion of one of Oliver's letters, which had appeared to her particularly brilliant, he advised against publication, without, however, impugning the writer's originality.

The richness of the furniture and decorations in the Carter house was quite a revelation to Oliver. He never dreamed that even kings lived in such magnificence. He was determined, however, not to be dazzled, or to betray

a rustic amazement. But, insensibly, his view of life was changed; and his imagination conjured up pictures of the future, far more resplendent than those which had formerly satisfied his ambition. To marry Minna and move into a modest little flat in Harlem, as soon as his salary warranted such an enterprise, seemed to him now suicidal. What would he ever amount to then? He had seen hundreds of such gentlemen of modest ambitions and he did not envy them their lot.

Miss Madeline Carter once had told him that she regarded a man whose income at thirty was less than ten thousand dollars, as a failure. And Miss Madeline had such a clear-cut, high-bred face, and such a fine sense of all that was vulgar that it was impossible not to be influenced by her opinion. She scarcely saw Oliver at all, when he first took his place as a guest at their dinner table; and she seemed for a long time to be afflicted with some infirmity of vision which made him all but invisible to her. But when inadvertently he tucked his napkin under his collar, he detected a little scornful smile which curled just perceptibly her lips, and grew a trifle more pronounced when, in hot confusion, he pulled it out again. He sat as on needles and pins during all that meal, fearing lest he should commit some breach of etiquette that might provoke that uncomfortable smile. His shoes, too, which had appeared to him particularly nice when he bought them ready made, on Sixth Avenue, became a source of discomfort to him as soon as he had risen from the table, because he saw her glance rest upon them for a moment; and he knew instantly, though her expression was non-committal, that they were not *comme il faut*.

It would never have been credited by Oliver's friends in Traversville, among whom he had been a chieftain and leader, that a young girl who, so far, had simply ignored him could, by her unspoken criticism, make him writhe like a tortured worm. But such was, nevertheless, the fact. He told himself a hundred times that it was a matter of no earthly consequence what Miss Carter thought of him; but no sooner did he find himself in Miss Carter's presence, than every thing withered into insignificance except the question whether she approved or disapproved of him. As soon as he had made his bow to her, he knew by some subtle instinct whether his necktie, his trowsers, his coat, and his shoes were good form; and as a rule, he departed

from this silent ordeal with a crushing and maddening sense of his deficiencies. He did not dare to pull out his handkerchief, when she was in the room for fear she should find it "rural"; and a certain fearless "fling" in his bearing which had been much admired in Traversville he now perceived to be quite "uncivilized."

It was of no use for him to study the dress and manners of Mr. Carter; for both were so individual, so inherent in the personality to which they belonged, as to be beyond any one's power to imitate. Young Lathrop Carter who had recently graduated at Yale, and was now learning the publishing business, Oliver might, perhaps, have studied with greater profit; but Lathrop was, in his way, a scarcely less dazzling phenomenon than his father. All that he wore had a stamp of preciousness and peculiar style—as if it had been made and imported especially for Lathrop Carter, Esq., and for no one else under the sun. Oliver had sense enough to see that (apart from pecuniary considerations) he would have made himself ridiculous if he had attempted to copy this fastidious young gentleman. The discomfort of feeling himself, in any sense inferior—an experience so cruelly new to Oliver—aroused a fierce ambition in him to rise, rise, rise, no matter what sacrifices it cost, what labor, what vigils, what strained exertion. When he had risen to some eminence, gained power and influence, then, he flattered himself, he would practice the doctor's altruistic philosophy and become a blessing to his kind. In the restricted little sphere of a clerkship, what could he do that would be of the least consequence to anybody? What philosophy could he practice except that sordid stoicism which dispenses with every thing which makes life worth having?

Thus reasoned Oliver when a year's association with the Carter family had made havoc among his old convictions. He began to regard his old teacher (to whom he was yet deeply attached) as an impractical enthusiast; and from the height of his urban experience he looked down upon him with kindly compassion.

CHAPTER V.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

By the cumulative effect of his wife's charities Mr. Sutherland Carter had become a lay dignitary in one of the most fashionable

churches of the city. Oliver, having commenced to attend this church, gradually formed acquaintances and associations there, and ended by applying for membership. It would have been difficult to analyze the motives which prompted him to take this step, for they were extremely complicated. First of all, he belonged to that denomination by birth and education; secondly, the Carters belonged to this church; and thirdly, the majority of the congregation were just the class of people with whom it would be pleasant and profitable to become associated. His president, Mr. Cyrus Carter, always gave him an approving nod when he met him in the aisle and sometimes stopped to shake hands with him and ask some personal question.

He had, indeed, never neglected an opportunity to gain this man's favor; and he had on several occasions been praised for the conscientious thoroughness with which he did his work. He saw with satisfaction that he was beginning to be looked upon as a man of ability, who could safely be trusted with important work, demanding delicacy and discretion. Three times in as many years his salary was raised, without solicitation on his part, and he began to see the possibility of a career opening before him. He might some day—who could know?—be a railroad magnate like Mr. Cyrus Carter, wielding millions upon millions, and having an army of men under his control. Whatever might be the road to this dizzy eminence, Oliver meant to pursue it, and he felt within himself the ability to wield this power beneficently and for the welfare of society.

It was while these ambitious dreams were filling Oliver's brain that an incident occurred which had much to do in shaping his future. He had accompanied Mrs. Sutherland Carter to an evening service in the church, and had listened for half an hour or more to a missionary's account of his trials in China, when one of the ushers tapped him on the shoulder and handed him Mr. Sutherland Carter's card, upon which a few words were scrawled in pencil. Oliver rose, excused himself to Mrs. Carter, and descended into the Sunday-school room below, where a meeting was being held of the governing body of the church.

"Oh, Mr. Tappan," said Mr. Carter, "would you kindly act as clerk or secretary *pro tem* of this meeting? Our secretary has failed to put in an appearance. I am just C-July."

informed that he was suddenly taken ill."

Oliver signified his willingness, and Carter put a motion, authorizing his presence as secretary *pro tem*, which was unanimously carried. An animated debate had evidently been in progress as he entered, and was promptly resumed as he took his seat at the table.

"The question is," observed the Reverend Dr. Gunn, the chairman of the meeting, "on Mr. Carter's motion to elect Mr. Silas Slosson to the vacant treasurership of this church."

Mr. Slosson was a notorious political corruptionist who had been charged with grave offenses, but had taken no steps to clear his reputation. It was understood that he sought the treasurership as a vindication, and meant to use it, in the approaching campaign, as an endorsement of his character on the part of the church of which he had long been a member. Oliver, who like every one else knew that an innocent man does not set about vindicating his good name in the way Mr. Slosson had chosen, scarcely could believe his own eyes, when he saw the elegant and moral Mr. Carter rise and urge his colleagues to "strengthen the church" by bestowing a conspicuous honor upon a man, the badness of whose character was so notorious.

"Mr. Slosson," the publisher was saying, as he fixed his quizzical gaze upon the reverend chairman, "is a man justly prominent in public life, and we all know that no man, situated as he is, will escape calumny. The gospel teaches us to be wily as serpents and harmless as doves; and if Mr. Slosson has taken the former part of this injunction more to heart than the latter, it is only because in a world as bad as this is, self-preservation demands it. We are none of us particularly harmless, I fancy—when it comes to that; and we ought to make allowance for the corrupt condition of politics in this country—for which Mr. Slosson is not responsible any more than I or you. I believe in standing by your friends when they are under fire, and Mr. Slosson would at this particular time, when he is under fire, appreciate the action which I have proposed on the part of his brethren in the church, because it would (to some extent) silence the voices of calumny and restore confidence in the party, of whose noble principles he is so conspicuous an exponent."

An elderly gentleman named Farrell jumped

up in a pugnacious manner and in an excited voice expressed his dissent from Mr. Carter's sentiments. He thought it was easy to go too far in every thing. Charity and forbearance were good things, but the church of God could not afford to be charitable toward wickedness. If the church bestowed its honors upon men of Mr. Slosson's stamp, it would certainly have the look of an endorsement of the style of morality he was known to practice. He thought it would have a bad effect upon the young men of the country if the church took that attitude. If morality had nothing to do with public affairs, why, then, people would soon begin to claim exemption from the antiquated tyranny of the Ten Commandments in private affairs, too. It was impossible to keep your public and your private morals separate and distinct, in watertight compartments. If the nation was politically corrupt and allowed its public affairs to be corruptly administered without protest, it would sooner or later accept the same standard of morality for its private relations also. And when that time came, there would be an end of liberty and popular government. Could the church afford to justify the taunts of its enemies by lowering the standard of rectitude among men, and for the sake of worldly advantage blinking at turpitude in high places—nay, singling it out for distinction?

Mr. Farrell worked himself up to a high pitch of excitement as he went on; and shook his finger threateningly at Mr. Carter, who sat amiably smiling and dangling the seals on his watch-chain. But when the vehement orator had resumed his seat, the publisher leaned over toward the chairman and whispered:

"If Slosson had been of Farrell's party, it would have been all right. He would then have struck up quite a different tune."

Dr. Gunn nodded smilingly and begged Mr. Carter to take the chair, while he made some pertinent remarks. He was a tall, robust man with a clean-shaven face and a pair of keen black eyes. He had been a captain of artillery during the war, was now the chaplain of one of the most fashionable militia regiments, and carried himself with a brisk aggressiveness and *aplomb* which was military rather than clerical. He had a loud, unmodulated, and rather brassy voice which exploded in your ears like a series of pistol shots. He was wont to boast that he

preached to more money than any other clergyman in New York; and a morning paper which agreed with him in regarding this as a title to distinction had roughly estimated that he preached to fifteen hundred millions. He had a knack of appealing successfully to the financial conscience; and his brethren of the cloth envied him the ease with which he raised large sums of money for all sorts of worthy purposes.

It was this gentleman who undertook to answer Mr. Farrell's objections to Mr. Slosson's election to the treasurer'ship. Man was necessarily imperfect here below, he said; if he were not, what would be the need of salvation? Christ came to call sinners, not the righteous, to repentance. It was the sinner who needed the church, rather than the righteous. But he was far from admitting that Brother Slosson was so black a sinner as Brother Farrell had depicted him. He knew Brother Slosson well, and had the highest regard for him. He always had found him ready and willing to support all worthy causes; he knew no man more generous with his money than Silas Slosson. He thought many other members of the church might profit by his example. The charges affecting his character had never been proved, and as they emanated from his enemies he thought Mr. Slosson was justified in ignoring them. If a public man were to begin a libel suit against every newspaper which charged him with crime, he would accomplish very little else. And Mr. Slosson's counsel was too valuable to his party, and to society at large, to allow him to notice the spiteful yelps of a degraded and partisan press.

The reverend gentleman spoke for half an hour in this strain, and when the vote finally was taken, it was found to be overwhelmingly in Mr. Slosson's favor.

When Oliver walked home that evening in Mr. and Mrs. Carter's company he could scarcely refrain from expressing his astonishment at the action taken by the venerable body. He had heard Dr. Habicht refer to Silas Slosson a hundred times as a curse to his country, as a corrupter of the ballot, an incarnation of all the most dangerous tendencies in present American politics; and to see him now honored by the religious body to which he belonged, was a shock to the young man, and confused his ideas of right and wrong.

"I was rather surprised, sir," he said at last to Mr. Carter, "to hear you take such a favorable view of Mr. Slosson."

"My dear fellow," answered Carter with a glance full of lurking deviltry, "you are very young yet; and you will see a good many surprising things before you shuffle off this mortal coil."

"But would you mind telling me," Oliver interjected, "whether you believe Mr. Slosson to be an upright and honorable man?"

"Upright and honorable? Well, that is very much as you happen to take it. I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Slosson is a mighty smart man, and he is a very rich man, too; how rich nobody knows or will know until he is dead. Then, as Dr. Gunn said, he is a whole-souled, useful, and generous man; and granting those virtues, we can afford to overlook some things which, perhaps, are not wholly to his credit. We have all done things which it would have been better for us if we had left undone; and Slosson is probably no exception in that respect."

Oliver went home in a state of hopeless confusion that night, after having taken leave of Mr. and Mrs. Carter. He evidently had been a good deal of a greenhorn; and very likely Mr. Carter was now smiling at his innocence. The standard of honor and rectitude which Dr. Habicht had impressed upon him was evidently "quixotic" and incapable of application in the world, as it was once made. Even the church had apparently repudiated it as impractical. Had not Mr. Carter told him that it was impolitic to inquire too closely into the record of a rich man whose good-will could be made useful in a thousand ways? What did his morals concern you, as long as his money and influence could be utilized for the cause which you had at heart? The world was dancing now, as in the ancient days, about the Golden Calf, worshipping the graven image, and laughing at the wrath of the "impractical" enthusiast Moses, who smashed the tablets of the law because men insisted upon taking them in a Pickwickian sense. How degrading this worship was, how it crippled the mind, narrowed and contracted its horizon, and made it incapable of nobler pleasures, Oliver no longer felt half as acutely as he had two years ago. It struck him that whenever he happened to overhear the conversation of two men on the street it was always of buying and selling that they spoke. Fig-

ures and financial terms, coupled with the names of certain railroads and other corporations, buzzed about his ears all day long; and he began gradually to see that if he meant to beat in this game, he must engage in it with the same zeal and zest as the rest.

He had made but one visit to Traversville since he took up his residence in New York; and he had made it shorter than he intended, because, after the first couple of days, he had been a trifle bored by the doctor's philosophic discourses, to which, formerly, he had listened with eager interest; and even Minna's adoration, sweet as it was, was becoming a little bit monotonous. She was a dear good girl (and remarkably pretty, too, though not half as *distingué* as Miss Carter) and he was very fond of her and meant to marry her as soon as he was rich enough to cut something of a figure in the world. In his heart of hearts there lurked, however, a little regret that she had not a little more style and "presence," was not more stately and impressive in her manner and bearing. He shuddered at the thought of presenting her as his wife to Miss Carter, and knew the supercilious judgment which the latter would pass upon her, as well as if he had heard it actually spoken. He foresaw, too, Minna's mortification, and the pain which was in store for her when she should discover her social shortcomings of which she had now not the remotest suspicion.

Another cause of annoyance to Oliver during his visit in Traversville was the doctor's perpetual praises of Ferdinand, who was now a student in Berlin and, according to his own account, was astonishing the academic authorities by his brilliancy and acumen. The father insisted upon reading all his letters to Oliver, and was displeased when the latter failed to grow enthusiastic over the prospects of his former friend and comrade. The doctor even suspected Oliver of jealousy when he gave his brief non-committal answers to his panegyrics. The fact was, Oliver recognized in these letters the same vain, selfish, and deceitful braggart whom he had always known; and he pitied the father for being so completely imposed upon by the transparent mendacity of the son. He saw plainly the object in this eloquent beating about the bush, which was money, money, and always money. Ferdinand was obviously having a very good time, and had much to tell about the distinguished people with whom he asso-

ciated. But in order to cut a proper figure among such lofty personages (whose acquaintance in the course of time would secure him a brilliant career) he needed a larger allowance than his father so far had seen fit to grant him. All this seemed to the good doctor most reasonable, and he skimmed in his own clothes and those of his wife and daughter, and finally also in their food, in the hope of advancing the prospects of his gifted son. He took more work, sat up later at night, translated trashy novels (which he detested), simply for the money they brought, and rejoiced all the while with a sublime unselfishness in the thought that he was preparing a happy and splendid future for Ferdinand.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRUCIAL TEST.

It was in the sixth year of his sojourn in the city that Mr. Cyrus Carter, the president, called Oliver into his private office and requested him to take a seat. Mr. Cyrus Carter was a somewhat severe and methodical man, who rarely thought or spoke of any thing but business. The highest virtue, in his opinion, was what he called "business habits." He valued men according to their financial standing, and respected them in accordance with the weight of their names upon the back of a note. How they had made their wealth was of no consequence to him, as long as they had it well invested. It was said of him that his financial judgment was better than that of any other man in New York; and that, since his thirtieth year, he had never made an unprofitable investment. He was a director in several banks and corporations, and his name was a tower of strength in all enterprises, the success of which, depended upon the confidence of the public.

In personal appearance Mr. Cyrus Carter was not particularly impressive. He was smaller than his brother, the publisher, of slighter build, and less genial in his manner. His face was shrewd, with thin pinched lips, straight sharp nose, small grayish-blue eyes, and scant gray side-whiskers. His expression was discontented and severe (as if he suffered from dyspepsia), and in his bearing there was something precise and distant which discouraged approach.

"Mr. Tappan," he said to Oliver, as the

latter somewhat hesitatingly took his seat, "I want to tell you that I have acquired a high idea of your business ability; and my brother, I may perhaps add, is of the same opinion."

"It is very kind of you to say so, sir," replied Oliver.

Mr. Carter stood for some moments in silence, warming his back by the open fire in the grate.

"Mr. Tappan," he continued, fixing his cold gray gaze upon the younger man, "I may as well tell you that I believe you to be a person of discretion."

"I am very glad to have your good opinion, sir, and if you ever have occasion to test my discretion, I dare say I shall justify your expectations."

The president looked a trifle startled at so elaborate a reply; but it was uttered in a manly and confident tone which pleased him. This Tappan was evidently more of a man than he had given him credit for. He had taken him to be a useful and reliable tool, a safe and methodical piece of machinery which fitted well in the rather inconspicuous place to which he had assigned him. But he discovered now, as he stood face to face with him, that he had the possibilities in him for far ampler spheres of usefulness. It was this his brother Sutherland had repeatedly asserted; and for once Mr. Cyrus Carter was inclined to agree with his brother Sutherland.

"There is rather a delicate little piece of business in connection with the road," he began, "which I may conclude to intrust to you, if you are willing to undertake it."

"I am much gratified at your confidence in my ability," Oliver answered promptly. "May I inquire of what nature the business is?"

"In case you should decline to undertake it—a possibility which I scarcely can conceive of—have I your word of honor that you will regard this conversation as confidential?"

"Certainly. You may rely upon my discretion."

The railroad president seated himself in a capacious leather-covered chair and began to rummage among the papers on his desk.

"I want you to go to Washington," he said, without looking at Oliver, "and represent me—as it were—look out for the interests of the road."

He drew out one drawer after another, as if in a vain search for some letter or document,

and spoke in an abstracted and preoccupied manner. Oliver followed his motions with his eyes and grew a trifle uneasy.

"My brother tells me you are a good judge of men," Mr. Carter continued, finding at last the paper he was seeking; "he credits you, in fact, with unusual shrewdness and business tact. My brother, as you know, is largely interested in this road and his recommendation naturally has weight. Now, do you feel sufficient confidence in yourself to undertake a mission of the kind I have indicated?"

"What would my duties be, sir?" asked Oliver, suppressing the eagerness which he felt. For he saw instantly that if he could make himself useful to the road in so important a sphere as was here opened to him, his career was secured and his fortune was made.

The president hesitated for a moment before he answered.

"You would be expected to take charge of—of—our Congressional business," he said with the same dry incidental manner; "that is to say, in all matters of consequence, you would act directly under my instructions."

A light began to dawn upon Oliver; he began to comprehend what was expected of him.

"All disbursements incident upon legislation would be made through you," Mr. Carter continued, "and a large amount of money would be placed to your credit."

He paused again, and fixed a scrutinizing glance on his listener's face.

"Our present agent, Mr. Halsey, has not given satisfaction," he went on somewhat more guardedly; "we have learned that his habits are not good, and we can use no one but a man of high principles and good morals."

Oliver became a trifle mystified at this announcement, and his transparent features reflected his perplexity.

"There are a number of measures that come up before Congress which directly affect our interests," declared Mr. Carter, seeing the necessity of being explicit, "and if we did not keep a sharp look out, the company would be wrecked inside of a year. We have at present a bill of our own, presented by the Honorable Hamilton Runkle, which it is of the utmost importance to have passed before the end of the session."

There was now no longer any room for misunderstanding. The position which was offered him was that of a Congressional lob-

byist; and his duties would be to bribe Congressmen by direct and indirect means, in the interest of the railroad company. His first impulse was to rise and indignantly repel the assault upon his honor. But just as the honest wrath was fermenting within him, a still small voice of prudence whispered in his ear, warning him of all that was at stake. If he offended the president by declining the proffered mission, he cut off his career once for all, as far as this company was concerned. And very likely his altruistic morality was too high-flown and unpractical, and would only wreck his prospects instead of advancing them. Mr. Sutherland Carter, who was a very religious man, had told him that in so many words. A man could not afford to set up a higher standard of morals than the majority of his fellow-citizens, the genial publisher had asserted; because if he did he would simply "get left" in the race, and be trampled down in the fierce struggle for existence. He must take the world as he found it, and make the best of it. If he saw through the shams which surrounded him, he ought to be wise enough to hold his tongue; for it was highly impolitic to play the prophet and take the world to task for its foibles and follies. If he meant to succeed, he ought to be conveniently blind, where blindness was expected of him, and pitch his voice and his conscience to the key of the company among whom he found himself.

These reflections darted through the young man's mind as he sat struggling with the fateful resolution. The cold gray gaze of the railroad president made him very uncomfortable. It affected him almost like a nightmare, which, however much he writhed, he could not shake off.

"Permit me, Mr. President," he said at last, rising with great effort, "to take my leave without giving an immediate answer. I need a day or two to reflect upon so momentous a resolution. I need not assure you that I am greatly flattered by the confidence you have shown me."

"Very well," Mr. Carter responded, leaning again over the desk and dipping his pen in an inkstand. "I may say, however, that it is not often so young a man as you has a chance to refuse such an offer."

He was obviously disappointed at Oliver's hesitation and could not refrain from showing his chagrin.

"I have not refused," Oliver made haste

to rejoin, "but I wish to consider this question in all its bearings, before I reply."

"Very well; only don't be too long about it. I shall expect your decision the day after tomorrow."

He nodded carelessly over his shoulder to his subordinate, as he backed out of the door. The floor seemed to be undulating under Oliver's feet, as he walked back through the long series of stately offices to the desk which, since his last promotion, had been assigned to him. But he found it impossible to concentrate his mind upon his work. His thoughts went flying off on all sorts of wild excursions. He seemed to be groping his way among irreconcilable contradictions which grew more perplexing the more he pondered them. Should he renounce his ambition, and merely strive to live a good and honorable life (according to the old-fashioned New England idea of honor), and be content with the modest lot of a clerk or a country merchant, or should he seize the present opportunity to rise in the world and gratify his ambition at the expense of his conscience and self-respect? That was, perhaps, a crude way of putting it; but it was, after all, what it amounted to.

Without having accomplished any thing, Oliver left the office at five o'clock and after having dined at a restaurant, betook himself to Mr. Sutherland Carter's house. He had then about made up his mind to decline the Washington mission, and seek employment with some other company as soon as a chance presented itself. He felt a glow of virtuous satisfaction at this determination; and imagined (for we all have such surreptitious reflections) what a hero he would appear to Minna, when he told her, in strict confidence, of course, what he might have been by this time, if he had consented to compromise his honor. And yet, Oliver had fought a hard fight, which had cost him self-denial and pain, and he had, as he thought, won an honest victory. But somehow he dreaded to be alone with himself, for fear of having the question opened again, and the distressing debate renewed. It was, therefore, he sought the house where he was always sure of a cordial welcome.

He sent in his card, and was informed that Mr. and Mrs. Carter were at a dinner party but that Miss Madeline would receive him. In the door he met a middle-aged gentleman with rather a striking face, and wondered at

the strange familiarity of his features. He noticed, too, a certain lack of style in his clothes, and a total absence of that starch and pronounced fashionableness which characterized most visitors to the Carter mansion. Miss Madeline rose rather stiffly and extended a soft and slender hand which Oliver respectfully pressed. He was quite overcome at such friendliness; for it was the first time he could remember that she had shown him so marked a favor. It was obvious that she expected him to appreciate it, for she held herself and every thing that appertained to herself exceedingly precious.

Her tall, slim figure had a certain aristocratic rigidity, which was emphasized by the aloofness of her manner and cold regularity of her delicate features. A small, dry, formal soul expressed itself in her clear, precise voice, altogether destitute of sweet intonations, in her hard blue eyes, her low forehead, and her dignified, somewhat self-conscious bearing. Handsome she was, according to the ordinary standard; but it was a kind of beauty which appealed only to the eyes, but did not warm the heart. You could see that she had no mental outlook; she saw things with extreme vividness within her own circumscribed horizon; but those things which were beyond this horizon she not only did not believe in, but she denied their existence. She knew that the Carters were people of enormous consequence; and she conceded, in a general way, that the Jays, and the Stuyvesants, and the Schuylers were also people of consequence. She had an exceedingly fine scent, as regards social distinctions, and at the first glance put a person down unerringly in the class where he or she belonged. But beyond a few primary principles of this sort, which she applied with relentless rigor, Miss Carter's mind was not abundantly equipped.

Oliver Tappan was by no means blind to Miss Madeline's limitations, but for all that, she impressed him as such a superior being that she seemed exalted above criticism. Nay, he found himself actually admiring in her what in any one else he would have condemned. Her standard of judgment was so absolutely unyielding that he found himself, in her presence, thinking as she thought, judging as she judged. All that she disbelieved in (and she disbelieved in all that he had been taught to regard as the noblest part of life) had no existence to him, as long as he was

under the spell of her cold blue eyes. And as he entered the sumptuously furnished parlor, on that fateful evening to which I have referred, and pressed Madeline's hand, a sneaking doubt stole into his heart as to whether he had decided wisely with reference to the Washington mission, and he secretly congratulated himself that his decision was not irrevocable.

Oliver seated himself deferentially, and they talked for some minutes about the weather and the latest social events. When these topics were exhausted, Miss Carter remarked wearily:

"These literary men are such terrible bores. Did you notice the man who went out, just as you came in?"

"Yes," Oliver replied with animation, "his face seemed very familiar."

"Do you know who it was?"

"No."

Miss Carter mentioned the name of a well-known popular novelist who rejoiced in a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Why, to be sure," cried Oliver, "I have seen his picture in the photograph shops and in the magazines. I would have given a great deal to meet him."

"Then I wish you had come a little earlier, for I would have given a great deal to get rid of him."

Oliver felt as if he had had a slap straight in the face.

"Surely," he said, in some confusion, "we are not speaking of the same person. I refer to —, the author of 'Madame Gravelotte.'"

"So do I. He came here with a letter of introduction from Mrs. Winthrop Duncan. I cannot comprehend how a lady of good family, like Mrs. Duncan, can take it into her head to send me such impossible people."

"But he is a very celebrated man," Oliver observed, unwilling to be put down so summarily.

"That may be; but he is not in our set. Only think of it, he called on me in a frock coat, though it is after dinner!"

The time was not very remote in Oliver's life when he would have been capable of such an enormity; but for all that he was duly impressed with the heinousness of the novelist's offense.

"But in a man of his genius," he ventured to remonstrate, "one might pardon shortcomings of that sort; I suppose a man who

has his brain full of ideas necessarily bestows less thought upon his toilet than a man who makes society his only business."

"Genius!" ejaculated Miss Carter with a fine sneer, "that is the excuse that is always put forward for men of doubtful antecedents and Bohemian habits. If a man has genius he can make no better use of it than by conforming to the proprieties; and if he has not enough genius to do that, I would rather dispense with his acquaintance."

A surreptitious reflection here darted through the young man's mind, that he was himself peculiarly favored in having the privilege of Miss Carter's acquaintance. You may say, perhaps, that he was weak in permitting himself to be infected with her snob-bishness; but you must remember that he was country-bred, and had for five years gradually been imbued with the social ideals which prevailed among this young lady's surroundings. She was the most dazzling creature he had ever beheld, and (however much he fought against her influence) her calm, unwavering judgments, narrow and ignorant though they were, had to him an air of lofty authority which made them irresistible. The novelist whom he had admired, lost a good deal of his prestige on account of his frock coat—and an indefinable flavor of shabbiness and inferiority (imparted by Madeline's sneers) hung forever afterward about his name in Oliver's memory. But he was neither the first nor the last of Oliver's idols which Madeline shattered.

He was still a trifle put out and trying ineffectually to assert his old convictions, when the servant entered with a card on a silver tray.

"Tell the gentleman I shall be happy to see him," said Miss Carter; and as the door opened, she advanced to shake hands with the most insignificant little man that Oliver had ever beheld.

"My dear Mr. Grosvenor," she exclaimed with an animation which contrasted strikingly with her former languid toleration, "this is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure. I had an idea you were cruising about with your yacht somewhere at the antipodes."

"Very good of you, I'm sure, Miss Carter," responded the little man in a jerky, incoherent manner. "Really, you're very kind, I'm sure."

How providence could ever have endowed a human biped with so rapid and absurd a

physiognomy, without entirely spoiling the human likeness, became to Oliver an interesting problem. A broad blond bang, cut straight across a low and narrow forehead, a shapeless little snub nose, a pair of amiably vacuous blue eyes, and a semi-invisible yellow line on the upper lip, intended for a mustache—all united in an expression of harmonious insignificance which no art could have surpassed. Miss Carter, however, assumed an air of respectful attention to this grotesque manikin, and beamed encouragingly on him whenever he managed to utter an intelligible and coherent sentence. She forgot, apparently, Oliver's presence, but observing that he did not take his leave, as she had hoped, she had no choice but to introduce him to Mr. Grosvenor. The latter jerked up his elbow to an angle of ninety degrees, as he shook hands, and with the monocle in his eye stared at the New Englander with mild impertinence.

"I should fancy Egypt would be a delightful country to travel in," Miss Carter remarked, when the ceremony of introduction was finished.

"Yas, awfully jolly country—really quite jolly," Grosvenor replied with his squeaky voice which ineffectually strove to imitate the English drawl.

"What interested you most of all, if I may ask, Mr. Grosvenor? I should imagine those grand ancient temples alone would be worth the journey."

"Yas,—exactly," the vapid youth replied; "awfully jolly temples, mummies and sphinxes, and that sort of thing. The pyramids, too, are quite jolly, and the Pharaohs, and that sort of thing."

"And how far did you go up the Nile?"

"Well—I didn't go very far up. Those fellows, you know, are a beastly lot; made us an awful lot of trouble. At the first cataract, I thought they'd tear me to pieces; nasty customers to deal with; so I turned back, and sailed to Greece."

"That must have been charming!"

"Yas—quite charming. Jolly country—Greece; temples and ruins, and that sort of thing. But the people—they are a nasty lot—awfully dirty. Beastly accommodations; fleas, and that sort of thing."

In this strain Mr. Grosvenor continued to describe all the countries he had visited. He had noticed nothing except that which affected his personal comfort. He had apparently

but one adjective of commendation, which was "jolly," and two of condemnation, viz., "beastly" and "nasty." He had somehow derived the impression that all these words had a delightfully English flavor, and he had not sense enough to observe how ridiculous he made himself by their constant repetition. Oliver who knew what an effort it cost Madeline to unbend and how rarely she thought it worth while to be effusively amiable, was fairly amazed at her flattering deference and cordiality to this queer little specimen of a man; and he puzzled his brain ineffectually to find a clue to the mystery. When finally the visitor had taken his departure, he determined to satisfy himself as to the reason of her anomalous behavior. Society, he had ascertained, was full of mysteries to the uninitiated; and very likely it would turn out that the late visitor was a particularly blue-blooded Knickerbocker of a particularly distinguished revolutionary ancestry. He was, however, spared the trouble of questioning Madeline; she was so aglow with elation at this visit that she fairly overflowed with communicativeness.

"You evidently don't know who that gentleman was," she remarked, seeing that Oliver was not duly impressed with his importance.

"No, I don't know that I ever heard of him."

"Never heard of him! Never heard of John Singleton Grosvenor!"

"No. What has he done?"

"Done? Why, he hasn't done any thing, that I know of; except that he inherited the great Grosvenor estate—which is worth six or seven millions, at the very least."

"But—but—pardon me, Miss Carter, if I shock you. Is that young man—what shall I say?—quite normal?—Isn't he just a little bit—foolish? That was, at all events, the way he impressed me."

"Foolish!" exclaimed Madeline, "foolish! Did you say Mr. Grosvenor impressed you as being foolish?"

At this moment, just as Oliver feared that he had forever forfeited Miss Madeline's friendship, Mr. and Mrs. Carter entered, in the genial and expansive frame of mind induced by a choice and delightful dinner.

"Are you two people quarreling?" cried Mr. Carter, cordially grasping the young man's hand. "What is the trouble? Come, make a clean breast of it."

"Mr. Grosvenor has been calling here,

papa," his daughter explained, with an injured air; "and Mr. Tappan actually asked me whether I didn't think he was foolish?"

Mr. Carter burst into a jolly laugh; and placing himself in front of Oliver looked down upon him with an amused expression.

"Young man," he said, "take this to heart, and engrave it indelibly upon your memory. Six millions are never foolish. Six millions are such a tremendously overwhelming fact as to be exalted above criticism. It, therefore, may be put down as a general proposition that six millions are always wise."

He took Oliver by the arm, and with the most charming familiarity led him into the library.

"I'll tell you one thing, my boy," he began, lighting a cigar and offering the box to his visitor, "it's money rules the world, and you've got to accept the fact. It's no use rebelling against it. That moonshiny nonsense about altruism, or whatever you may call it, is all very well; but it isn't meant for practical use. If a man doesn't look out for himself, I should like to know who else will look out for him. If you have money enough and to spare, why, then you may indulge your philanthropy, if you like; and I maintain that then it is even a good investment. You get it back in honor and reputation for civic spirit, etc. I go in myself for hospitals and orphan asylums and that sort of thing—on a moderate scale; and when you can afford it, I advise you to do the same."

Mr. Carter was in an extremely amiable and talkative mood; and Oliver could not refrain from confiding to him the proposition which had been made to him by the president.

"Well," the publisher observed, blowing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling; "I don't mind telling you that I have had something to do with that business. This is your great chance—which rarely comes to a man more than once. I have great faith in your ability; and I have said as much in the board of directors. This is the moment in your life of which Shakspeare says:

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

You are an extremely level-headed fellow; you have the stuff in you for a millionaire. I don't mind telling you of it; for you probably

know it yourself as well as I do. But you have to pick your way with extreme prudence in the position in which you'll now be placed. Though if you succeed, the reward is simply unlimited."

He was evidently incapable of conceiving of the possibility that Oliver might refuse. He took his consent for granted and impressed upon him the fact that, as he, Mr. Carter, was responsible for his startling promotion, he would also, in case of failure, have to bear the blame of misplaced confidence. He hoped that Oliver would spare him this humiliation.

It was near midnight when Oliver took leave of the amiable publisher; and though the confession of his doubts and scruples was constantly trembling upon his lips, he could not for the life of him summon courage to utter it. It seemed like the blackest ingratitude to his benefactor, who had actually staked his own reputation upon his success.

The next day he was summoned to another interview with the president, and signified to him his acceptance of the proffered position.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNPLEASANT VISITOR.

THAT a man while rising in fortune and the esteem of the world may be sinking spiritually, is no novel proposition. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" asked Christ. What worldly gain can compensate a man for the loss of his soul—not in the world to come, but in this world? For a man may lose his soul, while yet in the midst of human activities. Just as a limb from disuse may wither and become useless, so the spiritual part of man, if its powers and possibilities are never called into action, will lose its vitality and become a barren waste.

This was the fate of our friend Oliver Tappan. He breathed the atmosphere which surrounded him, and like a sneaking miasma it blighted and gradually crippled his spiritual nature, until the latter lost all power to assert itself. He compromised with his conscience in a hundred transactions which would not have borne the light of day; and he was pronounced an unqualified success. His outward appearance underwent a corresponding change. The sense of the power he wielded gave him a self-confidence which was reflected in his bearing. He had the air, now, of a prosperous man of affairs, accustomed to deal with

large questions, and though his business at the capital was an open secret, he was treated with a degree of respect which went far toward soothing his conscience whenever it awoke momentarily from its torpor. He was helping to develop the country, he said to himself; and this was apparently, in the present state of affairs, the only feasible way of doing it. Towns sprang up along the railroads, which, without his Congressional lobbying, would never have been built; and the wilderness blossomed like the rose. Since human nature was corrupt, you had to take it as you found it and use it for your own purposes. He was not responsible for Congressional corruption; he only profited by its existence.

It was by such sophistry that Oliver tried to excuse his lapses from rectitude; but in spite of all his ingenious arguments, an uneasy feeling within him told him how far he was from being convinced by his own reasoning. Sometimes he would wake up in the middle of the night, and the moral hideousness of his course would rise up before him with frightful vividness. The memory of Minna with her guileless innocence would return to him, and he would loathe and despise himself at the thought of his treatment of her. Had he not purposely neglected her in the hope that she would break the engagement with him, which he himself was too cowardly to break? Had he not left her letters unanswered, or answered them in a cold business tone, expecting thereby to sting her into resentment? Her steadfast and tender affection which once had been his joy and comfort, had it not of late become an annoyance, simply because he had begun to cherish an ambitious dream, which, until recently, he would have repelled as an absurdity? He loved Minna yet; and resolved repeatedly to cut the Gordian knot of his perplexities by taking the next train to Traversville and marrying her. But always something occurred to prevent him from carrying out this generous resolve; and more than anything else the thought that Madeline Carter was, perhaps, no longer beyond his reach, mounted like an intoxication to his brain and conjured up alluring visions of power, wealth, and social eminence.

The way he was now received at the Carter mansion showed him plainly that it would be no presumption, on his part, to aspire for the position of son-in-law; and he was worldly

wise enough to know, that, if Madeline accepted him, it would not be because he was her first choice, nor, perhaps, her second, nor her third. Madeline was now about twenty-eight years old; but it must be said, to her credit, that she carried her head as high as ever, and made no undignified advances. There had been much talk about her marrying Mr. John Singleton Grosvenor; but when that, for some inscrutable reason, fell through, she betrayed none of the acute mortification she felt, but lifted her fine nose, if possible, a few degrees higher, and with proud resignation pursued her solitary way. There was to Oliver something so truly high-bred and admirable in the way she bore the loss of the great matrimonial prize, that he sometimes found himself sympathizing with her disappointment, and disinterestedly furious at that ape Grosvenor for having subjected her to the humiliation.

His own wooing, which began in a discreet and unacknowledged way, had, therefore, no sentimental aspect. He did not delude himself with the idea that he could ever make Madeline love him; nor did he feel sure that he would ever love her. He had, to be sure, a very definite feeling for her, but it was wholly unmixed with tenderness. He had admired her, for a long while, as the fox admired the grapes which hung too high; and when he had climbed to an elevation which brought him approximately, at least, on a level with her, the delicacy of her texture and the fineness of her flavor made his mouth water. She would supply something in his life which without her would be utterly unattainable. The finest and subtlest results of civilization she embodied in herself; and socially she would raise any man upon whom she should bestow her precious self. Then, again, she was Sutherland Carter's daughter; and the Carter influence was the predominating one in the Railroad Company. As Sutherland Carter's son-in-law there was no position in the company to which Oliver might not legitimately aspire. Mr. Cyrus Carter had no children, and his brother had more than once hinted that Oliver was in the line of succession when the president (whose health was precarious) should resign.

This was the situation in the beginning of the winter of 1883, when Oliver was seated at his desk in his Washington office, opening his morning mail. There was a letter from Minna, in which she told him that her father

had been very ill with pneumonia, and had not been able to do any thing for several months. What had first prostrated him was a letter from Ferdinand, who, after six years' sojourn at various German universities, had unexpectedly returned to the United States without having obtained any degree. It appeared, Minna innocently remarked, that Ferdinand had not done as well as his father had all the time supposed, and this had nearly broken his heart; for he had always taken such pride in Ferdinand. Her brother had now been at home for several weeks, and he had explained to her that the cause of his failure to take his degree had been the hatred of one of the professors whom he had offended and who had revenged himself by the meanest persecution.

Minna professed to be entirely satisfied with this explanation, and wrote four pages with the pathetic endeavor of exculpating her brother in Oliver's eyes. Here and there the subject of the apology had evidently supplied the language as well as the argument; for the ponderous phrases, which occasionally interrupted Minna's guileless prattle, betrayed too plainly their origin. If the recipient of this epistle had been the same Oliver Tappan as the one who, ten years ago, left his New England home, he would have been touched by the lovely spirit of the writer, by her sisterly zeal and her sweet, womanly gullibility. But, instead of that, Oliver was vaguely annoyed. He perceived plainly that this was a prelude to Ferdinand's descending upon him and asserting the claims which his father had upon his pupil's gratitude. And in this expectation he was not disappointed.

The day after the receipt of Minna's letter, while he was dictating a dispatch to his stenographer, Oliver heard a thick, beery voice in the outer room, apparently remonstrating with the servant. A printed card, somewhat soiled, was handed him, bearing the name

Ferdinand Habicht

and, before he had time to frame an excuse, the owner of the name entered. He was a large, stout man with great fat cheeks covered with a coarse reddish beard, and a shock of stiff hair which stood on end like bristles. His protruding eyes were a trifle bloodshot; and his lips which were thick and intensely red, gave his face a most repulsive expression. The brazen yet jaded look which he turned upon Oliver revealed to the latter the cause of his degradation. Ferdinand had wasted in dis-

sipation these precious years, during which his father had been killing himself with overwork for his sake.

"Hello, old man," he cried, grasping his former comrade's hand, and pressing it with sham cordiality, "you didn't expect me to turn up so soon, did you? Haven't had time to kill the fatted calf, eh? Well, here I am, large as life and twice as natural. And you have got to be a millionaire, I hear; well I envy you your luck; I don't pretend to deny it. I have had beastly bad luck since I saw you last; and what is worst of all, the old man has gone back on me. I suppose the little girl has told you my predicament; so there is no need of particularizing."

"Yes; I heard that you had failed to obtain your degree," observed Oliver unsympathetically.

"Well, you know the reason of that, don't you?" his visitor exclaimed, seating himself comfortably in a chair which creaked under his weight; whereupon he proceeded to relate the story of his wrongs in a loud, grating voice and with vehement gestures.

"The fact is," he concluded, "I'm in a beastly bad fix; and if it were not for this one piece of good luck,—my having a rich man like you for a brother-in-law, I should hardly know where to turn. The old man has positively no money; and I am even told he is in debt to his publishing house, Wm. Carter's Sons, and that they refuse to advance him another dollar. If I had known he was so badly off as that, I should have stayed where I was—where I had friends, at least, and relied upon their helping me into some sort of position.

"Then, as I understand it, you intend henceforth to live on your friends?"

"Well, to some extent, yes. It is not to be denied that I made a huge mistake in returning to this beastly, groveling, mammon-worshipping country, where nothing but money commands respect, and intellect must go a-begging. Let me only tell you what Professor Curtius said to me, when I took leave of him: 'It is a great pity, Herr Habicht,' he said, 'that the German Fatherland, who needs the best of her sons the most, should lose an intellect like yours. For, of course, over there in America, that paradise of shams and humbugs, a man of your attainments, your thorough scholarship and humanistic culture will never be rated at his worth, and he must necessarily feel very much out of

place—be a perpetual exile and an alien.’”

“How did it happen, then, when you had made such a brilliant record that you returned as you did?”

“Well, you know, one has duties toward the land of one’s birth, even if one does not approve of it.”

Oliver gave a snort of impatience and turned about to his desk. After a moment’s deliberation, he took up his pen, and wrote a note. Having finished this, he sealed and directed it and rising handed it to Ferdinand.

“I agree with you,” he said, “that you have made a mistake in returning to this country, and this note will enable you to rectify it. Professor Curtius is right; you will never be appreciated here. Here is a line addressed to the agents of the Hamburg-American Packet Company. It will procure you a first-class passage to Germany, at my expense. I will also direct our correspondents in Hamburg to pay you, on demand, one hundred dollars, on your arrival.”

Ferdinand stared with an expression of comic disgust at his former friend, and was, for a moment, at a loss how to receive the unexpected offer. He understood perfectly that Oliver did not believe a word of what he had told him, and that nothing he could say or do would impose upon him.

“Look here, Oliver,” he said, in a changed tone, as if throwing all pretense to the winds, “you are—what shall I say—you are—deucedly prompt. If you are so anxious to get rid of me, won’t you give me that amount of money, in cash, now, instead of sending me to Hamburg to draw it?”

“No, you must excuse me. I am very busy this morning; and I have no more time to waste. My offer will remain open to you for a month. Good morning.”

He pressed an electric button which summoned the stenographer, and began to dictate a letter, while Ferdinand, utterly dumfounded, lingered at the door, as if unable to comprehend the situation.

“Oh, Oliver,” he began once or twice; but receiving no reply, he swore a tremendous oath and walked out in high dudgeon.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE AND AMBITION.

THE pretext which Oliver, in his baser moments, had sought for breaking his engagement with Minna, Ferdinand supplied him.

For several months this importunate and semi-disreputable “brother-in-law elect” made his life miserable, becoming constantly more insolent, and talking in a fashion which was calculated to injure his prestige in the capital. He took every chance acquaintance into his confidence and entertained him with the story of his wrongs, a whole chapter of which was now devoted to his ungrateful friend, the railroad magnate Oliver Tappan, whom Ferdinand’s father, Dr. Habicht, had literally picked up out of the gutter, educated at his own expense, and launched in life by letters of introduction to influential friends in New York. These tales, half fact and half fiction, began to find their way into the papers. Washington correspondents of Western and metropolitan journals picked them up eagerly, embellished them with many a dramatic touch, and pointed an effective moral regarding the character of railroad magnates in general. It was becoming a very serious business to Oliver; and bitter though the pill was to swallow, he soon saw that he had no choice but to conciliate Ferdinand. If the wretch had lied out and out, he could have sued him for libel, and branded him as a blackmailer. But Ferdinand had been clever enough to mix truth and falsehood in just that fatal proportion which makes denial and avowal equally impossible. He was vaguely aware what tremendous interests were at stake for Oliver, and he was, therefore, not in the least surprised when one evening a messenger arrived at his obscure boarding place, summoning him to the house of the great lobbyist.

There, in a brief, pointed, and extremely business-like interview Ferdinand coolly and insolently framed his demands, and Oliver, pale with anger, after some bargaining acceded to every one of them. Only, instead of handing over the cash personally, he persuaded his persecutor to transfer his claims to Uncle Sam. In other words, he proposed to obtain for Ferdinand an appointment as United States consul in a large Mediterranean port; and pledged himself to use all his influence in his behalf. If he failed—though such a contingency was scarcely worth considering—he would procure him an office “equally as good” in the custom house or the revenue service.

Having fulfilled this disagreeable duty, which had cost him many wakeful nights, Oliver persuaded himself to believe that he

had discharged all his indebtedness to the family of Dr. Habicht. He was now "quits" and there was no reason why he should remain bound by a rash, youthful engagement which had long been as a mill-stone about his neck. Mammon had now gotten so firm a clutch on him that he could not shake off its yoke, even though he sometimes despised himself for carrying it. He knew that he was breaking Minna's heart—as true and faithful a heart as ever beat—but he consoled himself with the reflection that he had long prepared her for the blow, and it could not, therefore, be unexpected. For a straightforward and upright man, as he always had prided himself on being, he was engaged in a rather shabby line of business—such was the secret reflection, of which no amount of self-apologetic sophistry could rid him—and the way he perspired and groaned over that dreadful letter, which seemed base and brutal, in spite of all the ingenuity of language, made him almost despair of finishing it to his satisfaction. And when finally he had framed his lame defense and duly made capital out of Ferdinand's persecution, his heart was on the point of failing him, and he knew that if he read the epistle again from the beginning, he would never summon courage to send it. In guilty haste he sealed the envelop, rang for a servant and experienced a sense of relief, as soon as it was beyond his power to recall it.

He was a silly sentimentalist, after all, he said to himself, since he could have allowed that piece of boyish folly to stand for so many years in the way of his advancement. And all the foolish, high-flown theories which in those days he had cherished—what had become of them? He had meant to conquer fame as an altruistic statesman—and a very curious figure he would have cut in the Congress of the United States in such a capacity. And now, instead of that, he was actually preying upon society, profiting by its corruptness. He was diverting the proceeds of the labor of the many for the benefit of a few greedy and rapacious capitalists. He was doing the very opposite of what he had set out to do, and there seemed to be an irony of fate in the completeness of the contrast between the aspiration of his youth and his manhood's performance. There were times when his better self awoke, and he was filled with loathing for himself; and all the familiar world about him affected him with a

strong repugnance. Some sinister force seemed to have been at work in his life, investing his fine intentions with a malicious touch of parody. His lapse had been so gradual, so imperceptible that he could scarcely fix upon any definite time from which to date his moral deterioration. And yet, in spite of all the exhilaration of success, and aggressive sense of ability which delighted to grapple with complex problems, these periods of deep disgust and self-reproach recurred, almost at regular intervals, and spoiled for him the fruits of his achievements. It has been said of Browning that he succeeded by a series of failures. Oliver's case was exactly the opposite. He had failed by a series of successes.

As he had anticipated, Oliver experienced no great difficulty in obtaining the coveted consulship for Ferdinand. As a subterranean power in Congress, with the strong backing of a powerful corporation, he had a "pull" which few legislators would have chosen to disregard. If Ferdinand had been a little less disreputable he might just as well have made him a minister plenipotentiary to a second or third rate power. And he trembled lest Ferdinand, discovering the extent of his influence, should repudiate their agreement and strike for the higher prize. It was, therefore, with a profound sense of relief that (after having equipped him liberally with clothes and money) he saw the new-fledged consul depart on the *Servia*; and in the glow of his gratitude, he even submitted to a last "loan" of fifty dollars for "incidentals, you know, and servants' fees, and that sort of thing."

It eased his conscience considerably to have Ferdinand advance his unreasonable claims; and there is no doubt that the latter, if he had suspected the state of his patron's feelings, would have gratified him to any extent by affording him opportunities for self-sacrifice. For Oliver, in spite of all he told himself to the contrary, felt guilty, mean, and cowardly, as one who has hurt a child or an unoffending thing which cannot retaliate. He went about with a pang in his heart—a soreaching spot which quivered with pain at the lightest touch. He had no idea, at the time he sent the letter, that Minna had such a hold upon his affection. For inasmuch as his marrying her was no longer compatible with his social ambition, he had expected an easy victory of reason over sentiment. But there he was, cowering

before his own conscience, confronted whenever he dared to look up, with Minna's grave blue eyes, rigid with a tearless amazement which was harder to bear than tearful reproach. He found himself perpetually wondering how she took it; what she said; how she looked when that fatal missive reached her. For nearly eleven years he had made her wait for him under various pretexts; and patiently she had waited, acquiescing meekly in his will, without a murmur of protest. And this was the reward for her faithful endurance and her devotion to what she had believed to be his interests.

Nearly two weeks passed before he received the anxiously expected reply. Strictly speaking, it was of little consequence, as far as the result was concerned, what she answered. But for all that, he trembled with eagerness, and had scarcely the nerve to break the seal of the letter. This was what he read:

"If I am a burden to you, dear Oliver, then you are right in throwing me off. But why not tell me so frankly instead of writing about Ferdinand's bad behavior to you? For if you loved me, as once you did, my brother's misconduct would not have a feather's weight of influence on your feelings for me. By the pain you have given me now you have spared me, perhaps, a greater sorrow. At least I try to think so, dear Oliver. For the thought of being a burden instead of a help to him whom I love, I could never, never endure. But the pain of losing you, God, perhaps, will help me bear. May He bless you, dear Oliver, and make you happy, wherever you are. Whoever is to share your life, and have the joy of seeing daily your dear face, may she prove herself worthy of the love which you could not give to your poor

"MINNA."

That was not the first sharp cry of anguish; but the sobered second thought, laboriously arrived at after a heroic struggle. He saw the brave resignation in her sweet face, as (suppressing every phrase that might cause him distress) she had slowly penned these tenderly regretful lines, never dreaming that, in their very moderation, they cut more deeply than the bitterest reproaches.

The battle which the recreant lover had to fight with himself was a long and a hard one. There were moments when his resolution

wavered, and he would have given years of his life to hasten back to Minna, implore her forgiveness, and press her to his heart. But it happened just as this desire was on the point of conquering him, that Mr. Sutherland Carter had him elected a director in one of the great financial institutions of New York—an honor which in the commercial world is equivalent to a patent of nobility. The star of his fortune was obviously in the ascendant when the mere word and influence of a friend sufficed to procure him a seat in the company of such financial magnates.

In response to a telegram from Carter, he took the train for New York and dined on the evening of his arrival at the house of that genial gentleman. If he had been a long-lost son he could not have been more heartily received. Madeline beamed upon him, and deferred to his opinion in a way that made him blush. It dawned upon him what he had never before realized, viz., that he had respectfully and unobtrusively been wooing Miss Carter during the last four or five years, and that the family had a perfect right to recognize the fact in the same roundabout, unobtrusive fashion and offer him the encouragement which they supposed he needed. He had never told them of his engagement to the little German girl up in Traversville, and he felt quite positive that if he had confided it to them, they would have agreed with him that such an affair was not to be taken seriously.

He offered Madeline his arm and conducted her out to dinner. In spite of the pang which yet nestled in his heart, he could not suppress a certain exultation as they moved together buoyantly through the stately, brilliantly lighted apartments. There was a queenly grace in the way she held her head and adapted herself, with a certain *élan* (as if they were one person and not two), to the rhythm of his step and motions. Thus he would like to move through life with radiant light and rich surroundings; and with her at his side, feeling the impulse of his strong ambition and adapting herself to it, serving it, consciously and unconsciously, until they reached the highest height for which an American can rationally aspire.

It happened as they sat down at the table that in unfolding his napkin he dropped on the floor the piece of bread which was wrapped in it. No one noticed it except, perhaps, the butler, but he did not volunteer to supply

another. Oliver, feeling perfectly at his ease, turned toward Madeline, who had broken her roll in two, and putting his hand tentatively upon the half she had laid aside, asked smilingly, "Would you object to sharing bread with me?"

As the motion of his hand had escaped her attention, the meaning of the query seemed somewhat startling. A blush sprang to her cheek and he had barely time to paraphrase the question with a pointed reference to the French roll in order to avoid an embarrassing situation. But the fact that she had taken his interrogation in a more serious sense, and obviously had been inclined to give a favorable response, now drove the blood to his face, and for an instant they gazed at each other with an intense consciousness of what had occurred, followed by a reassuring glance on his part, which amounted almost to a declaration. His chivalrous sense seemed to demand an instant avowal of his feelings, or rather his aspirations regarding her; and as soon as the dinner was at an end the opportunity was afforded him. Mrs. Carter was called into the reception room on the other side of the hall by the agent of some charitable institution and Mr. Carter excused himself and retired with his son Lathrop into the library. Oliver picked up an ivory paper-cutter handsomely carved and began to contemplate it with profound interest. Then he bent it several times as if he intended to break it; and after having investigated it from all possible points of view, he suddenly looked up and asked Madeline if she would be his wife. He spoke as if it were a plain business proposition he was making, involving interest and compound interest. There was no trepidation in his manner, no bounding pulses, no admixture of sentiment.

"I ought to tell you, however," he added gravely, before Madeline had time to answer, "that I have been engaged once before, to a little German girl named Minna Habicht, in my native village."

A strange choking sensation made it next to impossible for him to finish the sentence. Minna's name positively stuck in his throat, and the tears suddenly blinded his eyes. He had intended to be so perfectly calm and rational, but some miserable sentiment, which refused to be suppressed, still lingered at the bottom of his heart and came near upsetting him utterly. But, happily, Madeline though she noticed his emotion, supposed that she

was herself the cause of it, and she liked him the better for it. It never would have occurred to her to imagine that "a little German girl in his native village" could stir his heart, after so many years (for she took it for granted that the engagement was a boyish affair, long since terminated); while it seemed but natural that her own beauty should move him, particularly while his fate was trembling in the balance.

"Oh, well, what is the good of raking up the past?" she answered, after having listened to him with cool composure. "If you must be so uncomfortably honest, you compel me to confess to a very much larger experience in that chapter. I have been engaged twice—in fact, almost three times, though the third engagement was a piece of emotional insanity which was broken, by mutual consent, as soon as both parties recovered their senses."

The utterly unembarrassed matter-of-course air with which she made this startling confession, impressed Oliver most unpleasantly. He rose from his seat, and trying hard to master his agitation, began to pace the floor. This was more than he had bargained for; more than a man even so accommodating as he was, could overlook in the maiden of his choice. But just as this feeling was beginning to predominate, the worldly advantage of the marriage rose up before his vision with intense vividness. With a violent effort to suppress sentimental considerations (which were unworthy of a practical and ambitious man) he turned toward Madeline, took her hand, and pressing it lightly, said:

"Well, then, Miss Madeline, it is a bargain!"

"If you like," she replied with a strained smile, "though I can't say I like the term."

"I beg your pardon. I mean to say is it agreed?"

"Yes, I can see no present objections, though if anybody had told me ten years ago, when you first dined with us, that you were to be my husband, I should have questioned his sanity."

This remark again jarred on Oliver, and his self-esteem prompted a resentful answer. But mastering himself again, he bowed gallantly and said:

"If any one had made the same prophecy to me I should have declared him to be the most charming lunatic I had ever encount-

ered. And now, if you have no objection, permit me to speak to your father."

"You'll find him in the library. If he makes any difficulty you may call me, and I'll soon bring him to terms."

Though this was said laughingly, there was yet a note in it which did not wholly please him. A vague uneasiness, amounting almost to a foreboding, took possession of him, as he entered the library, where Mr. Carter was sitting at his desk, with his glasses on his nose, and a worried look on his countenance.

"Hello, Tappan," he cried cheerily, "you are the very man I want. You know old man Tompkins is dead—the publisher Tompkins, you know. And in a moment of mental aberration the Union League Club appointed me a committee to draft resolutions to be printed in the papers and forwarded, handsomely engrossed, to the widow.

"Now I'll be blanked if I can think of any thing particularly handsome to say about old man Tompkins, though I knew him all my life. He was a shrewd bargainer, but that, of course, you can't say in an obituary resolution. He was a mean, stingy old customer, with a first-class, A No. 1 financial nose. I don't believe he ever made a bad investment. He died as he lived, and his last words to his daughter were an order to eject a poor tenant of his who had been ill for a long time and was in arrears for rent. Now what can you say, fit for publication, about such a man?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Oliver replied, a trifle abstractedly; "let me hear what you have written."

"Well, I have got the usual palaver: Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call unto Himself our beloved brother Leander Silas Tompkins, a man justly noted among his friends and the community at large for his benevolence—now that's where I'm stuck? Can't you suggest some well-sounding adjectives, just to help me out, you know, for my head seems as empty as a drum?"

"I am afraid mine is emptier, but, tell me, why must you praise the man so extravagantly when everybody who knew him must be aware that he didn't deserve it?"

"My dear boy, you don't know what you are talking about. Why, old Tompkins leaves an estate worth upward of seventeen or eighteen millions. That is (as the world is once made) a fair substitute for virtue. You can't treat a man who has accumulated such

a fortune, like a common beggar, if for no other reason, because his money demands recognition. Such a fortune appeals mightily to the American imagination. The man who owns such an amount, becomes, whatever else he may be, a popular hero. He realizes the popular ideal. He is what all the rest of us are striving to be. Take up any of our papers and see what an amount of space they devote to the doings and sayings of the millionaires. What does that mean? It means that we are all worshipers of the Golden Calf; the reverend gentleman Aaron dances with the rest about the glittering idol and joins in the pæan of praise. Did you read the sermon which Dr. Gunn preached last Sunday on Tompkins? He called him a model citizen, because, having so much money, he yet lived unobtrusively and didn't steal nor kill nor covet his neighbor's wife. And no one seemed to see any thing funny in such praise. The fact was, Tompkins was none too good for such performances, but he was too stingy, too cautious, too much afraid of taking risks."

Mr. Carter fell into a brown study, ran his fingers through his thin hair, and gazed with a troubled look toward the ceiling.

"Eureka! I've got it," he shouted suddenly, with a startling change of mien, "*Our lamented friend who was justly conspicuous for his benevolence, charity, and civic spirit.* Let's see; that makes just three lines. Why, Tappan, that'll never do; ten lines is the least they'll put up with. Now, can't you help me out? I've got civic spirit, benevolence, and charity. Can't you think of some more cardinal virtues?"

"Well, if you don't care for the truth of what you say, then there's generosity, simplicity, a plain and unobtrusive life becoming an American citizen, etc."

"Good for you, Tappan, that's first-rate! Simple and unobtrusive life! Why, nothing could be better."

The publisher's face lighted up with pleasure as he seized his pen and embodied Oliver's suggestion in his resolution. Then gloom again settled upon his brow; and misery was depicted in his features.

"That makes just six lines and a half," he muttered; "and I've got to have ten."

Oliver, who was anxious to settle a matter which concerned him much more closely than the millionaire's death, held his impatience in check and cudgelled his brain in vain to

invent more virtues. Five minutes passed during which the ticking of the big clock in the corner grew alarmingly audible.

"Here goes," cried Mr. Carter, jubilantly, "here's a find for you. *And noble qualities of heart and mind!* Now, what do you give me for that? Isn't that just beautiful? So charmingly comprehensive, eh?"

He reduced this final inspiration to writing, amplified it to the best of his ability, and then with a sigh of relief folded up the papers and put them in his pocket.

"Ah-h-h! That was a good job done, wasn't it? Well, we deserve a choice smoke after that."

He opened a drawer in the desk and took out a box of cigars, which he handed to his visitor.

Oliver now had an opportunity to present his errand, which he did with the unembarrassed directness of a man who is sure in his cause, knowing that it will be well received. Nor was he in this instance mistaken. Mr. Carter betrayed neither astonishment nor any other emotion; but gave his consent with a thoughtful deliberation, consistent with his dignity. Then he shook Oliver's hand cordially, and conducted him up stairs to Mrs. Carter's sitting room, whither Madeline had preceded them.

As there was no reason for delay, the wedding was celebrated within a few months. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Tappan established themselves in the most fashionable part of the city, and took their places at once among people whom it was proper to know.

CHAPTER IX.

A BARREN VICTORY.

Oliver Tappan was universally proclaimed a success. His father bragged of him every night in the grocery-store; particularly after Oliver, by means of his Congressional influence, had gotten Postmaster Calvin Jenks removed and the two hundred fifty pigeon holes, constituting the post-office, transferred to Eli's store. The only drop of gall in the father's cup of victory was the fact that Oliver refused to come with his swell wife and a handsome pair of horses and spend a summer in Traversville. He did not dare, however, to remonstrate with his son now; for he had a tremendous respect for him—and basked in the rays of his reflected glory. Moreover, he knew he had been engaged to Dr.

Habicht's daughter; and, perhaps, for that reason, did not like to bring his wife to Traversville. The old doctor, too, felt very bitter toward him; and that might be another reason for postponing the visit, at least, until the old man was out of the way. He was very feeble now, and his wife was dead. The terrible disappointment with Ferdinand had broken him down in body and in mind; and Minna, who acted as his secretary, nurse, and constant companion watched over him and devoted herself to him with the tenderest solicitude. You would be sure to meet them any sunny afternoon, walking slowly, step by step, under the great elm-trees that shaded the streets. The old man looked pale and shaggy and his eyes had a strange and vacant stare. He was wrapped up like an invalid, and leaned heavily upon the daughter's arm. It was not to be wondered at, that Oliver Tappan had no desire to meet these ghosts of his own past, stalking abroad in the daylight.

The present, moreover, gave him enough to do, and left him little time for brooding on what might have been. His wife was not the kind of a woman who allowed the grass to grow under her husband's feet. Though, of course, he was reluctant to confess it even to himself, it was not to be denied that she was terribly exacting. She simply took it for granted that she was the general in command, whose authority was not to be disputed. She had an extremely unpleasant way, when he remonstrated against any of her propositions, of affecting not to hear him; or of turning up her delicate nose with a sneer of ill-suppressed contempt. She was never vehement; and there was nothing for which she had a stronger repugnance than what she called "scenes." Lord Byron, on one occasion, when characterizing his wife said, "*I am violent, but not malignant,*" declaring, by implication, that Lady Byron was malignant, but not violent. If Oliver had ever heard of this characterization, he might have been tempted to apply it to Madeline. It took him a long while to arrive at such a conclusion; but when, after a little dispute, she told him in the coolest way possible that she had never professed any sentimental regard for him—that, in fact, she had married him as a *pis aller*—he was so cruelly hurt, that he would not have hesitated to use Lord Byron's adjective.

Fate had avenged a hundred fold the wrong he had done to Minna. He had imagined or,

at least, persuaded himself to believe, that all emotion is weakness, and the heart's hunger for affection is an evidence of a soft and sentimental disposition which must interfere with business success. It had seemed a fine thing to him to resolve to suppress all such "foolishness," to live in his brain alone, and to crucify all inclinations which retarded his progress toward the final goal of his ambition. He had resolved deliberately to dispense with love in all its romantic aspects; and had prided himself on his ability to do so. But now something cried out from the bottom of his soul for that which he had despised; a deep heart-hunger possessed him, and there were moments when he would have exchanged all that which he had gained for a tender look, a loving word, a sweet, spontaneous caress. And one thing, of which he had never dreamed, made his relation to his wife, at times, utterly degrading, horrible, unendurable; insulted nature claimed her right; and in spite of all his efforts at self-command, there were moments when she seemed to him base and low, in having granted to a man the outer evidence of love, in the marital relation, without the inner sentiment and sympathy and attraction which alone can bless and sanctify it. Her cold and stately beauty, so far from alluring him, would at such times repel him. A host of clamorous yearnings would arise from the deepest deep of his soul; and he would curse the worldliness which had induced him to ignore and repress that which was best in him, and give full sway to that which was least worthy.

He had grown wise now, forsooth, when it was too late to profit by his wisdom. He had sought happiness in that which is but an accessory to happiness, but never its core and essence; he had foolishly thrown away the kernel and treasured the empty husk.

There is something appalling in looking forward to a life-long companionship with a woman the very sight of whom strikes a discord in one's being. For it is impossible in a marriage to sustain long a neutral relation. Two so intimately united, if they do not love, will soon learn to hate each other. Oliver fought against this feeling with a desperate persistence, when he first felt it germinating. He was perfectly well aware what it meant; and he knew that he must conquer it at any cost. But the attitude Madeline assumed toward him made this extremely difficult.

When one is not, by nature, affectionate and lovable—when the note of sweetness and generosity is lacking—no effort can supply the fatal deficiency. And Madeline did not even make the effort. She prided herself on her blue blood; and she could not conceal the fact that she looked upon her husband as a clever plebeian whom she had honored by condescending to his social level. But, of course, she did not intend to remain there. She wished to raise him, and he nearly drove her to distraction by appearing to be unconscious that he needed any elevation.

He was stubbornly self-assertive in questions where, she thought, he ought to have accepted her authority; and though he sympathized, in a general way, with her social ambition, he perversely opposed her and gave vent to opinions, the crudity of which made her smile her lofty, irritating smile. At the sight of this smile, a silent fury would gather within him, and an intense dislike would begin to smolder in his heart—a dislike which often threatened to blaze up into hate; and he had to exert all his self-mastery to preserve the outward forms of courtesy which were imposed upon him by the presence of the servants. This was the more trying because Madeline gradually grew less punctilious in this respect, as the months went by. Whatever he said, she would answer with a sharp retort, and often in a hateful spirit. She would scold him at table, without the least regard for the butler; but if he ventured to reply in the same tone, she would send him a withering glance, and make the rest of the evening a purgatory to him unless he managed to escape to his club.

It is strange that men so shrewd and sagacious in other respects—gifted with such excellent judgment, as regards investments—can be such miserable judges of women. They invest their money with brilliant success, but make a dead failure of their lives. It was not to be denied that Mrs. Oliver Tappan was developing to be exactly what any judge of human nature would have predicted that she would be. A woman, the key-note of whose character is thin and harsh, can never grow soft and lovable; and she whose heart has never been aglow with warm and generous feelings for her kind, is apt to grow shrewish with the loss of youth, and bitterer and more acid with every year that passes over her head. If Madeline had had children, it is possible that a new spring of

affection might have welled forth within her ; but in the absence of that blessing, there was nothing to arrest the development of her unlovely qualities.

With such a home-life (if home-life it could be called) what wonder that Oliver grew silent and at times almost sullen ? He made the experience that it was only by exhibiting his own unamiable side, that he could secure a comparative immunity from carping criticism and reproach. And when his wife sat enthroned opposite to him, in her adamant self-sufficiency, aching to say something disagreeable, but not daring, for fear of a scene, a sickening sense of failure would come over him—a fierce resentment and impotent wrath at the frightful havoc his greed and misdirected ambition had wrought in a life once so rich in promise. It was a false ideal that was responsible for all ; it was his valuing of the kingdom of this world above the realities of the spirit of gold, and honor above truth and righteousness and sweet domestic affection.

But there is a limit to man's capacity for suffering. The time came in the life of these two when they grew callous ; ossified, as it were, in outward forms, and seeing the futility of torturing each other, they began to grow indifferent, and while continuing to live under the same roof, yet were as far apart as if mountains and oceans had separated them. By a subtle, irresistible influence, Oliver became gradually imbued with his wife's cynicism. He consoled himself for his failure (in the midst of his financial success) by the reflection that his own experience was the usual experience of married men. Marriage had its drawbacks in all cases ; and as long as well-to-do American women were brought up to be mere decorative toys, without the least conception of duty and the sterner phases of life, it was not to be expected that perpetual companionship with them would be particularly blissful. He, for his part, was content to reduce this companionship to a minimum. He spent his evenings at various fashionable clubs ; and during the daytime he devoted himself with unremitting zeal to his business. He had recently been elected president of the bank of which he had long been a prominent director, and it afforded him a certain satisfaction to plunge, every morning, up to his ears into figures, exercise his excellent financial judgment, control his employees, in short, attend to all the multi-

farious affairs connected with a large monetary institution.

All the gentleness gradually went out of his nature, and he grew hard and stern. His clerks were afraid of him, and no man willingly sought him, except on business. His horizon grew more and more contracted, and the number of ideas which entered his brain fewer and fewer. At the age of forty, he had become a financial machine. For politics he cared nothing, except in so far as the policy of the secretary of the treasury affected his investments. His patriotism was reducible to dollars and cents. Literature and art, which had once meant something to him, long since had ceased to interest him. His whole mind ran in a narrow, utilitarian groove, and whatever was outside of that had no existence, as far as he was concerned. The altruistic ideal with which his heart had once been aglow represented to him now the sheerest moonshine and nonsense. He scoffed with a bitter zest at all humanitarian plans and enterprises ; and avowed, when occasionally he saw fit to favor them with a subscription, that he did so purely as an investment, because he knew his money would come back to him with interest through indirect channels. Cool though he was, and methodical, and not easily ruffled, some topics there were which he never could touch upon without irritation. High moral professions, for instance, had the power to arouse his ire in a high degree. Reformers who repudiated their party, when it no longer represented the principles in which they believed, and enthusiasts who, inspired by some high ideal, strove to remodel society, were objects of his deepest detestation ; and he grew almost eloquent in his scorn, including them all in the comprehensive misnomer, "cranks."

Such a man was Oliver Tappan on the pinnacle of his success. The world admired him in a certain way, as it always does any possessor of millions, but few really liked him, and no one loved him. Happy he was not ; but, then, he maintained, as a comfort in his gilded solitude, that no one was happy. Life appeared to him very dreary ; but he endeavored to persuade himself that the lot of man was meant to be dreary ; and that those who asserted that it was not, were insincere twaddlers or deluded enthusiasts. He was loath to admit that it was a barren victory he had won ; though in his heart of hearts he cherished, in unguarded moments, a regret

that he had not tried the other plan—the doctor's plan—to win happiness for himself by giving happiness to others. He was too old to try the experiment now. Generous thoughts did not thrive in his mental atmosphere; and generous deeds would have come to his hands like a new art to old and unskilled fingers. And, worse than all, he would have been ashamed of them. He took pride in his reputation for sternness, unsentimental clear-sightedness, and cynicism, which he had made for himself; and found a bitter satisfaction in trampling upon whatever remained of the gentler side of his nature.

Nevertheless, on a single occasion, this gentler side asserted itself; and a generous impulse blazed up like a tongue of flame from an expiring fire. As he was riding down town one morning, he read in *The Herald* a telegram from Traversville, announcing the death of Dr. Habicht, on the day before. Without a moment's hesitation he told the groom to drive him back to his house; and at five o'clock in the evening he arrived in Traversville. Not a soul recognized him as he stepped from the stage, carrying his grip-sack in his hand, and walked up Main Street to the familiar house which the doctor had occupied. Nor did the sweet-faced girl, no longer young, who opened the door for him, recognize in this gray, stern-looking man with the tightly-closed lips, the lover whose loss she had mourned these many years. For it was a very different picture of him she had enshrined in her heart. She stood looking at him questioningly, with eyes in which the tears were trembling, until a vague apprehension stole into her face and she started back with a frightened exclamation.

"Don't you know me, Minna?" he asked struggling to steady his voice (for there was something wonderfully touching in her appearance).

"Oliver!" she whispered breathlessly, half hesitatingly taking the hand he held out to her.

"I read of the sad event in the papers," he said, feeling a little awkward at the conventionality of the phrase. The sight of her stirred unconscious depths in his soul; and in spite of his effort to appear cool and business-like, he felt unnerved and tremulous. She looked so pathetic in her grief, so simple and tender and womanly. A noble innocence and sorrowful dignity in her features appealed to him like a sweet song that

vibrates in the memory. Oh, what a contrast—what a heart-rending contrast—to a certain other one to whom he had linked his life! The thought, though he tried to repel it, rushed in upon him with such overwhelming force that he had to turn away to hide his emotion.

"Won't you come in and see—him?" she asked, opening the door to the bare and forlorn little parlor and leading the way.

The dead man lay in his coffin with his waxen hands folded upon his breast. His features were terribly emaciated. The long mustache hung down upon his coat-collar and a thin iron-gray beard covered his cheeks and chin. Minna placed herself on the side of the coffin and gazed into his face with eyes full of infinite tenderness. "He was such a good man," she said with heart-felt conviction. "He was so good to me."

Then she laid her head upon the breast, where a heart no longer beat, and wept.

"Did he suffer much?" asked Oliver, again acutely conscious of the lame conventionality of his words.

"Not so very much, of late," she answered, raising her head, and tenderly smoothing the dead man's hair; "but last year he suffered terrible agony. It was a hard life he led; and I am glad he is at rest. God will be good to him, I know; for here on earth he had nothing but sorrow."

"He had you," said Oliver. But to this she made no reply.

They stood for a long while in silence, she on one side of the coffin and he on the other. And strange thoughts wrestled in the minds of both.

The next day the funeral took place and Oliver was one of the pall-bearers.

In the afternoon, when all was over, he was seen walking with Minna up the path toward the old stone fence where the golden-rod bloomed among the bowlders and the asters at the edge of the maple grove.

"Minna," he began, having now completely recovered his self-control, "I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it?" she asked, with the listlessness of her recent loss compared to which all mundane affairs seemed of small moment.

"I want you to grant me leave," he said, "to pay to you a share, at least, of the debt I owed your father."

"No, Oliver, no!" she answered with sudden spirit, while a flush sprang to her cheek;

"if you had paid *him*, I should have been glad ; for it would have saved him much suffering. But *I* will not touch a farthing of it."

"But that which was due to him, is according to law now due to you," he remonstrated eagerly.

"That may be ; but I want to be my own law in this case. No law can compel me to accept what I never will consent to accept."

He saw he had touched an unhealed wound ; and it gave him a strange satisfaction (in spite of his disappointment at her refusal) that the mere idea of her depending upon him could arouse so strong an emotion. Nevertheless he could not abandon his plan without another effort.

"Perhaps you do not know," he went on with a persuasive gentleness which seemed strange to himself, "that I am now a very rich man. A pension to you of twelve hundred or fifteen hundred dollars a year would be as nothing to me. And I mean it, when I say that you would confer a favor upon me by accepting it."

"And I, too, have said what I mean," she replied feelingly, "and I beg of you to drop the subject. There are some things which cannot be paid for with money."

They walked on in silence for some minutes, regarding intently the landscape, every tree and stone of which was eloquent with memories. A pang nestled at his heart, for her last words showed him that something was rankling within her ; and he knew that it was not his faithlessness to herself but his ingratitude to her father.

"What do you intend to do, Minna ?" he queried with deep solicitude.

"Father taught me many things," she answered ; "in helping him I learned to help myself."

"Do you mean to translate for publishers ?"

"Yes ; and I have written some children's stories which have been accepted by the magazines and paid for. That is the kind of work which I love. I need but little ; that little I shall manage to earn."

"Then there is nothing for me to do but to say farewell," he remarked, feeling more grievously hurt than he imagined he had now the capacity of feeling.

"No, nothing."

He took her hand and held it in his until she withdrew it. He felt it almost as a rebuff. The impression grew upon him that there was something inexorable in her sorrowful gentleness. Something trembled on his lips which he longed to say, but loyalty to another forbade him to speak.

All the tragedy of his misdirected life, with its promise and its failure, was revealed to him, as in a swift glimpse ; and he recoiled in dread from the long, gray, barren future that stretched out before him. All the joy had gone out of the sunlight. It glared with a dumb, oppressive brightness ; and a heavy, nightmarish rigidity possessed the landscape, which made his eyes and his heart ache, while he looked at it. The thought preyed upon him that all was lost ; and lost through his own fault and that it mattered little what the coming years had in store for him. Our actions spin a net about us, which we cannot tear asunder. And the strong, but invisible threads of his past held Oliver in a tight grip, closing about him like an evil spell, debarring him from the liberty for which he yearned. But it was only for a few wild moments. The sober sense returned and with it the mournful resignation.

He took Minna's hand once more, and muttering a husky "good-by," began to descend the slope. She stood looking wistfully after him, until he vanished in the underbrush.

(*The end.*)

SUMMER CLOVER.

BY CORA B. BICKFORD.

THE clover blooms of the meadow,
By the wooing West wind kissed,
Bend low to hide their warm blushes
That color their cheeks ; a-whisk !
They fling at their wanton lover
The perfumed breaths that drift,
Till upland, reach, and fallow
Receive and hold the rich gift.

SUMMER HEALTH: HOW TO KEEP IT.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

PART ONE.

A HISTORIAN of the Moorish Kingdom in Spain remarks that the Arabs ruled Andalusia for more than two hundred years before they learned to adapt their habits to the climate of western Europe.

That process of adaptation seems destined to repeat itself in North America. Judging from the prevalent architecture of our dwelling-houses, a shrewd observer, familiar with the building styles of the Spanish-American republics, would judge that our ancestors must have come from a country of hard winters and very mild summers. Our brick houses with their slanting roofs and sun-exposed windows are excellently adapted to make winter as comfortable as possible, but are equally apt to aggravate the afflictiveness of the summer season.

Our diet, also, is too exclusively suited to the climate of the higher latitudes. At a time of the year when the temperature of our Gulf States rivals that of the West Indian coast regions, the natives of those states stick to the pork-and-beer fare of their Saxon forefathers and think it necessary to serve numerous articles of this bill of fare smoking hot, even if the weather should prompt a decided instinctive craving after a refrigerating diet.

On the morning of a day of that sort a lady physician of my acquaintance entered a veranda arbor where the youngsters of the proprietor (the widow of a Tennessee planter) were struggling with a breakfast of steaming-hot milk.

"I see you are following my prescription," said the doctor, "but fresh milk would have answered the purpose much better. I did not mean to put you to the trouble of boiling it."

"Not boil it!" exclaimed the *materfamilias* with undisguised amazement; "why it stands to reason that a person needs something warm for breakfast."

"Would you please to specify that reason," inquired the medical reformer. That question would not be quite easy to answer. Why should we employ artificial means to in-

crease the temperature of bodies already suffering from the combined influence of atmospheric heat and superfluous clothing? A cooling diet under such circumstances would suit the bias of our natural instincts much better, even after the habits of years have accustomed our palates and digestive organs to tolerate the scalding-hot made dishes of fashionable restaurants. Lady Mary Montague tells us that in summer the Turks often subsist for weeks exclusively on cooling food; cold rice and fruit, milk and durra bread, pastry and sherbet. Some of our favorite made dishes become insipid by cooling, but the belief in the necessity of three hot meals daily, is absolutely gratuitous.

In warm weather a refrigerating frugal diet is as grateful as cold drinking water. *Rothe Gruetze* (cold raspberry pudding with cold sweet milk) makes the restaurants of the North-German sea-port towns attractive to all summer visitors. The grapes and cakes of the Swiss *Trauben Kuren* (grape-cure establishments) make sanitarium life a delight, and could be enjoyed at many American summer resorts where pork-fat and peppered ragouts more than counteract the refreshing influence of highland breezes and sea baths. Cold milk, with bread and honey for breakfast, and a supper of cold rice-pudding and fruit, would make summer more endurable to constitutions enfeebled by the effects of indoor life, but also to thousands of children whose warm blood makes the calorific artifices of our city life seem doubly grievous.

In my school-boy years I frequently relinquished my supper altogether, rather than spoil a fine summer evening with the hot stews and superheated tea of our boarding-house. If I felt hungry I would slip out and invest a few pennies in pies, but more frequently contented myself with a cold biscuit and a bunch of grapes.

Milk should never be boiled if it were not for the circumstance that it may easily become a medium of disease-germs, derived from the organism of cacohectic cows or added from the impurities of the atmosphere. The best plan, therefore, is to put it on the fire

about an hour before use and keep it at the boiling point for at least five minutes, then remove it to a cool shelf and let it cool off (well-covered) for half an hour before meals.

The Spanish nations follow that plan without troubling themselves about the theory of its experience-proved advantages. *No me empache como la cruda* (it is less indigestible than raw milk), said my Mexican landlord, who had imported that idea from southern Spain. He always stored his fruit in the coolest corner of the house and would go downstairs for a slice of watermelon as a northerner might go indoors for a sip of hot tea.

In other respects, too, the victims of our midsummer climate could learn a lesson from their Spanish-American neighbors. What strange prejudice can have originated the custom of sending our children to bed just when the evening becomes pleasantly cool, when flowers breathe their sweetest perfume and fawns and young rabbits leave the shadow of the thickets to play on moonlit mountain-meadows? The *alamedas*, or public parks, of the Spanish-American cities are almost abandoned during the hours of the afternoon, but about sunset ice-cream venders arrive with their portable confectioneries, musicians tune up their instruments, troop after troop of mounted pleasure seekers gallop down the principal avenues, and half an hour later the whole park swarms with promenaders and romping children, enjoying the balmy night with utter disregard of dew and "damp grass." At half-past ten, youngsters of eight or nine years can still be met in bevvies, chasing lightning-bugs and running races through grass and brush, and not only taking care of themselves, but encouraging their still younger playmates to join in the sport and avoid the promenade roads on account of the thick clouds of tobacco-smoke surrounding every group of adults. Nevertheless, those young night-revelers are up with the sun, the cool of the early morning being too precious to be lost in sleep, but they make up for short rest by a long *siesta*, an after-dinner nap of two or three hours.

And here, again, prejudice aggravates the evils of life by gratuitous afflictions. What else can account for the preposterous, and yet so very far-spread, idea that sleep after dinner is injurious? The language of instinct, in its plainest terms, demands rest, and, if

possible, sleep, after every full meal. In midsummer the emphasis of that demand is apt to thwart all opposition. At 2 p. m. we find judges nodding on the bench and school-teachers in their chairs, and even the dread of immediate discharge does not prevent poor factory-drudges from falling asleep at the side of their crashing looms. Infants whom no cradling will silence, can be put to sleep by a good nursing. In a menagerie the after-dinner hour is the quietest of the twenty-four. My pet Charma baboon likes to keep late hours as long as the chimney fire keeps up its flicker, but after a good dinner of milk and bread she often volunteers a nap in the early afternoon. After a full meal, cows sleep in the tree-shade and wolves in their dens, and even the restless hyena stops its zigzag rushes and takes a stretch in a corner of its cage. The most ravenous eater of all vertebrate animals, enjoys the deepest slumbers, the after-meal rests of the deer-swallowing boa being a complete syncope of conscious energy. The fear of letting children leave the house during the hot afternoon hours benefits them indirectly by saving them from after-dinner errands, but there is no need of keeping them awake by listless indoor play; let them follow the promptings of instinct and take a nap on the hall lounge or in the corner of an airy porch; the noon breeze stirs the tree-tops even on the warmest day, and makes the early afternoon more sleep-inviting than the first hours of a sultry night.

Every family-home should have an indoor summer resort for that special purpose. By concentrating the air-currents of the outdoor atmosphere upon any special point, diffused moisture can be made to reduce the temperature from twenty to thirty degrees, even without resorting to the ice-refrigerators by which the director of the Government arsenal at Marseilles cooled his workshops in midsummer sufficiently to "chill flies into inactivity." Water trickling over artificial grottoes of porous stones or diffused in the spray of a rotary fountain, can be made to cool a well-shaded and ventilated room of moderate size on the warmest afternoons of the year; and the beneficial influence of shade trees should far outweigh the objections to the exuberance of their foliage on account of its dampness. Leaf-plants seem to have a faculty of cooling the surrounding air-strata in a way analagous to that possessed by warm-blooded animals

in keeping their temperature at an even medium, in spite of atmospheric changes; and a well-kept arbor screening the approaches of a dwelling house, can thus save its owner the expenses of a yearly *hegira* to a tree-shaded summer resort.

Bed-room windows, especially, should thus be protected from the glare of the afternoon sun. Physical misery, short of actual pain, can hardly surpass the discomfort of a stuffy bed-room after the sunset of a sweltering dog-day. The foolishness of sending children and invalids to bed at such times borders on cruelty. They cannot sleep; they can hardly breathe; and they toss about till exhaustion brings on a half-slumber of asthmatic oppression and nightmares. Infants even protest with screams against the martyrdom of such dormitories, and the popular remedy is hardly a lesser evil. There was a time when our medicine-men used to "break" a burning fever by bleeding the patient till the flame of life flickered on the verge of extinction, but this method was hardly more preposterous than the plan of silencing a crying child by rocking it into stupefaction, or of lethargizing a feverish patient by means of opiates. Poison-drug slumbers bring no real relief, and the tossing of a boat caught in the eddies of recoiling breakers can only begin to give its crew an idea of the sickening misery endured by the occupant of a quick-rocked cradle—an implement of torture accomplishing its purpose only by convulsing the brain into the stupor of exhaustion.

There is a better way, indicated by the household methods of Nature in her favorite mansion, the primeval forests of the tropics. Even in the upland woods of the Mexican terrace-lands the temperature of the summer afternoons rises to a hundred degrees in the shade; but directly after sunset the mercury sinks to seventy, and after a rain-shower, often to sixty and fifty degrees. No lullaby is more sleep-promoting than the influence of that thermal change. In the breath of the cool night wind, the wood-cutter falls asleep on the hard boards of his weather-shed, and the homeless hunter, under cover of his threadbare *poncho*; the birds become silent, and even the restless lizard retires drowsily to its hiding-place in the rocks.

In the midsummer weeks of the higher latitudes the night-breeze rises about two hours after sunset, and to close our windows at the approach of that heavenly visitor means sim-

ply to exclude Nature's ministers of mercy, and reject her antidote for the sorest bane of our morbid summer climate.

When a committee of American sanitarians debated the plan of founding a hygienic training-school for doctors and nurses, the obstinacy of popular prejudices was mentioned as a serious obstacle to the success of the project. "Well, I will answer for my own sex," said an enthusiastic delegate of the female reform party. "Women are said to favor the preservation of all time-honored dogmas, prejudice dogmas included, but to a mother, the preservation of her child's life is a matter of supreme importance. We propose to make that point a test-case, and if we can demonstrate that one method saves ten times as many children as the established hospital method, we will get the votes of all the mothers. They will judge by results, no matter if our opponents should accuse us of medical heresies."

The logic of necessity, indeed, often leads to results which arguments fail to accomplish—a fact brought home to the champions of sanitary delusions one summer when the Ohio valley was visited by an unparalleled drought, combined with a temperature that crowded the hospitals with sun-struck patients and dying children. In Cincinnati business was almost suspended; the streets were deserted, save by ambulance-wagons and messengers racing off in the direction of drug-stores and ice-depots. After dark, nevertheless, nine out of ten windows were hermetically closed, a plurality of victims evidently clinging to the theory ascribing their affliction to atmospheric contagion, rather than to the bake-oven temperature of their tenements. But when the temperature rose to one hundred five degrees in the shade and children died by scores in every downtown street, the spell of infatuation was suddenly broken, and at 9 p. m. of the hottest night, I saw hundreds of mothers rush out of their torture-dens, wailing and sobbing, and spread out the pallets of their dying children flat on the pavement of the sidewalk, and with restless fans encourage the breath of the life-saving night wind.

In warm weather the flat roofs of the South American cities seem a great improvement upon our conventional style of architecture. In the warmest nights of the tropical summer they become the rendezvous of young and old city-dwellers, enjoying horizontal re-

freshment with a minimum of ceremony and trusting their safety to the iron railings at the edge of the roof. Our verandas, however, offer a fair alternative of the expedient of camping in the street, and even a little back-

yard garden is preferable to the overpowering caloric of an indoor dormitory facing dead walls or stifling alleys. A bivouac on an airy lawn may save the life of a feverish child in spite, if not *because*, of the damp grass.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[July 6.]

THERE was a time when the prophet Jeremiah came almost to despair of effecting any moral reform among his people. Observing their frequent backslidings; knowing that evil-doing had become a second nature with them; perceiving that through the long and complete surrender of themselves to the dominion of sinful habits they had become bound with fetters which they could not break, his hope of seeing them reclaimed, never too strong at the best, had well-nigh vanished. Using words which in his day had passed into a proverb, he dispiritedly inquired: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, who are accustomed to do evil"; or, more literally, "*who are accustoming yourselves to do evil.*"*

This proverbial utterance of the pessimistic prophet presents rather a dark picture of the moral situation; but it must be admitted that it holds at the heart of it one hard, stubborn point of fact—namely, that the moral reform of habitual sinners is always extremely difficult.

But, although difficult, the reform of the habitual sinner is not impossible. The prophet did not think that his people were altogether incorrigible. He did not look upon them as having passed the convertible stage; as having got past being prayed for, or reasoned with. He seeks to rouse them to a sense of danger. He urges them to present action. This very chapter closes with the tender appeal, "Wilt thou be made clean? When shall it once be?"

The utmost that is expressed by the strong graphic words of the proverb under consideration is the extremely difficult, and not the absolutely impossible. Similar in meaning

is the hyperbolic language in which Christ represents the great difficulty of discharging the responsibilities and overcoming the temptations of riches. "It is easier," he says, "for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Of this bold proverbial phrase Lightfoot remarks that "it was used in the schools to intimate a thing very unusual and very difficult." A qualifying expression is added, "What is impossible with man is possible with God." "God's grace," says Scott, "can surmount such difficulties as are impossible for nature to overcome, and thus we are to understand the passage before us." And thus also are we to understand the words of the prophet. No man, it is true, can cleanse his own heart and life, no man can, by his own efforts, get rid of the blackness of soul which is the result of self-developed character; but where man fails upon himself, Christ succeeds. His blood cleanseth from all sin.

It is told of Bunyan that when garnishing his speech with oaths, an abandoned woman administered to him a severe rebuke. The child's heart that still lived in him was touched. He hung his head in shame and silence. "While I stood there," he says, "I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing." This biographer adds, "He thought himself so accustomed to this evil habit that he could not leave it off; *but he did so from that moment.*" And that he did leave it off he himself attributed to that divine grace, which, abounding to the chief of sinners, changed the skin of the Ethiop and the spots of the leopard.

A friend wrote to Coleridge urging him to give up the use of opium. "You bid me rouse myself! Go, bid a man paralytic in both arms rub them briskly together, and that will save

* Jer. xiii. 23.

[July 13.]

him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and misery.' But what Coleridge was unable to do in his own strength he accomplished through the strength of God. Help came not from within but from without, or, rather, from above. Turning from the cold comfort of an earth-born philosophy which said to one oppressed with a sense of weakness, "Be strong," he listened to that voice of good cheer from heaven: "Be strong and of a good courage, *and I will strengthen thine heart*"; and "Strong in the Lord and in the power of his might he brake asunder the shackles of his evil habit, as Samson his green withes."

There are two symbolic works of art, the Laocoön and St. George and the Dragon, which may be taken as setting forth in contrasted form that irrepressible conflict of man with the alien forces of the spirit-world, which underlies all mythologies and religions. In the Laocoön, that peerless work of ancient sculpture, the death-like struggles of the priest-father as he vainly endeavors to tear the coiling serpents from himself and children, presents a picture of man contending in his own might against the mightier powers of evil. The artist has caught the passion at its highest point,—as Lessing with fine critical insight has pointed out. In the midst of a tempest of agony there is a calm like the peaceful depths beneath the wind tossed surface of the sea. But the calm which over spreads the face, suffusing with subtle power the lines of pain, is not the calm of resignation or of hope, but of mute, heroic despair. The Laocoön is a confession in marble of the failure of man at his best, to gain the mastery over evil. In St. George and the Dragon the same struggle is portrayed, but here the saint is victor. Entering the lists against the devouring, anarchic principle, of which the Dragon is the emblem, he returns from the conflict in triumph. The greatest object of human effort is attained, the highest hope of the human heart is met, the Dragon is slain, and man delivered. Deliverance is wrought out through the interposition of another. One whose heart heaven has touched with a spirit of holy chivalry wins, with his own strong arm, redemption for the weak. Fit emblem of the greater victory won by the "Strong Son of God," who came down to earth to rescue perishing souls from the Powers of darkness and sin!

No more thrilling romance has ever been written than the plain, unvarnished recital of the triumphs of the gospel during the last century. Things which were deemed impossible have taken place. By the introduction of a vital, practical Christianity, which makes its influence felt through medical missions, higher education, and the blessed work of woman in the jealously guarded zenanas, the very atmosphere of social life in heathen lands has become impregnated with a subtle spirit of reform, and the most stupendous changes have gradually and silently been brought about. The walls of caste exclusiveness have begun to crack and crumble; human sacrifices and infanticide have been suppressed; polygamy and slavery have been abolished; humaner customs and juster laws have been established. But it is among the most debased classes at home and the most debased races abroad that the power of the living, conquering, reigning Christ has been most marvelously exhibited. Great moral changes, which those only who are spiritually blind have failed to see, have taken place. In the city slums and in the rural wastes many have been raised from the lowest depths of brutality and vice to lives of sweetness and purity. Upon the rising tide of spiritual power the lowest classes—the classes lowest in the moral scale—have been lifted up to a higher plane. Religion has become more vital; Christendom has become more Christian. Among the most degraded heathen nations a new type of civilization, distinctively Christian, has been introduced: the naked savage has been clothed; houses have been built; improved methods of agriculture have been promoted; trades have been learned; schools and churches established; the unfortunate cared for; woman elevated; marriage honored; and where before was heard the reveling of diabolical heathen orgies, the hushed and holy voice of family worship may now be heard.

Nowhere is the work of individual or social regeneration complete. Much remains to be done. But a beginning, at least, has been made; light has broken; the currents of life have been altered; souls have been won back to God, brought into conformity to His will, and assimilated to His character; nations that were hastening to extinction have been arrested on the way to death and put upon the upward path of progress; that "revivify-

ing force," which according to Frederick Harrison—the apostle of Positivism—"life and society stand in need of," has by the hand of the Church been lodged in the heart of the world, and is secretly leavening the whole social lump. As chapter is added to chapter in the history of the aggressive Christian agencies of to-day, confirmation is given to the conclusion of Dr. Christlieb in his "Survey of Foreign Missions," "that no race is so spiritually dead that it cannot be quickened into new life by the 'glad tidings,' no language is so barbarous that the Bible cannot be translated into it; no individual so brutish that he cannot become a new creature in Christ Jesus."*

Overwhelmed by the vastness and difficulty of the work set before her, the Church, in her moments of despondency, cannot forbear from exclaiming, "Who is sufficient for these things?" When, of old, the prophet Ezekiel was in like manner beginning to lose sight of the all-sufficient source of power, the Lord, to confirm his faltering faith, took him "in the spirit" into the midst of a valley which had been the scene of a great battle, and bade him look at the bleached bones of the slain. Inspecting them carefully the prophet saw that they were "very many and very dry." "Son of man, how can these dry bones live?" was the startling question put to the discouraged prophet. To human power it seemed impossible that they should ever live, but he wisely answered, "O, Lord, thou knowest." He did not know how it could be done, but he dared not limit the restoring power of the Holy One of Israel. When God is taken into account, despair is banished. Looking at the wretched condition of the world, who has not wondered how the dry and sapless bones scattered over the plains of life could ever live again! But faith falls back upon this—God knows how it can be done. What seems impossible to man is easy to God. If God be taken into account miracles either in the physical or moral spheres can no longer be looked upon as unnatural or impossible. "Is any thing too hard for the Lord? Is the Lord's arm shortened that it cannot save?" The Eternal Christ who says, "Behold I make all things new," can bring together the disjointed bones of society and of man's moral nature, and quicken them by the breath of his mouth. He can, by the touch of his

life-giving Spirit, "create a soul under the ribs of death." To a divine Savior all things are possible; and what is possible to a divine Savior is possible to the Church in which he abides and through which he acts.

[July 20.]

Too little account has been taken by Christian thought of the immediate communication of God with the soul. Frequently the only entrance left open to God into the city of Mansoul has been the Gateway of Knowledge. The doctrine of the direct and conscious touch of God upon the human heart has been scouted as vague and mystical. But is it so? Was not pentecost a direct communication of power, rather than a revelation of new truth? And is not the inward feeling or conviction of a divine overshadowing presence one of the most clearly recorded facts of consciousness? Is it not the great primary fact in human nature which forms the real basis of our knowledge of God? Just as we receive the first knowledge of the outward world by sensation, so we receive the first knowledge of God from a sense of his brooding presence, a sense at first dim, but gradually growing clearer with the expanding of moral consciousness, until to the feeling of nearness there is joined the knowledge of sacred relationship; and with all the spontaneity of natural love, and with all the certainty of knowledge, come the words, "Abba, Father."* This upspringing of filial love by which "the Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God," must not be watered down to a subjective inference. It is a direct and conclusive evidence of our filial relation to God. And thus is the saying of Richter verified: "We arrive at the knowledge of the Infinite by wings, not by steps." We feel God near before we hear His voice. We feel the touch of His hand, the drawing of His love, the effluence of His power, before we have learned to syllable His name.

A beautiful illustration of the inward witness of the heart to the presence of God is afforded in the case of a soldier who was severely wounded in one of the battles of the war of the Rebellion. As he lay at death's door, his mother hastened from her Northern home, and, arriving at the hospital, desired to be taken to him at once. She was informed

*P 36.

*Freely translated by Luther, "dear Father."

that he was sleeping, and that it would not be best to disturb him. She was allowed however to go to his couch and take the place of the nurse who sat by his side with her hand upon his feverish brow. But hardly had the mother's hand touched his forehead when the patient's eyes opened, and he started up in great excitement. "Whose hand was that?" he asked. "That felt like my mother's hand; bring a light and let me see my mother's face!"* When the hand of God touches us shall we, even in the darkness of our ignorance and sin not know it? Will there be nothing in the nature of that touch to bring the conviction that the unseen friend who is bending over us, is our loving, Heavenly Father?

This immediacy of contact, this impact of the divine upon the human, this outflowing of the divine into the human, is made possible because of oneness of relationship and nature. When the divine within man calls to the divine without him, what is it but the child calling to the Father? And when the divine without him calls to the divine within him, what is it but the Father calling to the child?

Between man and his divine environment there is the same wondrous correlation, the same wise adjustment, that there is between man and his earthly environment. The eye and light, the ear and sound, are not more manifestly correlated to each other than are man and God. Man has evidently been made for God—made, in other words, for his spiritual environment. All the roots of his existence are in God. A sense of utter and absolute dependence upon a higher power is the deepest feeling of his nature. In this feeling of dependence is found the vital norm of faith, the common source of religious life. Even Herbert Spencer, the prophet of the Unknowable, finds himself compelled at last to fall back upon the belief in "the omnipresence of something which passes comprehension."† The omnipresent "something" which passes comprehension is the omnipresent God, the great underlying support of all things. The inborn feeling of dependence, from which it is impossible for man to free himself, implies the existence of something objective upon which man can stay himself, something upon which in his con-

scious weakness he can securely lean. The principle of dualism which gives to every appetite appropriate objects of gratification, to every mental faculty appropriate external objects upon which to exercise itself, gives to the religious feeling its appropriate object of satisfaction and support. Objective supply is correlated to subjective want, as food to hunger, or as water to thirst. In his deepest need man is not mocked. As the complement of his creature-insufficiency he finds divine all-sufficiency; as the complement of his weakness he finds almighty strength; as the complement of his darkness he finds everlasting light; and as the complement of his hunger of heart he finds eternal love.

God's greatness flows around his incompleteness,

And round his restlessness *His rest.*

—*Mrs. Browning.*

[*July 27.*]

From a new quarter the destruction of human freedom and responsibility is being threatened. Birth and education are said to determine human conduct; every volition is said to be a link in an endless chain of causation; and character the necessary sequence, the natural product, of certain antecedent states and influences. In this there is a measure of truth and a measure of error. Unity and continuity do unquestionably belong to character. No single action stands isolated from past choices and conditions. The present grows out of the past, the future out of the present. But, behind all the subtle influences of heredity and environment, behind the conflicting motives by which the moral nature is beset and besieged, behind the resultant tendencies of previous moral states, there is a potent personality, which is the sole determining power in moral action. By things outside the moral nature, character is influenced but not determined, conditioned but not controlled, affected but not caused. Man is himself the *cause* of his own character. Motives impel but do not compel his inner choice. Never is he forced to act in a way to which he has already been predestined. The limitations which life imposes and the opportunities which life affords he may accept as necessary elements in the scheme of his existence, and within that appointed circle by which his life is bounded he may freely work out his own destiny; running with patience the race set be-

* *Homiletical Review*, Vol. IX., p. 90

† "First Principles," p. 45.

fore him, and finishing his course with joy.

Those who have undertaken to forecast the character and destiny of man from his constitution and environment have too often overlooked the province of the will as a self-determining power. It is as if some one observing the movement of the clouds should conclude that the ship could move only in the same direction; forgetting that the captain with his hand upon the helm can use the wind so as to steer his ship in a course almost the opposite of that to which the wind is blowing. Without this self-determining power, virtue would be an impossibility. To act virtuously man has often to cleave his way against the strong current of desire; closing his ears to the seductive voice of his evil, selfish nature, and opening his ears to the protest of his higher nature, he has to urge his reluctant feet to walk in the path of righteousness and self-denial. "In the united states of thought and feeling the will occupies the position of a president," against whose decisions there exists no power of veto. Within the inner kingdom of self, the will rules with regal power holding in subjection "the fleshly lusts which war against the soul." Spurning the pleasurable because it is also the sinful, the will often chooses the unpleasant because it is also the right. As saith the judicious Hooker: "Appetite is the will's solicitor, and the will is appetite's controller; what we covet according to the one, by the other we often reject."

To the question: "Up to what point is man capable of redemption?" there can be only one answer. Man is capable of redemption up to the point of the extinction of his moral nature. So long as a shred of moral

power is left, there is the possibility of moral recovery. For character is not like a vase or statue which when once shattered is forever hopelessly destroyed. Rather is it like a living organism which, though maimed and injured, may be restored to soundness: Character is vital and changing, not dead and stereotyped. It is like liquid metal that can be fashioned into any shape, and not like metal which has been run into a mold, and has become solid and unalterable. Even when it has become in some degree hardened it may be remelted in the furnace of repentance. Character is germinal and structural: while it lives it grows, and while it grows it changes; and when it changes for the worse there is always the possibility that it may yet change for the better. However pitiable the wreck of manhood, there is always left some remnant of self-determining power, some measure of ability to leave the dismal swamp of sinful indulgence for the bracing uplands of virtuous self-restraint. Out of the deepest "slough of despond" the soul may struggle and gain at last the Celestial City. The most abject moral serf may assert his inborn nobility of nature and become "a crowned King of Life." Every thing hangs upon the fiat of the will. Since in the will lies the reforming power—the power to originate change—reformation can be secured only by rousing it to action. "Will thou be made whole?" is the question which the Great Healer puts to every sin-sick soul. And when any one gathers up his wasted energies for a supreme effort—when at the bidding of the Lord he stretches forth his withered hand—life and health return.—*Abridged from James M. Campbell's "Unto the Uttermost."*

THE NEWER PARTS OF CANADA.

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.

WHEN Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, testified in a British court that the prairies of Manitoba were unfit for human habitation, few people ventured to differ from this sage conclusion. The Canadian Northwest was the congenial stamping-ground of hunters and trappers, for most of the finer furs of commerce were found there; but no one supposed a large part of this vast region could

produce the best of wheat, fatten cattle and sheep by the million, and support a numerous and prosperous people.

The fact is, the exploration of the northern half of this continent is still in its early stages. Until three years ago there had been in Canada no scientific exploration north of Great Slave Lake except along the Arctic coast. Each annual report of the Canadian Minister of the Interior, every map and vol-

ume issuing from the Geological Survey, is to a considerable extent, a record of original discovery. Many a page is as entertaining as any book of travels and many a year will yet elapse before Canada and Alaska will cease to give us fresh geographical news.

Few people realize the immense labor involved in the thorough study of a new country. Mr. Herbert Ward, who was here from the Congo recently, said that though several hundred white men have lived for ten years past in various parts of the great basin, very little is yet known of the Congo region. When a committee of the Canadian senate, two years ago, gathered all the information they could collect of the great Mackenzie basin, they reported that much of the northern and eastern portion was as little known as the interior of Africa. What a rich opportunity this little-known country is affording to the able and enthusiastic explorers of the scientific bureaus at Ottawa! Here is one of the interesting surprises to which they have treated us.

Some old maps used to show a low range of mountains stretching east and west for hundreds of miles west of Lake Athabasca. If you happen to visit that region on a vacation tour you will look in vain for those mountains. You will find instead an almost illimitable prairie stretching away to the horizon, not in gentle undulations as in Minnesota but as level as a floor. Suddenly a surprising thing will occur. A moment before, you saw nothing but the boundless, verdant sward; the next, without the slightest warning you find yourself standing on the edge of a mighty gorge. Seven hundred to a thousand feet below flows a water-way, a half-mile wide, and the old trappers, paddling up the noble Peace River, looked at the sandstone cliffs far above and called them mountains. If they had had the spirit of the explorer they would have climbed to the top and seen at a glance that they were in a prairie land through which this great chasm has been cut. Some day steamers will float on this wonderfully crooked water-way and they will carry tourists for seven hundred miles from the foot of the Rocky Mountains along this very deep and narrow valley, through which meanders the great stream that is unique among all the rivers in the world.

There are a number of novelties for North American tourists that must be sought alone in Canada. Our alpine regions among the

Rocky Mountains where great glaciers descend for thousands of feet to the lower valleys can be found only north of the international boundary. In time, when the tourist wants the exhilaration of a trip through the Rockies by small boat, he will make his way to the head waters of the Peace River west of the mountains, and for nearly seventy-five miles he will float down the stream, amid the grandest of scenery, the mountains towering above him 5,000 feet on either hand, and all the way he will meet with only one or two small rapids to add a little excitement to the trip. He will not, however, venture into the rapids by which the river, emerging from the mountains, drops to the plain below; for in ten miles the river tumbles a thousand feet and is very grand and turbulent before it enters its narrow gorge and assumes a placidity befitting its name.

By using the steamers which the Hudson Bay Company within a few years has launched upon the Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers, one may now travel from New York City to the Arctic Ocean along interior routes, carried all the way by steam except for about 335 miles. He will travel by rail to Calgary on the Canadian Pacific, thence 270 miles by wagon to Athabasca Landing where he can take a steamer for over 200 miles to the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca River where sixty miles of land portage are required. At Fort McMurray, the foot of the rapids, a steamer has been running for six years down the river to Lake Athabasca and into the Slave River, to the second and last obstruction, five rapids close together. Below these rapids another steamer has been plying for six years and there is no further interruption of navigation in the 1,037 miles down the Great Mackenzie River to the sea.

In all this vast country from the the Saskatchewan River to the Arctic Ocean our knowledge is confined chiefly to the rivers and the great lakes. Explorers, missionaries, and agents of the Hudson Bay Company know very little of the enormous areas stretching between the water courses. The future will fill the maps with numberless details now wholly lacking; but in broad outline we know the characteristics of the country and they may be very briefly described.

Draw a line from near Cape Bathurst on the Arctic Ocean, almost exactly south-east to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay. All the country east of this line is barren ground,

utterly worthless, it is believed, save for its fish and furs. West of this line is a broad belt of country including all of Great Bear Lake and generally bounded on the west by the great chain of lakes extending from Great Slave Lake to Lake Winnipeg. This is the wooded belt of the Canadian Northwest, containing much spruce, tamarack, and sub-arctic trees, a rocky and swampy area with some regions of good land. Between this region and the Rocky Mountains is another great belt quite narrow in its northern part along the middle Mackenzie but very broad at its southern limit, the northern branch of the Saskatchewan. This is an area of great plains with considerable timber, and a large extent of the country some day may be valuable for pasturage. Then south of the North Saskatchewan, extending from the Red River valley to the Rocky Mountains, is a land of prairie and plain, one of the finest wheat growing and grazing countries in the world. The general characteristics of most of British Columbia are those of the wooded belt above referred to, and here and there all over the country between the lakes and the Pacific have been found riches in the shape of petroleum, coal, and gold which have developed into or bid fair to become large sources of wealth.

It really is amusing to see the changes that Canada's surveyors and explorers have been making in the maps of twenty years ago. They have been finding new water-ways and changing the courses of the old ones. They have whittled off parts of that wonderful system of lakes and added other parts which once figured as dry land. Lakes as near civilization as Lake Winnipegosis in Manitoba have taken on quite a different appearance, and Lake Mistassini in the Canadian Northeast, once reported almost to rival Lake Superior in size, has been forced to abate its lofty pretensions and now cuts a very humble figure. Within the past three years, Dawson and others have made a running survey of over 100,000 square miles of territory along the head streams of the Yukon, hitherto a *terra incognita*, and Ogilvie's conclusion that the gold diggings on the Yukon are in Canadian instead of Alaskan territory was interesting reading for us and hastened the sending of our expedition which is now locating the 141st meridian, the international boundary line.

We cannot describe here the many notable

explorations recently carried out by the Canadian Geological and Land Departments; their studies in the region between Hudson Bay and Lake Winnipeg, showing the uselessness of that country; their complete surveys of the Frazer, Athabasca, and Churchill Rivers, the mapping of the Cariboo mining district, where much of the country is so rough that pack animals cannot enter it; the exploratory labors east of Hudson Bay; and other important enterprises; but all students of Canadian exploration are grateful for the invention of dry plates in photography, which have enabled the government to embellish its geographical reports with striking and beautiful pictures from regions almost unknown. "No record of exploration," says a report of the Interior Department, "is now considered complete unless it is accompanied by illustrations." Canada also is using the camera in a very interesting way to facilitate her explorations in the Rocky Mountains.

The government is mapping this tangle of lofty summits, and all Alpine clubs and devotees of mountain climbing have been greatly interested for three years past in the graphic reports of these surveyors. Their scrambles above the snow line, clambering far up the slope of great moving glaciers, their toilsome progress as they cut their way through dense underbrush or crawl along the edge of dizzy precipices, their little mishaps, sometimes ludicrous, as when a pack-horse rolls hundreds of feet down the side of a cañon and is found wedged between two trees not at all hurt but painfully astonished, and above all, the splendid panoramas they see upon which no human eye ever rested before, and the order they evolve from this jumble of ranges, spurs, and valleys, have made the Canadian survey of the Rocky Mountains, still in progress, one of the most interesting of recent geographical studies. Now the usual processes of topographical surveying are far too expensive in this difficult and for the most part uninhabitable region, where the aim of the survey is chiefly to perfect the map. Using triangulations, therefore, as the basis of the map, the surveyors work in the topographical features by means of photographs taken on mountain peaks. This process has been used for some years in the Alps at about one-tenth the cost of the ordinary methods of topographical surveying.

Nestled among the mountains are lovely lakes, some of them thirty or forty miles long,

hot springs here and there, one of which already is famous for its medicinal properties, and water-falls tumbling down the mountains for hundreds of feet. The region of the Frazer River is of peculiar grandeur and beauty. Gazing from afar at a noble cone, now known as Lookout Mountain, the explorers saw a long, white streak down its rugged side. They found it was a magnificent cascade, its waters lashed to snowy whiteness, and dashing for three thousand feet down the steep slope. These placid mountain lakes are full of trout, and the great hills that tower from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above them are mirrored in the waters. Mr. Peary, the American traveler on Greenland's inland ice, thinks there is no air in the world like that he breathed on that wonderful ice plain 7,500 feet above the sea; but draughts of Rocky Mountain oxygen lose none of their health-giving quality by adding the aroma of fir and hemlock. Deer and black bear are numerous, grouse abound, and goats and Rocky Mountain sheep clamber far up the mountain side. Tourists, hunters, and invalids already are making their way to this new resort for health and recreation; and among these picturesque lakes, romantic rivers, and grand mountains, a large district has been set apart for the National Park of Canada.

A force of men are constantly at work making roads and bridle paths to the numerous points of interest in Canada's big pleasure resort. The National Park is about 500 miles north-west of our own great Park. It is on the Canadian Pacific at the eastern edge of British Columbia, and though it never can rival our Yellowstone Park in natural wonders, it is destined to be one of the famous breathing spots of the continent. Bridle paths lead up the mountains from whose tops magnificent panoramas unfold. Picturesque bridges span the Bow and Spray Rivers, and from the Bow bridge one sees a noble river shooting past at twenty miles an hour before it plunges over the falls. Here is an interesting cave, and hot and sulphur springs, whose waters are led by conduits to various sanitariums, and high up in the mountains is a natural basin full of tepid water where many a visitor takes a plunge; and a few hours steaming, over the crests of the Rocky Mountains, lands the visitor among the wonders of the Selkirk range. He leaves the train at the very foot of one of the greatest glaciers in the Temperate zones.

Fancy a river of solid ice about 500 feet thick, stretching up the mountain for nine miles with a width of a mile to a mile and a half, moving down the slope in midsummer, over a foot a day, with immense moraines along the sides and front where quartzite blocks, weighing many tons, have been pushed ahead or swept aside, and you have a faint picture of the Great Glacier of the Selkirks. It is believed no Indian ever visited these mountains, and the Selkirks are still imperfectly explored, though we know many of the mountains are almost uniformly about 10,000 feet high, that above 7,000 feet the rugged peaks are clad in perpetual snow, and that scores of glaciers push down the slopes to the forest region. It was an interesting discovery that our mountain climbers may find, at home, opportunities for adventure above the snow line, rivaling those of the Alps and the Caucasus. Our chief authority on the Selkirks is the explorer Green, the first to climb Mount Cook in the New Zealand Alps. He calls the Selkirk region, "one of the loveliest districts on our planet," though he had some tribulations there induced by a bucking mustang to whose back the scientific instruments unfortunately had been confided. In a paroxysm of bucking, the animal dashed the theodolite, the prismatic compass, and other instruments to the ground, and then added insult to injury by rolling on the débris. When Mr. Green explained to the Royal Geographical Society of London why he could not return the costly instruments it had loaned him, he convulsed that learned body.

But notwithstanding Canada's activity in the field of explorations, the work has only just begun. A recent report of the Geological Survey says that very little precise knowledge has yet been obtained of large districts even in Manitoba. The large colony of Icelanders who recently found new homes between Lakes Manitoba and Winnipeg settled in part upon still unsurveyed lands. As a rule, however, the land surveys have kept far in advance of settlement, and there has been a great decrease of field work since 1887, as the Government sees no reason for staking out the farming lands many years before pioneers will occupy them. Recently, land surveys have been far more actively pursued west than east of the Rocky Mountains until at last they cover the whole of the lands taken up by settlers in British Columbia.

Interesting discoveries as to the resources of this vast country have crowded fast upon one another. The world talked long of the rich new wheat lands of the Red River Valley and the Saskatchewan; but it never seemed to occur to any one that the great plains farther west, to the Rockies, where millions of buffalo had roamed, were admirable grazing lands. That discovery was made later; cattle raisers flocked into Alberta with their herds, and ranches are still multiplying. Then, as the surveyors pushed up along the east side of the Rocky Mountains, they were surprised to find that there seemed to be no limit to the northern extension of the arable and pasture lands, influences from the Pacific warming the winter air.

Then along and near the line of the Canadian Pacific as it approaches the mountains, rich coal fields, both bituminous and anthracite were discovered. The Canadian Northwest, though not well furnished with timber, doubtless could supply the whole continent with coal for centuries to come. In the regions of the Belly and Bow Rivers alone, it is estimated by the Geological Survey that there are about 800,000,000 tons of good coal; and farther north, at Edmonton, the citizens are supplied with the product of their own coal miners at a cost of less than three dollars a ton. Canadian anthracite has been sold in the California markets.

The discovery of large areas of petroleum basins was reported several years ago in the Athabasca region. Comparatively little is known yet of the value of these finds or of the extent of Canada's coal supply. Professor Dawson, of the Geological Survey, thinks the oil district comprises nearly 150,000 square

miles. The whole world will be interested in the expedition headed by Pennsylvania experts, which the Dominion government is now fitting out to explore the oil regions. Another scientific expedition which will start this year has the mission of studying the resources of the Great Mackenzie basin and suggesting the best means of preventing the extermination of fur animals.

The newer parts of Canada are a country of the future, for their resources have not yet been carefully studied, much less utilized. The hardy yeomanry who are planting civilization in these former wilds have suffered for several years from early frost and blighting drought. Far north, along the Northern Saskatchewan, many a farmer is freighting on the road and almost despairs of ever seeing that long-promised railroad which was to bring his wheat field within reach of markets. But it takes years to lay even the foundations of so great a social edifice as the Canadian Northwest is destined to become. The railroads will be built and plenty of them. Progress and growth are apparent everywhere. Already the colonies outside of Manitoba, weary of the régime of the mounted police and the Council at Regina, are petitioning the parliament at Ottawa for separate provincial governments. Manitoba and Assiniboia have raised 13,000,000 bushels of wheat in a year, and on the plains of Alberta, which no white men save a few hunters had seen twenty years ago, 150,000 cattle are grazing. There can be no doubt of the bright future of a country, whose resources are so ample, whose climate invigorates both mind and body, and whose enlightened people are so ambitious to achieve success.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

PASSING from the Senate Chamber, where calm deliberations and dignified debates are the rule, to the House of Representatives, with its unceasing turmoil, reminds the classical visitor of what must have been the effect produced upon a cultivated stranger, who after viewing the august Senate of Rome, whose grave and reverend Conscript Fathers decided the fate of kingdoms and empires, descended to the Roman E-July.

Forum where the Tribunes and other popular orators harangued the people. The Forum was a training school for the ambitious politicians of Rome as the House of Representatives is the training school of ambitious American politicians.

Aspasia, who taught wisdom to Socrates and eloquence to Pericles, declared that republics were the nurseries of men,—that good republics produced good men and bad republics

lics bad men. In the American republic as in the republic of Athens, all power is in the hands of the people. Poverty and obscure birth do not exclude any one, but the contrary advantages do not always lead to political honors.

The powers of the House of Representatives are purely legislative. It has none of the executive functions of the Senate, has nothing to do with confirming appointments or approving treaties, but it has the exclusive right of impeaching officials, of initiating revenue bills, and of choosing the president of the United States in case the people fail to elect one. Twice only in the history of Congressional government has this last power been exercised,—in 1801, when Thomas Jefferson was elected for his first term, and in 1825, when John Quincy Adams was elected.

The first House of Representatives, which met in 1789, numbered sixty-five members, one for every thirty thousand persons. The present House contains three hundred thirty-three members, being one for about every one hundred sixty thousand of the population of the United States. An election to Congress costs sometimes five times as much as one year's salary of a member. I know of a recent case in which a Congressman spent \$30,000 to secure his re-election, and was defeated, after all, by a man who spent little or nothing, because he had nothing to spend. The House contains few very old or very young men. The majority are between forty and sixty years old. Lawyers predominate, more than two-thirds being of that profession, although most of them have retired from practice at the bar in order to devote themselves entirely to politics. One remarkable fact about the occupation of members of Congress is that, while the vast majority of voters are working-men, or artisans, they seldom send one of their own class to Congress.

The House, like the Senate, meets at noon and sits four or five hours a day until toward the close of the session, when the daily sittings are lengthened, and at the very end, it sometimes sits all night long. Each day's session begins with prayer by the Chaplain. Every member is obliged to remain with his head uncovered while the House is in session, although there is no rule forbidding a member covering his desk with his feet, a privilege that frequently is exercised. When a member wishes to speak, he addresses the Speaker, who recognizes him by his state, as

"the gentleman from Kentucky." Long debates are not usual in these busy days. Most of the work is done in committees.

The Speaker of the House is generally the most prominent member of the dominant party, and is recognized as its leader. He does not often take part in the debates, but he advises the other leaders of his party in private, and when they go into caucus, he is present and gives counsel as to how to act upon pending questions. His most important privilege is the nomination of the standing committees. It may be said that the Speaker of the House of Representatives is the second political figure in the United States, especially if he possess brains, ambition, and what is called "personal magnetism." His salary is \$8,000 a year, and he enjoys a social position the same as the justices of the Supreme Court.

While our lower house cannot boast such a man as the English House of Commons boasts in Mr. Gladstone, still it is free from dull *parvenus* and fashionable young sporting men, who are the bane and the bores of the lower house of Great Britain. The House of Representatives is a fair type of the American people, and it is essentially a business body. It originates or produces few useful laws. Never were its weakness and ignorance more strikingly shown than in its recent indifference to the International Copyright bill, a bill which American authors for fifty years and American publishers for ten have been endeavoring to pass.

The hall of the House of Representatives is a room magnificent in size and appointments. The seats are arranged in curved concentric rows looking toward the Speaker, who sits on a handsome marble chair on a raised marble platform. A visitor, sitting in one of the vast galleries of the House, witnesses a scene in which dignity is unknown and decorum is impossible. The noise and confusion have been compared to the "short, sharp waves in an island loch, fretting in a squall against a rocky shore." A recent English visitor, accustomed to the general quiet of the House of Commons, was astonished at the turmoil in our lower house, and spoke, especially, of the rising and dropping of desks lids, the scratching of pens, the clapping of hands to call the pages, the pattering of many feet, the humming and talking on the floor and in the galleries, the shouting of members to catch the Speaker's attention, and the sound of the gavel.

The House of Representatives has been the nursery of many distinguished men. Henry Clay won his first political honors in the House, of which he was for several years its most brilliant Speaker; Daniel Webster began his public life in the House, but his sublime and stately oratory was better adapted to the Senate; John Randolph began his meteoric career in the House, where he sharpened his wit by constant practice, until it became as keen and deadly as the scimitar of Saladin. John Quincy Adams was an unique example in our history of an ex-President of the United States serving in the House of Representatives. For eighteen years he was a prominent member of that body, during which he took a most active part in public affairs, availing himself of his opportunities to denounce his old enemies, Whigs and Democrats, who had prevented his being nominated for a second presidential term. To come down to more recent times, John Sherman served a long apprenticeship in the House before he was elected to the Senate; Ben Hill, of Georgia, was a recognized leader among the Representatives before he received senatorial honors; James G. Blaine, after training as editor of the Portland (Me.) *Advertiser*, entered the House of Representatives on the 3d of December, 1863, and served without intermission until March 4th, 1875; he was elected Speaker of three successive Congresses, from March 4th, 1869, to March 4th, 1875; when, in a happy little speech, he adjourned the House on the last named day he received a perfect ovation, the floor and galleries joining in repeated salvos of applause.

During the Civil War, and for several years afterward, Thaddeus Stevens dominated the House of Representatives, which he ruled with an iron hand. His terrible tongue terrified the timid members of his own party more than it did Democrats, and few of the former were bold enough to oppose his imperious will. One who frequently saw him at this time, describes him as "rising by degrees, as a telescope is pulled out, until he stood in a most ungraceful attitude, his heavy black hair falling down over his cavernous brows, and his cold little eyes twinkling with anger; he would make some ludicrous remark, and, then, reaching to his full height, he would lecture the offender against party discipline, sweeping at him his large, bony right hand, in uncouth gestures, as if he would clutch him and shake him. He often used invectives,

which he took care should never appear in the printed journal; and John Randolph in his most bitter moods was not more insulting than was Thad Stevens toward those whose political actions he controlled." He was the undisputed leader of the House in the impeachment of President Johnson,—Butler, Boutwell, and Bingham, playing second fiddles.

Within the memory of men who have not yet reached the prime of life, the House of Representatives has numbered among its members such men as Andrew Johnson, Alexander H. Stevens, L. Q. C. Lamar, Schuyler Colfax, Levi P. Morton, Henry Winter Davis, James A. Garfield, and others of great prominence. Some of these were good speakers, but in these latter days, oratory is unnecessary for success in public life. The fiery eloquence of Clay and the grand oratory of Webster would be lost in the House of Representatives, the majority of whose members are "practical politicians." Common sense has taken the place of passionate utterances. Most of the work of the House is done in committees, where there is little or no opportunity for the display of any thing except "practical business." Sometimes a lively debate takes place in the Committee of the Whole House, but this is of rare occurrence, and the proceedings are generally flat and unprofitable. To be a member of Congress, by which is meant a member of the House of Representatives, does not *per se* give a man any social position in Washington. A member is completely cast into the shade by senators and justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Therefore, rich men who covet social distinction, aspire to the Senate, not to the House.

The present Speaker of the House of Representatives, Thomas B. Reed, has not been a prominent figure in national politics until recently, but he possesses in a remarkable degree the special quality which the French revolutionist Danton praised and adopted as his own: *L'audace, l'audace, et toujours l'audace*. Mr. Reed can scarcely claim the brilliancy of his predecessor, James G. Blaine, in the Speaker's chair, but for boldness and audacity as a parliamentarian, this new son of Maine totally eclipses her favorite son. Mr. Reed does not figure to any great extent in the social life of the National Metropolis; he has not yet established himself in a permanent home, but has his rooms in an apart-

m^{en}t house, which precludes him from entertaining. In this respect, also, he is entirely different from his distinguished fellow-citizen of Maine, for Mr. Blaine always gave sumptuous entertainments until family afflictions changed his happy home into a house of mourning.

Since Mr. Blaine took his leave of the House, John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, has been the most conspicuous member of that body. Beginning life as a school teacher, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and at the age of twenty-four was elected a member of the Kentucky legislature. He continued almost without intermission in local politics for fifteen years, serving one term as Lieutenant Governor of the state. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1877, and has been re-elected ever since. He was elected Speaker of the Forty-Eighth, Forty-Ninth, and Fiftieth Congresses and presided with a dignity, impartiality, and parliamentary knowledge which won the respect of Democrats and Republicans. He is a tall, fine-looking man, with the winning courtesy of Henry Clay. Ably assisted by his handsome and accomplished wife, he has introduced the delightful old Kentucky hospitality into Washington society, making their home the center of attraction during the gay season. It may be mentioned that Mr. Carlisle is the fourth Kentuckian that has been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, the first being Henry Clay. Since retiring from the Speakership, Mr. Carlisle has been recognized as the leader of the Democratic party in the House. Being one of the ablest statesmen of the country, and still in the prime of a vigorous manhood, he seems destined for higher political honors in the future than he has yet received.

Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, was brought prominently before the country by the Tariff bill which he introduced into the House during the first session of the Fiftieth Congress. The discussion occasioned by this bill gave him a publicity which his previous career in Congress did not warrant, and since the defeat of that bill its author has resumed his former place among the average Congressmen. But he has plenty of vim and verve, and having once tasted the sweets of fame he will not be willing to go down to posterity as "Single Bill Mills," especially as that bill failed to pass. Mr. Mills is a middle-aged man, his dress and address being distinctly

Southern, although not so pronounced in the former respect as the eccentric John Randolph, of Roanoke.

Massachusetts has three prominent men in the present House of Representatives,—Nathaniel P. Banks, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Elijah Adams Morse. General Banks is a conspicuous example of the peculiar advantages of American institutions: Born in humble circumstances, he received a plain education, and became a bobbin-boy in a factory; edited a newspaper; studied law and entered politics; was elected to the Massachusetts legislature in 1849, '50, '51, and '52, serving two years as Speaker; was president of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1853; was elected a member of the House of Representatives in the Thirty-Third, Thirty-Fourth, and Thirty-Fifth Congresses; was elected Speaker of the House in 1857 after a memorable contest; resigned his seat in Congress, January 1, 1858, to fill the office of Governor of Massachusetts; when the Civil War broke out, he entered the Federal army as Brigadier General of Volunteers and was soon promoted to Major-General; in 1867, he returned to Congress, and served successively until March 11, 1879, when he was appointed United States Marshal, which position he held until April 23, 1888, when he was elected to the present Congress. Such is a brief outline of a remarkable and, in some respects, a brilliant career. General Banks is now in his seventy-fifth year, but he shows no decline in mind or body.

Elijah A. Morse is a distant relation of the Adams family of Massachusetts, and represents the same district once represented by John Quincy Adams. At the age of nineteen he enlisted in the Federal army as a private, and was promoted to a corporal; after the War he became a business man and a manufacturer; he entered politics at the age of thirty-five, as a member of the Massachusetts legislature; and after serving two terms in the state senate was elected a member of the House of Representatives, in which he already has made his mark. His colleague, Henry Cabot Lodge, is a much younger man, and college bred, having graduated at Harvard in 1871, and at the Law School of the same university in 1875. He was admitted to the bar, but he soon discovered, like Master Shallow, in the play, that there was very little love between himself and the law, and that little became less upon a better acquaintance,

so he abandoned it for the more congenial pursuit of literature. Mr. Lodge is now serving his second term in Congress, and he finds a residence in Washington very agreeable, as it enables him to carry on with great advantage his literary and historical studies, without neglecting his duties in the House.

Mention has been made of the indifference of Congress to the question of International Copyright. When this bill was brought before the House of Representatives at the present session, it was promptly voted down, and Congress lost a rare opportunity to do something really useful. It was not a party question. It was not a scheme to vote away the people's money, it was simply and purely a question of doing right and justice to a most deserving body of American citizens, and at the same time to wipe from our national escutcheon a blot that has long dimmed its luster. The average member of Congress reads nothing but newspapers. He knows nothing of books, and, therefore, cares nothing for authors; in fact, he looks upon literary men with mingled scorn and pity, they being, in his wise estimation, drones in the busy hive of American life. Our legislators should know that literature is the true glory of every nation,—that kingdoms fall, that empires crumble into dust, but that a nation's literature survives. Let these Congressmen, who are dressed in a little brief authority, remember that the plow of Robert Burns is not less honorable than the scepter of Robert Bruce, that Shakspeare has conferred more true glory upon England than all her politicians from the time of William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria, that Edgar A. Poe has done more for the fame of America than all the politicians who have mouthed in Congress since the formation of the United States Government.

During the present session of Congress, Pennsylvania has lost her two most distinguished Representatives, Samuel J. Randall and William D. Kelley. Mr. Randall, although a pronounced and unswerving Democrat, won the respect of his political adversaries by his high personal character. After serving one term in the state senate, he was elected to the National House of Representatives in 1867, from his native city of Philadelphia, and was re-elected consecutively from that time until his death, latterly without any Republican opposition. He was chosen Speaker of the Forty-Sixth Congress,

and his deserved success seemed to point him out for the highest honor of the republic. Judge Kelley entered Congress two years before Mr. Randall, and like him he was re-elected every term until his death. He was more aggressive than his Democratic colleague, but not less respected. Like many successful Americans, he started out in life with a good English education, and began his career in a printing-office; he became an apprentice to the jewelry trade, and worked five years as a journeyman jeweler; he then studied law, was twice Prosecuting Attorney for the city of Philadelphia, and for ten years Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was in his fiftieth year when he was first elected to Congress, but he soon took a leading place in the House.

Few men, like John Wentworth, of Chicago, run for Congress "for the fun of the thing."

Within the last twenty-five years, there has arisen in the United States a class of men who are known as "professional politicians." In this class are included many of the members of the present House of Representatives, men, who are known, but who shall be nameless here. They come to Washington poor, but in a few years they are buying real estate and feasting sumptuously every day. That there should be such men in public life is not an evil peculiar to the United States; it is the natural consequence of all forms of representative government, and prevails more or less in Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy.

One of the most intelligent foreigners who ever visited the United States, Mr. James Bryce, in his excellent work, "The American Commonwealth," in speaking of the House of Representatives, has a striking paragraph which seems to furnish an appropriate close to this article: "This huge gray hall, filled with perpetual clamor, with its multitude of keen, eager faces, this ceaseless going and coming of many feet, this irreverent public watching from the galleries and forcing its way to the floor, all speak to the beholder's mind of a mighty democracy, destined in another century to form one-half of civilized mankind. The men may not be great, but the interests and the issues are vast and fateful. Here, as so often in America, one thinks rather of the future than of the present. Of what tremendous struggles may not this hall become the theater in ages yet far distant, when the parliaments of Europe have shrunk to insignificance?"

AMID THE STORMS.

BY LUCY E. TILLEY.

DEAR Mother Nature, with what tender hand
The many cradles on thy ample breast
Are rocked. Serenely 'midst the storms they rest,
The tender younglings of the sea and land.
Safe on the frail, bent stalks the spiders bind
Their silken hammocks with no thought of fear;
While slender-winged birds untroubled hear,
High in their rocking nests, the rough-browed wind;
No white-capped waves affright the pulsing life
Which, cradled in its shell, rocks with the tide.
Lo, 'neath a watchful eye they all abide
Amid the blinding rush of storm and strife.
Not they alone have need in this wide land,
Shelter us also, O, thou brooding hand.

THE FOLLIES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

WHETHER invented the phrase "the social ladder" contributed a most picturesque figure to the language, a figure that appeals vividly to the imagination, whether one dwells in a remote village or in the heart of a metropolis. Every community, every state, every nation, nay the wide world itself, has its metaphorical ladder on the successive rounds of which are perched representatives of the different cliques that go to make up what is known to the census bureau as "the population."

It is not the purpose of the present paper to explain the reasons why these cliques should exist, nor to suggest plans whereby every one may climb to the topmost round. Suffice it that these cliques or grades exist the world over, and that those who occupy the upper rounds of the ladder necessarily look down upon those below them, while those who are at the foot look upward with feelings that may be worthily ambitious, or enviously bitter, according to the temperament of the individual.

Here, for instance, is a group seated comfortably enough on one of the midway rounds of the ladder. Judging from their dress and general appearance they are well-to-do folk in work-a-day clothes. They are looking at

the people on the topmost round, and from their remarks it would seem that they either feel, or wish to be considered as feeling, a hearty contempt for their nice dress, their dainty ways, their correct grammar, and their habitually civil speech. Two or three rounds further up, there is, perhaps, less of contempt and more of envy, more of a disposition to reach up and climb to the next higher round. Downward, nobody wants to go, but if we watch the imaginary ladder we may see many lapses. It is far easier to drop to the next round below than it is to mount the next above; nevertheless, there are people on all the rounds who are out of place, and belong properly either higher up or lower down.

Theoretically, social follies are confined to the upper social grades, the upper round of the ladder, that is, but actually they are by no means peculiar to them. There are follies as truly social in their nature among the laboring classes as among the "upper ten," or the more recently invented "four hundred." In a certain very numerous class of the population, for instance, it is necessary in order to keep up the honor of the family when one of its members dies, to set forth in the honor of mourning a table liberally sup-

plied with intoxicating liquors. It is incumbent likewise upon the family, no matter how poor they may be, to make as grand a display as possible at the funeral, often incurring debts that it takes many years to pay. These, surely, are social follies quite as absurd in their way as any that can be laid at the doors of fashionable mansions.

To the frontiersman, fair white collars and cuffs are fashionable follies, and his scorn of them would be intensified if he knew that in the effete centers of population it is not unusual for people to change their linen daily or even oftener. Among the mining towns of the West a silk hat hanging in the entrance hall of a hotel while its owner is at dinner, is pretty certain to feel the weight of some miner's fist in indignant protest against the encroachments of civilization. To the wearer of fresh linen and the votary of the high hat, this hostility seems barbaric and insolent in the extreme.

It is evident, then, that we must discriminate between follies. We are very apt to denounce as foolish practices what we are not accustomed to, and, on the other hand, we are equally apt to consider as necessities things that we have always had, simply because we have never been obliged to do without them.

All social customs have some kind of an excuse for existence. The funeral excesses just referred to, originated in one instance in the perfectly natural desire to alleviate the sharp poignancy of grief in a stricken household; and, in the other, from an equally natural desire to honor the memory of the departed.

The recognized custom in polite society of making formal dinner calls and the like, presumably had its beginning in the days when every social assemblage ended in a debauch and it was deemed a delicate attention on the part of guests to call upon the host or hostess to the end that each might be reassured as to the physical survival or well-being of the other.

It is quite natural that silly customs should be more numerous among the wealthy, that is the fashionable classes, than among those that are less free to gratify whims through reckless expenditure of money. This may be said to result from two causes. First, the ranks of fashion are recruited from the people. Every recruit brings some custom or foible from his or her former social circle or local

code. By the natural law of variation and increase, these customs and foibles become fixed, varying more or less from the original type, but perpetuated in some form and, perhaps, improved or amplified until they become recognized as part of the code broadly embraced in etiquette. Secondly, the leaders of fashion, ever eager to strengthen their hold upon the scepter, spare neither time nor money to devise some excess of manner or dress that shall in due course become part of the established order that rules in upper-tendom.

It would be a curious study if one should trace back to their origin all the customs of good society. To some extent this has been done, but with questionable accuracy, for such investigations, like new scientific theories, are largely guess-work, and while it is not hard to make a plausible presumption, it is excessively difficult to prove it.

If it is true that the social follies are most prolific among the wealthy, it follows that they should be most prolific among the most wealthy. It will hardly be disputed that the crowned heads of Europe represent wealth, upon the whole, in its most concrete form. Practically they have their hands in the public treasury, as witness the yearly drafts of the royal family of Great Britain upon the generosity and loyalty of a long-suffering parliament. True to our theory it is about these courts that social follies find their most intense development. Everybody knows the story of the monarch who perished from exposure to a hot fire because the chamberlain of shovel and tongs could not be found to shut off the draught or otherwise check the blaze. Equally familiar is the story of Isabella of Spain, who set the fashion of wearing soiled linen because she with patriotic imprudence vowed a vow that she would not change her dress until her armies had captured a certain fortress. The beleaguered garrison, however, was so brave and inconsiderate as to hold out until the Infanta's linen became so very yellow that it set the fashion of the day, and for a long time "Isabella yellow" was in great demand throughout the Spanish dominions.

Such instances, however, are not confined to the Middle Ages. It is said that the Prince of Wales recently was seen in public wearing gloves of diverse colors. However the accident occurred, it set the fashion, and for a while it was the correct thing to wear odd

colored gloves. One of the royal princesses, too, had temporarily a halt in her gait, resulting from a sprain, or some slight injury, and forthwith it became the fashion among court ladies to cultivate a pretty little royal limp.

In America we have no prince or princesses of sufficiently permanent title to lead us in precisely such guise as in the instances cited, but we are by no means slow to go as far as we can. No village is so small as not to have its social queen, perhaps two or more rival queens, and aided and abetted by the fashion papers and periodicals, the rest of the community follow their lead with more or less fidelity and success.

Just here it seems necessary to offer a word of apology to the fair sex if this paper seems to accord them a certain pre-eminence in the countenance of fashionable follies. Upon women, as a rule, falls the burden of keeping up the round of so-called social duties. There is that in her nature which leads her to care more for becoming dress than men do, and in general, therefore, she gives more thought to it in all its minor details. For the same, or a like reason, she gives more time to the interchange of formal social civilities, and since she is the prime mover in all these matters it is not unnatural that she should be charged with the main responsibility for the follies that become part and parcel of the social fabric. Men, on the other hand—if we ignore a small percentage insignificant alike in number and as individuals—do not as a general thing object to wearing last year's clothes; and since full evening dress is the same among gentlemen the world over, they do not have to give a moment's thought to personal adornment. Men, moreover, do not feel constrained to call formally upon each other in order to keep up friendly relations. In point of fact most of them are very lax in the matter of duty calls upon the ladies of their acquaintance, and were it not for more punctilious wives, daughters, and sisters, even the permissible substitution of cards for personal visits would often be omitted. If, therefore, these strictures seem to bear with undue severity upon women, it must be remembered that everywhere in America, society in its formal aspects is almost exclusively under feminine management.

A very great many of our social follies result from ill-advised attempts to import European customs, particularly English cus-

toms, and adapt them to a new order of social conditions. There it is rare that a family in what is termed the middle class of life, gains social recognition from the aristocracy. Here such changes are of every-day occurrence, in private as well as official life. The man who is destined to be president ten or fifteen years hence, is, possibly, a local politician to-day, with a family to whom the complicated formulas of social etiquette are practically a sealed book.

Under such conditions the establishment of fixed rules, according to a recognized social standard, are well-nigh impracticable. There is no final authority. In some parts of the country newcomers call first upon the old residents, after the French custom; elsewhere the old residents call first upon newcomers if their acquaintance is desired; and elsewhere, again, there is a perplexing conflict of the two systems.

In one of our largest cities a certain street, for no apparent reason, divides recognized fashion from mere mediocrity. In the same city actual calls in person are not given or received even between ladies moving in the same circles—cards are made to do duty instead. All these differing systems have their advocates, and generations must pass before New York and San Francisco, Boston and New Orleans, can acknowledge a common code.

Diversity in manners and customs always goes hand in hand with ferocity and lawlessness and, however picturesque these may be in novels, they are sadly detrimental to peace and prosperity in actual life. It is toward the elimination of the barbaric elements that all true systems of civilization must tend. It has been suggested, and with some show of reason, that when men have reached that ideal social state wherein every one is polite and considerate to every one else, there will be no fun in living. True, possibly, when viewed from our present standpoint, but the ideal man and woman of that far distant millennium probably may have a very different idea of fun from that which obtains in this present day of imperfect development.

"An ideal social being," says Herbert Spencer in the "Data of Ethics," "may be conceived as so constituted that his spontaneous activities are congruous with the social environment formed by other such beings." Of course this is merely the doctrine of the perfectionists "writ large," but it is

entitled to respect as the theory of ultimate social conditions formulated in some of the keenest intellects that the century has produced. To a thoughtful and appreciative person, women of fashion are always very interesting, and the fact that they do truly regard themselves as the representatives of an indefinite something that is really grand and great is extremely diverting. Their steadfastness of purpose in conforming to trivial ideals, the infinite pains they take in approximating an ever fugitive standard of perfection, the wearisome round of social duties that they discharge with such singleness of mind and intensity of purpose,—all these are highly entertaining but saddening withal. One cannot but think how much real good might be accomplished if all this energy and resoluteness—often persisted in through untold physical suffering and pain—were directed into channels that look toward a state of “ideal congruity,” like that contemplated by Mr. Spencer.

If the average well-to-do American spent as much time as his wife and sisters do in changing attire and making visits, it would have been impossible for him to accomplish all that he has effected in the way of material advancement. How could a man who must dress each day for walking, for the carriage, for calling, for the opera, and for only fashion knows what else, who must call on Mr. A.’s friend, on the newcomer on B. St., on the dinner-giver of last week, find time for keeping track of stocks, for consummating great sales and purchases, or for developing great natural resources?

Probably few ultra fashionable women will read this paper, but many women will read it upon whom the burdens of social life weigh heavily. If, say they, we stop exchanging the prescribed civilities of social life, society will go to pieces. Somebody must keep up the organization. Men will not do it, therefore we must do it for them. All this is very true, viewed under the existing order of things. No one, man or woman, likes to lose caste in the social scale, and no one can

be blamed for desiring to retain existing friendships and intimacies. The follies of society do not arise from the wish to retain the social relations that one has always been accustomed to, but from an inordinate desire to outshine one’s friends and neighbors and approximate the style of living affected by richer people. From such ambitions nothing but disaster can ordinarily result.

American society is necessarily in process of formation, but it is slowly crystallizing into shape. What will be the ultimate lines of separation between the different social grades no prudent man can at present venture to predict. Mr. Bellamy’s book, now nearing its four hundred thousandth of circulation, is full of not altogether unreasonable suggestion, and is apparently bearing fruit in that it has hit the popular fancy and set many people to thinking about matters which they never thought of before.

The manners and customs of gentlefolk are alike in essentials the world over. Books of etiquette may differ, in point of fact no two of them agree, but gentleness, consideration for others, reasonableness, have a code of their own that needs no formulation, that stimulates no ambition for extravagant display, that is responsible for nothing that can be termed a fashionable folly.

A school that shall successfully inculcate such a code will do more to ameliorate social conditions than all attempts of the monied classes to ape the manners of foreign courtiers and introduce in republican America rules of etiquette that are only endurable when they are centuries old.

In the course of national development we shall evolve a social code of our own which will eliminate many of the follies that now threaten to make our aristocracy of wealth more silly than any that the world has seen. Many forces are moving powerfully in this direction, and eventually with broader culture and more right thinking they must triumph over the narrower principles and less enlightened intelligence that prevail in merely fashionable society.

PICTURESQUE DALMATIA.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

THE attractiveness of Dalmatia does not lie alone in its picturesque appearance.

It does not consist simply of the path of purple and gold which the setting sun throws upon its iridescent waves, nor in the white light which the morning spreads over the distant mountains; for these beautiful effects may be seen as well at Naples or at Monte Carlo. What one finds here alone among modern countries, is a moment of respite in the never ceasing struggle for existence. Formerly such tranquil corners abounded. Italy was full of them; to-day its brilliant destiny allows it no longer any moments of idleness. I had asked myself, Where can one fly in our days to taste again the sweetness of living? to Lisbon? Its affairs with Africa will not permit it. To Spain? Perhaps in the depths of some of its sierras or in some of its small and remote villages, but elsewhere all is restlessness: upon the coast where ripen the Alicante raisins they talk of universal suffrage. As to the poor Balkan peninsula, a long time ago it lost its sleepy comfort. I seemed to seek in vain a place where to rest my head; everywhere humanity was complaining, grieving, communicating, disputing, or fighting. Everywhere was to be found the demon of politics.

This demon has visited Dalmatia, but without fixing his abode there. While the rest of the peninsula stretching into the Adriatic was striving, haranguing, and cannonading concerning its boundaries, this long band of earth, strewed with olive trees, remained at peace behind its rampart of bleak hill-tops. To-morrow, perhaps, its memories will not any longer suffice for it, and it will enter into the universal conflict; but to-day it is contented with its literary aspirations. Each native seems to say, "See, men of the age, men of iron and of blood, we have found the secret of happiness, and from the height of our shore we contemplate your agitation. We in the past have struggled also, and we can relate to you, if you wish, some stirring history. But we have at last discovered the beauty of the sky and of the sea to which our quarrels then made us oblivious. The light

murmur of the waves which dies away among the reeds of the bay consoles us for all. While you make yourselves hoarse in order to gain public notice, we sing a *barcarolle* and are happy."

An impression as if made by these words spoken in an audible tone is forced upon one when he first sets foot upon the Dalmatian soil, which occurs at the pretty little peninsula of Sabioncello, which is joined to the mainland by a miniature isthmus like a jewel curiously mounted. The double chain of walls still barricading this isthmus, with its battlements of burnished gold, shows that the inhabitants of this corner of the earth formerly fought bravely. Two pretty villages, once called cities, Stagno Piccolo and Stagno Grande, mount guard upon the two flanks of the mountain, but they sleep now as Swiss soldiers upon their halberds. The ramparts feel no longer the shock of powder, but are caressed by the flowers of the almond trees or the young vines. As espaliers they have won a wide renown.

What grace and beauty abound in all of the coast islands, not only in the larger ones, such as Lesina and Curzola, but in those so small as not to tempt the covetousness of conquerors! Within their narrow inclosures they preserve the aroma of the long ago, just as a bottle retains the fragrance of the perfume it has held. Standing on one of them and gazing out on some white sail in the distance, the visitor could easily imagine himself in fairy land, or transported into one of those impossible kingdoms which had birth in the imagination of Shakspeare. Here are to be found perfect settings for "The Tempest" or "As You Like It." When the moonbeams hang the drops of dew upon the brier-bushes and pour a soft light over the whiteness of the rocks, one would experience no surprise on meeting Rosalind walking through the vague shadows, or in seeing the divine Titania directing the revels of the elves.

Whatever may be thought of it elsewhere, as soon as one enters Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, he is convinced that life is good and sweet everywhere here among these poor

rocks which the sea carves and polishes as if preparing them for some mighty temple or acropolis. There is, both in the atmosphere and about the people, I know not what of tenderness, of suavity, of engaging sweetness which transports, envelops, penetrates one. On the evening when we disembarked at Gravosa, the harbor before Zara, we experienced it immediately. It was late when we entered the capital, but a crowd, at once joyous and tranquil, was promenading the leading thoroughfare, a veritable little Corso. Under the clear sky there was a continuous trampling of feet upon the flag-stones and the sonorous murmur of voices. Occasionally explosions of laughter were heard, and what laughter! fresh and crystalline as the song of water in marble fountains.

The people living on the coast, tall and graceful in form, seem to be the beautiful descendants of the Italian race, thrown as by chance upon these shores; while those of the interior are coarser and heavy-set and bear traces of a Slavonic origin. And, as the cities mingle all races and all types, nothing is more amusing than to note the sharp contrasts presented. Especially is this the case on market days. The swarming motley life seen then would form the joy of a painter and the despair of an ethnographer. The latter, honest man, would lack for language in noting in his memorandum book the variations in physiognomy and the peculiarities of the groups of women, crying out their wares from their stands, in three or four different dialects, their simple dress forming a medley of colors—red, blue, green. But all differences are soon lost sight of in the general gaiety. From all time, in Dalmatia the races have dwelt side by side without coalescing and without disputing. The Slavs, Italians, Morlachians, and even the wild Montenegrins become sociable with one another as soon as they settle upon this coast loved of the sun; the sweet influence of the sky seems to force them into friendliness.

What a pleasure one experiences in being able to trace upon these shores of the Adriatic the simple, natural conformation of the ancient world. How plainly in contrast is seen the wide deviation our modern Europe has made. Notice for a moment the grotesque structure of this Europe, where is plainly outlined yet all the incoherence of barbaric invasions. While the Phœnicians, the Greeks, and the Italians peopled first the

coasts, the ports, and founded cities at the outlets of rivers, our rude ancestors, the Slavs, Germans, and even the Gauls oftenest pushed far into the great inland plains and turned their backs upon the sea. Formerly civilization was amphibious, and the natural domain of civilized men comprised both land and water. As in sailing the ancients pressed close to the shore, so on land they sought proximity to the sea.

It was very fortunate, doubtless, that our forefathers, destined to populate these great vacant inland regions, were not troubled with this homesickness for the seas of the south. But their immense, unequaled, and often disproportionate labor has singularly deformed the world. For a long time our sluggish states, developing from a single strong castle or fortress, as an oak grows from an acorn, were confined in the interior. When, spreading from barony to barony, from kingdom to kingdom, they at length touched the sea-shore, nothing in their structure had prepared them for navigation. One might compare them to great mastodons which improvident nature had not supplied with fins. It was necessary to repair this forgetfulness by tardy evolutions.

Is it not remarkable that England, in her island, for so many ages pursued the chimera of a continental empire and only discovered her maritime aptitude in the time of Elizabeth? And France, how many times has she not sacrificed her insular colonies to her ephemeral preponderance upon the continent? What shall we say of Russia, born in plains almost limitless and voyaging interminably in search of an arm of the sea which would give egress? The great colossus gropes and stretches itself out in its awkward attempts to adapt itself to a marine life. And what of Germany, that almost land-locked country? In order to get afloat has she not to avail herself of the ports of the Hanseatic cities?

Thus neither the marvelous scope of navigation nor the expansion of nations, more marvelous still, nor great discoveries have been able to quite repair this initial evil of conformation of which modern states bear the trace. They are like individuals whose robust infancy had not been symmetrically developed. The result of this capricious growth is for most nations a sensation of suffocation in a land badly laid out. It is the Mediterranean changed from a natural inland

sea to a frontier; it is Africa and Asia abandoned to Islam; it is our continent rudely separated from the others by contrast of manners and of religion.

The old system of land arrangement was after an entirely different plan; but with the help of such scattered fragments as Dalmatia upon the borders of the Adriatic, we can reconstruct it, as Cuvier could an animal from a single bone.

No land was ever more unpromising than this Dalmatian coast in ancient times—rugged, rough, inhabited by savages save here and there a Greek village, which threw its roots into the barbarian soil, an ideal retreat for pirates who were a perpetual menace to Italy. But Rome became mistress of the sea, and drove the pirates back into their caverns. Then, following, she subdued the land. Her powerful workmen slowly constructed there their durable roads and their solid buildings; and, steadily and constantly advancing, welded together the colonies scattered by them along the shore. In vain the Illyrian population fought against their encroachment; a last powerful effort made by them shook the soil from the Danube to the Adriatic, and troubled the last days of Augustus; but four years of bloody warfare, and the unflinching valor of Tiberius finished the Roman conquest commenced by the republic.

What Dalmatia became under Roman dominion, monuments at every step bear witness. Everywhere are blackened trophies of triumphal arches, the elegant rotundas of temples, capitals carved in acanthus leaves, mutilated aqueducts, despoiled amphitheatres—all bearing the stamp of a grandeur which has never been revived. Dalmatia, later, knew many glorious days, celebrated other triumphs than those of proconsuls; but never has she experienced again a prosperity so equal nor a system of government so well regulated.

Among all these trophies I seek out for our reconstruction of Dalmatian history, the most significant, those which will best represent the spirit of Rome, and I find them at Spalato in the remains of the palace of Diocletian—the one Roman emperor who was born in Dalmatia—and at Pola, of the great amphitheater. The former, with its strong bastions erected on the side of the continent, and opening out toward the sea a hospitable portico, appears to me a correct image of the empire. The latter in its ruins still showing a logical and

simple construction, a massive grandeur, a firm circumference with its arcades repeated from story to story, and in their very monotony impressing me with respect as the mark of a strong will, is the perfect symbol of the genius of Rome.

As the succeeding scenes in a drama, let us now rapidly review the changing events in the subsequent history of this land. Let us shut our eyes for a moment, and when we open them again we shall see that all has changed, and that we are now in the seventh century A. D. Roman unity is broken. The free life of Greek cities has begun again in the old feudal chaos, with a force and strength which recall the most flourishing days of antiquity. And these cities form, as it were, a community of merchants. Nominally, taken as a whole, they composed a sort of Slavonic kingdom which continued its existence until the middle of the eleventh century. The remains of this epoch we find everywhere in the settlements upon the coast—in these charming little palaces with their three-lobed arches which smile at us from a distance, in the larger public edifices, and in the many churches, nearly all of which bear witness of having been rebuilt after some disaster, in the style of the seventeenth century, such as the cathedral of Sebenico.

Among these separate little republics founded upon the Adriatic coast, two types detach themselves in extraordinary relief, two cities of a size and renown very unequal, but of similar tenacity, for they were almost contemporaneous in their birth, and in their death as free cities,—I mean Venice and Ragusa. Both were daughters of the sea and of antiquity; both transformed by the neighborhood of great nations; both republican in principle and yet supple enough to lend themselves to the most feudal combinations without losing, within, their simple beauty of character; both slowly crushed in the end by the implacable march of nations. Both seem asleep rather than dead, for they preserve, as do pressed flowers, their form, their beauty, the smallest petals of their corolla. Very like in structure were they, but very different in destiny, for Venice, better located and more independent, made herself more imposing and gave to the world great lessons in diplomacy. But Ragusa in her turn had her marked characteristics and her own maxims of government. Less strong, she was often more honest; her

walls were less respected than her word of honor. It is well worth the trouble to notice especially this little city where beats yet the heart of Dalmatia.

From Mount Sergius, which rises behind Ragusa, there is to be seen lying at its foot upon a narrow strip of rock, a labyrinth of roofs, of steeples, of terraces, of narrow streets, compressed into a rampart of the fifteenth century. The mountain is so abrupt that the city seems as if it had been thrust down into the water. But within its narrow limits are lodged all the requisites of a little nation, commercial, warlike, and devout,—numerous churches, several convents, some stores, a free port, some barracks, hospitals, fountains, palaces, and hovels.

Let us enter the city ; the largest street can be crossed in three strides. What memories, however, are inclosed in these narrow precincts ! What magnificent efforts were made for so feeble an outcome ! One is astonished when he is reminded of the dangers which have surrounded this frail republic ; pirates multiplying upon the destruction of the empire, and redoubtable until the middle of the sixteenth century ; conflagrations ; the almost periodical plague ; earthquakes still more fatal. Join to these evils the political risks, the chicanery of the petty princes of the interior who drew the city into miserable quarrels at the very time when she was extending her influence to a distance and treating upon an equal footing with the greatest sovereigns. Then the troubles regarding religious propaganda ; the peremptory orders sent to it by the officious bishops ; the commands which, without taking into account the ensuing difficulties, interdicted all traffic with the infidels and sought to draw Ragusa into warfare with the Turks ; and, still more difficult, the express commission given to it to convert the Serbs and the Bosnians, that is to say, to finish with its little power, what the king of Hungary, with all his force had with difficulty begun. She had, after all this, to defend herself against the Venetians, grown jealous of this twin sister. Venice made upon her a bitter war, half subdued her, fettered her by oppressive laws, strangled, as far as she was able, her commerce, but did not destroy her. Alone, among all the cities of the coast, Ragusa was able to cope with this imperious neighbor. She knew how to fight her while admiring her, to become her emulator, not her slave. After this subjugation

by Venice it was the turn of the great nations which were founded later in the interior, to descend upon Dalmatia. Among their chiefs who led armies on to victory over her, were Louis of Hungary, and Sigismund. Then came the Turks pushing from before them all Christian civilization, and for one hundred years holding sway over the brave little nation which had grown exceedingly politic, however, in this part of her history. By deft management and apparent compliance to the wishes of her conqueror, she won the favor of the latter and still preserved the characteristics of her own national life.

Again the curtain rises on the historical drama after the lapse of many years. Venice sleeps in silence upon the Adriatic Gulf and Dalmatia lies near her, now under the control of Austria. The future did not belong to little maritime confederations.

For the Dalmatian shore this epoch is a kind of truce or relaxation,—one of those rare moments in history when the course of time seems suspended. For more than a century its inhabitants have not occupied themselves with any thing of a public nature. They have given themselves up to lives of enjoyment and to society ; they take nothing seriously, the government less so than all the rest. They have fallen into quiet, old-fashioned ways, and are a staid and peaceful people.

Once during this time the French fell as from the sky into this conservatory of old customs, and made there a great disturbance. Their entrance into the midst of this old comedy, the interest of which was beginning to languish a little, formed an event of great relish. Making themselves masters for a time these revolutionists respected nothing ; they overturned all the steady customs and the quiet ways of life. But their stay was of short duration, and the Austrian rule, soon restored, and still in force, brought back their wonted tranquillity—a condition of affairs so satisfactory to the European governments that Austrian ingenuity is expended to its utmost in its prolongation.

Such, however, is the vitality of this glorious little state that in our days, despoiled as it is of all material sovereignty, it has made for itself a large place in the domain of intelligence ; it has become one of the principal centers of Slavonic literature. And so much the more aspiring is it in this ideal kingdom, that it is there forming vague projects of a union of all Slavonic peoples, its brothers.

ALTRUISM AND THE LEPROSY.

BY FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

INDIA is one of the principal seats of leprosy in the world ; it contains over a hundred thousand lepers, not a single province being free from the scourge. Dark races have been more subject to it than the white, but every country and race has had its victims. The field of human flesh is still favorable to the ravages of this monster, whether in India, Persia, Arabia, Asiatic Russia, China, Australia, New Zealand, British or Dutch Guiana, Madagascar, Sierra Leone, Brazil, Mexico, the Bermudas, the Bahamas, the Antilles, or the Sandwich Islands.

Europe is now comparatively exempt, with the exception of Sweden and Norway, Portugal and Greece, where the disease has mysteriously survived from the Middle Ages. No European leper is able to account satisfactorily for having contracted it ; like a thief in the night it steals in to capture the citadel, and legions of doctors backed by untold wealth can never drive it out ; its presence is generally manifested by an insensibility of the skin to pain ; this is the beginning of the end which may not come for ten years.

The origin of leprosy always has been enveloped in Cimmerian darkness ; putrid fish as an article of diet has been accused oftener than any thing else ; pork and oil have also been suspected. Dr. Carter ascribes the taint to a defect in the development of certain elements in the blood ; Hyaltelin, of Iceland, to a want of salt in the blood. The modern investigation of germs, which has done so much for surgery and medicine, has borne materially upon this problem of the ages, furnishing a solution in the *bacillus lepræ*. This, the germ of leprosy, was discovered by Dr. Hansen, of Norway, in 1873, but the difficulty was merely put one step farther back, it is now in the rear of the *bacillus lepræ*—where did that come from?—how did it get here?

Leprosy was not confined to Jewish or Scripture times ; it is probable that it existed from a prehistoric era in both Asia and Africa. In Europe it was comparatively rare, until at the time of the Crusades it spread so rapidly as to become the great disease of Christendom, giving rise to a well-grounded belief that it was again re-imported

from the East. The instinct of human nature then, as always, declared itself in favor of removing the leper from contact with his kind, and after a struggle of several hundred years on this line of segregation, the pest began, about the sixteenth century, to abate visibly, until finally, with the exception of the peninsulas before mentioned, it was effectually stamped out of Europe.

Of late a revival in various quarters of the world has been noted ; many scientific experts, Dr. MacKenzie, the adviser of the late Emperor Frederick, among the number, attribute this to an erroneous "Report on Leprosy," prepared in 1867 by the Royal College of Physicians in London for her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies. The data for this unfortunate report were obtained in answer to a series of questions drawn up by the college and circulated throughout the Colonies, upward of two hundred fifty replies being received from medical workers in the field of leprosy in different parts of the world. The physicians of the Royal College formed their conclusions too hastily from evidence of a negative rather than a positive character, that leprosy is *not* contagious ; and the lazarettos throughout her Majesty's dominions, on which the sun never sets, were thrown open for the leper to spread his doom. Sentence against an evil work is not always executed speedily. Dr. Munro, who had charge of the Hospital at St. Kitt's in the West Indies, and did so much to diffuse a knowledge of this subject, stated that the seeds of leprosy take something like half a century to mature in a locality. This fact accounts for the unscientific verdict of so many colonial informants.

Dr. John D. Hillis, late medical superintendent of the Leper Asylum in British Guiana, and Dr. Vandyke Carter, who has given a late report of the leprosy in Norway, are the greatest living authorities. Boeckh, Hansen, Arning, and Prince Morrow are also renowned explorers of this Dark Continent ; these men agree that the *bacillus lepræ* is a traveler, his mode of transmission being by contagion. Danielssen, of Norway, specially insists on heredity as a chief cause, the

others merely recognizing it as an agent having a limited influence. Dr. Danielssen has had an opportunity to watch the course of the disease through several generations, even following it to our north-western states in the descendants of Scandinavian lepers.

The inoculation of animals with the *bacillus* has been tried without success, but Dr. Wynne, of Robben Island, has established the fact that animals do contract the disease, by presenting some curious instances of leper mice found in hospital wards, also turkeys and pheasants in the adjacent country, thus suggesting the probability of animals communicating the germ to people, as well as people to animals.

A mystery possesses a lasting fascination, and there have always been medical men ready to take their lives in their hands, and track the leprosy to its native haunts, with the hope so long deferred of making some discovery that would benefit humanity. Some have perished obscurely in the heroic task, with no funeral oration from the French Academy, or meed of praise from a Marlborough House Committee.

During the Middle Ages the most stringent ecclesiastical as well as civil laws existed in England and throughout Europe with regard to this disease; the mediæval treatment was directed solely to arresting the spread of it, the possibility of a cure never seeming to dawn even upon the most charitable; it was considered an awful and occult visitation of providence. The modern spirit of resisting evils as blots upon our escutcheon, the divine image in which we are made, has penetrated this domain; the sacrifice of Father Damien de Veuster at Molokai in the Sandwich Islands, reached the ear and touched the heart of the civilized world, and it is hoped that interest now being thoroughly roused, the steady hand of science, aided by benevolence, will grapple with the problem. For this purpose more funds are needed than were proposed by the Marlborough House Committee which was convened by the Prince of Wales, not only to honor Father Damien, but to suggest the endowment of a professorship of leprosy and a hospital in England.

Dr. MacKenzie, in view of the alarming revival of the disease, thinks that a man like Pasteur should at any cost be speedily procured to experiment with the germ, and, if possible, discover a protective virus for persons who are exposed to the danger of contagion.

Professor Virchow is of the opinion that it will be useful to have a history of leprosy, in order that by marking off ecclesiastical from civil laws, we may derive the full benefit of past experience.

When the mediæval physicians of France and England had ascertained by indubitable signs—that a man was a leper, he was taken to the church for the last time, and a ceremony was performed over him, more solemn and pathetic than the rites for the dead, because all the human desires and affections were still warm within the wretched being whose slow martyrdom was only beginning. He was covered with a black pall in the presence of the congregation, prayed for, and sprinkled with holy water, the priest pronounced over him the terrible "Ten Commandments of Man," all prescribing rules for his isolation as a leper. The "Ten Commandments of God" were afterward read, and he was reminded that being debarred from the society of men he should live in that of angels; a spadeful of earth was thrown over his feet, and the announcement made that henceforth he was buried to the world; he was taken out of town to the house provided for him, and invested with the "cop and clapper," the badge of leprosy all over Europe. Here he was permitted to receive the sacrament when occasion offered.

The church was the friend of the leper always, and wrested from the selfish civil law most of the good accomplished in his behalf for centuries.

The Military Order of the Knights of St. Lazarus was founded in the fourth century, its aim being hospitality and segregation for lepers; its chief branch was in Jerusalem, and only a leper was eligible to the office of Grand Master. When the Saracens gained entire control of the Holy Land, the Knights of St. Lazarus withdrew to France and continued their kind ministry under the protection of King Louis VII.

In England, Archbishop Lanfranc founded and endowed two leper hospitals for pilgrims, outside the gates of Canterbury.

In view of the extreme repugnance of human nature to this disease, and the utter helplessness of its victims, charity to lepers was considered the crowning act of piety. Henry III. washed the feet of lepers with his royal hands, Queen Matilda, the wife of Henry II., filled her house with these outcasts, King Robert of France and Louis IX. were also

their benefactors ; St. Elizabeth of Hungary was famed for her goodness to lepers, also St. Catherine of Sienna, whose nuns are still employed in the same way at Cocorite in Trinidad. Some of the noblest altruistic work of man has been done for these unfortunate brothers.

At the end of the thirteenth century the precepts and example of Francis of Assisi had extended their influence until there were over a hundred thirty leper-houses in Great Britain alone; finally hardly a town was without one, kings, queens, nobles, and wealthy burgesses endowing them with chartered privileges.

But there have also been sharp contrasts to this spirit of benevolence, in periods of extreme cruelty to lepers. Edward III., one of the most renowned Plantagenets, stained his fame by a record of great severity to these defenseless subjects ; in Christian Scotland as well as in heathen India mothers tainted with leprosy were at one time buried alive with their unborn children. In India it is considered a punishment for sin committed in a previous incarnation, and accepted as such by the sufferers, who flock to the Ganges, desiring to acquire new merit by ending their lives on holy ground. The Chinese even at this day place the leper outside the pale of mercy.

A Protestant missionary to the Fiji Islands some years ago described a mode of cure for leprosy in operation there, which, at least, had the advantage of being warranted to kill if it failed to cure ; no man of our race would, like these savage islanders, voluntarily submit to its barbarity. Leaves of the Tinugaga tree, often poisonous to persons in health, were rubbed all over the patient ; he was also buried under a pile of the leaves, in a small hut ; a fire was then kindled of some pieces of the bark, with no outlet for the smoke to escape, and he was fastened by a rope so that his head was only fifteen inches from the ground, the door closed on him, and he was left to suffocate in the fumes for a length of time proportionate to the extent of his malady,—sometimes as long as two hours. After this, he was taken outside of the hut and laid on mats ; his body was thoroughly scraped, and deep gashes were cut in it to enable the blood to flow freely. We are obliged to believe the good missionary when he adds that he has actually seen one man, whom he had formerly known as a leper, in perfect health

after submitting to this terrific process.

There are dark possibilities that purely superstitious cures may have been resorted to in some countries ; in the Middle Ages there was a tradition in Europe that a bath of the blood of small children would cure leprosy. Although civilized man has found no cure, some palliatives exist : Father Damien was for a time improved by an oil recommended by Mr. Edward Clifford ; sulphur baths and arsenical treatment have a modifying effect ; and the skillful use of the knife retards the progress of the tuberculous form of the disease.

In the Sandwich Islands, Trinidad, Madagascar, Japan, China, and India, leper hospitals are served by men and women who belong to various Roman Catholic orders.

Father Denjoy of the Jesuits has written an interesting account of his charge in Madagascar. This asylum was moved to Ambahivoraka from Amboulalara, and was the first of the kind in the fertile African island. It is situated on a broad open plateau, with a view of hills in the distance, and is near a sacred wood that was once the shrine of a famous idol and the resort of many pilgrims.

Now a bell rings from a graceful Roman tower transported from afar to the plateau of Imerina to call these afflicted children to the shrine of the Christians' God. They take great pleasure in singing to a flute-harmonica that also has found its way there. On the right of the church a long row of low buildings, consisting of a number of cells, are the homes of the lepers who seem to enjoy sitting on their own door-sills in the sun. Those who are able to work, cultivate fields of manioc, the produce of which is, of course, devoted to their own subsistence. It is estimated that thirty francs apiece will suffice ; but as the refuge can only do justice to one hundred pensioners, and fifty more have thrown themselves upon its charity, additional funds are greatly needed. To refuse hospitality is to condemn them to starvation, for the morbid horror of the islanders is scarcely exceeded by that of the natives of Sierra Leone, who will not even mention the leprosy.

The Dominican nuns at the " Home of the Living Dead " in Cocorite, Trinidad, have recently expressed a conviction that the leprosy under their charge (in appearance the same as that of the Sandwich Islands) is *not* contagious. They say that not only none of their

own band have taken the disease, but an old man who had tended the lepers thirty years when the sisters came to Cocorite, never contracted it. This testimony is contrary in its bearing to that of "Frère Étienne," who wrote a little book in 1879, called *La Lèpre est contagieuse*, from a full knowledge of Cocorite as well as other institutions.

These sisters attribute Father Damien's contracting the disease to the hardships and bad food of his early years at Molokai, when the chaotic state of affairs prevented him from observing the ordinary laws of health. They have been in the service much longer than he was, and seem to regard him as a mere boy in experience. Dr. Beavan Rake is the physician at the "Home of the Living Dead"; he states that the leprosy under his observation manifests itself in both forms, that he has seen little effect from medical treatment, in every case of improvement ascribing it to good care and nursing chiefly; he finds the administrative part of his work tedious, but the field for scientific research compensating. He says if he could get a medium for the culture of the *bacilli*, or germs, there would be a chance of discovering a cure in the form of a medicine to act internally. The fact that tumors when removed always return in some other place, shows that the disease works from within outward. In his zeal Dr. Rake has tried to induce the government to offer a condemned criminal the choice between prompt execution and inoculation with leprosy for the benefit of science. It will be remembered that this experiment was tried in the Sandwich Islands by Dr. Arning on the Hawaiian convict Keanu, in November, 1885, and the man did contract leprosy at the end of three years, but under circumstances that in the opinion of many, rendered the ghastly test unreliable as a basis for conclusive report.

Those who regard capital punishment in any shape as a judicial murder without the excuse of insane passion, strong drink, or hereditary bias, will recoil from testing the germ of leprosy upon human beings however guilty.

The sisters at this "Home" are devoted to their patients, speaking with a touching pride of those who are still able-bodied and engaged in out-of-door labor and sports. They are entirely without fear for themselves while dressing wounds and soothing distressed leper children. Visitors who occasionally go F-July.

there, find the dormitory beautifully clean; it is lofty and well ventilated but some of the wards need to be larger to secure the best sanitary conditions; throughout the establishment it is evident the best has been done that the means afforded. Here, too, as in Madagascar, more want to come than there is room for. The sisters undertake to provide for one hundred eighty, but they always have a few more, and as soon as a patient dies there are several candidates ready to take his place. The patients take turns to sweep the wards, to cook, and to carry food; and they have their own plots of ground to till and cultivate, the produce of which is consumed in the asylum, the government paying back half of its value.

It is gratifying to know that they have their pets, dogs, cats, and birds, their games of ball and cricket, and that they have less to suffer until the last stages of the disease, when the internal organs are attacked, than many persons who are ill with other lingering maladies.

Norway and Cyprus have proved the value of segregation; its horrors are greatly mitigated where every person within reach is either a leper or else emancipated from fear. The human mind seems to accustom itself to the inevitable, unless in the form of acute physical pain, and the lepers of Cocorite, Molokai, Grenada, and Norway seem about as cheerful as the rest of human kind. The men in Norway are busy in their workshops, the women engaged in domestic duties, and the children in their classes. Occupation was wisely insisted upon, even in mediæval times. At Grenada the pleasure loving southern temperament asserts itself in dancing and song. Father Damien like Father Denjoy encouraged a taste for music.

We hear of a theatrical entertainment given not long ago by lepers to lepers, at a hospital in Madras; one of the plays was called "A Side-Splitting Farce." Dr. Cook, the surgeon, placed one of his wards at the disposal of the amateur actors, who got up by their own efforts a fine stage adorned with a curtain, which last was painted by an artist who had only a thumb and half of a finger left him by the inexorable destroyer.

A time of horrible experiences comes to nearly all, before the end; meanwhile, lepers are men and women, and so far as practicable should have the pleasures, even the cares, of healthy men and women, with as few re-

mindings of their physical doom as possible. In this respect there is a marked advance upon the mediæval charity.

Until a protective virus is discovered to reduce the last traditional horrors of leprosy, any maid or matron who at a safe distance sees a glimmer of romance in the career of a nurse to lepers, either in or out of a religious order, would do well to scrutinize severely

her own motives before embarking upon such an undertaking. No transient glow of enthusiasm, no sky-rocket impulse, will suffice to light the path of duties that are inconceivable in advance; her torch must be kindled at an altar where the love of our common humanity burns as steadily as the watch-fire of the vestals, and in the Holy of Holies of an undivided heart.

MR. BRYCE AS A MOUNTAINEER.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

THE English are pre-eminently what Walt Whitman would call an out-door people. They dearly love a holiday, and a holiday with them means a day or days on the river, shouldering a knapsack and climbing to the top of a mountain, jumping on a cycle and riding to the other end of the county. The Derby, the Oxford, and Cambridge boat race, the Harrow and Eton cricket match are but excuses to bring them out in crowds to the beautiful gorse-strewn downs of Epsom, to the banks of the Thames where it winds past Montlake and Hammersmith, to Lord's cricket ground under a blue July sky. On the slightest pretext, they rush into the open air; you will see them sitting calmly in a thick drizzle that would send an American in-doors, or lurching on the river under umbrellas in a pelting rain. Workmen who are shut up in their factories or workshops throughout the week, fill the many London parks on Sunday. But the men who labor with their brains are not content with merely going out-of-doors; they seek rest and quiet in the hardest kind of physical exercise. Mr. Gladstone, after the Parliamentary session, hurries to Hawarden and cuts down trees; Mr. Stevenson, his literary tasks completed, tramps over the Cevennes, or canoes down French canals and rivers; Mr. Tyndall leaves his scientific studies to scale the highest and most dangerous Alpine peaks.

Of late years, the favorite out-door relaxation with Englishmen has been mountaineering, which Mr. Tyndall was one of the first to make popular. His countrymen simply swarm in places like Zermatt and Saas. All through Switzerland, you find them with their ropes and ice axes. They have penetrated to the Caucasus and the Himalayas;

they have scaled the Andes and the Rocky Mountains; they have made their way to the top of Hecla and Mount St. Elias. And their Christmas holidays, if they have time for no greater enterprise, are given to Snowden or Helvellyn, Alpine-like under heavy winter snows.

And it is a striking fact, that almost all those who have become famous as mountaineers or are lights of the Alpine Club, are distinguished men in other ways. Mr. Whymper, who first conquered the Matterhorn, is the well-known English wood-engraver. The names of Mr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley have become household words throughout the civilized world. Mr. Leslie Stephen, who writes so delightfully about his mountain experiences, is the scholar who is now editing the "Universal Dictionary of Biography." Mr. W. M. Conway has no small reputation as an art professor. The list is really endless. But, perhaps, of all these Alpinists, he who—to Americans—is least known in that capacity, but best known as historian, scholar, and statesman, is Mr. James Bryce, who so recently has told us what he thinks of our country constitutionally in his "American Commonwealth."

Of Mr. Bryce and his work, there would be no use of my saying any thing after all that has been and is still being said and written. But of Mr. Bryce and his play, comparatively little has been heard. And he has carried off so many laurels as a mountaineer, he is such a fine example of the Englishman who works all the better during work hours because he has played so hard during playtime; he has been to so many out-of-the-way and strange lands in search of adventure, that he always has seemed to me no less interesting as a

holiday-maker than as a politician and writer.

When one first comes to England one is constantly wondering at the number and length of holidays, the thoroughness with which they are enjoyed, and the adjournment of the most important matters in their favor. But gradually one begins to realize that this is really the secret of a good deal of English success. And I have no doubt myself that the "American Commonwealth" would never have been the book it is, had not Mr. Bryce mastered the ice ax and been initiated into the mysteries of rock-work, *glissading*, and scrambling up chimneys and *couloirs*.

He has written little about his Swiss experiences. But how well he knows his Switzerland, how at home he is at Zermatt, the English Alpinists' headquarters, how thoroughly he has explored the Mount Blanc district, how much he could say if he chose about the Italian Alps and lakes, references in his story of other journeys are constantly showing. He speaks as one in authority of the comparative ease of the Breithorn, that huge snow mound as it looks from the Gorner Glacier, of the almost interminable stretches of the great snow fields of Monte Rosa, which seem but a comfortable coast when seen from the Gorner Grat, of the dangers of the Matterhorn, which custom and convenient ropes and chains are fast belittling. But I know of no published account by him of his own experiences in the Swiss Alps.

It is when he gets off the beaten track that he is ready to talk in print about his doings. In the summer of 1873 he went to Iceland with two other Englishmen. Though there are no Vikings left there now, though the spirit of adventure among its people is dead or sleeping, though they no longer accomplish deeds of might and valor for their *skalds* to sing in new Sagas, the island is as wild and strange, as bleak and drear as when the old Norsemen fled from before Harold the Fair-haired to its shores. A great wide desert, the veriest abomination of desolation, with only here and there a green oasis or valley where men may dwell, mountains of rock black as the long northern night, broad ice-bound streams flowing between the hills,—this is Iceland to-day, as it was in the old stirring times centuries ago, when from it poured forth the fierce sea-kings who wrought destruction along the British coast.

Its modern inhabitants stay at home, while the new conqueror comes from over seas to

lay siege, not to their villages and houses, but to their volcanic heights and peaks. And no easy conquest is it. As Mr. Bryce says, in Switzerland the difficulty is to get to the top of a mountain, in Iceland to reach its foot; for such a desert is the interior, that you travel for miles and miles without passing town or village, or even a house, so that you must carry with you, not only tent and provisions for yourself, but food for your necessarily long train of horses; while so little traveling is there from one side of the island to the other, that, except on one or two highways, even natives cannot easily find their way across. Another by no means small hindrance is the indifference of the people to the value of time; they have lived too far out of the world to have fallen victims to the strange disease of modern life with its sick hurry, and they cannot understand why you should not always be as leisurely in your travels and amusements as they are in their work.

These difficulties Mr. Bryce faced and overcame. Not content with the smallest that await the least energetic traveler, he deliberately courted the greatest that can be encountered. To the top of Hecla, to the very verge of its crater, and down its slopes he tramped in a wild snow storm that hid the view, but this he dismisses as a trifle, not more worthy of description than the ascent of Vesuvius; other peaks he climbed in fairer weather that allowed him to look far out over the desert, set about with its snowy rampart of hills, far out across the desolate northern seas, but here again were no greater perils than would be met with on Ben Nevis.

And so to Mr. Bryce, the actual climbing in Iceland seemed by far the easiest part of his expedition. But he undertook to cross the interior and this, not by the track which is comparatively often used, but by one which had not been tried for fifteen years and which was supposed to be known but to one man in the island, by name Sigurd, like the great hero of the heroic age of Iceland.

With three guides, two fellow travelers, and seventeen horses, he set out early one morning across a high plateau, strewn with loose rough slabs of stone like the pavement of a ruined city, by the great pools and the patches of bogs and beds of half thawed snow. And on this dreary land the clouds began to fall, and all round was to be seen but the same country, with no feature for the eyes to dwell

upon—"neither peaks nor valleys, neither rocks nor grass, but everywhere bare, bleak, blank desolation." And when late in the afternoon they halted at a tiny green island in the broad expanse of barrenness, the clouds closed about them, and even Sigurd could tell nothing of the way, now there was no great snowy Jökull to guide him. But on they pressed, for food was scanty and the next house a hundred miles away.

At nightfall, however, they dared venture no farther, and in the midst of a cold snow mizzle, with fingers numb, they pitched their tent, ate their allotted portion of biscuit and mutton, drank their short allowance of corn brandy, and wrapping themselves in their every scrap of clothing, lay down shivering to lie awake all night, freezing hard, longing, as Homer says, for the coming of the fair-throned morning. And when it came, the land was still wrapped in its cloud covering. But at nine or thereabouts, at last the mist rose, and on they rode, toward a bold snowy mountain group, on one side a broad plain, flooded with sunlight, stretching to a few tiny volcanic cones, on the other, the smooth endless line of snow-field. And all that day they rode; and all that night still they rode, stopping only once and again for the sake of the wearied horses. And the next day they kept steadily on, now among new mountains with glaciers streaming down between them, and tiny icebergs floating on the great White Lake. And not until after a long day's riding did they reach the solitary farm, standing sentinel-like on the far edge of the desert.

I do not think Mr. Bryce ever has reached that perfect out-of-door state which Mr. Stevenson describes, when with the body in constant exercise and the mind in fallow, one knows true ease and quiet. The action of his brain is seldom set at rest when he wanders; he is always noting the geological or agricultural features of the country, the political and social condition of the people, the government and life of the cities. Before he left Iceland he had seen much of the Icelanders, had stayed with them in their houses, which are as a rule but little better than rabbit burrows, and only redeemed by their plentiful supply of books and the delightful hospitality of their owners. And he had roughed it scarcely less thoroughly than Stanley in the wilds of Africa.

Mr. Bryce has a peculiar faculty for picking out strange, out-of-the-way parts of the

world for his travels. Another summer, or autumn, holiday he gave to what he calls Transcaucasia, the countries of Asia Minor that lie between the Caucasus and Mount Ararat—countries where so many different races meet, to which the people of the Old World looked with love and reverence and awe, for on one of the peaks of the Caucasus, Prometheus hung, on the top of Mount Ararat the ark rested; and to which all eyes are turned to-day when the Eastern Question is the chief problem of modern Europe.

It was in 1876 Mr. Bryce made this journey, a time when, if possible, interest was even stronger in Russia's possessions and movements in Asia Minor than it is now. In a book he published after his return—"Transcaucasia and Ararat"—he dwells upon the chief features of the Russian rule, the feelings toward the new government of the conquered peoples, the characteristics of the many races now so intermingled and yet so utterly distinct from the fierce, picturesque Circassian to the thrifty hand-working Armenian. But his observations and conclusions, though the outcome of a holiday, belong to Mr. Bryce the politician; I am now concerned only with Mr. Bryce the mountaineer.

The end of this long journey was Ararat, which he had traveled all these thousands of miles to climb.

That any one should want to undertake such a long and fatiguing journey simply in order to reach the top of Mount Ararat, and then scramble and tramp down again in all the heat of a September sun, was more than native Armenians could understand, especially as the chances were strong against the summit's being attained. A legend lingers in the country roundabout that no one since Noah's day has ever touched the spot where the ark rested, though a piece of its wood was brought by an angel to a holy monk who had made humble petition for the precious relic. That Englishmen, before Mr. Bryce, had made the attempt and succeeded, few Armenians would admit. Besides, on the mountain slopes now wander, as they have wandered for long centuries, troops of Kurds with their flocks, and no wolf or wild beast could be more dangerous to meet than these untamed shepherds. Six Cossacks were considered none too large a guard for Mr. Bryce and the Englishman who made the ascent with him. And a day had to be given to the necessary preparations.

The first part of the climb on the lower slopes was made on horseback in the burning heat of the morning. Up they went over the grassless, streamless, clayey sides, across rough rocky ridges, by a little grassy plain where Kurds had pitched their tents, over more rocks with rose bushes growing among them in wild profusion, now in berry, but suggesting their loveliness in June when they cover the mountain side with delicate pink blossoms and make the mountain air sweet with their fragrance, and at last to the welcome well of Sardarbulakh. And here there was a new reminder that the ascent of Ararat was a very different matter from the ascent of the Schreckhorn or the Maladetta. The horses could go no farther, the Cossacks refused to carry any thing themselves; a search had to be made for Kurds to act as porters, and, of course, when they were wanted they were not to be found, and when found they had to be bargained with while the sun sank lower and lower. And yet the mountaineers had been warned that their success depended on their sleeping very high up, close to the snows, and starting before dawn to try the main peak.

The upshot of it was that by the sweet, clear water of the well, they had to pitch their tent for the night and hope to make up for lost time by setting out as soon as the moon rose, shortly after midnight. And as they sat at the doors of the tent, there was spread out before them such a picture as you must go to the East to see. For crossing the mountain from Persia came another band of Kurds, and at the well they halted to water cattle and sheep and goats. There were strong, sinewy turbaned men, armed with knife or sword or huge pistol, women in gay colored, short skirts, scarlet caps, and jewels and coins hanging in their ears and noses and about their necks, and boys and girls with fresh, pretty faces. And the bleating of the sheep filled the air, and far below, for background, was the broad valley of the Aras, bound by stern red mountains, and in nowise changed since the day when the waters of the Deluge subsided, and Noah, and those who were saved with him, looked with glad eyes, not upon one little point of dry land, but upon the beautiful world as God made it.

"Here, where a picture of primitive life close at hand was combined with a vision of broad countries, inhabited by many peoples, stretching out to the shores of the inland sea

of Asia, one seemed at a glance to take in and realize the character and history of the wanderers on Ararat, unchanging in the midst of change. Through the empires of Assyria and Persia and Macedon, through Parthian Ansacidæ and Iranian Sassanidæ, through the reign of Arabian khalifs and Turkish sultans and Persian shahs these Kurds have roamed, as they roam now, over the slopes of the everlasting mountains, watering their flocks at the spring, pitching their goat's hair tents in the recesses of these lonely rocks, chanting their wildly pathetic airs, with neither a past to remember nor a future to plan for."

But the entire expedition was delightfully picturesque with a picturesqueness not to be had in the Alps. I wish I had space to describe in Mr. Bryce's words the supper cooked by the Cossacks in a big pot over a fire kindled on the hillside, with the Kurds crouching round it like brigands in an opera scene; the long, still hours of the early night with not a sound to be heard but the whistling of the west wind over the pass; the start a little after midnight, the Kurds setting out at a pace which would have astonished Swiss guides, but resting every half mile or less; the coming of the early morning on the heights of Ararat; the desertion, one after one, of Kurds and Cossacks and even of his English friend, until Mr. Bryce was left alone to find the way over crags and snows.

Mr. Whympers never gave up the Matterhorn until he had stood upon its topmost rocks; Mr. Bryce, though the mountain sickness came upon him, though every two steps he had to pause to gasp for breath, though the mists shut him in, and it was so cold a big icicle enveloped the lower half of his face and did not melt until four hours afterward, struggled on, trailing his ice ax in the soft snow to make a track, until "suddenly to my astonishment, the ground began to fall away to the north; I stopped, a puff of wind drove off the mists on one side, the opposite side to that by which I had come, and showed the Araxes plain at an abysmal depth below. It was the top of Ararat!"

No one who has not been up a mountain can fully understand the difficulties and risks of climbing by one's self an unknown peak. One or two Englishmen of late years have advocated mountain-climbing without guides. But in the Alps where tracks have been made up almost every peak, where the way is really

as well known as the public highway, and where those who are without guides themselves, have a way of following the guides of others, it is not quite the same thing as scaling the rocks of a mountain that has been climbed but at rare intervals, when one false step may send you down a bottomless precipice, and no one is near to haul you out by the friendly rope, which in Switzerland would assuredly be around your waist.

Those who care to hear the whole story of that climb, I would refer to Mr. Bryce's very interesting book. I will here only add that, whether or no because of the Cossack guard, no robbers were encountered on the descent; and that, a few days afterward, when at an Armenian monastery, he was introduced, to the archimandrite who ruled it, as the English gentleman who had been to the top of Ararat, the old priest smiled sweetly and said, "No, that cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible!"

The journeys to Iceland and Ararat are the most enterprising Mr. Bryce has as yet undertaken. But even in better known Europe he has a way of choosing odd corners, where Englishmen are curiosities, in which to pass his holidays. He has been to the Polish Alps, that is the mountain chain bounding the old Poland—not the mere Russian province of to-day—the chain which the Germans call the Central Carpathians, and the natives, Tatra, its Slavonic name. There are here no very high peaks, no glaciers. But your journey is an excuse to stop at the singularly picturesque town of Krakow. The country is very lovely with its thick forests, its rich green pastures, its great white cliffs. There is scarcely a summit that cannot be scaled in an afternoon by an active climber, but the walks through the woodland are well-nigh endless.

On the Hungarian side is the lovely district known as Zips, with its little town of Schmecks, the capital of the Hungarian Switzerland. And from here again, the forest stretches far on every side, and within a day's distance, that is to go and come, are the three highest Tatra peaks, and these Mr. Bryce has added to his list of conquered heights. The conquest, however, he would hardly set down among his bravest deeds, since on Tatra are no great snow slopes or glaciers, no ice-walls or *séracs*, crevasses or *berg schrunds*. But there is the long tramp to be taken, rocks to be scrambled up, all in

the keen sweet mountain air which makes the physical exercise an exciting pleasure, and which gives new life to the jaded holiday-maker from the town.

In the Eastern Carpathians in Transylvania, Mr. Bryce has wandered with Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose books on mountain climbing are the most charming in Alpine literature. But here again, climbing is hardly the same thing as in Switzerland. As Mr. Stephen says, these "summits to a mountaineer accustomed to any really difficult districts are mere child's play in point of climbing. Their chief interest is derived from their extreme wildness; the huge forests of the Szekler-land, and the long rolling pasturages of the southern mountains were equally suggestive of remoteness from all civilized life." Nothing would be easier than climbing in the Eastern Carpathians, but for the impossibility of natives to understand the Englishman's wild desire to reach the top of something, and the consequent irritating obstacles forever being put in his way. But there are always the long days in the open air, the object to lend new interest to one's wanderings, the delightful sense of difficulties overcome. Csalho and the Bucses were the heights they climbed together, and, to make up for the comparative tameness of both ascents, warnings came thick upon them from every side, of those brigands who somehow always haunt the country the independent traveler means to explore, but never cross his path, and of sheep dogs declared to be fiercer than wolves and proved to be well-nigh as timid as their sheep. And the road to these modest heights lay over a wild but beautiful country, with here a little village where all the peasants and priests had turned out to celebrate a saint's day, and there an old Greek monastery hidden in a little hollow. And in this land where the tourist is unknown, at almost every step were met the discomforts and petty miseries to which one afterward looks back as fondly as to the moments of unalloyed pleasure.

That Mr. Bryce during his visits to America and India made other expeditions, and had other adventures of equal interest is more than likely. But their story he has not yet told, and it is only in his writings, or perhaps those of his fellow travelers, that we can learn any thing about his journeys. He objects to being interviewed; he does not, as is too much the fashion nowadays, advertise

all his goings and comings. Only one book those who have lately begun to admire him of travels has he published ; his other records as an historian and politician, that he is no are scattered here and there in magazines less interesting in his out-door life, in which where they are necessarily all but forgotten. he shows how profitably work and play can To call attention to them anew, is to remind be combined.

THE MOWING.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

A DREADFUL sound through the meadow caught by the wind
and flowers at play,—

The farmer sharpens his shining scythe to mow the field to-day.
The robin tells the woful tale to mallows blossoming near,
The grasses bend their tossing heads and whisper soft in fear,
And low the feathery seed-sprays droop and shudder as they hear.

The scarlet poppy, drowsy queen, alarmed from slumber starts ;
The daisies, maiden-oracles, thrill through their golden hearts ;
The moneywort before the knife a wealth of blossoms flings
In vain ; and closer to the earth the periwinkle clings ;
While spirits of the dandelions unfurl their gauzy wings.

Before the mower's swift advance the grasses shrink away ;
And trembling with an awful fear the flowers kneel to pray.
The greedy, grasping sickle soon will have the kingcup's gold,
Will have the diamond dew-drops which the clover-blooms enfold ;
The flaming meadow-lilies can no more their rubies hold.

The clover lifts her crimson lips—one last, despairing kiss—
To greet the bee—how could she dream their love would end like this ?
She falls, her red cheeks paling, at the mower's trampling feet,
What cares her fickle lover ?—swift his fond caress to meet,
With upturned glowing faces, other blossoms wait as sweet.

The garden-lilies beckon him, the wayside roses flush
A deeper pink, the locust-tree, with modest, lovely blush,
On tip-toe stands, half-fearful lest the rover pass her by !
So many sweethearts wait for him, while meadow-lilies die,
And broken at the mower's feet, the clover-blossoms lie.

The plummy, purple thistles soon sigh out their fragrant breath ;
In somber robes the meadow-rue weeps for her comrades' death.
The mower gazing at the fields, contented homeward strolls,—
So strange he does not feel as twilight's filmy veil unrolls,
The subtle spirit-presence of the dying flowers' souls !

ORIGINAL PACKAGES AND PROHIBITION.

BY JOSEPH SHIPPEN, ESQ.

THE Constitution of the United States declares that all laws made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, and by one of the eighteen paragraphs which define the legislative power, prescribes, "The Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several states and with the Indian tribes."

In 1824 the United States Supreme Court passed on this provision, with the aid of luminous arguments by Attorney-General William Wirt and Danfel Webster, in the great and leading case of *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, which was decided by one of the clearest and most powerful decisions of Chief Justice Marshall. Therein it was determined in reversal of the highest court of the state of New York, that "the power to regulate commerce includes the power to regulate navigation, and does not stop at the external boundary of a state." "The laws of New York which grant to Livingston and Fulton the exclusive right to navigate all the waters within the jurisdiction of that state, with boats moved by steam or fire, for a term of years, are inoperative as against the laws of the United States regulating the coasting trade, and cannot restrain vessels licensed to carry on the coasting trade under the laws of the United States from navigating those waters in the prosecution of that trade." This decision served to destroy the monopoly established by New York in steamboat traffic at her wharves, and it has stood a great bulwark of our federal system devised by Hamilton and others.

Three years later, in 1827, another case of first importance, *Brown vs. Maryland*, was decided by the same great constitutional jurist. Appellant had been convicted of importing and selling a package of foreign goods without having obtained a license required by the Maryland statute. The cause depended entirely on whether the legislature of a state could constitutionally require the importer of foreign articles to take out a license from the state before selling a package so imported. The conclusion reached, adversely to argument by Roger B. Taney,

and in reversal of the highest court of Maryland was, "Such statute is in conflict with that provision of the Constitution of the United States which prohibits a state from laying any impost, etc., and also with the clause which declares that Congress shall have power to regulate commerce," etc.

The court says, "There must be a point of time when prohibition ceases and the power of the state to tax commences." "It is sufficient for the present to say generally, that when the importer has so acted upon the thing imported that it has become incorporated and mixed up with the mass of property in the country it has, perhaps, lost its distinctive character, and has become subject to the taxing power of the state; but while remaining the property of the importer in his warehouse in the original form or package in which it was imported, a tax upon it is too plainly a duty on imports to escape the prohibition in the Constitution."

On the second branch of the case, *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, was adhered to, and the opinion says, "Commerce is intercourse; one of its most ordinary ingredients is traffic." "Sale is the object of importation, and is an essential ingredient of that intercourse of which importation constitutes a part." "Congress has a right not merely to authorize importation, but to authorize the importer to sell." "Any penalty inflicted on the importer for selling the article, in his character of importer, must be in opposition to the act of Congress which authorizes importation. Any charge on the introduction and incorporation of the articles into and with the mass of property in the country, must be hostile to the power given to Congress to regulate commerce, since an essential part of that regulation and principal object of it is to prescribe the regular means for accomplishing that introduction and incorporation."

Let it be noted that in both these cases Congress in fact had assumed to exercise the powers vested in it, by regulating commerce through rules for coast trade, and by imposing duties on imports.

Again, the conviction of the Baltimore importer for the violation of a state license law

involves no question of "commerce between the several states," and hence the remark of the court, "We suppose the principles laid down in this case to apply equally to importations from a sister state," was an *obiter dictum*, having no application to the case decided. The case does, however, meet squarely and deny that the state had any power to impose burdens on foreign commerce, and it for the first time discriminates between imported property, "*in the original package*," and imported property that has been so acted upon as to have become incorporated and mixed up with the mass of property in the country and to have lost its distinctive character. From this decision the term "original package," now so much in vogue, is derived, and it is on this decision that the United States Supreme Court largely relies as a precedent, in its recent important decisions.

In 1886 the railroad world was astonished and the legal profession surprised by the decision of that court in the case of *Wabash Railway Co. vs. Illinois* *per* Justice Miller. Therein it was held: "This clause giving to Congress the power to regulate commerce among the states and with foreign nations, as this court has said before, was among the most important of the subjects which prompted the formation of the Constitution. And it would be a very feeble and almost useless provision, if the states be allowed to impose any restrictive regulation interfering or seriously embarrassing this commerce." "This species of legislation is one which must be, if established at all, of a general and national character, and cannot be safely and wisely remitted to local regulations. If it be a regulation of commerce, it must be of national character, and the regulation can only appropriately exist by general rules and principles which demand that it should be done by the Congress of the United States under the commerce clause of the Constitution." Hence an Illinois statute discriminating in rates of freight for merchandise bound out of the state, as compared with rates of freight wholly within the state, was held to interfere with commerce between the several states and therefore to be unconstitutional and void. The minority of the court held that inasmuch as Congress had not assumed to exercise its power to regulate the commerce between the several states in this regard, the states themselves remained free to

regulate the same. But the court *per* Justice Miller said in effect, "No; the power to regulate commerce between the several states is vested in Congress exclusively and *alone*."

The latest utterance on this subject by the United States Supreme Court is found in the case of *Minnesota vs. Barber* decided May 19, 1890, wherein it is held that the Minnesota statute forbidding the sale of all meat derived from the slaughter of animals which shall not have been duly inspected within twenty-four hours prior to their killing, is not an enactment in the due exercise of police power, but is in effect a prohibition of the importation of fresh dressed meat prepared outside the state. This is held to be an attempt to regulate the commerce between Minnesota and other states and, therefore, violative of the United States Constitution, and void. Hence, the judgment of the United States Circuit Court for Minnesota was sustained in discharging Barber from custody under conviction by the state court for the violation of said statute.

The regulation of the sale and use of ardent spirits generally has been considered as a subject to be dealt with by local authorities, and as at least quite certainly falling within the province of state control.

From "The License Cases," coming from New England and decided in 1847 by the United States Supreme Court, the country derived a conclusion sanctioned by Judge Cooley in his standard work on "Constitutional Limitations," that in the absence of conflicting commercial regulation by Congress, the states respectively were free to manage this subject by virtue of their police powers. Hence, many friends of temperance have deprecated and even scouted the idea of a so-called "Third Party" designed to connect this subject with national affairs and politics. But has not a new and different phase been put on this subject by the following recent decisions of our United States Supreme Court?

The case of *Bowman vs. Chicago and N. W. Railway Co.* decided two years ago was as follows: Bowman claimed damages from the Railroad Company as a common carrier for refusing to transport 5,000 barrels of beer from Chicago to Marshalltown, Iowa, and in justification of such refusal the company pleaded the Iowa statutes which in express terms prohibited such importation to that state. The United States Supreme Court *per*

Justice Matthews, with concurring opinion of Justice Field, held that Bowman was entitled to his damages inasmuch as the prohibition statutes of Iowa in so far as they interfered with interstate commerce were void. Justice Harlan, with whom concurred Chief Justice Waite and Justice Gray, delivered a powerful dissenting opinion presenting the law and the respective rights of the state and federal governments in accordance with the views and practice of the American people for the last century.

We find in this most important case two well established and recognized principles coming into direct and irreconcilable antagonism, to wit, the police power, conceded to be vested in the states for the protection of morals, health, and general welfare, and the power to regulate commerce among the several states, which is expressly vested in Congress. Justice Matthews and a majority of that august, but we can hardly say infallible, tribunal, decided that inasmuch as ardent spirits have always been and now are recognized objects of general commerce throughout the civilized world, it is not within the province of any state by restriction or prohibition thereof to affect the commerce between the several states in these commodities. With determination evidenced in every recent decision to maintain inviolable the great and important federal power to control commerce, the United States Supreme Court falls back on the usages of mankind in the traffic and consumption of intoxicants to establish the doctrine that no state can exclude them.

Contra, the dissenting Justices contend that it lies within the police power of each state to decide what affects its morals, health, and general welfare, and that this police power extends to the determination of the use, license, or the prohibition of intoxicants, not only among its own citizens but to the exclusion of importations from other states. Powerful argument is drawn against the conclusion of the majority in that free interstate commerce in these forbidden articles must practically annul state and local control over the subject. The evils of intemperance are thus made liable to remain to a great degree uncontrolled, through the extension by judicial construction of a power residing in Congress which it has never assumed to use!

The Bowman case called for no determination of the question, what the importer could do with his beer when delivered in Iowa, and

that was left open. But this further question received due consideration and decision by the United States Supreme Court, April 28, 1890, in the case of *Leisky & Co. vs. Harlin*, which has not only provoked much comment and discussion in the newspapers, but also has been the occasion of great joy and triumph among the liquor manufacturers and venders throughout the country. The Supreme Court of Iowa upheld its state prohibition law against *Leisky & Co.*, who brought liquor to Keokuk from Peoria, Illinois, and sold it in original packages; and upon appeal to the United States Supreme Court that judgment was reversed on the principle above stated, that the Iowa law was an attempt to regulate commerce among the several states and to that extent void. Chief Justice Fuller rendered the opinion which is long, and is made up for the most part of quotations from former decisions connecting them and deducing therefrom conclusions by processes of reasoning by no means clear. The main points are: "That the argument of the majority of the Court in the Bowman case conducts irresistibly to the conclusion that the right of transportation of an article of commerce from one state to another includes by necessary implication the right of the consignee to sell it in unbroken packages at the place where the transportation terminates." "Undoubtedly it is for the legislative branch of the state governments to determine whether the manufacture of particular articles of traffic will injuriously affect the public, and it is not for Congress to determine what measures a state may properly adopt as appropriate or needful for the protection of public morals, the public health, or the public safety." "Yet whenever the law of a state amounts essentially to a regulation of commerce with foreign nations or among the states, as it does when it inhibits directly or indirectly the receipt of an imported commodity or its disposition before it has ceased to become an article of trade between one state and another, or another country and this, it comes in conflict with the power which in this particular has been exclusively vested in the general government, and is, therefore, void."

Mr. Justice Gray delivered a dissenting opinion in behalf of himself and Justices Harlan and Brewer, wherein the counter view is clearly expressed, that the traffic in ardent spirits within a state falls within its police power, and has no connection with the

regulation of interstate commerce conferred on Congress.

This decision is but a proper natural sequence to the former case of *Bowman vs. Chicago & N. Y. Ry. Co.* True, that case did not decide what could be done with the articles when thus imported, but common sense supplied the answer, that the power to *import* implies the power to *sell*. True, the selling is limited in terms to "goods in original packages," that is, in such form of subdivision as may be used in interstate commerce, and it does not extend to the sale of the goods after such packages have been broken and subdivided and the articles mixed with the mass of goods and property of the state. But this limitation is of no great value inasmuch as the original packages may be made as large or as small as the importers see fit, and regulation thereof cannot be made by other authority than Congress.

These decisions are a stunning blow to the cause of temperance. They tend to annul all that the friends of law and order, morals and good government, have within the last half century accomplished toward the suppression of the liquor traffic. The immediate practical result is fully known and accepted and promptly acted on by all liquor dealers. Newspapers are now teeming with accounts of saloons established where before they were unknown. To Leechburg, Pa., where no license has been granted, a Cincinnati brewing company has shipped carloads of beer which it had announced for sale in original packages, which were soon sold and distributed. It is said beer is now shipped into Maine and sold with an impunity hitherto unknown. In Marshalltown, Iowa, the "original package" business is budding to bloom in the receipt of carloads of beer from St. Louis packed in bottles wrapped individually at the factory, and a new and flashy beer wagon has made its appearance. So, too, in Kansas and many other states the "original package" houses are starting up in many of the towns. Why not? The manufacturers of glass have encountered a sudden demand for bottles far beyond power to supply. Ex-Governor Dingley, of Maine, and Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, are quoted as expressing opinion that the decision applies equally to high license as to prohibition. Why not? Scores if not hundreds of liquor sellers are now under arrest for violations of law, who have entered the plea, already trite, of "original package." It is sought to apply the same principle

to game, oleomargarine, and other articles.

The mistake of the United States Supreme Court lies in excluding the traffic in ardent spirits from the control of the police power which is conceded by that Court to relate to suppression of articles injurious to health and morals. When Justice Matthews, speaking of the Iowa law says, "It is not a law to regulate or restrict the sale of an article deemed injurious to the health and morals of the community,"—he differs from the legislatures and majorities of the citizens of the prohibitory states, and he records the court for which he speaks as behind the times in not accepting the scientific, economic, and moral conclusions of the best thinkers and writers on the subject.

When Justice Field says, "The state possesses the power to prescribe all such regulations with respect to the possession and sale of property within its limits as may be necessary to protect the health, lives, and morals of its people," and then holds that because ardent spirits are an article of commerce by usage they cannot be excluded by a state, commerce is exalted over health, life, and morals."

When Chief Justice Fuller says, "That ardent spirits, distilled liquors, ale, and beer are subjects of exchange barter and traffic like any other commodity in which a right of traffic exists, is not denied," we say emphatically that the proposition is denied theoretically and practically by every civilized nation and community in the world.

But as to possible remedies, three may be suggested. First. A retraction of these decisions in the *Bowman* and *Leisky* cases so as to give judicial recognition to the predominance of the state police powers as to intoxicants, over the congressional power to regulate commerce, Senator Edmunds has intimated this to be practicable and not improbable. In the many cases sure to come before it, that tribunal may modify and limit the effect of former utterances, but is not likely to reverse itself. Second. An amendment to the United States Constitution might be the most substantial and effective remedy. But who is prepared to say what form such amendment should take? And if hostile to the liquor traffic how could it be adopted?

The third remedy that suggests itself is adequate legislation by Congress. What such action should be,—what can prove a legal exercise of legislation,—and how far it must be uniform,—and how far it can be enforced,

are questions of importance and difficulty.

To meet the emergency, divers bills have been introduced in the House and Senate, and heated debate has occurred, and much more must follow before any legislation can be adopted. The easiest and quickest way proposed, is, of having Congress enact that all ardent spirits directly on importation to a state shall become amenable to its police power. This has been suggested and urged and resisted and adopted by the Senate. Some expressions in the opinions of the Judges intimate ap-

proval of such course, but others intimate that all such regulation of commerce must be uniform throughout the country. Although the Chief Justice uses the expression, "In the absence of congressional permission," yet Senator Vest's challenge requires to be met, when he demands the power of Congress to grant to states permission to regulate commerce in any way or sense they have not the power to do without such permission.

One conclusion, however, is clear, and that is, that by force of these decisions, TEMPERANCE IS MADE A NATIONAL QUESTION.

HOW TO CONDUCT A ROUND TABLE.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

I HAVE had the pleasure of attending many of the local Chautauqua assemblies. Some of these have been of great value to our common cause; some of them have seemed to me even to set it back or hinder it. The difference is, between those organizations which carry on their summer work with direct reference to the work of the year, and, on the other hand, those which are arranged simply for the entertainment of people who like to come. In this latter case, the managers take the name "Chautauqua" as a spell to conjure with, and then prepare such a program as they think will be entertaining. It is a little as when the managers of a county agricultural society, finding that young men do not care to come to see the cattle and other stock, hire some fast horses to run a race, in hope of adding to the attraction of the meeting.

Now I am perfectly indifferent to this class of meetings. I do not like to be asked in to contribute my poor little abilities in a side-show, of the sort which the managers have in hand. I think the Chautauqua summer assembly should be the Chautauqua summer assembly, be it held by Lake Chautauqua or by Lake Any-thing-else, and that the Chautauqua idea should dominate. I always advise the managers of such assemblies to concentrate their forces as much as they can, not to attempt more days than they can cover well, and to give those days purely and simply to review of the past year and to preparation for the year which is to come. This rule may be interpreted very broadly, but should be

kept always in mind. In that case, they are fair in their advertisements, when they call themselves a "Chautauqua Assembly"; they have some right to use that term. It is under such conditions that I am willing to take the Round Table, and I am quite clear that the Round Table should be made subordinate to such conditions.

You may have, then, in the course of the day, lectures, discussions, readings, or conversations, bearing on one or another matter in which Chautauqua is interested; and this will give you a very wide range. But, in the Round Table itself, you ought to confine the attention and conversation specifically to the work of the year just past, or the year which is to come.

I like to have all the members of reading circles who are present sit together. Of course you invite every one who is at the assembly to be present, but it is better to have the members of the classes together, and better yet, I think, if one class sits by itself and another by itself. This is the beginning of that comradeship or personal interest which ought to exist among the Chautauqua classes, wherever they be recruited.

I should hope that, with Chautauqua readers, it is not necessary to say that every one should have a pencil and note-book. And it is better that this note-book should not be two or three pages folded up for the moment, but should be the permanent note-book which you use in all your Chautauqua reading. Much more is involved in this simple direction than young students will at first sup-

pose. Let me suppose, then, that the assembly is to continue a week. In that time you ought to have five good Round Tables for work, and a sixth which may be more of a social or festival time.

In practice, the first thing to be sure of is the singing. You want to enlist the sympathy and readiness of the best singers who are on the ground, and see that they are familiar with the best Chautauqua songs. The Central Office always supplies books with songs and music for all. I introduce the Round Table with prayer and the singing of some appropriate Chautauqua hymn; we want every minute of our time, so that I should not generally use much of the Chautauqua service at the Round Table. Then, from the first, I would say that all the meetings are open for question and answer; and that with every meeting, the persons present would be asked to bring in written questions, for which they had not found answers, bearing on the Chautauqua work. I should send round some one for these at the beginning of each meeting, promising that they should be answered before the week is over. And here it is best to speak of the way in which these answers are to be prepared.

I do not permit myself to go to any such meeting without carrying some books of reference which will cover the ordinary questions. I hope that eventually the assembly places may be supplied with little libraries of reference, such as Chautauqua knows how to supply, containing a hundred volumes, more or less, of the better cyclopedias and other convenient handbooks. I do not examine the questions when they are brought in; I do not think a snap judgment is worth a great deal. I carry them away with me, look over them at once, try to think who there is on the ground who can answer different questions best, and make it a point to see those persons as soon as I can and to submit the questions to them. It may happen that a question requires an answer from a distance; then I write a letter enclosing it at once to whoever seems to be the proper authority, asking him to make sure that I get the answer before the end of the week. It may be that the question is one to which we can get no answer,—in other words, that none of us know the answer. In that case, I confess ignorance before the week is over, and intimate the way in which the answer may be found in the course of other

study. In every way in which he can, the director of a circle should thus show his sympathy with the people who have brought in the questions, and his eagerness to treat those questions with respect.

I. Now for the use of most of the hour,—for a Round Table should not be continued much more than an hour; probably the arrangements of the day will not allow of any more time. The five days ought to be divided between the review and the preparation for the next year. As they all know something about the subjects of the last year, and know less about the next year, they will be more interested in the review than they will be in the prospect, and, other things being equal, it is better to give three days to the review and two days to the prospect. These days divide themselves naturally, first, into the history which has been studied in the last year; second, into the literature of the same time; third, into those more general subjects, such as the reading from *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* and what may be called miscellaneous work. The leader should not undertake to lead the class at all, unless he has himself gone over the work, more or less carefully. Even with the best courses it will happen that there are deficiencies or omissions which he had better state frankly to the readers. He had better ask them squarely whether they found the reading dull or difficult, and in particular ask whether they think it could be improved when Chautauqua comes round, four years hence, to the same subject. I have often received very valuable suggestions from readers on these subjects, which I have tried to make of use, as Counselor, in the arrangements of after years.

But, in general, this part of the review gives the leader the opportunity to run slightly over the period involved, and to try to point out its relationships to the work of the year which is before them. Last year, we had had Greek history. I tried to make the Round Table which I was leading, understand why it was that that little nation of Greece held the place which it does hold in literature and in religion. I tried to make the readers see how very closely our own thought and life depends upon Greek thought and life. I tried to interest them so much in it that they might carry forward, as they had leisure, other reading and study in the same line. I was very much pleased with the re-

sult of one little experiment which I tried. I read to them the famous epigram of Simonides, which was inscribed over the tomb of the Spartans who died at Thermopylæ, and offered a little prize for the best metrical version of this epigram, which should be given me at the end of the week. To my great pleasure, when the end of the week came, I received twenty-two answers to my request, and so many of these seemed to me really first-rate, that I had to give three prizes instead of one. I do not say that this is the right thing to do always; one does not want the least stiffness in the talk of the Round Table; but it was an interesting thing that week. There were a large number of readers present, and they were glad to show me and each other that they took a continued interest in the matter we had in hand. After all, there is nothing like the spoken word. Personal presence moves the world, and in the perfect freedom of the talk of the Round Table, questions are asked and answered, which tend, for instance, to make Alexander and Pericles real persons, and show to those who have only handled the books about them, that there are ways of giving more life to words which have perhaps seemed dull and dead.

In that particular case, we found it an advantage to take for the second day the literature of Greece, and here much the same is to be said as I have said with regard to handling the history of the country the day before. After a little, the leader gets acquainted with his class and they get acquainted with him. They ought to feel confidence in him; he ought to confess ignorance to them, and to be, and to show that he is, a learner with them. He ought to be glad to receive suggestions from them, and he will certainly find that "all the people are much wiser than any one man of the people." Literature is a very wide subject; the syllabus of literature given in the Chautauqua course ranges far, when one considers how little time is given; but there are ranges much wider, of which the leader ought to give a hint to those who have been interested in the study involved.

The third, or miscellaneous, day is, of course, occupied with even a wider range, and is, perhaps, the most difficult day of the three to carry forward advantageously. But, with every day of the week, the Round Table grows in power as the members become acquainted with each other; and I have found that the

thing which interested people who were not Chautauqua readers is, that, by the third day, you have quite a staff of people interested in this give-and-take of rapid conversational discussion of important themes. You must be careful, as the leader of any assembly is, not to let the talk drift off on side issues; to hold your people well to the subject in hand; and the more you are acquainted with them, the easier this will be to do. As in any other meeting, it is desirable that nobody shall be bored, and for this purpose you must cut off tiresome talkers. It is always well to break up mere lecturing into talk, and to break up mere talk by occasional singing. It is for this that you have taken care to have good singers present, and that you are able to use the Chautauqua songs and music.

Of course, all along, you are trying to cultivate the feeling of fellow-students,—to make all these young people understand that they are members of a great fraternity, in which they will frequently meet other people interested in these great central topics of which you are studying and talking. There is no rule by which this can be done, but in proportion as you feel yourself to be a member of the great fraternity, they will catch the contagion from you, and will see how much is gained in its sympathies.

II. Now for the new course, that of the next year. To this I have proposed to give the next two sessions of the Round Table.

By this time you have a good many questions to answer. It is better to begin each meeting by answering those, or by calling on your friends to whom you have assigned them, as promptly as possible. And I may say, in general, that I insist on absolute punctuality. It is hard to train the meeting to this. But if, at the first meeting of the week, you begin, even with only two persons present, the others will learn that they must be on hand. If you have a particularly interesting thing to say, or to show, to those present, say or show it then. And let it be understood, that it is rude to come fooling in, after the exercise has begun.

By this time, the middle of the week, you ought to know whom you have on the ground. The other gentlemen who are speaking in the different courses, ought to be willing to help at the Round Table. They will, if you ask them properly. Do not say merely, "We

want to have a good meeting, and we want you to help us." Say, "We have English literature for our subject on Tuesday. You have had a good deal of experience in teaching English literature. Will you come round and speak three minutes?" Or, in general, ask for what this gentleman can do best, and tell him how much and how little you want of him.

You ought also, by this time, to know your class. There will be gentlemen and ladies among them, too modest to put themselves forward, but willing to "lend a hand" if the assembly is on a good footing, and for this you are to a large extent responsible. In that case, you will say to such a person, "Mr. Jones, you were in Italy last summer; will you tell us what to read or what to avoid, in laying out our circle work?" Or, "Mr. Brown, you see we have chemistry on the program. You know much more about it than I do, and I wish you would talk to the circle."

Observe, too, in these closing two Round Tables particularly, that it is desirable to interest the strangers present in Chautauqua, and to give them some idea of what they undertake and what they do not undertake, if they enter on the reading of the new year. For this you need some acquaintance with it yourself, and you ought to prepare yourself to answer questions as to detail. They will need to know how much time is required, what work their circles will ask for, outside the regular Chautauqua work, and how far their previous training fits them for this work. You will do well, therefore, if you can persuade one or two of the intelligent readers, who have been engaged for one, two, or three years in some good working circle, to sit near you, ready to answer such questions, and also if you can enlist some "solitary readers" to do the same. By "solitary reader" I mean some person who is so placed that he cannot join a circle, and has to work, with the help the magazine gives him, without any counsel from other advisers.

III. All that I have said, thus far, gives the idea of a much more formal class for instruction than a good Round Table ought to be. You want to cultivate a habit of questioning from all the seats, so that each meeting shall be a real conference among all who are interested. For this, you want to use every one in the meeting as fully as possible. It is always bet-

ter for the leader to call on another person for the answer to a question, than to give it himself, if the answer be as good.

Thus one of the class says, "How far may we rely on Macaulay as an authority?" You have your own opinion, but there are other gentlemen around you who have theirs, and you had better say, "Mr. Walter, what do you say to that?" than to be constantly putting yourself forward. There will be only too many occasions where you have to make the answer.

Of course you must watch the meeting, as every presiding officer must, and be sure that no bore violates the rule, under which you are governing yourself, and keeps himself too much before the company. You have always at command the old resource of the directors of conference meetings, and you can generally "sing down" a man whom you cannot call to order. If you find any difficulty, impose a five-minute rule, or even a three-minute rule, early in the affair.

My own experience is that the interest of the Round Table increases as the assembly goes forward. Its value is, alas, the greater where the assembly has been good, it is at the least when the assembly is poor. The directors of these assemblies are human and as I said will frequently make the mistake of substituting speakers who have a public reputation, and who, they think, will draw outsiders to the meeting, for those who are well acquainted with the subjects which the meeting ought to have in hand. The directors of the assembly are apt to forget that Chautauqua is really a well-organized school for training certain people in certain things. Now, if the real business of the assembly is to interest two or three hundred people in English history and in English literature, that interest will not be helped by getting a popular lecturer to come and speak on Siberia or on South Africa, nor will it be helped by having a popular musician play a fantasia on his violin. If the directors of local assemblies will really set themselves at work in the line where Chautauqua itself is at work, they will help Chautauqua and Chautauqua will help them; but if they choose merely to get up a variety show for the purpose of selling a large number of tickets to the people who are going to come in at their gates, why, the most skillful and conscientious director of a Round Table will find it hard to make that Round Table successful.

Woman's Council Table.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD WEAR.

BY MARY S. TORREY.

WHETHER the time will ever come when Americans will have distinctively their own fashions it is difficult to say. We have so long submitted to, no, joyfully acquiesced in, the dictation of Felix, Worth, and Paris generally, that even the natural instinct of our nation to rebel, has been lost. So long as the styles they select for us are pretty, we are content, but woe to the fashion makers when they attempt to force trailing skirts upon us. No, we have been too long free from the contract of sweeping the streets, to be willing to enter into bondage again. Only occasionally does one see a dress, the back breadths of which are dragging. Tailor-made gowns of soft cheviot, with exquisitely fitting waists and folded skirts are decidedly the style for church and promenade, while any material for similar wear should follow the same general design. On black laces to be worn on the street, the ribbon decorations are either in rows at the bottom, or in broad pendants of different styles from waist to hem. Velvet sleeves, that have raged with such violence, are said to have had their day, and it is whispered that the Princess of Wales has never worn large puffs, which means that they too will decline:

In dinner and evening dresses the exquisitely tinted gauzes, crêpes, and embroidered *mousseline de soie* admit of very artistic combinations and effects, and, while the fashionable slender appearance is preserved, there is no severity of outline. A beautiful pink crêpe designed for a guest at a recent wedding had a V shaped bodice, with soft folds of crêpe coming from one side of the V at the back and terminating, at the end of the second dart on the left side, in a bow of two and half inch ribbon with long ends. The other side of the V was trimmed with a band of Persian embroidery in pale olive, pink, and white, and the neck and elbow sleeves were finished with pink French lace. The skirt was simple looking, but, doubtless, to the uninitiated a bewildering arrangement of ribbon, Persian bands, and folds of crêpe, the drapery being brought up on the back part of the

bodice, in a way that made you wonder how any but a contortionist could get into it.

Boating suits are made very much in the same way as last year, and are still the plain simple garments they should be, the principal difference being in the quality and combination of the materials, which fairly apotheosize the dull navy blue outfit of some years ago. Now, beautiful stripes, in all shades of red and white, blue and white, and blue and red, are shown, frequently trimmed with braid or bands of plain flannel. The fine imported Jersey suits have a sash of the same, and it is only when nautical "togs" are dignified by the name of yachting costumes, that one can form an idea of the possibilities of white serge and flannel. Tennis suits also have become things of beauty; and the imported flannels in the hands of a modiste, or even a skillful home-worker, produce something very fetching, and, at the same time, perfectly adapted to the free movement necessary to the game. The wide striped blazer, even for men, is no longer the style.

In girls' costumes simplicity of design is the order of the day; full plain skirts, whose only trimming consists of tucks, feather stitching, bands of silk or embroidery, while the waist is made either full or plain, in conformity with the wearer's adipose.

Really this year it seems as if Dame Fashion had special designs upon our pocket-books, for she has given out such a variety of seductively beautiful and expensive materials that heavy inroads are made on the most plethoric purses, while those whose pocket-books are chronically collapsed, are forced into efforts to keep up with the fashions, that throw Hercules entirely into the shade. If my memory serves me right, none of his labors were long continued, not even that nice little affair of the Augean stables. There was a mighty putting forth of strength, and the work was done. None, who have not gone through the trials of "making auld claes maist as gude as new" can duly realize what it is to wrestle with a dress.

My heart goes out to those who love pretty things and have to struggle so hard to get

them. Still taste and determination can accomplish a great deal, and fortunately for the impecunious, the combination of two materials is greatly in favor. Skillful manipulation can merge two gowns into one that will deceive even the most investigating of our acquaintances.

Let me say a few words about the arrangement of the hair, the most important factor in a woman's "make-up," except, perhaps, her complexion, which, by the way, never should be made up. Some people follow the fashion as scrupulously as they would a physician's prescription. If fashion decrees that the hair should be thrown off the forehead, even those who have faces as sharp as a two-edged sword, uncover their bumps of locality; and if bangs are in vogue, the roundest faced, in their zeal, will wear them down to their eyebrows; and the same folly possesses them in their arrangement of their back hair. Now, there is always a way of compromising with the dame. Let the possessor of a thin narrow face arrange her hair in short fluffy curls on the forehead, being careful to have a little fullness back of the temples and by all means arrange her back hair as low

as — her bonnet will permit. The hair-dressers' windows show several different styles for the back hair, some high, some both high and low, and another style consisting of short curls caught up, so that the effect of a Langtry knot is given in outline. For the latter the front hair is confined by a fillet of gold; but only an artist could accomplish this arrangement—and none but the possessor of a pretty profile should wear it. Fluffy bangs hold their own—for where one woman can bare her forehead, fifty cannot. Young girls still wear the Cadogan braid; and still younger children have loose, waving hair. Straight bangs are worn only by young children—and lunatics.

Bonnets are more beautiful than ever. Toques are the newest shape and the addition of strings makes them becoming to almost every face, and yet you see quite as many lovely creations of the regular bonnet shape. For young girls, large hats reign supreme, and are caught up at the back or side.

Low shoes have fairly taken us by storm, and owe their popularity to the accompanying gaiter. This should never be any color but black—unless it matches the costume exactly.

HOMESTEADS FOR WOMEN.

BY KATE CARNES.

TO the people of Europe where the high price of real estate confers distinction upon its owner, it seems beyond belief that the United States should give to each individual asking for it, one hundred sixty acres of land. Yet such is the fact; a compliance with the Homestead Law, and the payment of certain small fees and commissions to the local officers, secure a title to a quarter section of Government land. And women, for whom this article is especially written, may acquire, by a few years of intelligent industry and patient frugality, independence, if not wealth.

I answer as follows the inquiries that may at once suggest themselves: "What is a homestead?" A tract of land given away by the Government, on condition that the person taking it, lives upon and cultivates the tract for five years. "How much land does a homestead comprise?" One hundred sixty, or eighty, or forty acres. "Where shall one

apply for a homestead?" At the United States Land Office in the district where the land lies. "What is the cost and the process?" For a homestead of one hundred sixty acres, a fee of fourteen dollars on application, to cover cost of survey, and four dollars on making final proof. As soon as practicable after application (not more than six months time is generally allowed to elapse till settlement), the settler must commence living on the land and improving it. At the end of five years he must make final proof, by two witnesses, of compliance with the law, and then he will receive complete title. By paying the Government price of one dollar and twenty-five cents or two dollars and fifty cents per acre, the settler, if he prefers to pay for his land, after six months' settlement and cultivation may make final proof. This early payment is called *commuting* a homestead entry.

The following is the plan by which two women of my acquaintance put this theory

into practice, and started on their way to wealth and independence. Each entered one hundred sixty acres of land adjoining, as homesteads; they built their house on the dividing line between the tracts, being permitted to do so under this ruling, "Residence in a double house, built on the dividing line between adjoining homesteads, is residence in compliance with the law."

The house is built long enough to permit each to have a room on her own claim, and the kitchen and dining-room occupy the center of the house. Expenses are shared equally.

The question of fuel, which sends a thrill of fear through the mind of the average inhabitant of the Eastern States at the bare mention of the "West," has no terrors for these two women, for on every side of them grow the tall, stately pines, fulfilling two duties most successfully, by furnishing warmth for the outward man and a continual feast for the eyes during the winter months.

To illustrate more clearly what one woman can do alone, let me cite more particularly the case of the one of these two women who was the more straitened in financial affairs, and record the facts and figures of her venture, for one year, as given me by her. It must be borne in mind that she is not an Amazon in strength nor size, her weight at the time of undertaking the enterprise being one hundred six pounds and "the consumption in her face," as an acquaintance described her appearance.

In February, 1886, she left her home in one of the Southern States with her mind fully made up to secure a homestead. She had discussed the subject in all its bearings with friends who, not possessing an equal degree of enthusiasm with herself, saw only failure

in such an attempt, and advised her to relinquish it. Firm in her own convictions, however, to the West she went; and more, she saw, she conquered, so far, at least, as a good beginning is concerned.

Beginning with the 3d of May her account for the first year stands thus, for she was under the painful necessity of earning her money before she invested in real estate.

Earnings for 1886-87:

School-teaching,	\$ 60 00
Music lessons and sewing,	10 00
Housework,	12 00
Music lessons,	12 80
School-teaching (worked for board), .	60 00
Housework and sewing,	4 25
Sewing and knitting,	5 90
Cash from friends,	4 85
Teaching and sewing,	92 50
	<hr/>
	\$262 30

Expenses:

Homesteading and building,	\$115 58
Personal expenses,	93 90
Plowing,	25 00
	<hr/>
	\$234 48

The law is very lenient toward those, who, not having capital on hand to live upon and improve the land, must be absent a part of the time earning the money, and permits them to be absent from their claim for the length of six months at one time. Employment of some kind is always to be found, for now the settlers follow the railroad, instead of the reverse, as was the case in former days.

How many energetic, intelligent women, are living in the crowded cities, wearing out body and brain, and who must there keep on the same road for many years, could do at least as much as this one, and gain as she did, health, happiness, and a home.

A VISIT TO MADAME BLAVATSKY.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

President National W. C. T. U.

OTHER great capitals have a larger number of cosmopolitan features than New York, but none upon the footstool has a greater variety. All nations and languages, all customs and religions, have at least "a specimen brick" in Gotham, a city which alike by geographical situation, temperament, and culture, is fitted to be the museum of humanity. Among all its curi-

osities those pertaining to the biped without feathers take the first rank, and surely the list of these should be headed by the name of Madame Blavatsky, the Russian countess, gypsy, scholar, and seer.

Let us pay a visit to this surprising personage. It is Saturday evening, the time set apart for the reception of visitors who come suitably introduced. On a business street,

near a mammoth carriage factory, and next door to a barber's shop, stands a large house dedicated to French flats. A good-natured, nondescript servant girl answers our ring, conducts us up stairs, and into a shadowy room, whose contents begin to materialize to our enlarging optics, when the message reaches us, "Madame says you may come in." Whereupon, through a dark corridor, we enter the small and dimly-lighted *salon* where she sits in state. In a rather coarse, but not unpleasant, contralto voice, and in decidedly disjointed English, the famous founder of the Theosophical Society, and author of "Isis Unveiled," now bids us welcome. She is a woman of ample proportions, large head, covered with short, "crinkly," brown hair. She has solemn, mystical eyes of no ascertainable color, a heavy mouth, beautiful wrists, aristocratic hands carefully kept, and adorned with rings of curious and cabalistic design. Madame is attired in a long, loose, flowing robe of dark blue, rich material, antique effect, and no ornamentation whatever. Waving us to a trio of easy chairs, she sinks into the wide arms of a fourth, takes out a cigarette, offers one to each of us, which we decline.

"We have been told that you practice occult arts; that by sheer force of will you can summon a book from your library in the next room," says my friend, in her own pleasant way, at once straightforward and suggestive. Madame puffs in silence. Meanwhile I look around the small, dim room, crowded so full of leather-covered tomes, articles of *virtu*, and utensils of uncomprehended use, that we have barely room to sit in one close group. Madame replies, "O yes, I am the grandmother of the phonograph; did you not hear that also? I ride on a broomstick all the Fridays—has nobody told you that? I am 80 or 102 or 120 years old—just which you please; the New York papers take such a date as suits them. I have lived in India and practiced magic with the priests; yes, I have, that is quite true. If I had come a little earlier, they would have hanged me in your free country for a witch."

She said this not at all ill-naturedly, but rather with the air of one who likes to hear herself talk.

It was a study, novel indeed, to note this gifted and erudite woman who has shared fortunes so varied, imbibed the spirit of Oriental philosophy and set up for a teacher

here in the New World; born of a rich and honorable family in Russia; ostracised unjustly from her home and evidently embittered by adverse fortunes; sharing later on the hard fare of nomadic tribes; studying for many years in India; thrice journeying entirely around the globe, and here in her prime—for in spite of what the papers say, she has not passed it—established in a French flat in New York City. While Madame Blavatsky mused, the fire burned on the hearth, in the dim glass jet, and in her cigarette, but it required the spur of multiplied and interested queries to induce her to begin. At last she did, in this wise:

"You ask me what I believe? Very well. I am a theosophist. If you want to know what that is, here is a circular we have prepared that tells as much as can be known by those who do not join us. I have written a book, 'Isis Unveiled.' I wrote on this book seventeen hours a day for two years. In that period I never went out of the house but two or three times, and yet I was as fresh when it was done as when it was commenced, for I have gained the mastery of myself. I eat nothing rich. Two soft eggs in the morning and a cup of coffee; nothing more till night, and then very little. I drink hot tea, but never taste water. Five hundred copies of my book have been sold in India. The president of our society lives in India. Here is his picture (showing a repulsive-looking, half-clad Oriental). This album is full of our members. That one (pointing to a long-haired, ghastly-looking zealot) is the Recluse of Thibet. Our leader is coming to America. We have thirty thousand members here. Two millions have been converted to us in India. They were converted to our doctrines by Garaswati. He is a great man. He sets up no new religion, but would have the people go back to the Vedas. The Arya Somaj has two millions of members. It is especially directed against the Christian missionaries. You ask about Chunder Sen. He was not of us. He believed in a personal God, but we, in a life principle. Do I think we are immortal? Yes, potentially. All will not realize this possibility, however. Am I a medium? No, thank you, I am in better business. I know a little psychological juggle, but there is no spirituality about it. Your Edison says that he will have a vital telegraph, so that we shall speak here and be heard in India, and no wires about it. But

that was done long ago at the East. What do I think of Christianity? Not much; we have not a Christian among us theosophists, so we can trust one another implicitly. You do not like that, I see! I am sorry, but cannot help it!"

Just then Colonel Olcott, the well-known investigator of spiritualism, entered. He sat down with us and talked frankly of his beliefs.

"You ask about my study of the Eddy brothers years ago," he said, in answer to a question from quiet Mr. B., our escort; "this is my theory. Those men were born with physiological and psychological predispositions to attract certain forces of nature. They are human magnets—centers of force. Their mother was a clairvoyant. Their father detested the manifestations, and whipped them so that they tried to repress their powers. You ask how they produce materializations. Well, if they do—which I am not sure—it is in one of two ways. Either William Eddy's demon leaves him while he is tranced, or else the elemental forces of nature take form at the medium's will, according to what is in the imagination of the looker-on. But the Eddys are morally corrupt. I've got beyond them, and beyond spiritualism. I studied it twenty-two years. Most spiritualists are content to get rid of the tyranny of opinion after establishing their immortality on the basis of phenomena; so there they rest. But I wanted to go further. Madame Blavatsky has taught me invaluable lessons. She says that while there is any amount of fraud there are also lots of

phenomena for which the hypotheses of spiritualists are not adequate to account, and she claims that Oriental philosophy does explain these things. She says we of the Western nations are a pack of fools, in short, and that the Orientals knew all about these mysteries thousands of years ago. By the study of ancient symbols and religions I expect to get hold of an adequate explanation, which resides in the less understood forces of nature."

"But, Colonel," asks quiet Mr. B. again, "why do not men of science investigate these manifestations?" "O, they are about something that interests them more. It is not at all popular to study these things. It costs a man money and position. It has cost me the loss of fine opportunities for getting on in the world. In one case I lost \$10,000 by it. People think it is a fanaticism, you know. But as for me, I am bound to follow it up. I am studying all the time. I am trying to bring my mind and body into complete subjection to natural law. A man must have clean hands and a pure heart before he can handle these things without burning his fingers. Madame Blavatsky there has taught me more than all books or people that I have found thus far. I have entirely ceased the use of wine and all intoxicants. I am a member of the Lotus Club, where wine is always offered, but I always decline."

"Pretty well for the Lotus Club," we thought, as, having bowed our adieus to the Russian seer and the worldly young man, we were lighted to the entrance by the tall colonel, and wended our way out-of-doors into the now old nineteenth century.

NEW BIRDS FOR THE HOUSE.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

DOES any one know the bluebird, that "bit of heaven's own blue," as a friend and companion in the house? that gentle yet brave little creature who in return for care and love will fill a house with the sweet warble of spring all the year around? Who has known the oriole with his beautiful dress and his curious ways, his investigations of the mysteries about him, and his easily won love for his keeper? How many have learned to know the thrushes, from the fearless, intelli-

gent American robin, to the shy and silent hermit? There is a strange lack of interest in our native birds, the result of ignorance and the scorn of the bird-dealer, who habitually undervalues them, and always declares that he doesn't keep American birds. Aside from the fact that half his stock consists of mocking-birds and green parrots—Americans every one—he almost invariably has a robin or a thrush languishing in some dark corner, a cage of bluebirds or bobolinks up near the ceiling, and a bevy of smaller natives occu-

pying with little Africans the big show cage in the window.

The reasons for the dealer's contempt are two: first, that he cannot charge so much for the native as for the foreigner, and, second, that few of them are constant singers. For with a curious inconsistency, people who cover up the canary because the singing is tiresome, and hang the mocking-bird in the bath room because they cannot endure the noise, will not buy a bird unless it is a "good singer."

In my opinion the persistent singing of a loud voiced bird is as disagreeable in a house as the constant banging of a piano. Both are pleasant in small doses. The little-known birds I wish to speak of, exactly meet my ideas on that point. They sing enough to be charming, yet not enough to be a nuisance. The thrushes so rarely sing at all in confinement that, perhaps, no one but an enthusiastic bird-lover would care to keep them, and the robin is probably well enough known. But who knows the cat-bird, one of the most delightful of house companions?

Of all droll and amusing pets this bird is the chief. So ingenious in conceiving, so prompt in executing his pranks, and at the same time so irresistibly comical in his ways is he, that one never tires of watching him, and readily forgives him any mischief that may result. Moreover he is the most fearless, and, perhaps, the most graceful of his family. Nothing daunts him. If your attitude toward him is teasing, he accepts, and pays you back in ways you would never think of, seeming to enjoy it as much as bigger folk enjoy their teasing; if your bearing is gentle and affectionate, he falls readily into your mood and is gentle and loving himself, although he doesn't forego his frolics. The cat-bird has much of the thrush's repose of manner, but it always seems to be the quiet of suppressed vehemence, as if at any instant it might be flung to the winds, and the bird turn into a tornado in feathers. He is quite capable of this, too. The grace of a cat bird is beyond the power of words to depict. He is a delight to the eye in any attitude he may take. His flying about the room is the poetry of motion; the constant movements of his long tail express every possible sentiment. He is also more playful than any other bird I know.

For some reasons the grosbeaks are the most desirable of household pets. They are

easily contented. With plenty of food that he likes, and a place in the room satisfactory to him, a cardinal grosbeak—or red-bird—will stay in his cage from one year's end to another, nor care to go out. I have had one who refused to leave his cage, and resented all attempts to coax him out, as though he was being driven away from home, letting his door stand open weeks at a time with perfect indifference.

The reason for my bird's peculiarity seemed to be his delight in singing, for it is one of the cardinal's charms that he sings the year around. His song is fine, and though not low it is not nearly so loud as a mocking-bird's or even a vigorous canary's. The female cardinal has an exceedingly sweet song, which makes her even more desirable in a house. She is not so familiar to the world in general as her spouse in his gorgeous suit of red and black, but she is more lovely in her soft reddish-brown dusted over with red, and her bright coral-colored beak.

But do not look for pranks among the grosbeaks, nor for great familiarity with their human neighbors. None of them become so intimate with us as do the thrushes and orioles; between them and us there seems a gulf we cannot bridge. They may learn to confide in one, although I have found always a lingering distrust, never quite eradicated, which does not allow them to be *quite* unsuspecting and friendly. When first caught they are painfully wild, and they are always restless under the human eye. In a word they have not the intelligence of that incomparable family—the thrushes. They will accept one's kindness, they will be perfectly contented in one's house, and amply repay one's care with music, but there can be no familiarities, no particular attachment between us; at least, so I have found them. It might be different if much time were given to the work of taming and winning one, especially if no other birds were about, for they are excessively jealous.

The beauty of the family, and the finest singer, is the rose-breasted grosbeak. He is not so well known, in his black and white plumage, made exquisite by a shield of rose-color on his breast, and rosy linings to his wings. His characteristics as a cage bird are quite like those of his cousin in red, but his song is much finer, having the rich quality peculiar to the Baltimore oriole, with much greater variety. He is more shy than the

cardinal, but if kept alone and made happy he will sing. Generally when once he begins to sing in the cage he will keep it up.

The blackbird family with "liquid notes of chatter and chink" does not seem a promising place to look for pets, yet one or two of them are exceedingly desirable. The redwing blackbird is a charming house bird and a delightful singer. His song has not much variety, it is true, but it has an indescribable wildness that brings the woods and the marshes into one's mind as no other bird note can.

The bobolink, too—that rapturous singer—belongs to the blackbird family and is often kept as a pet. The redwing is a fussy fellow, restless, and not very confiding, though he is not afraid and is often familiar. But the bobolink is constitutionally, unspeakably, and, it seems to me, incurably afraid of the human race. It appears impossible to win his confidence. To me, a bird in continual panic

is a spectacle too painful to endure, and after repeated trials I have been obliged for my own comfort to give him up.

I regret this the more because the bobolink is one of our most enchanting singers. One alone will fill the house with music of the rarest quality, from April till September, even sometimes through the winter. From my own experience I should have said he would probably not sing in confinement, but I have heard from trustworthy witnesses, of his singing delightfully under those conditions. In one case that came to my knowledge, a bobolink lived in a kitchen where his mistress worked. He became very tame, and sang with as much enthusiasm as he could have done hovering over the meadows of June.

I have named but a few of our despised American birds. There are many more which are delightful to keep, being sweet singers and most interesting in their ways.

SUMMER RESORT ACQUAINTANCES.

BY FELECIA HILLEL.

"THAT may be all true, my dear. He may be a Yale Junior and a first-class bat and yet be an unfit fellow for you to know," that was what a gentleman was saying to his daughter as I went out on the veranda. Of course I did not tarry to hear more, but I remembered my girls who were away at the lake, and as I sat listening to the orchestra a little lecture to them ran through my head.

It is so easy to get acquainted when away from home, and so easy to let one's self do foolish things. The happy mood which comes from having a genuine good time makes one kindly toward all the world, careless perhaps of one's own actions, and more than willing to run a little risk now and then, just for the sake of excitement. At home, of course, whom a girl shall know is decided for her by her guardians; but away from home at a summer resort it is very different. Miss Blake introduces a friend when you fall in with her on the veranda. He looks and talks like a gentleman on the whole, though there is a little leer in his eye, which makes you flush and you do not admire his free criticisms of the girls on the

tennis court; but then Miss Blake introduced him and people are brought up so differently, what is the use of being so particular?

You let him call next day and parry your chaperon's queries. You introduce him to the girls. If you have any genuine friends among the boys they will ask awkward questions about him and insist upon knowing more than the incident of Beth Blake's introduction; but probably you will taunt them with being jealous, until they keep quiet in disgust. And the young man before a fortnight will turn out to be just what any young man who looks at a girl with a leer and indulges in free criticisms is, a coarse fellow, a counterfeit gentleman. Then your fun is turned to mortification. You have compromised your crowd by harnessing to it a young man of low morals and no breeding. You have given your girl friends an acquaintance which they cannot but feel is a disgrace. You have earned the reputation of being careless about whom you know. You will have great reason to be thankful if nothing worse has happened. The game was not worth the candle, was it? Now do not imagine that I mean you to be a snob about making acquaint-

ances. I mean that unless you feel perfectly confident that the person who introduces a young man or woman to you is too honorable and too scrupulous about whom he knows, to introduce to any one a person of inferior character, you must apply the most rigid tests of character before you consent to have any further intercourse with him or present him to your friends. Otherwise you are in constant danger of becoming the victim of dissolute and vulgar people.

Notice that I said you must apply *character tests*. I am afraid that frequently the lines which girls draw about their acquaintances in outing time are purely artificial. They like somebody who is stylish, who is jolly, who plays tennis well, who knows how to carry a shawl, arrange a cushion, and do pleasant little services; and if anybody introduces such a young man they take him to their crowds, and alack! sometimes to their hearts. If a girl is going to be safe she must require something quite different in new acquaintances. She must learn to look for qualities of mind and heart, to know human nature.

It is quite as foolish to be careless about girl friends. The bright, good-natured girl who rooms on the same floor with you at your summer hotel may be the most charming companion in the world, but she may be a hoiden and a flirt, and if you do not want to be considered "common," do not be a hoiden or a flirt. Be sure first—not of her purse, her grandfather, her college, but of her

character. She may be utterly without what you call "style," she may be of humble birth, she may have earned the money for her outing by her own exertion, but if when you watch her you find her always modest and self-respecting, if all her actions are in good taste and her words gentle and frank, if, in short, she is a lady, you may be sure there is no risk in knowing her. The brilliant girl who wears Paris gowns, has a host of admirers, who is all "dash" and "go," on the contrary, may be a very unsafe person to know.

But you will be thought prudish and lofty and "slow" if you are so cautious? Perhaps. But it will be your own fault if you are. If you are honest and kind and tactful when you meet people you need never offend any one. Two extremes must be avoided: gushing over the new acquaintances whom you have not had time to learn but who have taken your fancy, and being haughty and cold toward those whom you think you do not want to know further. Remember that it is quite possible that you are wrong in both cases. If you are the downright sensible, honest girl I take you for, you will be kind without being effusive. Then if the new acquaintance proves to be in mind and heart what your ideals demand, there will be no trouble in knowing him better. If the opposite proves to be the case, then you need not be driven to do what for a true and gentle girl is always hard, and I wish no girl need ever do, "cut" an acquaintance.

THE EVOLUTION OF A HOME.

MRS. HESTER M. POOLE.

THERE ought to be, and usually is, a tie formed in childhood which survives change, widening associations, and absorbing interests.

The nomads of the race, shifting ceaselessly from spot to spot, recognize none of those tender associations which cluster about the roof-tree familiar to earliest recollection. These Arabs of social life, like the Bedouins of the desert, strike no deep roots into the soil of life from which might spring beautiful foliage and refreshing fruit. They dwell as if in tents, upon shifting sands, or in unanchored barks upon the heaving ocean.

How little know they who are reared under

such influences as to call no place sacred and no possessions holy, of that wealth of affection and happiness waiting to be garnered by the lovers of a permanent home! That hearth-stone which is a magnet for those precious jewels that no wealth can buy or poverty forbid, ought to be as stable as any thing can be this side of the heaven, of which it is a foretaste.

Those conditions which necessarily accompany pioneer life and are parts of the wonderful progress of the American nation in the past, are also those which militate against the love of fixed habitations. But as society grows older it also grows more stable. There

are fewer influences at work to cause frequent transplantings than there were at the close of the Civil War. At this fact the lover of his kind must rejoice.

The home is the unit of society as the individual is the unit of the home. Each cabin and each mansion radiates its own peculiar atmosphere. The hope of the nation lies in those homes from which flow influences refined, religious, and uplifting.

Each little congeries of individuals which makes a home, is an organism, not an accretion. The home cannot be built. It grows.

In every organism several elements are necessary. In the home there should be found the father, the mother, and the child. This trinity constitutes the trunk of that wonderful tree of humanity which, rooted in Deity, rises into the visible universe.

Home may, indeed, consist of only one individual or of two, but such persons are usually finely developed. To be capable of establishing a cheerful hearthstone in solitude, is to be broad, large, and well-equipped in body and mind.

It is often said that women are better able to live alone than men. In them, it is true, the instinct of home-making is largely developed. Given to thrift, to rites of hospitality, and to pleasant little household ways, even with little opportunity to do so they become adepts in all that sheds charms and brightness over the domestic circle. Yet men need homes full as much as women. Without that discipline and development that come of family life, one loses as much as the other. In the ideal home, he provides and she conserves. Both are equally necessary,—his strength and wisdom and her gentleness and affection.

Of the union between these two principles, the offspring may be children or it may be thoughts and deeds. "In all nature," says the author of "God in His World," "there are never two but there is a third, the Begotten." In either case it should be better than the stock from which it grows. Such is the true order of evolution. Children of the mind and the heart may they possess, who to the outer eye are childless, and so even to them the home is an organic growth. How good it is to see, whenever ordinary channels of affection are closed, the heart and house open to the poor, the lowly, the benighted! Then is realized that oneness of humanity which recognizes all as children of one father.

A true home being the product of organic growth, is subject to cultivation like other organisms. It has an inner invisible life and an outer form or expression. Though the former is much the more important, they should be co-ordinate. The danger lies in taking the form for the reality. That is the mistake of undeveloped natures. To such, a grand house, fine furniture, and handsome accessories count far above their worth. When the expression greatly exceeds the reality, these rich trappings only set off that poverty which masquerades in unearned finery.

Yet because man is the end and aim of nature, the "heir of all the ages," the home should be the exponent of the best conditions and environments that science and art can supply. How these can be procured with intelligent industry and thrift, yet without overwork, greed, or dishonesty, comes within the province of social economics.

It is to the common people that the nation must look for perpetuity, those who work to establish homes and then work to support them.

As I write, my eye rests on a tasteful cottage where dwell an artist artisan and his family. There are the father, the mother, the little son, and a baby daughter. Early in the morning the smoke curls from the chimney and the household is astir. The father helps the mother dress the little ones, takes his breakfast with them and then goes to his toil.

For her there is no less labor than for him. Cooking, washing, cleaning, sewing, watching her babies, teaching them, and above all bathing them in that precious atmosphere of love which is more grateful than the warmth of sunshine, the hours go swiftly by.

Before night the husband and father returns. He lifts to his shoulder the little boy who runs to meet him. He takes the babe and goes with her into the open air till supper is ready.

After the evening meal with its innocent mirth and happy converse, all adjourn to the vine-covered arbor until nightfall. They are content, happy, and aspiring. The boy shall have a better start than his father, the girl more schooling than her mother. And so the home grows. It is a nursery for souls as well as bodies, and their relationship and interdependence is a study which none can afford to forego.

DINNERS AND DINNER GIVING.

BY MRS. EMMA P. EWING.

A GOOD dinner is a rare thing. A conscientious house-wife should devote considerable time and thought to the selection and preparation of the articles to be served on so important an occasion as that of giving a dinner. A good dinner is not necessarily costly, and a costly one frequently falls far short of being a good one. The cost of an article should never be considered in connection with a dinner, as inferior articles of food are dear at any price, and the best articles are always the cheapest. But the quality of a dinner depends more upon the selection and preparation of the materials of which it is composed than upon their cost.

In arranging for a dinner the bill of fare should have attention first. It requires thoughtful study. It is necessary to consider the relation of various dishes to each other, and to admit only those that harmonize. Looked at from a dietetic standpoint, nine-tenths of all our bills of fare are miserable abortions. A single inharmonious dish will destroy the flavor of a good dinner as effectually as an incongruous color will destroy the finish of a painting, or a false note mar the melody of a sonata. The most perfect bill of fare is that in which is artistically grouped a sufficient variety of dishes, different in character, but harmoniously adapted to each other and to the entire group.

The next important matter is the preparation of the selected articles. Each article, in addition to being carefully selected, must be carefully prepared. And in spite of the minute directions given by culinary writers in cook books and magazines, no one need hope to get up a dinner of the best quality who is not an adept in the harmonious adjustment of edibles, and an expert in the preparation for the table.

A dinner giver should be as careful in the selection of the guests as in the selection of the viands. The guests, like the salad, may in their individuality present a piquant contrast; but in their entirety they should harmonize as perfectly as the dishes. If they are invited hap-hazard, or without regard to their social affinities, the dinner will

lack a vital element of completeness, and can be at best but a spiritless affair.

The decorations of a dinner table should always be in keeping with the dinner. To make a vulgar display of either edibles or decorations is bad form. Simplicity should be studied in both directions.

The method of serving a dinner should depend largely upon its character and upon the social and pecuniary position of the dinner giver. A method that would be appropriate for one person, under certain conditions, would be altogether inappropriate for another person, under totally different conditions. It would, for instance, be absurd for one in moderate circumstances and with limited and inefficient help, to adopt a method of serving that might with propriety only be indulged in by a millionaire with a retinue of trained servants. No special rules for serving, therefore, can be laid down that would be generally applicable, and any one giving a dinner can modify the most approved method of serving, to suit his or her particular case, without fear of violating the proprieties.

The number of courses should never be extended merely for the sake of display, or for the purpose of prolonging the dinner. The number of courses is not a correct criterion of the merit of a dinner. A pretentious banquet of many courses is generally less enjoyable than a simple homelike dinner of only a few. A very indifferent dinner is sometimes extended to fourteen courses, and a good one frequently abbreviated to four. As a general rule the courses of a dinner should be limited to the number that allows the guests the best opportunity for social intercourse, and affords them the most satisfactory enjoyment of the food. But this is a matter that may safely be left for common sense and custom to regulate.

The fashion that obtains in some places, of closing the blinds of a dining room at noon-day, and lighting gas or candles, is too absurd to ever become generally popular. But it may not be improper to remark in this connection, that while a dining room should be neither too light or too warm, especial care should be taken to have it perfectly lighted, heated, and ventilated.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN.

WE are ceasing to remark that this is woman's century. The comparatively free movement of women in affairs has become so familiar that the change it makes in the complexion of public and social life attracts less and less attention. True, now and then, we hear protests against the changes. An occasional scientist still insists that the physical vigor necessary to a sturdy race will be ruined if higher education prevails among women, and social students still predict that love of learning will destroy love of humanity and of home. The outcries do not act as a check. Demands for opportunities are accompanied by steady concessions; indeed, the two were never so nearly simultaneous. Just now there is a request from a number of the most influential women of the country for the opening to women of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in some respects the finest institution of its kind in the world. The probability is that the request will be granted. The general feeling seems to be that it is only common sense to give to those who are doing the trained nursing of the country, and who are the preferred physicians of many people, the largest opportunities to learn their business.

The complaints and warnings do not keep women out of college, there were never so many in. They do not check intellectual activities at home. It is a fact that the reading public of America is to-day largely women. It is by women that the new books and magazines are read. It is women who form the literary clubs and support the lecture system. The alarms do not keep them from practicing a variety of professions and trades, never so many before. They do not decrease their popularity as teachers or speakers. A fine illustration is the Chautauqua program of the coming season, where two of the most important courses of lectures are by women, and where the address on the greatest of Chautauqua occasions, Recognition Day, is to be delivered by a woman, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, the former President of Wellesley College. In fact, the alarms have not in any way turned the tide.

The reason is clear enough. Experience contradicts the critics. Women know that the new era has strengthened them in every particular that the alarmists have declared that it would weaken. They are the better physically, because of their new training to think. The worst physical enemy woman has ever had has been the narrowness of life, which gave her so little to think of that she had endless time for worry, which made her a slave to customs of dress, like stays and heavy draperies, to slavish methods of housework, and to social superstitions. A woman taught to think, and familiar with literature, art, and science, frees herself from trivial worries and shakes off petty household cares. She gains in physical force with every step toward intellectuality and spirituality.

Nor does she harden her heart toward humanity and despise the home. Women never did as much disinterested, unselfish work for humanity as they do to-day, and never did it with so little weak sentiment and pauperizing effect. Education is spreading the idea that every woman has an imperative duty toward humanity, and that time and opportunity for its fulfillment must be found. The whole question of the home, instead of being ignored, is being treated with scientific care and unsparing devotion. The Association of Collegiate Alumnae has made home sanitation one of its special subjects and issued a manual for housekeepers on all the points of sanitation of practical import to a woman who is a home-maker. It also has instituted an investigation of the greatest import into the relations of servants and mistresses, and is making a thorough examination of the extent and success of co-operative housekeeping.

Indeed, the experiences of the past decade have proved the higher education to be most valuable on the very lines where it was prophesied it would do the greatest harm. The most significant outcome of the movement has been the recognition that trained thought and cultivated artistic taste are not squandered by application to the affairs of daily life. This conviction is spreading among women everywhere, and they are calling for more scientific methods of cookery, more rational dress, more artistic home deco-

rations, more skillful training in domestic science, better ideas of the relations between mistress and servant. Such demands constantly reach THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The pressure has become so great that we have determined that hereafter the magazine shall contain each month, in addition to the established order of things, matter especially devoted to woman's interests. The *Woman's Council Table* will advise and suggest, warn and encourage.

Woman's life and work will be considered here, by women who have been stimulated by the new régime, and who believe that the home, society, philanthropy, self-support, all forms of a woman's life, are benefited if they are submitted to the thought and sympathetic consideration of trained intellects. The noble array of women whose names are used in our announcement in this issue, are there, each and all by their own consent. It is by them that the *Council Table* will be presided over. We believe that every woman who meets at the board, will discover that a woman's life, whether at home or abroad, can be made richer and more useful if it is stimulated and directed by trained thought and broad sympathies.

THE PRESENT TREND OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

WE are approaching the end of a century marked by great changes silently effected. And among these changes perhaps the most important are religious. Liberality is on the flowing tide; dogmatism has gone out of fashion. And yet one may doubt whether the change affects any truth or duty recognized by our fathers. Doubtless the fathers would think so, but to us the old verities seem unshaken. We suspect that along with the essentials of truth, the fathers held some non-essentials as of the very marrow of truth. It is the shredding away of these non-essentials which is the characteristic thing in our religious thinking. This is the way the average Christian of this generation feels about it. He may be in error and may be letting go of vital points of doctrine, but he believes that he is only casting aside narrow and illogical ideas which have thrust themselves into the choice company of imperishable truths.

We want to be right, to know the truth which emancipates and educates, to escape from human glosses into the genuine divine

word. The vast number of religious books produced in these years and their generally cheerful spirit, is one of many signs that the love of the truth for truth's sake has much to do with our liberality in technical matters of doctrine. Perhaps a larger influence is the general desire of religious unity. The democratic movement all over Christendom, the great growth of periodicals, and the increase of human communion of every other sort, have combined to produce a general desire for a less divided and more homogeneous Christianity. These and other forces co-operate to eat away the barriers of divisive doctrines. This is so true that no wise man boasts of "the peculiar doctrines" of his church. He feels that no church of Jesus Christ has any business with peculiar doctrines, that Christian truth is for all and in all bodies of believers. Doubtless it is the effect of this feeling after unity that has brought about the first steps for revision of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. The very significant event of Presbyterianism in 1890 is not the single resolution to revise the Confession, but that resolution combined with another which looks to the federation of Christian churches in this country. The two together explain revision, which is really the child of the federating thought. In the first half of this century bodies of enlightened Christians could take satisfaction in an isolated situation where they stood for special doctrines. But to this generation — say to all persons under forty — "a peculiarity" is a badge of humiliation. In all pulpits of Evangelical Christendom one hears substantially the same truths. The pulpit and the pew read the same books and think the same thoughts in all our communions. If here and there one may note exceptions, if now and again some foolish man seeks to build a church up in "peculiarities," if logicians defending doctrines can still thunder against "loose views," yet the result in every such case proves that this generation prefers the liberal way and is thinking steadfastly toward unity of faith.

The Presbyterian revision is to be of a very conservative character. There will not be a new creed, and revision is strictly instructed to leave the creed Calvinistic. Many a careless observer will wag his head in derision that so large a movement should have so limited a result. But the change of a few words may remove the dividing barrier which shuts

off Presbyterians from perfect communion with all other true believers. Perhaps the barrier is so unreal that the slightest touch of change may disperse as a mist the feeling that it existed. We may feel quite certain that the ultimate result will be the fading out of all feeling in the Presbyterian mind, that it is specially set for the defense of any truth. The truth will remain sacred and dear, but it will be realized that it is also sacred and dear to the general body of true believers. The Methodists have had to outlive a belief that they were set to defend "peculiarities." The Baptists are living through their struggle to escape from a corner, and they will survive the struggle, while reaching free communion with all other Christians. Everywhere Christians are approaching each other in thought and in feeling. It has very little effect as yet on church organizations, but it pervades church work, and insensibly molds doctrine to a common type. The Presbyterian revision may not seem much in words, but it will mean in spirit every thing that a sound liberalism could desire. If it do nothing more than definitely to repudiate influences denied and condemned by all Calvinists, it will take away the reproach of holding a "peculiar" faith, and make conspicuous the unity of this denomination with all sound Christianity.

COMMON SENSE BENEVOLENCE.

"I LOOK forward to the time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and as irresistible as that which I feel to grasp something when I am falling," writes George Eliot. The time has not come, but that it is coming no one can doubt who watched the work of the seventeenth annual session of the Conference of Charities and Corrections, in Baltimore, in May. Four hundred delegates from twenty-seven states of the Union, from Canada and England gathered for no other reason than to consult with each other how they best could help those who are in distress. There was no public honor connected with the gathering and no motive could be assigned but a philanthropic desire to help humanity. This is certainly an example of the instinctive, immediate, natural helpfulness which George Eliot prophesies for the future society.

One cannot read the reports of the work done and of the suggestions made, without

being impressed that common sense, pure and simple, is all that is at the foundation of the Conference's work. There has been a great deal of sentiment applied to charity in the past; there have been a great many tears shed over paupers and criminals; there have been millions of money spent in times of distress, but there has not always been applied those simple, natural principles which are known as common sense. The department of charity organization in this great Conference has been teaching that the most uncharitable giving was to put money where it would be misused, or where it would encourage idleness; that money should be intrusted to an organized board and should only be placed where it was really needed and deserved. Moreover it has taught that the charitably disposed should be so organized that in cases of unexpected trouble they could go immediately to work. In Baltimore there were some suggestive reports showing how these principles work in times of particular distress. From Lynn, Massachusetts, where not long ago twenty-five acres of the town were laid in ashes, the society reported that before the fires were out the Charity Organization Society had provided shelter and food for the hundreds of homeless families, and that out of \$70,000 relief money raised, none of that spent has so far caused demoralized results. In Louisville, after the recent tornado, the Associated Charities treated the situation so scientifically, that is with so much common sense, that the city declined all outside help, buried her own dead, rebuilt three hundred ten houses, bought furniture, and in many cases settled a fund on families losing the wage-earner.

The hospital division of the Conference has been spreading more correct ideas of the work of these institutions, teaching that the mission of the general hospital is to furnish medical treatment to the sick poor as well as those who were able to pay for it, to provide the best means for the promotion of the study of medicine, and to train nurses competent to care for the sick. Under the influence of these ideas it is coming to be considered essential in every well-regulated town that there be hospitals accessible to the poor.

Another sensible feature of the Conference's doctrine is that the source of crime should be cut off if the supply is to be stopped. A very vivid illustration of the result of letting alone the low and criminal families of a town

was shown at Baltimore in a chart, entitled "The Tribe of Ishmael." The chart represented four hundred seventeen families in Indianapolis, all connected by marriage, with the Ishmaels for the center. These families form a stratum of society of which very little is known. They are all paupers and every crime of consequence that has ever been committed in Indianapolis can be traced to some one in the family connection. The sensible and evident teaching of such a case is just what the Conference repeatedly has insisted upon: If there is a low vein in your town get hold of the children. Stop the source of vice and the stream will cease flowing. The treatment advised for wayward boys and girls, for reforming prisoners,

for caring for the insane, were all characterized by the same direct, simple common sense.

It is sometimes said that the so-called scientific charity is doing away with personal contact with the poor; that there is less tenderness because there is so much investigation. It may be so, undoubtedly is so in some cases, but the whole tendency of the teachings of the Conference of Charities and Corrections is, do the evident, natural, sensible thing. When this is done, there is no danger of personal sympathy being killed. It is rather encouraged to become instead of a fluctuating sentimental quality, a steady, natural condition of every person of healthy moral nature.

EDITOR'S NOTE - BOOK.

THE only medium for carrying Chautauqua to those who cannot go there, is the *Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald*. This paper will be issued on the grounds at Chautauqua every day, except Sundays, from July 22 to August 25 inclusive. Upward of one hundred lectures will be reported stenographically in its columns; all conferences and discussions on great questions of the day—and there will be many of them—will be reported; the work of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle will be looked after, especially the class meetings, receptions, Round Tables, and above all, the services of Recognition Day will be written up fully and accurately in order that the members of the C. L. S. C. who cannot be there can still be informed of the progress of the work and catch something of the *esprit de corps* of the gatherings. The subscription price of the *Assembly Herald* for the season is \$1.00. In clubs of five or more to one address, it is 90 cents each. Persons send in their orders before August 1 will have the advantage of our combination offer of THE CHAUTAUQUAN and *Assembly Daily Herald* for \$2.70. All orders should be sent to Dr. T. L. Flood, Meadville, Pa.

SECRETARY BLAINE in marking out the proposed railway between North and South America shows that it will consist of connecting links rather than long lines. Mexico, the Argentine Republic, Chili, Peru, Ecuador, already have railroads. By joining them a continuous route can be made. Before Congress grants money for a survey, there should be a definite understanding about who will build the new railway and what our rights will be when it is built. A survey at public expense for the benefit of private capitalists or for a route on which our liberty would be curtailed, would be a serious mistake.

READERS of the *Note-Book* will remember that some time ago attention was called to the passage by Congress of the Edmunds bill dissolving the Mormon Church. It was attacked by the Mormons as unconstitutional. The Supreme Court decided in May, however, that it is not so. This law takes away the charter of the church and allows it to hold only fifty thousand dollars' worth of property above that used for religious purposes. All in excess escheats to the United States. This decision deprives the great corporation of one of its great weapons—its wealth. With Gentile officials at last in positions of trust in the territory, and with the church depending on subscriptions for money, the Mormon cause does not loom so large.

THE transformation wrought in Washington by a change in the administration is always striking, and often almost tragic. But it is common to think of these changes as being confined to social life and official circles. It seems, however, that the very churches rise and fall with the presidents. A newspaper correspondent writes from the capital that the First Presbyterian Church of the city, where President Cleveland and his wife attended, actually is offered for sale or rent. Three years ago it was impossible to secure a seat there within a short time after the doors were open for services, and policemen have had to make a passage through the crowds at the door for the presidential party.

THERE has been considerable unfavorable comment bestowed on Mr. Stanley since his return to England for his constant effort to make the English believe their possessions in Africa were in danger from German greed. Lord Salisbury paid no attention to him for a while except to say that Stanley's treaties were not authorized by the Government. At last, however, one point has gotten into the English commercial head and is having influence, that is that if the Germans get hold of the land to the east of the lakes, as they wish, the English will have no road of their own from the Congo land to their present possessions eastward. It will be a matter of advantage to the whole world that England have her dues in Africa, and that she does not wait so long to get them that she will have to quarrel with Germany.

THE "original package" decision is not causing more excitement in the United States among temperance people than what is called the "endowment of public houses" is in England. The Government is trying to put an increased tax on beer and spirits in order to raise a sum with which to compensate liquor dealers whose licenses shall not be renewed, for their loss. This is giving license the sacredness of private property, which temperance people very properly argue that it ought not to have.

THE Louisiana Lottery is fighting with all the strength of the unscrupulous for a renewal of its charter. Its latest move is to offer the state \$1,000,000 a year to continue its life. The Secretary of the Anti-Lottery League writes, the *Note-Book*, however, that they "propose to hedge the lottery in so com-

pletely that it will be glad to go to some of the semi-civilized countries of Central America to renew its existence." The work done so far promises that they will succeed. It is not only influencing Louisiana but Europe. Their arguments are being copied extensively in Germany and Austria, which are sadly cursed by lotteries carried on by the National Governments.

AT Rochester, N. Y., *The Democrat and Chronicle* announces that in deference to public sentiment, which requires more vigorous observance of the Sabbath, its Sunday edition will be discontinued on July 6. This is not the first sign that Rochester aims to be a Sabbath observer. The city has begun a course which, it is to be hoped, will result in making her as good an example as Toronto is. We need a few cities to illustrate what can be done—and not done—on the Sabbath. They will do more than many petitions and sermons.

THERE are movements on foot to place in Europe two very appropriate memorials. One is a testimonial to the French Republic in recognition of the services rendered by France to the cause of American independence, and the other proposes to remember the hospitality of the free republic of Holland so generously bestowed upon the Pilgrims in their twelve years residence in Amsterdam and Leyden. All Americans who honor alike the principles and the founders of republics, are asked to join in the enterprises. There is little evidence in Europe of the gratitude of Americans. It is pleasing to know an effort is making to show that we do have some appreciation of what we owe to friends beyond the sea.

In several cities the Fresh Air Missions are undertaking to secure permanent out-of-town cottages or homes where they can send children for outings. This plan has not the benefits for the children of the original idea of the Missions—visits in private families. A home may be ever so delightful, but it is, nevertheless, a collection of children of similar habits and tastes. Necessarily the social atmosphere is more or less like that of the alleys from which they come. Put into a private family the child is dominated by a different life entirely and is given new ideas. The cottages may relieve the committees, but they will not improve the old plan.

ONE feature of a recent combination of the ladies of New York City to better the condi-

tion of shop-girls, is particularly sensible. Many shop-keepers will not close in the evenings and on Saturday afternoons because of the trade they can secure by keeping open. The members of the new league simply pledge themselves not to shop on Saturday afternoons, nor after 5:30 p. m. on other days. The demands of the public make long hours. The true way to help the girls is to end the demand. The principle will bear being carried into all departments of relief and reform work.

THE senseless and cruel persecution of Hindu widows includes among its outrages the shaving of the head. The barbers of Bombay have bound themselves to discountenance this shameful treatment by refusing to do the shaving. The barber has figured more than once in history. Demosthenes owed some of his greatness to him, if it is true, as it is said, that he was only kept at his studies by having one side of his head shaved so that he could not go out. It is to the barber that we owe the discovery of porcelain clay in Europe. A barber figured at the siege of Lille. But we have never discovered him, until now, in the rôle of the reformer. There have been many efforts to relieve the unhappy condition of the widows of India, but none more practical than the resolution of the barbers of Bombay.

THERE is something very inspiring about the way in which the women's colleges have taken hold of out-of-door sports. At Wellesley, which has caught the out-of-door temper perfectly, and which practices it most heartily, a Float Day, as it is called, has been established. Crews have been formed and practicing goes on constantly. Tennis tournaments are a feature, and a healthy organization is known as the Hares and Hounds. Their meets are of the jolliest. Walking and cycling clubs are also favorites.

THERE are several colleges in this country which are rich enough and liberal enough to allow their faculties a "Sabbatical year," a seventh year in which to lie fallow. The happy professors in these favored institutions are supposed to spend their time—usually in Europe—in some enriching process, like the land, drinking in new strength. One of the ablest of English editors made it a rule that his leader writer should have two free days in each week and two months' vacation a year. All this means that if the

finest, highest grade of work is expected, there must be leisure to prepare for it,—that a man's mind must be treated as well as his acres.

CONSERVATISM has been startled at Harvard University by the acceptance by the faculty of a proposition to cut down to three years the four years' course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The arguments for the change are that the standard of admission is so high and the course so extensive that a young man cannot graduate on an average younger than twenty-three, and as he then has his profession to study, he gets at the actual work of life at too late a period; that there is too much special work required; and that those who go to college for "general culture" will imbibe as much in three years as four. There is a great deal of common sense in the arguments.

A SPLENDIDLY sensible thing was said in the English House of Lords, in May, by Lord Salisbury. The willingness of the Government to hear the complaints of the poor and dissatisfied and to consider remedies, had been denounced as "grandmotherly legislation." Then replied Lord Salisbury in this wise:

Too much importance is attached to the specter of Socialism. The public can be trusted to find out what practical good lies behind the Socialist doctrine. Nobody not absolutely blind can deny the existence of great evils, from which arise the Socialist proposals and action. Industrial and other causes produce great centers of misery. We are bound to do all we can to remedy these evils, even if we get called Socialists, knowing we are undertaking no new principle or striking out on no new route, but are simply pursuing the long and healthy tradition of English legislation.

THE sympathy which the magnetic needle and the aurora borealis have shown with the violent disturbances known as "sun spots," was noted long ago. It also has been suspected that this solar energy was instrumental in producing many storms on the earth. A Belgium astronomer, after a long series of observations, has concluded that the sun is a magnet, and that the earth is a smaller magnet revolving in the field of the greater body. Of course if this be true, whatever excitement the greater body undergoes will have its influence on the smaller. If the theory can be held, it will lead the way to an explanation of many things celestial.

THE limestone caves of this country are under the eyes of the utilitarian. He proposes to use their air in sanitariums, which are to be built over the caves and the air forced through them by exhaust fans. It is claimed the pure antiseptic qualities of the atmosphere which thus would be obtained, would be of great value in many diseases. It looks feasible. The enthusiastic advocate quotes the use of underground air in the Trocadéro Palace, in Paris, as an example of how a great building may be cooled in this way. There the palace stands over an old quarry and the cool air from its chambers is forced into the halls.

COLORADO has a peculiar grievance. The effect of its air upon consumptives is well known. Thousands of persons go there annually for its benefits. But the influx is not wholly a self-supporting one. It includes many who have simply enough money to get into the state and nothing with which to pay their way while there. Of course they cannot be allowed to want, and the drain on the people for the poor from other districts is said to be very heavy. It has been suggested that a union hospital supported by all the states be established to equalize the burden. The idea is worth considering.

At the fine gathering of Working Girls' Clubs held in New York in April, a discussion was conducted on making a society self-supporting. It was stated that the girls regarded a severe method of collecting dues, such as repeated dunning or "posting," as altogether too rigorous and were very apt to resign after it. The root of the difficulty is, we think, that "dues" are not regarded as binding debts. Subscriptions to church and benevolent causes are by many persons treated with equal indifference. Carelessness in paying such debts is dishonorable, and it is only by vigorous teaching that it is so, that more business-like practices can be secured.

A PECULIAR fact in the recent history of political opinion in England, is the shifting of scientists from the Liberal to the Tory party. Mr. James Bryce has been inquiring

why, and gives some lucid explanations. The scientific men thirty years ago found their only ally in Liberalism. The Established Church was Tory and hated science and Liberalism equally. In the universities clergymen ruled and science found no sympathizers there. Science had no social position then. All this is changed now. The clergy, university men, the rich, are proud to encourage science; in fact, are scientists frequently, and of course sympathize with class interests. Then the scientific mind reverences authority and believes that men in power ought, like the specialist in his domain, to know better what is best than the people, that is the Liberals, do.

THE monumental art of the United States has been attracting much attention. The immediate cause of the interest was the three great ceremonies which occurred at the close of May in different parts of the country. An equestrian statue of General Lee by Mercie, a French artist, was unveiled in Richmond, Va.; the corner-stone of the Washington Arch, designed by White, an American, was laid in New York City; and the Garfield monument, the work of another American, K  ller, was dedicated in Cleveland, Ohio. All three are excellent works artistically, ranking with our best specimens of monumental art.

ON the last leaf of the new circular issued by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, is a significant picture. It is the library collected by a reader of the four years' course. Twenty-four volumes of books and forty-eight different issues of THE CHAUTAUQUAN are in the book case. We cannot think of a more attractive illustration of the Chautauqua work. This circular, by the way, should be in the hands of every Chautauquan for distribution. It contains an explanation of the aim and plan of the C. L. S. C., an outline of its four years' course, the readings and their order for 1890-91, and all the directions for joining the C. L. S. C. and doing its work. It can be obtained in quantities, free, by addressing Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y.

OUTING PROGRAMS.

FOR JULY.

Then came the jolly Summer.

—Spenser.

Up, up, my heart, and walk abroad, fling cark and care
aside.

—Motherwell.

Recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy?

—Shakspeare.

A RICH opportunity, a wise resolution regarding it, and the result of neglecting it, are all tersely shown in the selected quotations. What are the members of the C. L. S. C. going to do with this vacation time? The last study of the year—and earnest study it needs to be too—should be given to the settlement of this question, for a good play time is a most necessary preparation for the next year's work. Indifference regarding it argues less zest for coming study.

A few suggestions are appended, in which the scale of preparations in all particulars is made so flexible, that an outing may be made to come within the reach of all.

A DRIVING party is one of the most delightful forms of recreation. It can be planned for few or many days' duration; may be undertaken simply for the ride, or may have several objective points in view—places of interest to be visited. Of course the one continuous trip will involve hotel expenses. To avoid this the party might take several shorter trips, returning home every night and starting out each morning in a different direction, or it could be arranged to go at stated times, once a week for example; and in these latter cases it might be made a picnic party.

A camping party, if not interfered with too much by the weather—and an occasional shower only adds to the fun—perhaps bears off the palm in the matter of inviting to a perfect abandonment of one's self to pleasure and rest for long days together. The spot selected should be near a body of water if possible. Like the driving party, this may be divided up so as to be enjoyed a day at a time. A series of picnics will exactly meet this requirement, and it will be found, too, that an organized effort of this kind will be much more productive of pleasure than would the mere attendance of several miscellaneous picnics.

A few suggestions now as to preparations for these outings. In the first place take as little H-July.

luggage as possible. There is only one wise exception to this rule, and that is to provide plenty of wraps. One day's discomfort from cold, to say nothing of the risks run as regards health, can spoil all the enjoyment of the entire time. For the campers a desirable place in most cases can be found so near home that the tents and all the necessary supplies, bedding, provisions, cooking utensils, etc., can be moved to it by wagons. As to the tents, the best way to get them is to buy them all ready to put up. If it is in a lumber country, shanties might be put up easier than tents, but tent or shanty will only be needed for sleeping quarters and for refuge in case of storm. Cots, hammocks, or straw ticks will serve as beds; if the latter, they should be kept from the ground by a low platform. An oil stove, or an old wood stove, though by no means indispensable, as a fire out-of-doors can be made to serve all purposes, will be found a great convenience. If not too far, an occasional trip to town by some one would allow almost the whole matter of boarding to be carried on *à la* picnic.

A picnic hamper will be found a most useful article. The following is a description of one furnished completely, and designed to contain a cold lunch for four persons:

The basket is about 20 inches long, 12 wide and 10 high; it is divided crosswise into three apartments, the middle one being 8 inches wide. In the lower part of each end division there are bottles provided with basket-work coverings, to insure against breakage; these are for coffee and tea, which are to be already prepared; the bottles are laid on their sides, and above them are placed tin boxes, with tight covers. The middle apartment is divided again in such a way as to make one of the parts a square, and in the lower part of this are placed four glasses, with wicker coverings, a salt and a pepper cruet. Above these is placed another tin box. In the remaining part of the middle division are to be put napkins and whatever may be wanted. The cover is supplied with straps, one running each way. These are stitched down in several places, making loops through which to slip knives, forks, and spoons, and in the center where the straps cross are buckled in four galvanized metal plates.

A little ingenuity could easily transform any basket into a hamper. Thin boards tightly fitted would form partitions, glasses or dishes could be rolled in paper, and any boxes or dishes could be substituted for the tin boxes.

NATIONAL DAY—JULY 4.

MAKE this a day of mummeries, in which the different elements composing the American na-

tionality shall be represented. The members of the circle and their guests should divide themselves into groups, one set personating Yankees, another English, others French, Scotch, Irish, etc. (See the poem "The Patriotic Orator" in *The Library Table*.) There should also be a company of *Mayflower* Pilgrims, two or three typical witches, and a group of Quakers. Begin the exercises with a fantastic parade, and at its close have all form into a group, and, led by a band of music, join in singing the national songs.

A pretty device for the dinner table can be arranged as follows: Take sheets of red, of white, and of blue tissue paper, about half a yard square. Mark a middle point about an inch from the edge, on two opposite sides. Fold the paper through the middle, not letting the fold run through the dots, but the other way of the paper. Taking hold of the paper at the edge of the fold, bring the points down to the marked points, folding both on the same side or turning them on opposite sides; fold back over these flaps the inch of margin left on the two edges. This will form a three-cornered hat. A thread should be laced up and down one of the folds reaching to the point, so as to allow the staff of a toy flag to be run under it. Make hollow tubes of pasteboard and cover them with red paper, in imitation of large fire-crackers—care should be taken to get the paper of the right color. Both ends should be closed, and the one provided with the string should easily pull out. Fold the caps carefully and place in the tubes so they will easily draw out without tearing. Place one of these fire-crackers and a small flag at each plate. At the proper time the guests are all to pull the strings, remove the caps, insert the flags, and then put on the caps, which are to be worn through the meal. This part of the arrangement must be kept secret from the guests, as the greatest enjoyment in it lies in the surprise. *Bonbons* can be bought at many novelty stores and placed inside the fire-crackers, which may also be found already made, but the making will not be difficult.

SPEED THE SPOON.

ANY number can play the game but it is better to have at least six on a side; after that number "the more the merrier." The opposing forces stand in two parallel lines, *vis à vis*. The umpire should be stationed where he can keep vigilant watch of both sides. In one line each player grasps with his right hand the left wrist of the player standing at his left, and the leader holds in his left hand six table spoons, arranged like the sticks of an open fan. In the opposite line each player holds with his left hand the

right wrist of the player standing at his right, and the leader holds the spoons in his right hand. At a signal from the umpire the passing begins. The spoons, one at a time and as rapidly as possible, are thrust from hand to hand until all are held by the players at the ends of the lines. Who first holds up the six spoons declares his side the winner, and the Chautauqua yell is in order. The umpire then gathers the spoons and gives them to the leaders ready for the next trial, keeping account of the winners in the number of rounds agreed upon. These rules should be understood: A spoon dropped to the ground makes that side lose, even if the remaining ones reach their destination more promptly than those of the opposing force; and the spoons must pass through the hand of each player—in other words, no tricky person must reach past his neighbor.

TOURNAMENTS AND CONTESTS.

AN old-fashioned riding tournament would be quite a novelty in most places in the way of sports. The common way of arranging for these was to allow space for a run of thirty yards. Three rings, from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, are suspended from arms attached to poles or from wires supported by poles. These rings should be either simply slipped over small hooks, or rather pegs, or tied lightly with a slight string. The riders are to go one at a time, and each is to have three successive rides. The ground must be crossed at full speed and the rider carries in his hand a "lance,"—a light pole six or eight feet long and sharpened at one end. The winner is he who succeeds in taking off most rings. The contestants may have one, two, or three turns for riding, with three runs each turn. The successful man has the honor of naming and crowning the queen of the feast. Each contestant should choose his lady before entering the list. Care must be exercised in the avoidance of accidents.

Another horseback game is called "Hare and Hounds." The first rider, the "hare," carries a bag of torn papers fastened around his waist, and is allowed fifteen minutes start. The race takes place in the open country; there must be no fences, or ditches, or very difficult places to cross. The "hare," who must be perfectly well acquainted with the country, scatters his papers as he goes, and the other members of the party, as "hounds," trace him. This is a game in which lady riders can take part as well as gentlemen. The game for the hare is to get around home without being overtaken.

A variation of this "Paper Chase" is made by changing it from a riding party to a party on foot. The round trip may be made of such a

distance as will best suit the party. The "hare" is again to have fifteen minutes' start and to take whatever direction he chooses, none of the hounds to see him set out. They then are to trace him by the papers which must be dropped frequently enough to give them a fair clue, but not to make it too easy. If preferred, the whole party may limit themselves to a walk, and forbid any running. The "hare" is to be overtaken or intercepted before reaching home.

Another suggestion good for those who have had any experience in boating, or who can now have an opportunity to learn it, is a contest in rowing. Of course those to take part should be of equal proficiency; if all are novices together, it will be perfectly fair. It would intensify the interest to make it a contest between ladies and gentlemen. (See "*Algonquins vs. Atalantas*" in *The Library Table*.) Other contests between ladies and gentlemen might be those in tennis, archery, bean-bags, etc.

THE CHAUTAUQUA CORNER.

THE reading for the year was all done and the memoranda filled out. The Occupant felt doleful enough for several days. The Scribe was off "taking a trip," and there seemed no prospect of any thing diverting happening. At last a letter came from the wanderer. It ran:

My Dear Occupant,—

I presume you are wishing you were with me. ("Indeed, I am," sighed the Occupant.) I have no doubt but you feel defrauded that you cannot "go somewhere" this summer ("And so I have been," interjected the Occupant), and that you are wearing a fretful look because of the deprivation. (The Occupant's face took a shade of deeper red.) You are like the majority of the world. I have seen some five hundred tourists in the past fortnight, and there were not two scores of them who impressed me as being really in holiday mood and as appreciative of their trips. The great majority were conscious of some physical discomfort, many were wishing they were at some other particular point of their journey, others were out of patience with their traveling companions, and still others refused to see any thing worth looking at because some particular thing did not come up to their expectations or failed to compare favorably with what they had seen elsewhere.

It is frequently very funny and it is always pitiful to see trips intended for pleasure turning out so unsatisfactorily. But the reason is simple enough. The travelers have not culti-

vated a faculty for enjoyment. They would be dissatisfied wherever they were. "Traveling is dirty work," said Thoreau, "a man needs a pair of overalls for it." He needs much more, a disposition trained to make the best of things; an inexhaustible fund of good nature; an appreciative mind. In my opinion it is only the person who has learned how to be happy though at home, who can discover how to be happy though traveling; and there, my dear Occupant, I have you. You know you are grumbling at home. The rational conclusion is that you would grumble if you were here.

What is more you are not sufficiently appreciative of your surroundings at home to have more than a superficial enjoyment of those abroad. You live within reach of an enchanting stream, yet how far have you explored it? How much do you know of its secrets? What trees grow on its banks? What flowers are mirrored in it? What tints and shadows does it show by moonlight? What are its morning delights? Fie! Occupant, you don't know. How can you expect that if you were transported to the banks of the Danube, you would so appreciate its beauties that you would lose all thoughts of exterior annoyances. Certainly, if you have not love enough for your little river at home to study it, you will hardly forget for long the fatigues and inconveniences of traveling when you have the opportunity to see streams famous in song and story for their beauty.

If I remember, you were sighing a while ago to see the Kew Gardens. Now, you have within a twenty minutes' walk a ravine clothed with luxuriant foliage; thirty kinds of trees are on its slopes; it is carpeted with mosses and vines and ferns innumerable; flowers bloom in it from the retreat of the snow until its return. If you were in the Kew Gardens I have no idea that you would recognize there one-half of the specimens it contains, from the flora in your vicinity. I hope you see what I am driving at. It is simply that you "take the goods the gods provide you" and learn to enjoy them. Take my word for it, unless you do learn how to do that, there is no use expecting enjoyment by changing the "goods." The faculty for having a good time does not depend upon the scenery.

Faithfully yours,

THE SCRIBE.

The Occupant said "fudge"; but in a few moments started for the ravine, saying: "I don't believe there are thirty varieties of trees within ten miles, but I am going to find out."

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN FOR JUNE.

CHINESE LEGISLATION.

1. That of immigration into the United States and stipulated that "Chinese subjects visiting or residing in the United States shall enjoy the same privileges, immunities, and exemptions in respect to travel or residence, as may there be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nation." 2. That the United States should at will regulate, limit, or suspend the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States, but not absolutely prohibit it. 3. That it was not a "reasonable" suspension within the meaning of the first article of the treaty of 1880. 4. May 6, 1882, amended July 5, 1884. 5. In 1886. 6. A treaty was drawn up embodying the propositions presented by the Chinese Foreign Office. 7. It objected to the length of time of exclusion, and wished to change the conditions agreed on which should entitle any Chinese laborer who might go back to China to return to the United States. 8. A special enumeration and certification of Chinese residents by the census officials. 9. The practical exclusion of all Chinese from the country other than those within its limits June 1, 1890. 10. He would make the certificate "sufficient" instead of "sole" evidence, would except from the provisions all children born of Chinese parents in this country, would strike out section 3 and modify section 7.

ROMAN AMUSEMENTS.

1. Bread and the public shows. 2. Under Tiberius they numbered eighty-seven, and later they exceeded one hundred. There were also the extra holidays, such as the hundred days' celebration of the opening of the Coliseum. 3. The giver of the games, who was either the emperor, an aspirant to public office, or a wealthy *parvenu*. 4. Slaves, prisoners of war, condemned criminals, and volunteers. 5. Chariot and horse races. 6. The Greeks did their own driving and the Romans employed slaves. 7. White, red, green, blue, to which Domitian added purple and yellow. 8. Pantomimes. 9. Maccus and Bucco. 10. The common game was played by a number standing in a circle and throwing the ball to one another, changing the direction unexpectedly. Plautus speaks of a

game in which there were two parties. Another was a rough scramble for a ball. 11. Dice and knuckle-bones. 12. Coursing, the hare being followed on foot, hunting the wild boar with dogs, and fishing with the bait and fly. 13. One called *latrunculi* in which it is not certain whether the game was decided like chess or whether the player who had the most pieces left, won the game; and *duodecim scripta*, played with white and black pebbles and combining chance and skill. 14. Guessing how many fingers are held up by the other player. "He is so honest that you could play *morra* with him in the dark." 15. Hoops, nuts (used as marbles), tops, and dolls.

ENGRAVINGS.—IV.

1. Photogravure. 2. *Helios*, the sun, and *grapho*, I engrave: photographic engraving. 3. A method of producing printed copies of a writing or drawing on stone, without the usual process of engraving. 4. Bavaria; these stones are used almost exclusively, being sent all over the world for this work. 5. Chromo-lithography. 6. A work produced by lithography, in which various colors are printed in a single picture. 7. An impression is given from a plate upon which are embossed lines, representing the threads of the canvas. 8. It has brought within the reach of all, excellent copies of engravings, maps, drawings, etc. 9. The application of photography to wood-engraving. 10. Any process for producing lines on a plate by photography and afterward etching them in.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAY.—CICERO.

1. Archias. 2. For Caius Marius. 3. The question has puzzled all students of his life, and has never been satisfactorily answered. 4. *Æsop*. 5. A slave belonging to Cicero. 6. Montaigne. 7. It is said she rejoiced over the death of Tullia, her step-daughter. 8. Fulvia, the wife of Antony. 9. To the son of Cicero, who was then Consul. 10. "I must confess I am never better pleased than when he is on this subject."

PROBLEMS IN PHYSICS.—HEAT AND LIGHT.

1. 6,556 ft. 2. 113° F. 3. 10° C. 4. 60° R. 5. 14.42 cu. cm. 6. 31-18° C. 7. 9. 8. 75°. 9. 4. 10. Between 7 and 8.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1893.

CLASS OF 1890.—"THE PIERIANS."

"Redeeming the Time."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. D. A. McClenahan, Allegheny, Pa.

Vice Presidents—John Lee Draper, Providence, R. I.; the Rev. Leroy Stevens, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; Charles E. Weller, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Dr. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.; Miss Amy L. Sanderson, Toronto, Canada; Geo. H. Iott, Chicago, Ill.; A. T. Freye, Crestline, Ohio; Miss Helen Chenault, Ft. Scott, Kan.; S. M. Delano, New Orleans, La.; Miss Sarah Young, Danville, Ky.; Mr. Seymour Dean, French Creek, N. Y.

Eastern Secretary—Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, New Jersey.

Western Secretary—The Rev. H. B. Waterman, Griggsville, Ill.

Treasurer—Mrs. E. P. Wood, 252 General Taylor Street, New Orleans, La.

Class Trustee—Dr. J. T. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.

Items for this column should be sent to Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—THE TUBEROSE.

PRESIDENT'S TALK.—This is the last opportunity I have of addressing my fellow classmates through THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Four years of continuous work are almost over. What have we gained? (1) Knowledge; we have traversed, in a hurried way, the fields of history, literature, science, and art, and our store of knowledge has been much increased. (2) We have been led to see how little we know in comparison with the great fields that lie before us. (3) We have acquired a *taste* for substantial reading matter. This means much in this day when our country is flooded with trashy novels. (4) We have been disciplined by being held down for four years to a particular course. Oftentimes, it may be, we have been tempted to give it up, but we have persevered, and in doing so we have gained the mastery over our minds. We have learned to hold ourselves down to work. This discipline, I apprehend, we shall find of great value to us in our future work; for none of us will think of giving up systematic reading.

Some of us are still behind with our readings; is it too late to make up? I know of one member who, on account of sickness and other causes, has not read more than one-third of this year's course. She has leisure in June which she will devote entirely to the Chautauqua readings, and in August she will march with the class. Can others not find some way to finish the work? Of course, if it is found impossible for any one to be through by August 20, he is allowed to finish during the fall months and still

be counted as graduating with the class. The highest number graduating in any one year has been 4,495. A year ago, about 7,000 of our class were still in the race. Would it not be a grand thing if we could graduate these 7,000, and the many others who have since pulled into line?

C. L. S. C. Recognition Day at Chautauqua, Wednesday, August 20, 1890. How many of the "original enrollment" will be present? How many graduates shall we number on the first of October? These are questions which "will not down." Their answer lies with the individuals who make up this great class.

MRS. ALICE FREEMAN PALMER, formerly President of Wellesley College, will deliver the Recognition Day address to the Class of '90 at Chautauqua. The Pierians are to be congratulated upon this opportunity to hear so rarely gifted a woman as Mrs. Palmer.

THE season of 1890 at Chautauqua will be second to none in the history of the Assembly. The advance number of the *Assembly Herald* containing the full program for the season, presents such a wide range of attractions that no member of the Class of '90 who can possibly attend even a part of the exercises will need any urging beyond a glimpse of the *Assembly Herald's* pages. The *Assembly Herald* is now ready and can be obtained from the C. L. S. C. Office, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1891.—"THE OLYMPIANS."

"So run that ye may obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. J. M. Durrell, D. D., Manchester, N. H.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, Jackson, Mich.; the Rev. J. A. Smith, Johnsonburgh, N. Y.; W. H. Wescott, Holley, N. Y.; the Rev. J. S. Ostrander, D. D., 314 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Hawley, Buffalo, N. Y.

Secretary—Mrs. Hattie E. Buell, 2604 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Harriet A. H. Wilkie, Onondaga Valley, N. Y.

Treasurer—Prof. Fred. Starr, New Haven, Conn.

Class Trustee—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander.

CLASS FLOWERS—THE LAUREL AND WHITE ROSE.

'91 WELCOMES the following interesting message from an active member in Yokohama, Japan: "I hope to forward my examination papers for last year's work shortly. I have been very busy, indeed, this year and have found it impossible to keep up my studies as I wished. The

year's course was extremely interesting, the Greek readings exceptionally so. The all too meager glimpse into Dr. Bushnell's work is capable of holding one's attention to a fuller extent than a high class work in the purer realms of fiction."

A DAKOTA Chautauquan has caught the full meaning of the C. L. S. C. and put it into these musical lines :

Long since, in youth's fair, foolish day,
When school-day science closed her gate
To me, I mourned such dismal fate,
Deeming the mind's bright, upward way

Led but through Learning's ancient hall;
And thus amid the hurrying years,
With all their cares and toils and tears,
Long I bewailed the heavy thrall

My mental powers that weighted sore;
Yearning for that far path behind,
So was my mental vision blind
To pathways opening up before,

Until a friendly finger showed
A pleasant, widening track, that lay
Right through the tasks of every day;
To earnest souls a joyous road,

Leading unto the pure white sun
Of knowledge, shining out for all
Who, heeding Wisdom's cheery call,
Press onward till the goal is won.

Where'er my changeful lot has been,
Through city's stir or country's rest,
Or on the wondrous prairie's breast,
Winds the glad path of silver sheen.

My mind shall tread the shining way,
High borne above the woes of years,
Their petty crosses, vexing fears,
Toward the clear, free, eternal day.

—Mrs. G. M. Waterman.

CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."

"Seek and ye shall obtain."

OFFICERS.

President—Col. Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, Ark.

First Vice-President—Prof. Lewis Stuart, Ill.

Second Vice-President—F. W. Gunsaulus, Ill.

District Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Frank Beard, N. Y.; Dr. P. S. Henson, Ill.; Charles P. Williamson, Ky.; the Rev. J. C. Hurlbut, N. J.; Mr. J. T. Barnes, N. J.; Mr. Ernest P. Brook, N. Y.; Issa Tanimura, Japan; Mr. J. S. Davis, Albany, Ga.

Secretary—Miss Jane P. Allen, University of North Dakota, N. D.

Treasurer and Member of Building Committee—Lewis E. Snow, Mo.

Class Trustee—Mr. J. P. Barnes, Rahway, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

THE following letter from a classmate in

Illinois will be of peculiar interest to many '92's: "Nearly a year ago I lost my right hand in the employ of a railroad company. I am employed now by the company as flagman, and having a great deal of time to read, a friend kindly loaned me THE CHAUTAUQUAN for the year '88-89 and such books of the required course of reading as she happened to have. These interested me so much that I sent for the rest of the course, and now I wish to join the Class of '92. I can devote nearly my entire time to reading, and think that I can make up the work. I want to try anyway."

CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 33 Oak St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Evanston, Ill.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Port Colborne, Province Ontario, Canada; The Rev. D. T. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas.

Secretary—Mrs. L. L. Rankin, Room 3, Wesley Block, Columbus, Ohio.

Treasurer—Miss Julia J. Ketcham, Plainfield, N. J.

Building Committee—Mr. Dodds; Mr. Rankin.

Assembly Treasurer and Trustee for the Union Class Building—Mr. George E. Vincent.

EMBLEM—THE ACORN.

THE New England members of the Class of '93, hereby are notified that members of the Board of Managers, elected at Framingham Assembly, met at Lynn, May 5. At this meeting it was voted to call upon the New England members of the Class for contributions of \$1.00 each, with which to purchase a Class Banner, and to provide a class headquarters at the coming Assembly at Framingham. Send contributions to Mrs. E. A. Rogers, Asbury Grove, Mass., enclosing stamp for return of receipt. We hope for a very quick and liberal response to this call.

JOHN WEBSTER WARD,

Local President.

'93's WILL be interested to hear still further of the C. L. S. C. prison work in progress at Stillwater, Minn. The leader of the movement, Mr. Fortune, writes:

"I am glad to report further progress of our circle. I had the Chancellor's congratulatory letter printed in last week's *Mirror* and am getting it printed on slips and will paste one in each book. It will be a good memento of our organization and one that we can look back upon with pleasure. Thirty-five of our number are hard at work every night. By the kind permission of our warden I have the liberty of the cell room until 8:45 each night. I visit each member and change the books every Sunday after church, giving each division the same

book. Last week I endeavored to have each man give me in writing a synopsis of what he had read. As a result there are as I write, about twenty literary productions lying on a little table by my side, the outcome of good mental effort. I will pick out one or two of them and have them published in the *Mirror* this week, in the now permanent Chautauqua column. Next week I will add a column of questions and answers from the several books, so that hereafter the C. L. S. C. will figure as a 'double header' in the columns of the *Mirror*."

GRADUATE CLASSES.

A GRADUATE of '83 "speaks her mind" with reference to the Special English Course for graduates, as follows: "I think the special course for graduates the best thing Chautauqua has offered in the way of reading. The tests and suggestions, with the recommended reading, makes it possible for one to follow out the important points quite pleasantly as well as profitably. I most earnestly hope they may continue to be issued." We are glad to assure this graduate student and any others who may be like-minded, that the Chautauqua management intends to continue and still further develop this plan for graduate study.

THE Society of the Hall in the Grove in Lincoln, Neb., has been considering the result of the Chautauqua work done in the Nebraska State Penitentiary. It is certain that the men are keeping up their work and doing it thoroughly. Since the inauguration of the course the demand for books from the library has increased so largely that the contractor has added five hundred volumes of fiction, history, and science. One of the prime movers in the work has received a letter from the Rev. Phillips Brooks concerning the undertaking, in which he says:

I beg leave to say that I have been very much interested in reading it. The idea which Chautauqua tries to express is, I think, the unity which exists between all knowledge and all good impulse.

We have been too ready to think of all the great world as if it were profane and wicked, and as if the power and good of God came into it from far away to rebuke it and perhaps to save some part of it from ruin.

We are learning more and more that God is in the world and that He has always been in it. He has never left it. All, then, that has ever taken place in it, whether it were the rise and fall of Rome, the discovery of America,

or the building of the mountains, the movement of the glaciers, or the growing of the forests, has taken place in His presence and in harmony or discord with His will. All good has been His confederates; all evil has been His enemy.

To know this is to count all history sacred, not merely the history of the Jews, but the history of the Greeks, the Japanese, and the Americans; and what is still more to us, the history of our own wandering lives. It is all one in the possession of it all by God.

As the world learns this more and more, she will be readier and readier for the greater things which the years to come will have to offer.

I send my cordial greeting to your Chautauqua, and am faithfully and truly yours,
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE committee of the Class of 1888, on the Class Building fund, have on hand about \$300. This sum is far below what is needed for our share of the expense of fitting up the building. The committee requests a liberal contribution to this fund from each member of the class. The Dunning Circle, of Brooklyn, N. Y., (twelve '88's) have just sent in \$25. Contributions may be sent to Mr. Russell L. Hall, Treasurer of Class of '88, New Canaan, Conn.

IN the list of graduates in the Class of '89, printed in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for May, the name of Mary A. Pierce was placed under *Michigan*, it should have been under *Indiana*.

THE Brooklyn Chautauqua Alumni held its first annual banquet in May. Covers were laid for 100. An informal reception took place until 8 o'clock when the members and guests sat down to dinner. Among the after-dinner speakers were the Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, the Rev. Frank Russell, Chancellor Vincent, Dr. J. Freeman Atwood, the Rev. J. Benson Hamilton, and Prof. John Mickleborough. Regrets were read from Bishop H. W. Warren, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, James H. Carlisle, William Cleaver Wilkinson, Counselors of the C. L. S. C., and others.

FROM California: "Enclosed find twenty-five cents, as a response to the 'word from the President' in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April. We regret that the sum is so small, but know from experience that 'many a mickle makes a muckle.' Though studying alone and with all the cares of ranch life to perplex us, we enjoy the Chautauqua work to the utmost. Several of our friends are becoming interested, some at a distance, and we hope to induce at least a few to take up the work."

THE SUMMER ASSEMBLIES.

FOR 1890.

CHAUTAUQUA, THE present issue contains the Detailed Program for the seventeenth session of the Chautauqua Assembly. Only an adept in Chautauqua programs will be able at first to read it without bewilderment. That for fifty-six consecutive days such a prospectus could be made to run without break or friction, conjointly with schools in all the sciences, and with amusements innumerable, is inconceivable to one who has not seen it done. We can assert with assurance, however, that anybody who will go to Chautauqua for the season of 1890 will see all done that is here promised, and more, for no program can be devised which will include the greatest charms of Chautauqua: its companionships, its quickening, ennobling impulses, the enchantment of its walks and talks, its constant vigor and growth. The things which are *not* on the program at Chautauqua are as many and inviting as the things which are.

The session of the present summer presents an outline of great boldness and strength. Schools for students under the charge of instructors of the finest scholarly qualifications and of experience in the leading educational institutions of the country offer their opportunities to those who are ambitious to begin a course of higher education, to those who are rusty in their studies, or to those who wish to do advanced special work. A Teachers' Retreat invites not alone to the rest and recuperation which its title suggests, but gives models of the best methods and the latest theories in Pedagogy. A School of Music promises the best advantages which the ambitious could ask; Sherwood, Flagler, Palmer, Leason, Wheeler, and Ellis are names universally respected by the musical, and an institution which places them in its faculty needs to do nothing more in the way of advertising. The foundation stone of the Assembly is the Bible work. Each year from the day when its Normal course and Boys and Girls' classes first attracted the attention of thoughtful and progressive Christian workers, the department has steadily grown. The present year it offers in its Schools of Sacred Literature, courses adapted to the needs of people of all ages, and of varying grades of advancement. There will be a College Students' School of the English Bible, a Bible Teachers' School, Schools of Hebrew and Greek, of Semitic Languages

and of Ancient Versions in addition to the established features. The names of Chancellor Vincent and of Dr. Harper at the head of this elaborate and skillful scheme for Bible Instruction is quite sufficient to prove that no more is promised than will be fulfilled.

Two or three points of the lecture platform are especially noteworthy. Old Chautauquans will be gratified with the amount of fresh material added. At least twenty new persons will appear among the lecturers, and these include several in whom the public is particularly interested, like Mr. Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," Mr. Saxton, the energetic ballot reformer, and Mr. Charles Roosevelt of the civil service commission. The fact that the lectures as a rule hinge on some timely topic or are in courses developing fully a particular line of thought, will commend the program to all reflecting people. The program has not been "put together with a pitch-fork." There is a reason for every number on it.

The wise adjustment to the best impulses and ideas of the time, which the management seeks, has resulted in giving to women at Chautauqua a prominent place. Two of the leading courses of lectures of the session will be by women, that on the condition of Modern Europe by Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson, and that on Social Economics and Women by Mrs. Helen Campbell. A School of Cookery, a Woman's Club for the discussion of social and domestic questions, a Missionary Institute, and Temperance Conferences are other specialties for women, managed by women. Besides this it should be noted that the teaching force has a strong component of women.

And the C. L. S. C.—what great things have been planned for it! The privileges of this famous order are always many at Chautauqua, and for at least two weeks in August it has right of way in all respects. Much of the work of the Assembly has been designed to be in harmony with the readings of the past or coming year. Thus the Tourists' Conferences are to be devoted to Italy, and courses of lectures will be given on Dante's *Divina Commedia*, on the state, and on social economics, all themes especially inviting to readers of 1889-90. The Round Tables, which form a regular feature of the program, and the class gatherings give a special C. L. S. C. coloring to every day. The C. L. S. C. building now

going up will furnish a new and attractive rallying point. The climax comes on August 20, Recognition Day, when Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer will deliver the address.

All this strong food is not allowed to go without seasoning. There is plenty of spice for Chautauquans big and little. Indeed the plans are so many and so multiform that lovers of merry out-door sports and of pleasing entertainments will find a *surplus de richesse* it is feared. Gymnastics of all sorts, base-ball, tennis, and what-not invite their devotees. We are heartily rejoiced to see such fine new provisions for water sports. Teachers of swimming have been secured for both boys and girls, and in the new boat house thirty boats of the St. Lawrence river pattern, and four shells have been placed. C. E. Gill, Yale's famous foot ball player and oarsman, will have the training of the young men in crew work.

Every day will be brightened not only by sports but by an enticing entertainment at the Amphitheater; concerts will be given by the Harvard Quartet, the Schuberts, or some famous master of the voice or of a musical instrument, assisted by a grand chorus and the big organ. Readings by "old favorites" and several who are bound to be included under that head, such as Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, the novel Ben Hur tableaux, the illuminations, the promenade concerts, and many other pleasant things will lighten the days.

Such good things has Chautauqua to give those who will seek her pleasant groves.

ACTON PARK, THE Acton Park Assembly **INDIANA.** will hold its fifth annual meeting on July 23, 24, and 25. Especial attention will be given to the work of the C. L. S. C. during the session. Recognition Day is fixed for the last day of the meeting, July 25. The Rev. C. F. Creighton, D.D., of Nebraska Wesleyan University, will be in attendance during the entire time. The Rev. J. W. Dashiell fills the double office of President of the Assembly and Superintendent of Instruction. Particulars as to the program are not at hand at time of this writing.

BAY VIEW, THE preparations now making **MICHIGAN.** for the fifth session of the Bay View Assembly are of such a character as to assure its being the most successful of any yet held. Among the improvements on the grounds is the new W. C. T. U. Hall, which is said to be among the finest summer headquarters anywhere erected for these temperance workers. About fifty new cottages are in process of erection, and great care is being expended in beautifying the grounds. The President of the As-

sociation, Mr. J. M. Hall, and the Superintendent of Instruction, the Hon. Henry M. Love, are making arrangements to have all the departments connected with the work so thoroughly equipped as to add to the reputation already won by them in former years.

The Bay View Summer University takes rank among the best in the West. The College of Liberal Arts under Prof. David Howell and the Primary Normal and Kindergarten Training Department in charge of Miss Matilda H. Ross will open on Wednesday, July 16. On the same date will open the School of Art under Prof. H. A. Mills. There will also be a School of Elocution. Arrangements are being made for the American Institute of Sacred Literature of which Dr. W. R. Harper, of Yale University, is principal, to hold a session at Bay View in connection with the School of the English Bible, opening July 23. On the same date the Sunday-school Normal Department in charge of Mr. Horace Hitchcock, with Mrs. M. G. Kennedy in charge of the primary work, will open.

The Assembly proper will begin on July 23 and close on August 13. Contracts have been closed with the following persons for the general program: Prof. J. C. Freeman, Chaplain McCabe, the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, Mr. James A. Green, the Fiske Jubilee Singers, Mrs. Angie F. Newman, Mrs. Alice J. Osborne, Prof. C. C. Case, Mrs. Edna Chaffee Noble, the Rev. O. H. Tiffany, Alexander Black, W. M. R. French, Col. Russell H. Conwell, the Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, Otsego Band, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, S. L. Baldwin, Dr. S. A. Steel, Marion Harland, Geo. W. Cable, Margaret Sangster, Wm. E. Curtis. Among the novelties introduced will be the Ben Hur Tableaux.

August 6 is selected as the date for Recognition Day, at which time the Rev. Dr. J. T. Duryea will give the address to the graduates. Round Tables will be held daily in the C. L. S. C. headquarters. The prospects for the C. L. S. C. in all the surrounding territory are most excellent.

BATTLE GROUND, THE organization at **INDIANA.** Battle Ground is not yet

properly an Assembly, though strenuous efforts are now making to incorporate the Assembly idea. For many successive years a camp meeting association has held its sessions on these grounds; but the favorable indications now are that the association will develop into an Assembly. Since last year, improvements have been made upon the grounds to the amount of \$2,000. Dr. W. Graham is the President, and instead of a Superintendent of Instruction, a Program Committee has planned the work for the com-

ing session, which will hold from July 31 to August 17.

The first week will be devoted entirely to Assembly work, during which great prominence will be given to the Chautauqua idea. The C. L. S. C. work in all the surrounding country is reported as very flourishing.

The speakers engaged for the platform are as follows: the Rev. Robert Nourse, Bishop J. W. Joyce, General Gibson, Governor Hovey, J. B. De Motte, President J. P. D. John, Dr. H. A. Gobin, Dr. D. H. Moore, the Rev. J. S. Bitler.

BEATRICE, BETWEEN the dates June 26 and **NEBRASKA.** July 8 there will be held at Riverside Park, on the banks of the Blue River, the second session of the Beatrice Assembly. Within this time the following special days will be observed: Opening Day, June 26; Recognition Day, June 28; Independence Day, July 4; Temperance Days, July 5 and 7; Closing Day, July 8.

The exercises on Recognition Day will be in charge of the Rev. Dr. Davidson, and will comprise the regular features, such as songs, marches, Golden Gate, address, conferring of diplomas, etc.

The departments of instruction, embracing the Chautauqua Normal Union, the Schools of Education and Music, Primary Teaching, and Kindergarten have all been placed under able instructors, and every thing has been so arranged by Bishop J. P. Newman, President of the Association, and Dr. W. L. Davidson, Superintendent of Instruction, as to make them of the greatest efficiency to all who may avail themselves of the opportunity offered.

From the partial list of speakers and teachers with whom engagements already have been made, a knowledge of the high character of the whole session may be gained. It comprises the following names: T. De Witt Talmage, Col. J. P. Sanford, Jahu De Witt Miller, Dr. Kerr B. Tupper, Prof. B. J. Radford, Miss Frances E. Willard, Prof. Samuel Dickey, Miss Mabelle B. Biggart, Prof. S. W. Straub, Prof. Arthur Straub, Prof. C. M. Ellenwood, the Rev. N. H. Davis, the Hon. Thomas Taylor, Dr. Creighton, Miss Mary Mease. Among the special attractions there is announced a grand joint debate of two days duration on the question of "Prohibition vs. High License." Speakers of national reputation are assured on both sides, whose names will be announced in due time.

BLUFF PARK, THE dates for the opening **IOWA.** and closing of Bluff Park for the coming season are July 16 and August 18, but the time occupied by the Sunday-school Assembly proper will be July 22-28.

One of the most attractive features of the Park is the constantly increasing number of neat and tasteful cottages that are located in picturesque and romantic spots, yet with artistic arrangement, all over the grounds. Among other improvements on the grounds, the Artesian well has been sunk five hundred feet deeper, to the fresh water point, thus insuring an abundance of good water.

The Rev. T. E. Corkhill, M.D., and the Rev. John Wayman, D.D., are the President of the Association and the Superintendent of Instruction, and under their united labors every thing is being rapidly put in readiness for the season. All the departments of instruction will be thoroughly equipped, and under the leadership of excellent teachers will give satisfaction to all desiring to enter them.

Recognition Day will occur on July 25, when Dr. C. C. Woods will make the address to the Class of '90. Dr. Ames will also speak during the day, and a Camp Fire will be lighted in the evening.

As a welcome diversion in the line of recreation, a Field Day has been set apart when there will be a lawn tennis tournament and other athletic exercises.

Among other eminent speakers and readers that will have charge of the program, the following persons have been secured for the coming season, and negotiations are in progress for others: Bishop Thomas Bowman, Prof. Henry Sabin, President J. T. McFarland, the Rev. C. L. Stafford, D.D., President Benjamin Trueblood, the Rev. A. H. Ames, D.D., the Rev. C. C. Woods, D.D., Miss R. Anna Morris, the Rev. Jno. Wayman, D.D., Prof. W. P. Ferguson, the Rev. H. V. Tull, D.D., the Rev. Dr. Meloy, Prof. W. L. Sheetz, the Rev. Addis Albro, D.D., Capt. S. B. Evans, Prof. Gus. Walters.

COLFAX, THE outlook for the season of 1890, **IOWA.** the second of its existence, is a very promising one for the Iowa Chautauqua Assembly. Its President, the Rev. J. J. Mitchell, and Superintendent W. H. W. Reese, D. D., have reason to congratulate themselves upon its rapid development. For the coming session, beginning June 24 and closing July 4, it aims to fill all the days with the best of the good things belonging to the repertory of such institutions.

For the C. L. S. C. department there will be special lectures, daily Round Tables, conducted by Dr. J. L. Hurlbut and other prominent Chautauquans, Vesper Services, and a general Headquarters for Chautauqua interests and information. July 1 is the time fixed upon for Recognition Day. The address will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Hurlbut. The grand concert to be

given in the evening will form a fitting close for the day.

From the platform, lectures will be given by General W. H. Gibson, Mr. Frank Beard, Mrs. Frank Beard, the Hon. George W. Bain, the Rev. James L. Hill, the Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D. D., the Rev. Dr. Ames, the Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D., Chancellor Carpenter, President Geo. A. Gates, of Iowa College, President Chamberlain, of Iowa Agricultural College, and other eminent lecturers and speakers, with whom negotiations are pending. Mrs. Bartlett and other gifted soloists will assist Prof. M. L. Bartlett, director of the department of music, in the musical entertainments of the session. The following are to be celebrated as the special days of the season besides Recognition Day: Opening Day, June 24; Physicians' Day, June 25; G. A. R. Day, June 26; Temperance Day, June 27; Young People's Day, June 28; Teachers' Day, July 2; Missionary Day, July 3; Patriots' Day, July 4.

The Chautauqua Normal Union is under the charge of the Rev. J. C. W. Coxe, D. D., who will personally conduct classes and be assisted by able co-laborers throughout the session. The Department of Young People, including the Y. M. C. A. Training Classes and classes in "Physical Culture," under the direction of the State Y. M. C. A.; the School of Methods in "Endeavor" work, under the direction of State Secretary Mrs. E. H. Slocum, and the Bible Classes and Classes in Methods of the Young Woman's Christian Association, under the direction of the State Y. W. C. A.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY, THE announce-
NORTHAMPTON, MASS. ments of the management of the Connecticut Valley Assembly show that an unusually inviting program is in process of development for the coming session to be held July 16-23. The special days set apart are National Day, Temperance Day, Children's Day, Young People's Day, and Chautauquan's Day. The lecturers engaged are, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Mansfield, the Rev. Robert Nourse, the Hon. George Makepeace Towle, the Rev. O. P. Gifford, the Rev. W. L. Davidson, John R. Clarke, the Rev. Smith Baker, Prof. R. G. Hibbard. Mr. Edward Bellamy has conditionally promised to give an address on National Day. Prof. G. C. Gow will have charge of the music during the season, and will conduct the chorus class. Mrs. Wade, the soprano of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and the Ariel Quartet of Boston are among the special musical attractions.

Recognition Day will occur on July 22, when the Rev. O. P. Gifford will give the address. A C. L. S. C. Camp Fire lighted in the evening will be a new feature for the Assembly. The Round

Table Meetings will be held as in the former years, at which vital topics will be discussed in the true Chautauquan spirit.

The Rev. George H. Clarke fills the double office of President of the Association and Superintendent of Instruction. He has provided competent teachers for all the departments. The Normal Classes will be under the direction of the Rev. O. S. Baketel, as they were last year. A series of conferences for the discussion of various phases of Sunday-school work, will be another new and helpful feature of the session. The W. C. T. U. will establish headquarters upon Laurel Park, the name of the Assembly grounds, and will hold daily temperance meetings or receptions. The classes in Elocution will be taught by Prof. R. G. Hibbard.

COUNCIL BLUFFS AND THIS Assembly
OMAHA, IOWA. will open its second session July 1, and continue it through July 18. The plan of program assures all the excellence of last year and promises many new attractions. The President and the Superintendent of Instruction are respectively F. O. Gleason and Dr. A. H. Gillet.

Other lectures and musical attractions are yet to be added to the program of popular entertainments, but what has been already provided will establish its quality. Among the workers in these departments are Dean Alfred Wright, Leon Vincent, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Dr. S. P. Henson, Dr. J. B. De Motte, C. E. Underhill, Schubert Quartet, Prof. C. C. Case, Rogers' Band, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, Dr. L. Dickerman, James A. Green, Maurice Thompson, Dr. J. H. Carlisle, Sau Ah-Brah, Prof. Charles F. Smith, John Temple Graves, the Hon. F. H. Richardson, Prof. Charles Lane, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, the Rev. E. S. Ralston, the Rev. W. J. Harsha, Sol Smith Russell, Miss Neally Stevens, Mrs. J. G. Wadsworth, Dr. Phelps, Mrs. M. M. Bailey, the Rev. J. W. Geiger.

The special departments of work open during the Assembly will be the Sunday-school Normal, the Schools of Music, under the direction of Prof. C. C. Case, Art and Elocution, New Testament Greek, and Ministers' Institute.

The C. L. S. C. will hold daily Round Tables, at which there will be literary lectures and select readings, papers and discussions on the course of study and methods of work. Recognition Day occurs on July 16, when the address will be delivered by Dr. Carlisle; it is hoped that Bishop Vincent also will be able to be present and assist in the exercises.

EAST EPPING, FOR the fifth time a
NEW HAMPSHIRE. summer session is to be held by the East Epping Assembly. July

26, and August 23, are the dates marking the opening and closing days. Many improvements have been made on the grounds since the close of last year, comprising the building of new cottages and bridges, the enlarging and modernizing of Chautauqua Hall, and the introduction of the hydro-carbon lights for illuminating the grounds. The Rev. J. M. Dutton, the President of the Assembly, is doing all in his power for promoting the comfort and happiness of those who shall spend any part of the summer at the grounds.

The platform speakers engaged are: the Rev. J. H. Withrow, D. D., John R. Clarke, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Selah Merrill, D. D., the Rev. C. W. Bradlee, L. T. Townsend, D. D., D. W. C. Duryea, D. D., the Rev. J. M. Dutton, the Rev. D. E. Miller, the Rev. L. W. Staples.

The special departments, for which full provision has been made, include Music, under the direction of Mrs. N. B. Mitchell; Art, Mrs. Laura Bates; French, Mlle L. M. De Baschaud; German (director to be supplied); Cooking, Miss Ida C. Maynard; Look About Club (for children), Miss Bertha Vella; Botany and Geology, Prof. Sweetser; Short-hand and Type-writing, the Rev. F. E. Rollins; Tourists' Club, Mrs. E. H. Thompson. That the department of recreation has not been overlooked in this thorough preparation, is evidenced by the presence of tennis courts, croquet grounds, and ball grounds.

The Superintendent of Instruction, the Rev. O. S. Baketel, has made full provision for the C. L. S. C. department of the work. The Rev. L. T. Townsend, D. D., will give the address to the graduating class on Recognition Day, which occurs on August 21. The Round Tables are to be presided over by the Rev. George H. Johnson. The Sunday-School Normal is to be in charge of the Rev. F. H. Morgan.

EPWORTH HEIGHTS, THIS latest comer in OHIO.

to the strong sisterhood of Assemblies, has arranged to hold its first session from July 30 to August 13. The people of Cincinnati and neighboring cities and of all the surrounding country will find Epworth Heights a delightful place for rest and recreation. The President, P. M. Bigney, M. D., and the Superintendent of Instruction, the Rev. Wilbur G. Warner, B. D., have spared no pains in their preparations for all parts of the undertaking.

The lecture platform is to present such speakers as T. DeWitt Talmage, P. S. Henson, James A. Greene, J. Clarke Ridpath, Bishop J. W. Joyce, Geo. K. Morris, Daniel Steele, D. D., S. A. Keene, D. D., Bishop J. M. Walden, Thad. A. Reamy, M. D., W. Runyan, D. D., David H.

Moore, D. D., Earl Cranston, D. D., A. LeBoutillier, M. D., Prof. N. K. Royse, Prof. John S. Van Cleve. Many of the lectures will be illustrated with the improved stereopticon, which will present the choicest pictures by calcium light.

The Sunday-school Normal, the Ministers' Institute, Schools of Music, Elocution, and Oratory, Short-hand and Type-writing, the Kindergarten, Fine Arts, and Amateur Photography, are the different departments which are to be opened for instruction during the season. All are manned by able leaders and assistants. To serve as a foil to all of this work, or rather to render it more effective, abundant provisions are offered for recreation in the form of boating, fishing, base-ball, lawn-tennis, fire-works, etc.

There will be a Recognition Day with a procession, and all the other regular features, but the details at the time of the present writing are not yet perfected. Special attention will be paid to all of the interests of the C. L. S. C.

ISLAND PARK, INDIANA. On July 30, the Island Park Assembly begins its twelfth summer session, which will continue until August 13. The President and Superintendent of Instruction, the Rev. N. B. C. Love, reports that more improvements have been made on the grounds, in the buildings, and in the facilities for carrying on all the departments of work, than have been made for any previous year. As most of the other Assemblies are coming to do, Island Park has seen the wisdom of giving a prominent place in the list of its preparations to recreation, and has made ample provision for sports of various kinds. For boating, fishing, bathing, base-ball, lawn-tennis, and croquet it is claimed that no better location can be found than these grounds with their Sylvan Lake.

A new feature to be introduced into the C. L. S. C. under the direction of the Superintendent and W. H. Blair, is the reading during the sessions of the Round Table, of papers contributed, one each, by the different local circles belonging to the patronizing territory of this Assembly. Recognition Day occurs on August 6, when addresses will be made by Dr. J. F. Spence and Dr. A. A. Willitts.

The lecturers for the session are: Joseph Cook, Dr. J. P. D. John, Prof. J. B. DeMott, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Sam W. Small, Gen. W. H. Gibson, Dr. L. A. Bell, Dr. D. H. Moore, the Rev. A. J. Fish, Dr. J. Albert Ronthaler, the Rev. W. H. Sloan, the Rev. T. C. Reade, Dr. A. C. Barnes, Col. G. H. Gill, Mrs. R. Steadman McCann, the Rev. A. E. Mahire, Dr. C. B. Stemen, the Rev. C. C. Albertson, the Rev. H. C. Jameson.

The department of Fine Arts will be under the direction of Mrs. A. H. Linaweaver; the Schools of Language and English Literature under Mrs. Pauline Davies, Ph. D., and Prof. Charles T. Fox; Normal Classes, under Dr. A. C. Barnes, J. E. Ervin, and Lura Love; Bible Training School, under the Rev. T. C. Reade; Natural Sciences, Prof. W. E. Winter; Kindergarten, Mr. E. E. Weal.

KANSAS, The sixth annual session of the **TOPEKA.** Kansas Chautauqua Assembly will be held at Topeka, beginning June 24, and closing July 4. The committee on program has been at work ever since the close of last session, and with forehanded wisdom, is now ready to give a hint of some of the good things prepared for the incoming season.

The Rev. Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, as he has done for the last four sessions, will continue to act as Superintendent of Instruction. The Senior Normal Class will also be taught by him. The Junior Normal Class will be in charge of H. C. DeMotte, LL. D., a skilled and enthusiastic teacher. The primary department will be conducted by Mrs. S. J. DeMotte, B. A.

The Music of the Assembly will be under the charge of Prof. S. F. Cravens, conductor of the Topeka Festival Oratorio Chorus, and late director of the Apollo Club of Kansas City, and Musical Director of the Beatrice Assembly of 1889. Prof. Craven will be assisted by his wife.

The lecture course will be on a high scale of merit. Among the men already secured may be mentioned the Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D., the Rev. Geo. W. Miller, D. D., the Rev. Robt. McIntyre, of Chicago, "The Hoosier Orator," Dr. J. B. Young, W. S. Richards, Ph. D., Dr. A. H. Gillet, Dr. Masden, Mrs. Ella Dillon.

Among the attractions this year will be, "Nights and Sights of Wonder," more fascinating than the feats of legerdemain, and replete with the most valuable instruction. Prof. W. C. Richards, M. A., Ph. D., will give five superbly illustrated entertainments on science themes. These lectures are illustrated with the most beautiful and brilliant experiments performed by the aid of extensive and costly apparatus. A new wrinkle on the program this year will be a series of "Half Hour Talks," to occur at 11:15 each morning, intended to be fresh, suggestive, crisp, and compact utterance for ministers, teachers, and other live people, young, middle-aged, and old.

On Recognition Day, July 3, Bishop Ninde will address the graduates. Every thing will be done to make this the day of days of the whole session.

KENTUCKY, The departments of instruction to be opened at the Kentucky Assembly for the coming session to be held July 1-11 are as follows: Sunday-school Normal, Secular Teachers' Institute, Assembly Bible Institute, Music, and a W. C. T. U. Training School. All are under the general management of Prof. W. D. McClintock, the Superintendent of Instruction.

For the benefit of the members of the C. L. S. C. there will be regular Round Tables at which all questions pertaining to their interests will be discussed. July 8 has been selected as Recognition Day, and the speaker chosen is the Rev. George Dorsie. The prospects for the C. L. S. C. are reported as fair in all the surrounding region.

The leading speakers engaged for the lecture platform are Drs. Gunsaulus, Buckley, Talmage, Crafts, Griswold, James Lane Allen, Russell Conwell, and others. Among the musical attractions there will be the Rutgers' Glee Club. All the indications promise well for the success of this, the fourth, annual session of the assembly.

LAKE BLUFF, The Lake Bluff Assembly **ILLINOIS.** will begin July 24, and will close August 6. The work will be in charge of the Rev. A. W. Patten, D. D., Superintendent. A program of great richness and variety has been arranged.

There will be a Normal Department for the study of the Bible and the study of Sunday-school Work and Methods, conducted by instructors of ability and experience. It will be divided into Junior, Intermediate, and Senior work. All denominations of Christians are found at Lake Bluff in the Normal Department. The Special Schools arranged for are (1) a School of Photography, under the charge of John Nicoll, Ph. D.; (2) a School of Biology, in charge of Prof. C. B. Atwell, Ph. D.; (3) a School of Delsarte Method, in charge of Miss Julia Leavens; (4) Kindergarten Work, for which the plans are not yet fully perfected.

A very attractive feature of the Assembly will be a series of Special Days, comprising an Epworth League Day, Grand Army Day, Foreign Missionary Day, Chautauqua Day, and Home Missionary Day.

Recognition Day will occur on July 31, on which occasion Dr. W. C. Roberts, of Lake Forest University, will address the graduating class. In the evening there will be a Chautauqua Camp Fire.

Among the speakers for the season are O. H. Tiffany, D. D., E. G. Updike, D. D., Lorado Taft, Dr. J. C. Carter, Prof. C. N. Grandison, Prof. C.

B. Atwell, Dr. W. C. Roberts. The President of the Assembly is J. B. Hobbs.

A special feature this summer will be the session of the Summer School of the American Institute of Sacred Literature, under the leadership of Prof. W. R. Harper, of Yale University, assisted by eminent Biblical scholars from different parts of the country. Three weeks will be devoted to this work, which will begin August 14 and close September 3. It will differ from the ordinary Summer School of Hebrew heretofore held at various places, its scope being much broader, including Hebrew, New Testament Greek, and the English Bible.

LAKESIDE, THE Lakeside Assembly, one of **OHIO.** the veterans in the whole system of Chautauquas, will hold its fourteenth annual session from July 17 to August 7. Its President is the Rev. L. A. Belt, D.D.

The Normal Classes under the direction of the Rev. B. T. Vincent, Superintendent of Instruction, and the Rev. C. W. Tannyhill; the Boys and Girls' Meeting and the Primary Teachers' Meeting presided over by Mrs. B. T. Vincent; Elocution taught by Prof. C. F. Underhill; and Physics taught by Dr. L. B. Sperry, are among the departments of instruction provided by the Assembly.

To match these in the line of recreation, Lake Erie and the spacious and beautiful parks offer ample provision for boating, bathing, fishing, croquet, lawn tennis, base ball, etc. Several improvements have been made since the close of the last session. The dock has been extended to a depth of water sufficient for the largest steamers; the hotel has been enlarged and many new cottages built.

The complete arrangements made for frequent Round Tables, Vesper Services, Class Meetings, bear witness that the C. L. S. C. interests are closely consulted, and that every thing is done at this yearly rallying place to create and to sustain a genuine C. L. S. C. enthusiasm. The Rev. D. H. Moore, D.D., is to be the orator on Recognition Day, July 31.

The following lecturers will speak from the popular platform during the session; the Revs. J. M. Buckley, D.D., F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D., J. Henry Barrows, D.D., J. E. Gilbert, D.D., W. F. Crafts, D.D., D. H. Moore, D.D., Miss Frances Willard, Ex-Gov. Cumback, Prof. W. M. R. French, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Dr. L. B. Sperry, Prof. C. F. Underhill, and others.

LONG BEACH, THE summer session of the **CALIFORNIA.** Long Beach Assembly for 1890 will convene July 15 and hold until July 23. The President, Dr. S. H. Wheeler and the Superintendent of Instruction, Dr. A. C. Hirst,

with the help of the other members on the board of managers have secured for this season a program noted for its intellectual strength, moral and religious character, and at the same time most attractive and recreative in its tendencies. It includes in the list of lecturers and instructors the following names; Bishop Chas. H. Fowler, D. D., the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D. D., the Rev. A. C. Hirst, D. D., Col. Geo. W. Bain, the Rev. M. M. Bovard, D. D., the Rev. R. Harcourt, D.D., the Rev. A. C. Williams, D. D., the Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, D. D., the Rev. P. F. Bresee, D. D., the Rev. Alfred Kummer, D. D., the Rev. S. H. Weller, D. D., Mrs. Sophia A. Knight, the Rev. I. D. Driver, D. D.

In the musical line there will be such rare entertainments as can be furnished by the Cuthbert Band, the Orion Club, Prof. S. H. Blakeslee, director, Mrs. Alice J. Osborn, soloist, and C. E. Day.

The following departments of instruction, thoroughly equipped, and presided over by strong and capable teachers, will be open during the season: School of the English Bible, School of Art, School of Music, School of Cookery, Normal Class Work, Teachers' Retreat, C. L. S. C. Round Table, Kindergarten, History, Biology, Political Science.

Recognition Day will occur on July 22. Those who recall the large and enthusiastic gathering on this day last year, the fine graduating class, and all the interesting observances will know what to expect on the coming occasion, as the interest in the work has been deepening steadily since then.

MISSOURI, DURING the months that **WARRENSBURG.** have passed since the close of the last Assembly, the managers, whose presiding officer is the Rev. M. B. Irvine, have been busy in making arrangements for the Assembly of 1890. Such progress has been made that they are now able to make announcement of the most important features of the session.

The Assembly will open August 5 and continue ten days. On August 13 the regular exercises of Recognition Day will be observed. The Rev. M. B. Chapman will deliver the oration to the graduates. The interests of the C. L. S. C. are held foremost at this Assembly. They have their own headquarters, and separate meeting places are provided for all the classes. Provision is made for daily Round Tables which will be under the charge of the Superintendent of Instruction, the Rev. Jesse Bowman Young.

The Normal Classes also will be instructed by Dr. Young. Mrs. M. E. Steele will teach the Young People's Classes; and there will be also Primary Class drills. Special classes will be

those in English Literature and those in Old Testament Hebrew and New Testament Greek, these latter being instructed by Prof. J. W. Ellis.

Among the lecturers for the season are the following: Dr. Young, Dr. A. H. Gillett, Dr. M. B. Chapman, Prof. J. J. Campbell. Every effort is being put forth to make the coming session, the fourth in number, the most successful in the history of the Assembly.

MONONA LAKE, THE Monona Lake Assembly opens the second decade of its existence during the coming season. The dates for its beginning and its closing are July 22 and August 1. The Hon. Willett S. Main is the President of the Association and the Rev. J. A. Worden, D.D., the Superintendent of Instruction. The latter will himself conduct the work of the Normal Department. The Rev. Watson Tranter has under his charge the Primary classes; and the musical director for the season will be Dr. H. R. Palmer.

There are upon the grounds a C. L. S. C. building and places in which all the different classes can hold their meetings. Bishop Hurst will deliver the address on Recognition Day, which will be July 30. There will be daily Round Tables presided over by the Rev. Tranter, who is an enthusiastic Chautauquan, and will do his utmost to deepen the interest in this organization. It is reported that the C. L. S. C. prospects in this part of the country were never brighter than at present.

Among the lecturers of the session are Bishop J. F. Hurst, Prof. W. G. Sumner, George W. Cable, Dr. J. H. Barrows, Mr. Iyenaga, Dr. Wayland Hoyt, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Ignatius Donnelly. Both the grounds and the lake offer fine opportunities for recreation, and preparations are now being made by the management for their enjoyment.

MONTEAGLE, THE eighth annual session of **TENNESSEE.** the Monteagle Assembly will open on July 1 and continue until August 23. Among the speakers for the season will be Chancellor W. H. Payne, Dr. T. A. Atchison, the Rev. Walker Lewis, Rev. J. D. Johnson, D.D., LL.D., Miss E. F. Andrews, W. L. Davidson, D.D., J. B. Hawthorn, D.D., Dr. J. H. Carlisle, Sau Ah-Brah, M. B. De Witt, D.D., Prof. W. M. R. French, Rev. P. S. Henson, J. De Witt Burkhead, D. D., the Hon. J. Soule Smith, W. P. Harrison, D.D.

The following branches will be taught in the schools: Pedagogics, by Chancellor W. H. Payne, LL.D.; Primary Methods, by Miss F. Acree; English, by Prof. A. P. Bourland; English Language and Literature, by Miss M. E. Ford; French and German, by Mlle. H. Visi-

mand; Latin and Greek, by Prof. W. H. Hulme; Mathematics, by A. D. Wharton, A.M.; Elocution, by Prof. A. H. Merrill; Music, by Prof. J. E. Bailey; Fine Art, by Miss M. J. Trabue; Physical Culture, by Prof. W. R. McDaniel, A.M.; Penmanship, by A. C. Webb.

Extensive improvements are being made upon the grounds; suitable courts and parks are being put in readiness for lawn tennis, croquet, base ball, etc.

The members of the C. L. S. C. have their own headquarters on the grounds, and the different Classes have their separate meeting places.

On Recognition Day, August 1, the customary exercises will be observed. Dr. J. H. Carlisle will deliver the address.

MOUNTAIN GROVE, THIS Assembly holds **PENNSYLVANIA.** a session of but one day's duration on August 6. It will be wholly devoted to the usual exercises of Recognition Day. The Rev. George E. Reed, D.D., LL.D., will address the graduating class in the morning. In the afternoon the procession will form, and, preceded by little girls scattering flowers before them, the members of the Class of '90 will pass under the Arches, after which they will receive the Formal Recognition and be presented with their Diplomas. An address will then be delivered by the Rev. Dr. A. B. Leonard. A Camp Fire, conducted by the Rev. T. S. Wilcox, and a reception in the evening will close the day.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, "BIGGER and MARYLAND. better than ever" are the encouraging predictions accompanying the notice of the ninth session of Mountain Lake Park Assembly, to be held July 29-August 12 inclusive. The President is the Rev. Charles M. Baldwin.

Special days during the season are: July 29, Opening Day, with addresses, music, and fireworks; August 8, C. L. S. C. Recognition Day, with processions, graduation of Class of '90, and Camp Fire; August 9, Children's Day, with special entertainments of the highest grade; August 12, Grand Army Day, which will be observed fittingly by having men of national reputation to address the "old soldiers," also a concert of war songs.

Special plans are being perfected, through daily Round Tables and other methods, to awaken an interest in the work of the C. L. S. C., and it is confidently expected that a large number of persons may be induced to set their faces toward '94.

The Special Departments will be as follows, and all will be under the charge of experienced and enthusiastic instructors: Sunday-school Normal, Ministers' Institute, Boys and Girls'

Class, Elocution, Photography, Kindergarten, Chorus and Voice Culture, Physical Culture, Microscopy.

The following is a partial list of the lecturers and entertainers which will appear from day to day. The Superintendent of Instruction, Dr. W. L. Davidson, is in correspondence with other distinguished speakers. Every day will be crowded with the best things. Look at the rich repeat: Dr. P. S. Henson, Prof. J. B. De Mott, Leon H. Vincent, Peter Von Finkelstein, Mamreov, Dr. C. O. Brown, Dr. Howard Henderson, Geo. W. Loomis, the Rev. C. C. Albertson, David D. Thompson, the Rev. E. L. Eaton, Bishop W. F. Mallalien, Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, Dr. G. E. Hite, Dr. J. A. Fullerton, Dr. J. E. Moffitt.

Music will also be a special feature, under the direction of Prof. Cecil, of Baltimore, with an orchestra of twelve pieces, and Madame Annie Roemer Kasper as the soloist.

NEBRASKA, The summer session of the **CRETE.** Nebraska Assembly will open July 1 and close July 11. F. I. Foss, the President of the Association, and Dr. A. E. Dunning, the Superintendent of Instruction, have done their utmost to make the season both a delightful and a profitable one.

Frank Beard, Will Cumback, A. E. Winship, Dr. Gunsaulus, J. C. Price, Frances Willard, Clinton B. Fisk, Dr. J. C. Freeman, Jahu De Witt Miller, are some of the lecturers who have promised to be present.

The Advanced Normal class will be instructed by Dr. J. T. Duryea; the Normal Class by Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, who during Dr. Dunning's absence for the season will act as the general superintendent; the Primary Teachers', Young People's, and Children's Classes, will be in charge of Mrs. M. G. Kennedy.

On Recognition Day, July 10, the customary exercises will take place, and Bishop Vincent will deliver the oration.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, This Assembly **CANADA.** is providing a high class program for the coming season, which extends from July 19 to August 9. Situated on the highway of travel between Toronto and Buffalo, and possessing magnificent grounds, hotel, auditorium, etc., it anticipates a successful future. It gives special prominence to the C. L. S. C. Normal Class work. The Rev. J. McEwen and Jas. L. Hughes have charge of the Normal and Educational departments. Dr. W. H. Withrow is Superintendent of Instruction and John N. Lake, President of the Association.

The Department of Public Instruction of Ontario gives cash bonuses and prizes to suc-

cessful students in several departments. Two hundred public school teachers are expected for a three days' convention. A ten days' Ministers' Institute will be a prominent feature.

Dr. J. H. McIntyre, Dr. Potts, the Rev. E. C. B. Hallam—for twenty-seven years a missionary in India—Dr. Sutherland, Chaplain Searles, Chancellor Sims, Principal Grant, Prof. W. Clark, Erastus Wiman, Dr. Johnston, and a host of old favorites, will occupy the lecture platform.

Bishop Vincent is expected to deliver the address to the Class of '90 on Recognition Day, the date of which is not yet determined.

NEW ENGLAND, This New Eng-
SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, land Assembly
MASSACHUSETTS. is to be held

from the 15 to the 25 of July, inclusive. The management is determined to make this season's gathering equal in interest to any heretofore held, and thus compel the first session of the second decade of its existence to bear out the record of its past, and to bespeak successful times for future years.

July 24 is the date selected for Recognition Day, for which the following form the special exercises: A lecture by Prof. John Fiske; procession of the C. L. S. C.; Recognition address by Rev. Timothy Dwight, LL. D.; Camp Fire of the C. L. S. C.

The musical director of the season will be Prof. A. T. Shaffler, who will arrange to give several grand concerts. A special musical attraction will be the Ruggles Street Quartet. The Platform speakers are to be Mr. Leon H. Vincent, Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Dr. Lysander Dickem, Clinton B. Fisk, Dr. B. P. Raymond, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Dr. A. B. Leonard, Prof. John Fiske, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Leland Powers, Dr. W. L. Davidson. Special days during the Assembly are, Temperance Day, College Day, Children's Day, Normal Union Day, Patriotic Day, Musical Day.

Dr. A. E. Dunning will instruct the Advanced Normal Class; Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, the Normal, and the Young People's classes; and Miss Lucy Wheelock the Children's classes. Dr. Hurlbut will also preside over the daily Round Tables of the C. L. S. C.

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND, The fifth
FRYEBURG, MAINE. annual meeting of the Northern N. E. Assembly and Maine Chautauqua Union, which is to be held at Fryeburg, July 28—August 9, promises to rival all its predecessors and to be the full peer of the best and oldest Assemblies.

Among the speakers who have been definitely engaged, or with whom the conductors are

corresponding with a good prospect of securing for one or more lectures, are: Dr. W. T. Harris, Mrs. Palmer, *née* Freeman, ex-president of Wellesley College, John R. Clark, Dr. Twitchell, the Hon. Geo. A. Bowen, Pres. A. W. Small, Prof. Ropes, Dr. J. S. Sewall, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Col. W. G. Veazie, Bishop R. S. Foster, D. D., LL.D., Mrs. Bottome, President of the King's Daughters, Miss Anna Barrows, Dr. Field. There will be three concerts, including the noted Cary Company.

Special days during the session are designated as follows: Teachers, Temperance, Grange, Socialistic, Sunday-school, Missionary, Recognition, Patriotic, and Young People's Day. The conductors, having Freeman Hatch as their President and the Rev. George D. Lindsay as Superintendent of Instruction, have decided to have as far as possible for the speakers on each occasion only specialists in that given line of work, and exercises appropriate to the day. Mountain Excursion Day, in past years a "red letter day" much enjoyed by hundreds, will again be observed.

A special train at greatly reduced rates, will leave Fryeburg in the morning to carry all who desire to go through the Notch to Fabyan's. At Fabyan's trains will be in waiting to take parties to the top of Mt. Washington or to the Profile House.

Recognition Day will occur on July 24, at which time Mrs. Mary Livermore will give the address. Prof. Ropes, of Bangor Theological Seminary, will give instruction in Scientific Bible Study, during the session of the Assembly.

OCEAN CITY, IN its delightfully and **NEW JERSEY,** beautifully situated sea-side retreat, this Assembly will hold its third annual session, which will continue only for two days, July 31 and August 1. The whole time is to be devoted exclusively to the interests of the C. L. S. C. Every arrangement is being made by the President, the Rev. J. S. Parker, and those assisting him, to make this meeting a grand Chautauqua rally where the enthusiasm already felt in the work may deepen, and whence its influence may spread into new fields. In order to secure the co-operation of all the neighboring Chautauquans, the Assembly calls for a representation from every Local Circle in the state south of Camden.

The program for the first day comprises an address of welcome by Dr. D. W. Bardine, reports from Circles, a Chautauqua Song Service, "Chalk Talk," by the Rev. C. B. Ogden, Vesper Service, Camp Fire, and an evening entertainment consisting of songs, recitations, essays, and reading of "The Cape May Chautau-I-July.

quan" edited by Mrs. L. H. Swain. August 1 is Recognition Day on which the usual order of such occasions is varied by having the graduates appear as essayists. The President addresses the class. After the delivery of diplomas by Mrs. Swain, the remaining exercises of the day will be a second Chalk Talk, a Vesper Service, and a lecture by Dr. James Liske.

OCEAN GROVE, THE closing day of the **NEW JERSEY.** Ocean Grove Assembly, July 23, is to be celebrated as Recognition Day; the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley is to be the orator; and the Procession, the passing the Arches, the Formal Recognition of the Class of '90, the presentation of Diplomas, and all the other characteristic features of the occasion will be observed.

The leading officers of the Assembly are the President, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Stokes, and Superintendent of Instruction, Dr. B. B. Loomis. Dr. Loomis is to conduct the Advanced Normal classes; the Rev. W. H. Groat, the Normal; and Mrs. B. B. Loomis the Boys and Girls' class.

The lecturers for the session are to be Bishop A. G. Andrews, D.D., Dr. J. M. Buckley, Dr. O. A. Brown, Dr. Henry Wheeler, the Rev. Jay Chester Wilson, the Rev. W. H. Groat.

The opening day of the session, which will be the sixth in the history of the Assembly, will be July 12. The grounds and the water offer the best facilities for out-of-door recreation.

OCEAN PARK, THE departments of instruction provided for by this

MAINE. Assembly are, the Sunday-school Normal Course, including the Advanced Normal, the Outline Bible Studies, Intermediate, and Young People's classes; Schools of Oratory and of Music. They are presided over respectively by the Rev. Dr. Summerbell, the Rev. J. M. Lowden, Mrs. Metcalf, Miss Angersen, Prof. Southwick, Prof. Kennisen, and Mrs. M. D. Shepherd.

The President of the Association and the Superintendent of Instruction are Mr. Rufus Deering and the Rev. Dr. Summerbell. The time agreed upon by them and the other officers as the best for all concerned, for the annual session, is from July 22 and August 2.

Dr. A. E. Dunning will give the address to the graduating class on Recognition Day, July 31. The leading speakers engaged for the platform are Drs. Selah Merrill, Dunning, Bayley, J. L. Phillips, Odell, and Summerbell; the Revs. Waldo Messaros, L. G. Bean, J. E. Daure; Profs. Angell and Southwick.

OTTAWA, THE twelfth session of the **KANSAS.** Assembly will be held from June 17 to June 27. The President is the Rev. D. C. Milner, D.D., and the Superintendent of Instruction, the Rev. Jesse L. Hurlbut, D.D.

Among the speakers engaged for the coming season are Dr. Gunsaulus, G. W. Bain, R. H. Conwell, Dr. J. C. Price, Rev. Geo. W. Miller, Mr. Leland T. Powers. Dr. McClintock of the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts will give a course of lectures on the English Romantic Poets. Dr. Palmer will conduct the music.

The Advanced Normal Department will be conducted by Prof. H. S. Jacobi, the Normal, by Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, Primary Teachers' and Young People's Classes, by Mrs. Kennedy; Children's and Little People's classes, by Miss Carrie L. Brooks. The Ministers' Institute will be under the charge of Dean Wright, who will also conduct the School of the English Bible. Daily meetings of the W. C. T. U.

The river affords opportunities for boating, and the park for base ball.

The C. L. S. C. holds its meetings in the Hall of Philosophy, a copy of the one at Chautauqua. Some of the classes have headquarters. The usual processions and exercises will be held on Recognition Day, June 25, with the Recognition address by the Rev. George C. Lorrimer, D.D. The Assembly expects to boom the Class of '94.

OXFORD, ENGLAND. No detailed plans regarding this English Assembly have yet been forwarded, but the third annual meeting is to be held some time during the summer. The method pursued last year, and which proved so successful, divided the session into two parts. The exercises of the first part of the time followed the general plan adopted at Chautauqua; while the closing weeks were devoted to the studies included in the University-Extension Movement. The great interest manifested put beyond all doubt the question of repeating the undertaking for the following year.

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA. In July, beginning with the 3rd and closing with the 7th, will be held the eleventh session of the Pacific Grove Assembly.

The departments of study are as follows: Sunday-school Normal Work, Botany, Conchology, Art, Voice and Culture Delsarte, Cooking School, and a School of Photography.

The following lecturers have been secured for the term: C. E. Bolton, Col. G. W. Bain, the Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Bishop Fowler, the Rev. Dr. Hirst, the Rev. H. C. Minton, J. E. Richards, Esq., Miss Helen S. Wright, the Rev. Selah Brown. Prof. J. J. Morris will lead the choir singing of the Assembly. The Orion Club will furnish most brilliant musical entertainments during the entire Assembly.

Recognition Day has been fixed for July 10, at which time a large class will graduate. Addresses will be delivered by Dr. A. C. Hirst, who

acts both as President and Superintendent of Instruction, and by Dr. Gunsaulus.

Two Summer Schools under Chautauqua auspices are proposed, and will be opened July 1, to continue two months; a Normal School by Prof. D. S. Waterman, in which teachers will be aided in preparatory work; and a School of Languages by Prof. J. W. Reidemann. Thus it will be seen that the Pacific Grove Assembly is taking on the proportions of a Summer School which characterize the Chautauqua Assembly.

PIASA BLUFFS, ILLINOIS. The present time of writing is a little early for the details of the work for the third session of the Piasa Bluffs Assembly, to be held July 29—August 18. But such preparations are being made as will be certain to secure successful results. The officers, of whom the President is Mr. Benj. St. James Fry, and the Superintendent of Instruction, Dr. J. C. W. Coxe, hope that the fine new amphitheater now building, will be in readiness at the opening of the session.

The Sunday-school Normal department will be conducted by the Superintendent, and the Rev. Dr. F. Senig will have charge of all matters connected with the C. L. S. C. department. Recognition Day will occur on August 7.

PIEDMONT, ATLANTA, GEORGIA. At the Piedmont Assembly, which holds its third annual meeting July-16 August 27 there will be for the C. L. S. C. department daily Round Tables; Sunday Vesper Services; and Recognition Day, August 15, at which time the address will be made to the Class of '90 by Dr. J. H. Carlisle; the diplomas will be distributed in the afternoon; and a Camp Fire will be lighted in the evening. The C. L. S. C. prospects are reported as fair.

Boating, base-ball, classes in calisthenics and gymnastics will afford abundant opportunities for exercise and recreation. Under the direction of the President, the Hon. A. H. Hemphill, the mangement greatly improved the grounds.

Under the direction of the Superintendent the following departments of instruction have been provided; the Peabody Teachers' Institute; Grady Summer Schools,—French, Latin, Physics, Mathematics, Pedagogics, English Language and Literature—Decorative Art; Music; Elocution; Kindergarten; and Sunday-school Normal.

The Leading speakers engaged for the platform for the session are Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, Dr. Lysander Dickerman, Dean A. A. Wright, Pres. J. H. Carlisle, Sau Ah-Brah, Mr. Leon H. Vincent, the Hon. Ben Butterworth, Dr. Wm. T. Harris, the Hon. Edwin Willits, Maurice Thompson, Bishop C. B. Galloway, Dr. M. P. Hatfield, and others.

PUGET SOUND, THE marked and growing **WASHINGTON.** interest manifested in the Puget Sound Assembly assures an increased attendance upon its sixth yearly session to be held July 23—August 1. The Rev. J. D. Pierce, the President, Prof. L. E. Follensbee, Superintendent of Instruction, and all other members of the Board of managers, by dint of the utmost vigilance and effort are placing the Assembly upon a solid financial foundation, its influence is widening; and it promises now to be an established institution which will keep pace in growth and development with the new state in which it is located.

Departments of instruction provided for the session with able conductors are the Teachers' Normal, Science Classes, Bible Training School, and Temperance work. Among the speakers announced for the platform are the Rev. A. P. Powelson, the Rev. E. G. Wheeler, the Rev. C. C. Stratton. Fine boating and fishing, and fine parks fitted up for ball games, for tennis, and for croquet will afford ample means of recreation.

Recognition Day is to be observed on July 29.

REDONDO BEACH, THE dedication **SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.** of a large new amphitheater at Redondo Beach last February formed a fine prelude to the sixth summer session of the Assembly to be opened on July 24 and to continue until August 15. Situated on the ocean coast, the large and well-kept grounds offer the best opportunities for out-of-door sports.

August 14 will be celebrated in due form as Recognition Day, for which the full arrangements are not as yet reported. The departments of instruction to be opened are the Sunday-school Normal, Modern Languages, and Art.

Col. Homer B. Sprague, Jahu DeWitt Miller, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Milburn, C. E. Bolton, James Clement Ambrose, Miss Mabel Biggart, Dr. H. M. DuBose, the Rev. M. Frost D. D., Stephen Bowers, Ph. D., Col. H. H. Markham, Wm. Ormiston, D. D., are to appear as lecturers during the season. The Rev. S. J. Fleming is both President and Superintendent of Instruction.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN, THE leading speakers **COLORADO.** engaged for the platform during the coming session of the Rocky Mountain Assembly are as follows: The Rev. J. T. McFarland, Dr. John Chase, the Rev. W. F. Slocum, the Rev. W. O. Thompson, the Rev. Kerr B. Tupper, D. D., the Rev. Eli Corwin, D. D., the Rev. W. B. Lee, D. D., Prof. J. Raymond Brackett, the Rev. E. Trumbull Lee, D. D., the Hon. T. C. Henry.

Under the leadership of R. H. Gilmore, who

is both President and Superintendent of Instruction, provisions are being made for all parts of the work. The Normal Department is to be in charge of the Rev. W. H. Brodhead, and the Art Department, Prof. Charles M. Carter. Other departments not yet fully settled upon will be equipped and fully ready for work by the time of the opening.

Recognition Day occurs on July 30, which will also be the closing day of this, the fourth session of the Assembly, which is to open on July 9.

ROUND LAKE, OF the ten departments in **NEW YORK.** cluded in the Round Lake Summer Institute, which, with their different sessions, will occupy the whole season from June 2 to September 3, the Assembly proper is assigned the time included between the dates July 28 and August 15. These nineteen days will be filled with lectures and addresses and sermons and talks and Round Tables and concerts and exhibitions and delightful opportunities for culture and profit and rest.

The five classes of instruction belonging to the Assembly proper, are: the Post-Graduate Class, taught by Dr. H. C. Farrar; the Normal School, taught by Dr. B. B. Loomis; the Loyal Temperance Legion, the Intermediate Class and the Children's Class. The two leading officers of the Assembly are Dr. Wm. Griffin, President, and Dr. H. C. Farrar, Superintendent of Instruction.

Only a few of the lecturers coming on the platform for this the thirteenth session, can be indicated. They are Bishop John P. Newman, Dr. Henry Buttz, Secretary Melville Dewey, Mr. Charles F. Underhill, Dr. S. L. Bowman, Dr. G. M. Steele, Dr. James Strong, Philip Phillips. A great musical attraction will be the Kellogg Concert Company.

Recognition Day will occur August 9, for which occasion the program is as yet not completed, but all the usual ceremonies will be observed in such a manner as to make it what it has always been there, a "red letter day."

The natural location of the grounds, together with the care bestowed upon them, renders them a most delightful resort for recreation.

SAN MARCOS, THE San Marcos Chautauqua **TEXAS.** will open its sixth Assembly, June 26 and continue in session till July 23, July 16 being Recognition Day, when Dr. Harrison will make the leading address. The diplomas will be presented by the Superintendent. Daily exercises for the C. L. S. C. will be conducted at the Round Table meetings.

The Rev. H. M. DuBose is Superintendent of instruction; the Rev. M. O. Keller, conductor of the C. L. S. C. Department; Dr. S. J. Jones,

A.M., Ph.D., Superintendent of the Teachers' Normal Institute; Miss Cara Franklin, musical director.

Some of the special days of the term will be Agriculturists' Day, when a bold effort will be made to induce farmers to take up the C.L. S.C. course of study, which is so admirably adapted to their wants; Texas Day, San Jacinto Day, Press Day, National Day, Confederate Home Day, Alamo Day, Southern Historical Day, Harvest Home Day.

Among the distinguished men whose services have been secured to lecture, are Dr. James A. Harrison, LL.D., Ph.D., the Rev. W. T. Stott, D.D., the Rev. Dr. Lafferty, ex-Governor Ramon Trevino, the Rev. Dr. W. C. Black, the Rev. Dr. Chapman, the Rev. Dr. Carrodine, W. H. Milburn, Governor Will Cumback.

The grounds have been much improved since the last meeting, electric lights have been introduced, and new buildings erected. A pavilion has been finely fitted up for the C. L. S. C.

SEASIDE, KEY EAST, DURING the past NEW JERSEY. winter the Seaside Assembly has been preparing for the summer session by the erection of two permanent buildings in order to increase their facilities for instruction. There are now ready for use on the grounds a large Auditorium, a Hall of Philosophy, an Art building, and an Entrance building; and still, in order to furnish sufficient accommodation, two large tents have to be called into requisition.

The dates for the opening and closing of the coming session, which will make the seventh in number, are July 6 and August 31. Under the direction of President A. A. Wright, D.D., and Superintendent C. R. Blackall, D.D., the following departments are provided for: Art School, Elocution, Oratory and Physical Culture, Kindergarten, Music, Christian Philosophy, Sunday-school Work, English Bible, New Testament Greek, Ministers' Institute, French and German. The music will be under Prof. A. W. Borst.

Dr. Wright will address the graduating class on Recognition Day, August 28.

The principal lecturers are to be H. C. Hovey, D.D., Prof. L. C. Elson, Prof. F. H. Bailey, Mr. J. A. Green, Mr. J. C. Ambrose.

SILVER LAKE, A SESSION twenty-five days **NEW YORK.** in length will open at the Silver Lake Assembly and Summer Schools on July 14, and continue until August 7. The Rev. H. C. Woods is President, and the Rev. Ward Platt, Superintendent of Instruction.

Platform speakers engaged are: the Rev. Sam P. Jones, the Rev. Geo. P. Hayes, Frank Beard, the Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D. D., Mrs. Frank

Beard, Chancellor C. N. Sims, the Hon. Will Cumback, Prof. Wm. A. Dana, H. H. Ragan, Miss Gheer, of Japan. Readers and impersonators will be, Nella Brown Pond, Alfred Pearsall, Prof. W. A. Putnam. In the musical line there will be the Three Great Bells, the Harrington Concert Company, Prof. C. E. Leslie, Miss Alice Everitt, and the Fisk Jubilee Singers.

For members of the C. L. S. C. there are to be Round Table Conferences, in charge of Dr. J. L. Hurlbut and Mrs. Frank Beard; C. L. S. C. Commencement Day, August 1. For Sunday-school workers: Sunday-school Normal Bible Study, in charge of Dr. Hurlbut and the Rev. A. W. Hayes; School of English Bible, the Rev. W. C. Wilbor, Ph. D., Principal; Sunday-school Day, August 5. For Children: The Children's Hour, in charge of the Rev. G. M. Harris. Pictures every day by Frank Beard. For students: Schools of Language, Art, Literature, Music, History and Travel, Oratory, Bible Study, Conference Studies, Theology, Mind Culture, Short-Hand, Penmanship, and Practical Business.

TEXAS, UNDER the direction of GEORGETOWN. the Superintendent, the Rev. W. H. Shaw, the Texas Chautauqua Assembly will convene June 30 and remain in session until July 29. To the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles of the state it sends its third annual greeting and offers a hearty welcome; no pains have been spared in the preparations to make their stay both pleasant and profitable. Daily Round Tables will be held, for which a number of special essays have been prepared. For Recognition Day, July 16, a full program is arranged. The graduating exercises will be conducted by the Rev. W. W. Pinson.

Among special days are National Day, Odd Fellows' Day, Missionary Day, Music Day, and Sunday-school Day.

The Sunday-school Normal is in charge of the Rev. E. O. McIntire.

The Teachers' Normal, to be organized by Prof. C. C. Cody, is made one of the most important features of the summer's work. Other departments are the School of Music, directed by Mr. W. W. Works, and for which several well-known specialists are engaged; the Commercial School, Principal L. R. Walden, and the Children's Classes.

From the lecture platform there will be presented to the public the following speakers: T. DeWitt Talmage, the Rev. R. C. Armstrong, the Rev. W. B. Preston, the Hon. A. W. Terrell, the Rev. G. O. Bachman, Dr. D. F. C. Timmons, Peter Von Finkelstein Mamreov, the Rev. H. A. Bourland, Gov. Will Cumback, Gov. J. C. Un-

derwood. There will be a series of open air concerts by the Texas Chautauqua Band.

WARSAW. THE announcements for the first **INDIANA.** session of Warsaw Assembly fix the place at Spring Fountain Park, on Eagle Lake, and the time as July 16-28. The leading officer, is the Rev. D. C. Woolpert, M. D., D. D.

The subjoined are the departments arranged for: Normal Classes, School of Philosophy, Chorus Class and Voice Culture, Young Peoples' Interview, Ministers' Institute, School of Pedagogics, Kindergarten, Bible School, Art Department, Sunday-school Synod, Boys and Girls' Convention, School of Stenography and Typewriting. The music is in charge of Prof. D. A. Clippinger.

Special musical features are the Lindon Quartet, Chicago, the Whiteland Band, Indianapolis, the Mandolin Orchestra, Warsaw, Ind.

For the platform speakers there are to be the Rev. J. H. Wilson, Prof. J. B. De Mott, Ph. D., Jahu DeWitt Miller, Joseph Cook, Dr. P. S. Henson, Dr. A. A. Willits, Gen. W. H. Gibson, Gov. Will Cumback, Dr. J. H. Potts.

Special days will be Young People's Day, Old People's Day, Grand Army Day, Closing Day. There will be no Recognition Day, as the plans for this work could not be completed in time.

WASECA. THE Waseca Assembly will **MINNESOTA.** present this year, for its seventh season, extending from July 8 to July 31, a much more complete and elaborate program than ever before in its history. The following is the Assembly plan. Departments: I. Music.—Director, Prof. H. A. Lewis.—II. Schools—Director, the Superintendent of Instruction, the Rev. H. C. Jennings; French, German, Short-hand, Botany, Biology, Astronomy, Microscopy, History; Crayon Work, Mr. Frank Beard; Commercial School, Prof. W. L. Beeman.—III. Sunday-school—Director, the Rev. F. M. Rule; Advanced Normal, Normal, Conversations in Practical Methods, the Model Sunday-school.—IV. Teachers' normal—Director, Prof. A. W. Rankin.—V. Theology—Director, the Rev. J. E. Smith, D.D.—VI. The C. L. S. C.—Director, the Superintendent; the Round Table, the Vesper Service, Recognition Day, July 24, for which occasion an elaborate program is prepared; Dr. Henson will be the speaker, and in the evening there will be the Camp Fire. Particular attention will be paid throughout the Assembly to C. L. S. C. work.

Among the lecturers engaged are Dr. Talmage, the Hon. R. G. Horr, Dr. T. K. Beecher, Joseph Cook, C. E. Bolton, Frank Beard, Dr. J. C. Freeman, E. L. Eaton, Dr. W. L. Davidson, and

many others. The Rev. Dr. J. F. Chaffee is President of the Assembly.

WILLIAMS GROVE, THE sixth session of **PENNSYLVANIA.** the Cumberland Valley Sunday-school Assembly will be held at Williams Grove, near Mechanicsburg, Pa., July 21-26 inclusive. Tuesday the 22d is Chautauqua Day. The management, whose leading officers are W. D. Means, President, and H. C. Pardoe, Conductor of the C. L. S. C. department, fixes the afternoon of that day for graduation exercises of the Class of '90. This will furnish an opportunity for a reunion of Chautauquans. Dr. George E. Reed, President of Dickinson College, will lecture at 10:30 of this day, and the Hon. James (Corporal) Tanner in the evening. There will be Round Tables and meetings of the Society of the Hall in the Grove.

The Normal department will be made a prominent feature of the season. Special Days will be Temperance, Missionary, and the Annual Feast Day in the Woods, which is a very unique occasion. The leading speakers engaged are George E. Reed, D.D., President of Dickinson College, Willis J. Beecher, the Hon. James Tanner, Clinton B. Fisk, W. H. Davidson, George B. Stewart.

WINFIELD, THE opening of the fourth annual session of the Winfield Chautauqua Assembly will occur on June 24, and the closing exercises on July 4. Recognition Day will occur on July 1, at which time it is hoped that Bishop Vincent will be present and make the address. There will be the usual C. L. S. C. ceremonies and illuminations.

The different departments and their instructors will be as follows: Normal Classes, the Rev. B. T. Vincent; Music, Prof. Geo. F. Brierly; Elocution, Prof. W. W. Carnes.

The lecturers secured are Dr. Talmage, Dr. Robert McIntyre, Dr. G. W. Miller, General Alger, Rev. Dr. Winters, A. Minor Griswold. Arrangements are being completed with several other lecturers of national reputation.

A special feature of the Assembly will be Editors' Day, June 24th, when leading newspaper men of the country will speak.

The President, J. C. Fuller, and the Superintendent, the Rev. B. T. Vincent, D. D., report that there was never so deep an interest taken in all matters connected with the Assembly and C. L. S. C. work as there is this year.

THE MAHTOMEDI Assembly will hold a session at White Bear Lake, Minn., and CLARION DISTRICT Assembly, Pa., one also. The dates of opening and closing have not been received, and no further data than that Recognition Day Services would be celebrated on July 19 and July 12 respectively.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

MY GARDEN.

I LEFT my garden for a week, just at the close of the dry spell. A season of rain immediately set in, and when I returned the transformation was wonderful. In one week, every vegetable had fairly jumped forward. The tomatoes, which I left slender plants, eaten of bugs and debating whether they would go backward or forward, had become stout and lusty, with thick stems and dark leaves, and some of them had blossomed. The corn waved like that which grows so rank out of the French-English mixture at Waterloo. The squashes—I will not speak of the squashes. The most remarkable growth was the asparagus. There was not a spear above ground when I went away; and now it had sprung up, and gone to seed, and there were stalks higher than my head. I am entirely aware of the value of words, and of moral obligations. When I say that the asparagus had grown six feet in seven days, I expect and wish to be believed. I am a little particular about the statement; for, if there is a prize offered for asparagus at the next agricultural fair, I wish to compete, speed to govern. What I claim is the fastest asparagus. As for eating purposes, I have seen better.

I scarcely dare trust myself to speak of the weeds. They grow as if the devil was in them. I know a lady, a member of the church, and a very good sort of woman, considering the subject condition of that class, who says that the weeds work on her to that extent, that, in going through her garden, she has the greatest difficulty in keeping the ten commandments in any thing like an unfractured condition. I asked her which one, but she said all of them; one felt like breaking the whole lot. The sort of weed which I hate most (if I can be said to hate any thing that grows in my own garden) is the "pusley," a fat, ground-clinging, spreading, greasy thing, and the most propagatious (it is not my fault if the word is not in the dictionary) plant I know. I saw a Chinaman who came over with a returned missionary, and pretended to be converted, boil a lot of it in a pot, stir in eggs, and mix and eat it with relish—"Me likee he." It will be a good thing to keep the Chinamen on when they come to do our gardening. I only fear that they will cultivate it at the expense of the strawberries and melons. Who can say that other weeds, which we despise, may

not be the favorite food of some remote people or tribe. We ought to abate our conceit. It is possible that we destroy in our gardens that which is really of most value in some other place. Perhaps, in like manner, our faults and vices are virtues in some remote planet. I cannot see, however, that this thought is of the slightest value to us here, any more than weeds are.

There is another subject which is forced upon my notice. I like neighbors, and I like chickens; but I do not think they ought to be united near a garden. Neighbors' hens in your garden are an annoyance. Even if they did not scratch up the corn, and peck the strawberries, and eat the tomatoes, it is not pleasant to see them straddling about in their jerkey, high-stepping, speculative manner, picking inquisitively here and there. It is of no use to tell your neighbor that his hens eat your tomatoes: it makes no impression on him, for the tomatoes are not his. The best way is to casually remark to him that he has a fine lot of chickens, pretty well grown, and that you like spring chickens broiled. He will take them away at once. The neighbors' small children are also out of place in your garden, in strawberry and currant time. I hope I appreciate the value of children. But the problem is what to do with them in a garden. For they are not good to eat, and there is a law against making away with them. The law is not very well enforced, it is true; for people do thin them out with constant dosing, paregoric, and soothing-syrups, and scanty clothing. But I, for one, feel that it would not be right, aside from the law, to take the life even of the smallest child, for the sake of a little fruit, more or less, in the garden. I may be wrong; but these are my sentiments, and I am not ashamed of them. When we come, as Bryant says in his "Iliad," to leave the circus of this life, and join that innumerable caravan which moves, it will be some satisfaction to us, that we have never, in the way of gardening, disposed of even the humblest child unnecessarily. My plan would be to put them into Sunday-school, and to give the Sunday-schools an agricultural turn; teaching the children the sacredness of neighbors' vegetables. I think that our Sunday-schools do not sufficiently impress upon children the danger from snakes and otherwise of going into neighbors' gardens.—*From Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden."*

A FOURTH OF JULY SENTIMENT.

"If you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do every thing for them. Think of your home, boy; write, and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother."—*Edward Everett Hale.**

ALGONQUINS *vs.* ATALANTAS

No boat-race or regatta ever began at the time appointed for the start. Somebody breaks an oar, or somebody fails to appear in season, or something is the matter with a seat or an outrigger; or if there is no such excuse, the crew of one or both or all the boats to take part in the race must paddle about to get themselves ready for work, to the infinite weariness of all the spectators, who naturally ask why all this getting ready is not attended to beforehand. The Algonquins wore plain gray flannel suits and white caps. The young ladies were all in dark blue dresses, touched up with a red ribbon here and there, and wore light straw hats. The little coxswain of the Atalanta was the last to step on board. As she took her place she carefully deposited at her feet a white handkerchief wrapped about something or other—perhaps a sponge, in case the boat should take in water.

At last the Algonquin shot out from the little nook where she lay—long, narrow, shining, swift as a pickerel when he darts from the reedy shore. It was a beautiful sight to see the eight young fellows in their close-fitting suits, their brown muscular arms bare, bending their backs for the stroke and recovering, as if they were parts of a single machine.

"The gals can't stan' it agin them fellers," said the old blacksmith from the village.

"You wait till the gals get a-goin'," said the carpenter, who had often worked in the gymnasium of the Corinna Institute, and knew something of their muscular accomplishments. "Y' ought to see 'em climb ropes, and swing dumb-bells, and pull in them rowin'-machines. Ask Jake there whether they can't row a mild in double-quick time—he knows all about it."

Jake made his usual preliminary signal, and delivered himself to the following effect:

"Wahl, I don' know jest what to say. I've seed 'em both often enough when they was practisin', an' I tell ye the' wa'n't no slouch about neither on 'em. But them boats is all-fired long, 'n' eight on 'em stretched in a straight line eendways makes a considerable piece aout 'f a mile 'n' a haaf. I'd bate on them gals if it wa'n't that them fellers is naturally longer winded, as the gals 'll find aout by the time they git raound the stake 'n' over agin the big ellum. I'll go ye a quarter on the pahnts agin the petticoats."

Five minutes passed, and all eyes were strained to the south looking for the Atalanta. A clump of trees hid the edge of the lake along which the Corinna's boat was stealing toward the starting point. Presently the long shell swept into view, with its blooming rowers, who, with their ample dresses, seemed to fill it almost as full as Raphael fills his skiff on the edge of the Lake of Galilee. And if the sight of the other boat and its crew was beautiful, how lovely was the look of this! Eight young girls—young ladies, for those who prefer that more dignified and less attractive expression—all in the flush of youth, all in vigorous health; every muscle taught its duty; each rower alert, not to be a tenth of a second out of time, or let her oar dally with the water so as to lose an ounce of its propelling virtue; every eye kindling with the hope of victory. Each of the boats was cheered as it came in sight, but the cheers for the Atalanta were naturally the loudest, as the gallantry of one sex and the clear, high voices of the other gave it life and vigor.

"Take your places!" shouted the umpire, five minutes before the half hour. The two boats felt their way slowly and cautiously to their positions, which had been determined by careful measurement. After a little backing and filling they got into line, at the proper distance from each other, and sat motionless, their bodies bent forward, their arms outstretched, their oars in the water, waiting for the word.

*The Man Without a Country. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

"Go!" shouted the umpire.

Away sprang the Atalanta, and far behind her leaped the Algonquin, her oars bending like so many Indian bows as their blades flashed through the water.

"A stern chase is a long chase," especially when one craft is a great distance behind the other. It looked as if it would be impossible for the rear boat to overcome the odds against it. Of course the Algonquin kept gaining, but could it possibly gain enough? That was the question. As the boats got farther and farther away, it became more and more difficult to determine what change there was in the interval between them.

But when they came to rounding the stake, it was easier to guess at the amount of space which had been gained. It was clear that something like half the distance, four lengths, as nearly as could be estimated, had been made up in rowing the first three-quarters of a mile. Could the Algonquins do a little better than this in the second half of the race-course, they would be sure of winning.

The boats had turned the stake, and were coming in rapidly. Every minute the University boat was getting nearer the other.

"Go it, Quins!" shouted the students.

"Pull away, Lantas!" screamed the girls, who were crowding down to the edge of the water.

Nearer,—nearer,—the rear boat is pressing the other more and more closely,—a few more strokes, and they will be even, for there is but one length between them, and thirty rods will carry them to the line. It looks desperate for the Atalantas. The bow oar of the Algonquins turns his head. He sees the little coxswain leaning forward at every stroke, as if her trivial weight were of such mighty consequence,—but a few ounces might turn the scale of victory. As he turned he caught a glimpse of the stroke oar of the Atalanta. What a flash of loveliness it was. Her face was like the reddest of June roses, with the heat and the strain and the passion of expected triumph. The bow oar was a staunch and steady rower, but he was human. The blade of his oar lingered in the water; a little more and he would have caught a crab, and perhaps lost the race by his momentary bewilderment.

The boat, which seemed as if it had all the life and nervousness of a Derby three-year-old, felt the slight check, and all her men bent more vigorously to their oars. The Atalantas saw the movement, and made a spurt to keep their lead and gain upon it if they could. It was of no use. The strong arms of the young men were too much for the young maidens; only a few lengths remained to be rowed, and they would

certainly pass the Atalanta before she could reach the line.

The little coxswain saw that it was all up with the girl's crew if she could not save them by some strategic device. As she stooped, she lifted the handkerchief at her feet, and took from it a flaming bouquet. "Look!" she cried, and flung it just forward of the track of the Algonquin. It was a challenge; how could he be such a coward as to decline accepting it!

He turned the boat's head a little by backing water. He came up with the floating flowers, and near enough to reach them. He stooped and snatched them up, with the loss perhaps of a second in all. He felt sure of his victory.

The bow of the Algonquin passes the stern of the Atalanta. The bow of the Algonquin is on a level with the middle of the Atalanta. Three more lengths' rowing and the college crew will pass the girls.

"Hurrah for the Quins!" The Algonquin ranges up alongside of the Atalanta.

"Through with her!" shouts the captain of the Algonquin.

"Now, girls!" shrieks the captain of the Atalanta.

They near the line, every rower straining desperately, almost madly. Crack goes the oar of the Atalanta's captain, and up flash its splint-ered fragments, as the stem of her boat springs past the line, eighteen inches at least ahead of the Algonquin.

Hooraw for the Lantas! Hooraw for the Girls! Hooraw for the Institoot! shout a hundred voices.

"Hurrah for woman's rights and female suffrage!" pipes the small voice of The Terror, and there is loud laughing and cheering all around.

She had not studied her classical dictionary and her mythology for nothing. "I have paid off one old score," she said. "Set down my damask roses against the golden apples of Hippomenes."

It was that one second lost in snatching up the bouquet, which gave the race to the Atalantas.—*From Oliver Wendell Holmes' "A Mortal Antipathy."**

A BED OF NETTLES.

REACHING my hand into the hedge-row to pick a long lithe, blossoming spray of black bryony—here it is, with its graceful climbing stem, its glossy heart-shaped leaves, and its pretty,

*Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

greenish lily flowers—I have stung myself rather badly against the nettles that grow rank and tall from the rich mud in the ditch below. Nothing soothes a nettle-sting like philosophy and dock-leaf; so I shall rub a little of the leaf on my hand, and then sit awhile on the Hole Farm gate here to philosophize about nettles and things generally, as is my humble wont. There is a great deal more in nettles, I believe, than most people are apt to imagine; indeed, the nettle-philosophy at present current with the larger part of the world, seems to me lamentably one-sided. As a rule, the sting is the only point in the whole organization of the family over which we waste a single thought. That is our ordinary human narrowness; in each plant or animal we interest ourselves about that one part alone which has special relations with it, for good or for evil. Now I frankly admit at the present moment that the nettle-sting has an obtrusive and unnecessarily pungent way of forcing itself upon the human attention; but it does not sum up the whole life-history of the plant in its own one peculiarity for all that. The nettle exists for its own sake, we may be sure, and not merely for the sake of occasionally inflicting a passing smart upon the meddlesome human fingers.

However, the sting itself, viewed philosophically, is not without decided interest of its own. It is one, and perhaps the most highly developed, among the devices by which plants guard themselves against the attacks of animals. But the sting certainly does not exhaust the whole philosophy of the nettle. Look, for example, at the stem and leaves. The nettle has found its chance in life, its one fitting vacancy, among the ditches and waste-places by roadsides or near cottages; and it has laid itself out for the circumstances in which it lives. Its near relative, the hop, is a twisting climber; its southern cousins, the fig and the mulberry, are tall and spreading trees. But the nettle has made itself a niche in nature along the bare patches which diversify human cultivation; and it has adapted its stem and leaves to the station in life where it has pleased Providence to place it.

Then again, there is the flower of the nettle, which in most plants is so much the most conspicuous part of all. Yet in this particular plant it is so unobtrusive that most people never notice its existence in any way. That is because the nettle is wind-fertilized, and so does not need bright and attractive petals. Here are the flowering branches, a lot of little forked antler-like spikes, sticking out at right angles from the stem, and half concealed by the leaves of

the row above them. Like many other wind-fertilized flowers, the stamens and pistils are collected on different plants—a plan which absolutely ensures cross-fertilization, without the aid of insects.

Finally, there is the question of fruit. In the fig and the mulberry, the fruit is succulent and depends for its dispersion upon birds and animals. In the nettle it takes the form of a tiny seed-like flattened nut. Why is this, again? One might as well ask, why are we not all Lord Chancellors or Presidents of the Royal Academy. Each plant and each animal makes the best of such talents as it has got, and gets on by their aid; but all have not the same talents. One survives by dint of its prickles; another by dint of its attractive flowers; a third by its sweet fruit; a fourth by its hard nut-shell. As regards stings, the nettle is one of the best protected plants; as regards flowers and fruit, it is merely one of the ruck. Every plant can only take advantage of any stray chances it happens to possess; and the same advantageous tendencies do not show themselves in all alike. It is said that once a certain American, hearing of the sums which Canova got for his handicraft, took his son to the great man's studio, and inquired how much he would ask to make the boy a sculptor. But there is no evidence to show that the aspiring youth ever produced an Aphrodite or a Discobolus.—*Grant Allen.*

THE PATRIOTIC ORATOR.

WE'RE a vast people—that's beyond a doubt—
And nothing loath to let the secret out.
Vain were his labors who should now begin
To stop our growth, or fence the country in.
Let the bold sceptic who denies our worth
Just hear it proved on any "Glorious Fourth,"
When patriot tongues the thrilling tale rehearse
In grand orations, or resounding verse;
When poor John Bull beholds his navies sink
Before the blast, in swelling floods of ink,
And vents his wrath till all around is blue,
To see his armies yearly flogged anew;
While honest Dutchmen, round the speaker's
stand,

Forget, for once, their dearer fatherland,
And thrifty Caledonians bless the fate
That gives them freedom at so cheap a rate,
And a clear right to celebrate the day,
And not a baubee for the boon to pay;
And Gallia's children prudently relieve
Their bursting bosoms, with as loud a "vive"
For "L'Amérique," as when their voices swell
With equal glory for "la bagatelle";

And ardent sons of Erin's blessed Isle
 Grow patriotic in the Celtic style,
 And, all for friendship, bruise each other's eyes,
 As when Saint Patrick claims the sacrifice;
 While thronging Yankees, all intent to hear,
 As if the speaker were an auctioneer,
 Swell with the theme, till every mother's son
 Feels all his country's magnitude his own.
 You'll hear about that sturdy little flock
 Who landed once on Plymouth's barren rock,
 Daring the dangers of the angry main,
 For civil freedom and for godly gain;
 An honest, frugal, hardy, dauntless band,
 Who sought a refuge in this Western land,
 Where—(if their own quaint language I may use
 That carried back the first Colonial news)—
 "Where all the saints may worship as they wish,
 And catch abundance of the finest fish."
 You'll hear, amazed, the hardships they endured,
 To what untold privations were inured,—
 What wondrous feats of stout, herculean toil,
 Ere they subdued the savage and the soil,
 And drave, at least, the intruding heathen out,
 Till Witches, Quakers, all were put to rout.

These hardy pioneers

Grow, in the flight of scarce a hundred years,
 Till, where a few weak colonies were seen,
 Thrive in their strength "the glorious Old
 Thirteen."

And these, anon, released from British rule,
 Swarm like the pupils of a parish school;
 And still they flourish at a wondrous rate,
 Towns follow towns, and state succeeds to state,
 Until, at last, among its crimson bars,
 Our country's banner, crowded full of stars,
 O'er Freedom's sons in happy triumph waves.

—*John G. Saxe.*

ONE DAY'S CAMPING OUT.

I HAD been working very hard at the office that summer, and was very glad to think of my two weeks' vacation. I had intended spending these two weeks in rural retirement at home, but my family physician caused me to change my mind. I told him my plan.

"Now," said he, "if I were you, I'd do nothing of the kind. You have been working too hard; your face shows it. You need rest and change. Nothing will do you as much good as to camp out; that will be fifty times better than going to any summer resort. You can take your wife with you. I know she'll like it. I don't care where you go, so that it's a healthy spot. Get a good tent and an outfit, be off to the woods, and forget all about business and domestic matters for a few weeks."

This sounded delightful and I propounded the matter to Euphemia that evening. She thought very well of it, and was sure we could do it.

We laid in a stock of canned and condensed provisions, and I bought a book on camping out so as to be well posted on the subject.

We found it very difficult to decide where to go. There were thousands of places where people went to camp out, but none of them seemed to be the place for us. Most of them were too far away. We figured up the cost of taking ourselves and our camp equipage to the Adirondacks, the lakes, the trout streams of Maine, or any of these well known resorts, and we found that we could not afford such trips; especially for a vacation of but fourteen days.

On Sunday afternoon we took a little walk. "Look here!" exclaimed Euphemia, "do you see this river, those woods, those beautiful fields, with not a soul in them or anywhere near them; and those lovely blue mountains over there? Now what could we want better than this?" She continued, "here we can fish and do every thing that we want to. I say, let us camp here on our own river. I can take you to the very spot for the tent. Come on, what do you want with your Adirondacks and your Dismal Swamps? Here, under this oak is the place for the tent"

"Euphemia," said I, in as composed a tone as possible, although my whole frame was trembling with emotion, "Euphemia, I am glad I married you."

Early the next morning, old John's fifteen-dollar horse drew from our house a wagon-load of camp fixtures.

Old John helped me pitch the tent, and as neither of us understood the matter very well, it took us some time.

The fire did not burn very well, and while I was at work at it Euphemia spread a cloth upon the grass, and set forth bread and butter, cheese, sardines, potted ham, preserves, biscuits, and a lot of other things.

We did not wait for the kettle to boil, but concluded to do without tea or coffee for this meal, and content ourselves with pure water. For some reason or other, however, the creek water did not seem to be very pure, and we did not like it at all. "After luncheon," said I, "we will go and look for a spring." Soon after lunch we started out. We searched high and low, near and far, for a spring, but could not find one. At length, by merest accident, we found ourselves in the vicinity of old John's little house. We told old John about our unexpected trouble in finding a spring.

"No," said he very slowly, "there is no spring

very near to you. Didn't you tell your gal to bring you water?"

"No," I replied, "we don't want her coming down to the camp."

"Oh, very well," said John, "I will bring good water, morning and night—good, fresh water—from my well, for—for ten cents a day."

Early in the afternoon I went out to catch some fish. I had been fishing an hour or more when I saw Euphemia running toward me.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"Oh, nothing. I've just come down to see how you were getting along. Haven't you been gone an awfully long time? And are those all the fish you've caught? What little bits of things they are. I thought people who camped out caught big fish and lots of them?"

"That depends a good deal upon where they camp," said I.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Euphemia; "however, if you can't catch any, you might go up to the road and watch for Mr. Mulligan."

"I'm not going to the road to watch for any fishman," I replied, a little more testily than I should have spoken. "What sort of camping out would that be?"

I went a short distance up the creek and threw my line into a dark, shadowy pool, under some alders, where there should certainly be fish. And, sure enough, in less than a minute I got a splendid bite. I would have played the fish until he was tired, and I could pull him out without risk to the pole, but I did not know exactly how the process of "playing" was conducted.

Directly I heard Euphemia cry out:

"Give him the butt! Give him the butt!"

"Give him what?" I exclaimed.

"The butt! the butt! I read how Edward Everett Hale did it in the *Adirondacks*." "No, it wasn't Hale at all," said I, as I jumped about the bank; "It was Mr. Murray."

"Well, it was one of those fishing ministers, and I know that it caught the fish."

As soon as I had a firm hold about it I pulled in regardless of consequences, and hauled ashore an enormous cat-fish.

"Hurrah," I shouted, "here is a prize."

So back to camp we went. My wife fried the fish, because I told her that was the way that cat-fish ought to be cooked, although she said that it seemed very strange to her to camp out for the sake of one's health, and then to eat fried fish.

But that fish was delicious. The very smell of it made us hungry.

"Now isn't this better than being cooped up in a narrow, constricted house?" said I.

"Ever so much better," said Euphemia.

"Now we know what nature is. We are sitting down in her lap, and she is cuddling us up."

"Oh, I think this is perfectly splendid!" said she, making a little dab at her face, "if it wasn't for the mosquitoes."

"They are bad," I said. "I thought my pipe would keep them off, but it don't. There must be plenty of them down at that creek."

"Why there are thousands of them here!" exclaimed Euphemia. "I never saw any thing like it. They are getting worse every minute."

"I'll tell you what we must do," I exclaimed, jumping up. "We must make a smudge."

"What's that? Do you rub it on yourself?" asked Euphemia, anxiously.

"No, it is only a great smoke. Come, let us gather up dry leaves and make a smoldering fire of them."

We managed to get up a very fair smudge, and we stood to the lee-ward of it, until Euphemia began to cough and sneeze, as if her head would come off. With tears running from her eyes, she declared she would rather go and be eaten alive than stay in that smoke.

"Perhaps we are too near it," said I.

"That may be," she answered, "but I have had enough smoke. 'Why didn't I think of it before? I brought two vails. We can put these over our faces and wear gloves.'"

Veiled and gloved we bade defiance to the mosquitoes and we sat and talked for an hour or more. I made a little hole in my veil through which I put the mouth-piece of my pipe.

When it became really dark, I lighted the lantern, and we prepared for a well earned night's rest.—*Arranged from Frank Stockton's "Rudder Grange."**

SUMMER NOON.

THE air is full of soothing sounds. The bee
Within the waxen lily's honeyed cells,
In monotone of mellow measure tells
His yet unsated joyance; drowsily
The swallows spill their liquid melody
As down the sky they drop, and faintly swells
The tremulous tinkle of the far sheep bells,
While wind-harps sigh in every crownéd tree.

Beneath the beechen shade the reapers lie,
Upon their lips a merry harvest tune;
Knee-deep within a neighboring stream, the kine
Stand blinking idly in the clear sunshine;
And like a dream of olden Arcady
Seems the sweet languor of the summer noon.

—Clinton Scollard.†

* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† Old and New World Lyrics. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Brother.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Bishop Simpson. Dr. Crooks has clearly established for himself a high reputation as a biographer in his *Life of Bishop Simpson*.* It is in all respects an able work. It plainly traces the successive steps of the progress of the Bishop from a poor village lad through all the varying phases of his successful career. The versatile character of the man is strikingly portrayed, — his modesty, his unassuming manners, his self-distrustfulness, and, on the other hand, his perseverance, his determined will power, his remarkable powers as an orator, an administrator, a far-seeing statesman, and a Christian minister. A decided partisan in all the great issues of the day and in ardent sympathy with true advance movements, it is shown how his strong personality left its impress everywhere, and influenced all persons. The author counts the stirring addresses of Bishop Simpson during the Civil War as of more value to the nation than an army of men, and calls back to mind the high estimate placed upon his personal counsel by President Lincoln. The book, a large portion of which is composed of extracts from the Bishop's own writings, also offers a fine study in the history of Methodism.

Historical
Studies.

If Mr. Henry Boynton had been reared and disciplined in ancient Sparta he could not have learned a more laconic style of expression than that which marks his book "*The World's Greatest Conflict*."† The bold, terse sentences seem fairly to be shot at the reader. Many of the statements are so contrary to prevalent opinion as to cause the thought that they have originated with him, but he is careful to support all with high testimony. The struggle for good government, especially that made in the United States in the earlier part of its national existence, and in France during and after her Reign of Terror, he esteems as the greatest conflict of the world. — Part II. of the Allen-Myers' series of textbooks on "*Ancient History*,"‡ covers the Roman period. The excellent method pursued in the preceding volume of giving clear divisions and outlines in short paragraphs marked by heavy

black faced type, is preserved. Its style of writing is simple and interesting; its statements are careful and accurate. A valuable feature is to be found in the frequent foot-notes referring to historical novels and popular readings bearing upon the lessons for fuller illustrations of their events and times. — "*The Story of Russia*,"* beginning with the legendary times which center about Novgorod and Kiev and furnish among many sketches those of the ancient Vikings and of Vladimir, the first Christian ruler, and ending with an account of the present Czar, ruling over an immense region of 8,644,100 square miles, is one of particular interest at the present time and is well told. At the outset the author announces it as his intention to avoid drawing his sketch from an English standpoint, which would conceal the dark parts of the picture, and also to avoid indulging in the abuse which some Western writers heap upon that land. The result is a fair, unprejudiced, evenly-balanced history. — English history from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of Queen Anne, is unrolled before the reader as in a panorama in the second volume of "*English Lands, Letters and Kings*."† Bright, flashing little glimpses of all great events and great personages are given, and the whole are deftly linked together by such clear and pleasing explanations as to make the work a delightful entertainment. As a guide to the literature touching upon these times, it possesses great value, referring as it does, to all works of note concerning them, whether in the form of history, biography, novels, or poetry.

Criticism and
Essay.

There could be no more charming book of its kind than Mr. Story's "*Conversations in a Studio*."‡ It is the talk of two cultured persons familiar with the best things in art, literature, and history, whose discussions are not mere "words, words, words," but the clear expression of ideas. The conversation is spirited and is stimulating to the reader, recalling what has long been forgotten and bringing out a new shade of meaning; and sometimes these garrulous two by their clear

* *The Life of Bishop Matthew Simpson*. By George R. Crooks, D. D. New York: Harper and Brothers. Price, \$3.75.

† *The World's Greatest Conflict*. By Henry Boynton. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price, \$1.25.

‡ *A Short History of the Roman People*. By William F. Allen. Boston: Ginn & Co.

* *The Story of Russia*. By W. R. Morfill, M. A. New York: Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

† *English Lands, Letters and Kings*. By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Son's. Price, \$1.50.

‡ *Conversations in a Studio*. By William Wetmore Story. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 2 volumes. Price, \$1.25 each.

criticisms and minute analyses make the most favorite theory seem foolish. Mr. Story says that "a new joke is almost as rare as a new star"; this is true of the *bon mots* and illustrations of the two conversers, but they are so apropos that this is easily forgiven and they are recognized as "good things." One could wish that these brilliant talkers might go on forever.—Quite as pleasing in their way as Mr. Story's Dialogues are Mr. Russell's Monologues.* The author has read widely in English and French literature. The manners of men, their eccentricities of mind, their antipathies and likings, their odd experiences, he has a genius for picking out of his reading and grouping. Does something suggest the devil to him, he immediately recalls Carlyle's anger with Emerson for not believing in his Majesty, Crebillon's choosing his domain for the scene of his tragedies because Corneille had appropriated heaven, and Racine, earth, etc. Is he forced to choose between town and country, immediately he summons Macaulay and Jekyll and Lamb, and numbers of others to tell him what they think of the two. Whatever comes up, his books furnish him stuff for monologues whose cleverness and informality make them delightful reading.—There is much droll comment and some clever *mots* in Jerome's "Idle Thoughts."† The commonest of topics furnish his themes and they are treated with an easy loquacity sometimes very graceful, but which now and then shows an attempt at whimsicality or humor which is not pleasing. A wise pruning would have made the book better. There is much refreshing common sense in his discussions on getting on in the world, on being idle, and on dressing.—Mr. Gosse has published an appreciative and worthy tribute to the memory of Robert Browning in his little volume of "Personalialia."‡ Bright sketches of the poet's personal career, short reviews of some of his works, and personal impressions received during years of familiar acquaintance form this most readable book. The spirit of loyal friendship running through the whole is one of its admirable features.—To the edition of the Variorum Shakspeare has been added the volume "As You Like It."§

* A Club of One. In a Club Corner. By A. P. Russell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.25 each.

† Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. A Book for an Idle Holiday. By Jerome R. Jerome. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Price, \$1.00.

‡ Robert Browning's Personalialia. By Edmund Gosse. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, 75 cts.

§ A New Variorum Edition of Shakspeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. VII. As You Like It. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$4.00.

Students will find nothing left to wish for in this superb rendering of this purely English play. As in the other books of this series, the text is that of the "First Folio," and as foot notes appear on each page the different renderings given in all other leading editions, and also the explanations and illustrations of the editor which remove all obscurity. In the Appendix, comprising nearly half of the large volume, is given a complete study of the play, and in full the two stories from which it is supposed Shakspeare drew his plot: Skeat's "Tale of Gamelyn," and Lodge's "Rosalynde."

Those who know the poet John Hay only through the "Pike

County Ballads" with their too repellent realism, do not give him credit for the versatility, the delicate touch, and the fine poetic sense that his later "Poems" show. The themes treated in this new collection are numerous and widely varied and the execution, in almost every instance, is admirable.—George Woodberry's poems† are notable for imaginative vigor and individuality. They bear unmistakable marks of genius, and a latent power that seems to promise still better things. The best work is in the sonnets, and the best of these bear the title "At Gibraltar."—In the Series of American Verse a choice collection is published in a most dainty form. Small volumes in finely decorated paper covers with uncut edges, contain each the work of a single author. In Mr. Scollard's Old and New World Lyrics‡ one traces the same cast of mind as that shown in many of Hawthorne's prose writings; like the latter, Scollard had to go to the Old World, especially to Italy, to find most of the material for his romantic verse, in which style of writing, having its effect heightened by picturesque and delicate description, he excels.—The poems of John Vance Cheney|| need no setting of time or place. Their one key-note is humanity as it is animated by love. The verse is strong, tender, manly, and excites at once a warm responsive glow in each heart.—"Cap and Bells,"§ the most appropriate title of the volume of Mr. Peck's poems, laconically and deftly explains the work. A vein of rich humor tinges the whole collection, though frequently varying expressions, sober, thoughtful, sad, always sympathetic, pass over his merry, laughing verses, and show the loving

* Poems. By John Hay. Price, \$1.25. † The North Shore Watch and Other Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.25.

‡ Old and New World Lyrics. By Clinton Scollard. || Thistle Drift. By John Vance Cheney. § Cap and Bells.

heart of jester-poet.—In "Between Times"* Walter Learned shows his rare skill in rhymed word painting. Charming reproductions of nature, and life-like portraits revealing the subtlest expression and changeful moods of feeling, are impressed in every page. The wide range of his art is shown in the fact that these sketches have power to touch, one after another, every note in the gamut of human feeling.—"Point Lace and Diamonds"† is made up of verses of society. Bright, sarcastic, wholesome, they gracefully hold up before many phases of life a magic mirror, which reflects not only the real scenes, but also the underlying motives.

Travels.

From the opening letter addressed "To Emily in Heaven—that is on dry land: (I am not, and am beginning to be seasick)" to the close of its two volumes, "The Rambles of a Physician"‡ has not a dry or prosy page. Traveling over Europe with a rapidity that rivaled even the personally conducted rush and scramble of the typical American tourist, the author yet found time to make chronicles and comments innumerable, jotting them down in museums and galleries, on street corners, and *en route*. The off-hand style of description, the unconventional criticisms, the banter and railery and never failing good-humor are simply irresistible. Stay-at-home travelers will find this genial author a most welcome addition to their circle.—In "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows"|| are united an entertaining account of a winding journey in the Southern States, an optimistic study of the negro question, several spirited pictures of battle fields, and fresh tributes of praise for some of the famous generals of the late war. Not least among the charms of this book is its fine literary finish.—That remarkably valuable series of books, *The World's Great Explorers and Explorations*, is enriched by the addition of Major Conder's account of the most important results of explorations in the Holy Land.¶ No volume of the series will appeal to a larger class of readers. To every thorough student of the Bible it will prove an indispensable assistant.—In "Lake Champlain and

its Shores,"* the author's own enjoyment is so manifest that it would be quite impossible to refuse to share his enthusiasm, even if the subject were a less inviting one. The scenic loveliness of this historic lake and the charms of life upon its shores, together with its connection with the turbulent period following its discovery, furnish a wealth of material which he handles as a miser would his gold.—"The Cruise of the *Rush*"† is "launched with fear and trembling upon the stormy sea of criticism," says its modest author, but the unpretentiousness of the little volume will suffice for the traditional oil upon that stormy sea. The novel experiences of a summer's cruise of eleven thousand miles among the seal fisheries to prevent the depredations of unauthorized sealers, are related in as pleasant a conversational way and with as every-day an air as the same lady would use in telling of a street-car ride or a morning spent in shopping. The facts stated differ materially from the newspaper accounts of what the *Rush* was doing last summer.

Miscellaneous. We are now convinced that there is nothing under the sun safe from the compiler's hands. The latest is, "Eggs; Facts and Fancies about Them"‡; then follows a dissertation upon the name and shape, the mythology, the superstitions, eggs in literature, romance, etc., and lastly the practical part, "Some Egg Recipes." It is surprising what a dainty, attractive book can be made out of such a commonplace subject.—"Fruits"|| is the appetizing title of a little book which gives a large number of recipes which tell how to use fruit in the most inviting and advantageous way.—"Liberal Living Upon Narrow Means"§ will be found a gem in the way of a cook book, by housekeepers who do their own work, or by those who keep but one servant. For every month in the year it gives a simple bill of fare for seven consecutive days, and following each bill are the recipes for each dish called for. There are directions for holiday dishes and entertainments, and directions for canning and preserving, etc., and suggestions for general house-keeping, and also for the care of the sick.

Such genuine and wholesome people as found

* Lake Champlain and its Shores. By W. H. H. Murray. Boston: DeWolf, Fiske & Co. Price, \$1.00.

† The Cruise of the U. S. Steamer *Rush* in Behring Sea, summer of 1889. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company.

‡ Eggs: Facts and Fancies about Them. Compiled by Anna Barrows. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price, \$1.00.

|| Fruits and How to Use Them. By Mrs. Hester M. Poole. New York: Fowler & Wells.

§ Liberal Living Upon Narrow Means. By Christine Terhune Herrick. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.00.

By Samuel Minturn Peck. * Between Times. By Walter Learned. † Point Lace and Diamonds. By George A. Baker. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Brother. Price, \$1.00 each.

‡ Rambles of a Physician, or a Midsummer Dream. By a Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Dunlap and Clarke.

|| Bright Skies and Dark Shadows. By Henry M. Field, D. D. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

¶ Palestine. By Major C. R. Conder, D. C. L., R. E., Leader of the Palestine Exploring Expedition. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price, \$1.25.

their way "Inside Our Gate,"* are a treat to meet. They are all so simple and unaffected, yet so bright and entertaining that the reader feels that he has been introduced to some of the most charming people in the world of fiction. The freshness of the country life described makes it a delightful book for this season.—"The Great Conspiracy"† is the work of a writer stirred to fierce indignation against the attitude taken by Romanism toward the public school system. In ringing tones and in most forcible manner he seeks to rouse Americans to a sense of their danger in this respect, and to

awaken in them a spirit of resistance which shall overpower these designing attempts.—The full and able discussion* concerning religious teaching in public schools, which was held at the last National Educational Association, in Nashville, is given in pamphlet form. The views of leading Romanists are set forth against those of Protestants. It is a plain treatment of the question of the times, and is of deep import to all citizens of the United States.—Another pamphlet, "The Parochial School Question,"† gives the strong views and reasons of a Catholic layman, who holds the American side of the question.

*Inside Our Gate. By Christine Chaplin Brush. Boston: Roberts Brothers

†The Great Conspiracy. By Richard Harcourt. San Francisco: California News Company. Price, 50 cents.

*Two Sides of the School Question. †The Parochial School Question. By an Irish Catholic Layman. Boston: Arnold Publishing Company. Price of each, 10 cents.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR MAY, 1890.

HOME NEWS.—May 1. The House passes the Anti-trust bill.

May 2. The International Copyright bill is defeated in the House.

May 3. Death of Senator Beck of Kentucky.—Dedication of the new bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis.

May 7. Death of President Joseph Cummings of Northwestern University.—National convention of Y. M. C. A. secretaries at Nashville, Tenn.

May 8. The Chenango County (N. Y.) almshouse destroyed by fire and ten of its inmates perish.

May 10. The Senate votes to prohibit the sale of liquors in canteens at military posts.—Akron, Ohio, suffers from a cyclone.

May 14. Opening in Baltimore of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections.

May 15. Meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (North) at Saratoga, N. Y., and of the Presbyterian Church (South) at Asheville, N. C.—The Corrupt Practises bill becomes a law in New York State.

May 19. The United States Supreme Court decides the Fiske will case against Cornell University.—The Rev. Drs. Atticus Haygood and O. P. Fitzgerald elected bishops of the M. E. Church South.

May 20. Annual convention of the American Medical Association at Nashville, Tenn.

May 21. The House passes the McKinley Tariff bill.

May 22. Opening in Pittsburgh, Pa., of the general synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

May 23. Death of Fletcher Harper of Harper

and Brothers.—Annual session of the American Baptist Missionary Union opens in Chicago.

May 27. Opening in Boston of the annual session of American Unitarians.

May 28. Opening of the National Convention of State Railroad Commissioners in Washington.

May 29. The Senate passes the Original Package Liquor bill.—The equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee is unveiled at Richmond, Va.

May 30. General celebration of Memorial Day.—Dedication of the Garfield memorial in Cleveland.—Corner-stone of the Washington memorial arch is laid in New York.

FOREIGN NEWS.—May 1. Labor demonstrations in favor of the eight-hour work-day occur in many European cities.

May 4. A meeting of 170,000 working-men is held in Hyde Park, London.

May 6. Longue Pointe insane asylum, Quebec, is destroyed by fire and a hundred inmates lose their lives.

May 7. The German Reichstag elects Herr von Levetzow president.

May 10. M. L. J. Buffet is elected a member of the French Academy.

May 16. The Dominion Parliament is prorogued.

May 19. A new cabinet is formed in Japan.

May 20. Queen Isabella of Spain visits London.

May 22. President Carnot begins a tour of eastern France.

May 23. A railroad from Vladikaokas to Tiflis is begun.

May 29. Meissonier's painting "1814" is sold for £34,000.

CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM FOR 1890.

Tuesday, July 1.

OPENING DAY.

- P. M.** 2:30—Opening Exercises. 1890.
 " 5:00—Lecture: "The Literature of the East," No. 1 *Mrs. Emily Wakefield.*
 " 8:00—Stereopticon Lecture: "The Divina Commedia." I. *Rev. John C. Eccleston.*

Wednesday, July 2.

- A. M.** 11:00—Organ Recital. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "The Literature of the East," No. 2. *Mrs. Emily Wakefield.*
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 " 7:00—Vespers.
 " 8:00—Readings.

Thursday, July 3.

- P. M.** 2:30—Lecture: "A Day in London." *Mrs. Emily Wakefield.*
 " 5:00—Readings from the Latter Day English Poets. *Mrs. Chas. Waldo Richards.*
 " 8:00—Stereopticon Lecture: "The Divina Commedia." II. *Dr. John C. Eccleston.*

Friday, July 4.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

- A. M.** 11:00—Musical Lecture, *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—Oration: "Our Country and Some of its Problems." *Dr. Geo. W. Miller.*
 " 5:00—Readings from the Latter Day American Poets. *Mrs. Chas. Waldo Richards.*
 " 8:00—Stereopticon Lecture: "The Divina Commedia." III. *Dr. John C. Eccleston.*
 " 9:30—Fireworks.

Saturday, July 5.

- A. M.** 11:00—Opening C. C. L. A. and C. T. R.
P. M. 1:30—Opening Schools of Sacred Literature.
 " 2:30—Opening Christian Endeavor Bible School. Address: *Rev. F. E. Clark.*
 " 4:00—Lecture: "Felicitous Language." *Prof. J. T. Edwards.*
 " 8:00—Students' and Professors' Reception in Parlors of Hotel Athenæum.

Sunday, July 6.

- A. M.** 9:00—Bible Study: "Elijah and Elisha." *Dr. W. R. Harper.*
 " 11:00—Sermon, *Dr. Geo. W. Miller.*
P. M. 2:30 { Sunday-school (Temple).
 { Assembly (Amphitheater).
 " 4:00—Society of Christian Ethics.
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
 " 7:30—Song Service.

Monday, July 7.

- A. M.** 11:00—Organ Recital, *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "Classical and Mediæval Schools." *Dr. H. B. Adams.*
 " 5:00—Lecture: "Practical Delsartism." *Mrs. C. E. Bishop.*
 " 8:00—Readings, *Prof. R. L. Cumnock.*

Tuesday, July 8.

- P. M.** 2:30—Lecture: "Mediæval Universities." *Dr. H. B. Adams.*
 " 5:00—First Tourists' Conference: "Modern Italy," "Milan."
 " 8:00—Musical Lecture: "Mendelssohn." *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*

Wednesday, July 9.

- P. M.** 2:30—Lecture: "The Revival of Learning." *Dr. H. B. Adams.*
 " 4:00—Lecture: "Richard II." *Miss Evelyn Hilliard.*
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 " 7:00—Vespers.
 " 8:00—Prize Spelling Match.

Thursday, July 10.

- A. M.** 11:00—Organ Recital, *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "The Revival of Geography and the Discovery of America." *Dr. H. B. Adams.*
 " 5:00—Second Tourists' Conference: "Venice and Florence."
 " 8:00—Entertainment.

Friday, July 11.

- P. M.** 2:30—Lecture: "Cookery and Christianity." *Mrs. Emma P. Ewing.*
 " 4:00—Lecture: "John." *Miss Evelyn Hilliard.*
 " 5:00—Lecture: "The Alphabet of Language" *Prof. J. T. Edwards.*
 " 8:00—Readings, *Mr. A. P. Burbank.*

Saturday, July 12.

- A. M.** 11:00—Lecture: "Some Ancient News Gatherers." *Prof. W. E. Waters.*
P. M. 2:30—Entertainment. *Mr. A. P. Burbank and Harvard Quartet.*
 " 4:00—Lecture: "The Story of the Latin Hymns." *Prof. Lewis Stuart.*
 " 8:00—Piano Recital, *Mr. W. H. Sherwood.*

Sunday, July 13.

- A. M.** 9:00—Bible Study: "Jonah." *Dr. W. R. Harper.*
 " 11:00—Sermon. *Rev. William McRobbie.*
P. M. 2:30 { Primary Class (Kellogg Hall).
 { Sunday-school (Temple).
 { Assembly (Amphitheater).
 " 4:00—Society of Christian Ethics.
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
 " 7:30—Song Service.

Monday, July 14.

- P. M.** 2:30—**Lecture:** "What is Music?"
Mr. I. V. Flagler.
 " 4:00—**Lecture:** "The Poetry of Shelley."
Prof. W. D. McClintock.
 " 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
 " 7:00—**Vespers.**
 " 8:00—**Entertainment:** "Puffball's Tribulation" (with Crayon Sketches).
Mr. J. W. Bengough.

Tuesday, July 15.

- P. M.** 2:30—**Lecture:** "From a Dietetic Standpoint."
Mrs. Emma P. Ewing.
 " 5:00—**Third Tourists' Conference.**
"Rome."
 " **Concert.** *Harvard Quartet, Mrs. Luther, Mr. W. H. Sherwood.*

Wednesday, July 16.

- P. M.** 2:30—**Lecture:** "Deformation."
Prof. Frederick Starr.
 " 4:00—**Lecture:** "Popular Education in England and America."
Dr. H. B. Adams.
 " 5:00—"The Poetry of Keats."
Prof. W. D. McClintock.
 " 8:00—**Entertainment:** "People you Know" (with Crayon Sketches).
Mr. J. W. Bengough.

Thursday, July 17.

- A. M.** 11:00—**Organ Recital:** *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—**Lecture:** "Dress and Ornament."
Prof. Frederick Starr.
 " 5:00—**Fourth Tourists' Conference.**
"Naples and Vicinity."
 " 8:00—**Readings,** *Prof. R. L. Cumnock.*

Friday, July 18.

- P. M.** 2:30—**Lecture:** "Religious Dress."
Prof. Frederick Starr.
 " 4:00—**Lecture:** "The History of Excavations in Assyria and Babylon."
Mr. Robert F. Harper.
 " 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
 " 8:00—**Concert.** *Harvard Quartet and Mrs. Luther.*

Saturday, July 19.

- A. M.** 11:00—**Lecture:** "Choice Fare for \$1.50 per week."
Mrs. E. P. Ewing.
P. M. 2:30—**Lecture:** "The Honest Man."
Dr. Emory J. Haynes.
 " 5:00—**Lecture:** "The American School at Athens."
Prof. W. E. Waters.
 " 8:00—**Stereopticon Lecture:** "Dress."
Prof. Frederick Starr.

Sunday, July 20.

- A. M.** 9:00—**Bible Study:** "Joel."
Dr. W. R. Harper.
 " 11:00—**Sermon.** *Dr. Emory J. Haynes.*
P. M. 2:30—**{ Primary Class.**
{ Sunday-school.
{ Assembly.
 " 4:00—**Society of Christian Ethics.**
 " 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.**
 " 7:30—**Song Service.**

Monday, July 21.

- P. M.** 2:30—**Lecture:** "England and Her Colonies."
Mrs. Abba G. Woolson.
 " 4:00—**Lecture:** "Christ and Criticism."
Prof. S. Burnham.

- P. M.** 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
 " 8:00—**Prize Pronunciation Match.**
Prof. R. L. Cumnock.

Tuesday, July 22.

- A. M.** 11:00—**Organ Recital.** *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—**Lecture:** "The Germany of To-day."
Mrs. Abba G. Woolson.
 " 4:00—**Lecture:** "General Principles of Christian Ethics."
Prof. R. F. Weidner.
 " 5:00—**Lecture:** "Memory Training."
Prof. W. W. White.
 " 8:00—**Stereopticon Lecture:** "Ancient and Modern Athens."
Professor L. D' Ooge.

Wednesday, July 23.

- P. M.** 11:00—**Lecture:** "Republican France."
Mrs. Abba G. Woolson.
 " 2:30—**Lecture:** "Personal Recollection of the Colored People, with Readings from Uncle Remus."
Dr. John Broadus.
 " 5:00—**Lecture:** "An Old Bible but a New Theology."
Prof. S. Burnham.
 " 7:00—**Vespers.**
 " 8:00—**Costume Lecture:** Costumes of the Greeks and Romans."
Prof. J. H. Chamberlin.

Thursday, July 24.

- A. M.** 11:00—**Musical Lecture.** "Wagner."
Mr. I. V. Flagler.
P. M. 2:30—**Lecture:** "Spain and Portugal."
Mrs. Abba G. Woolson.
 " 4:00—**Lecture:** "Industrial Ethics."
Prof. R. F. Weidner.
 " 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
 " 8:00—**Stereopticon Lecture:** "A Trip Through the Interior of Greece."
Prof. Martin L. D' Ooge.

Friday, July 25.

- A. M.** 11:00—**Lecture:** "Home Making."
Mrs. Emma P. Ewing.
P. M. 2:30—**Lecture:** "The New Italy."
Mrs. Abba G. Woolson.
 " 4:00—**Lecture:** "An Inductive Theory of Inspiration."
Prof. S. Burnham.
 " 5:00—**Lecture:** "Church Music."
Rev. Charles Richmond.
 " 8:00—**Concert.** *Harvard Quartet and Mr. H. A. Moore.*

Saturday, July 26.

- A. M.** 11:00—**Lecture:** "Austria, Hungary and Eastern Europe."
Mrs. Abba G. Woolson.
P. M. 2:30—**Address:** "Civil Service Reform."
Mr. Theodore Roosevelt.
 " 4:00—**Lecture:** "Social Ethics."
Prof. R. F. Weidner.
 " 8:00—**Meeting in the interest of the Y. M. C. A.**

Sunday, July 27.

- A. M.** 9:00—**Bible Study:** "Haggai."
Dr. W. R. Harper.
 " 11:00—**Sermon.** *Bishop N. S. Rulison.*
P. M. 2:30—**{ Primary Class.**
{ Sunday-school.
{ Assembly.

- P. M. 4:30—Society of Christian Ethics.**
 " 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.**
 " 7:30—Meeting in interest of College
 Y. M. C. A. work.

Monday, July 28.

- A. M. 11:00—Lecture:** "Barbara and
 Bridget." *Mrs. Emma P. Ewing.*
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "Female Accom-
 plishments," *Dr. John A. Broadus.*
 " 4:00—Lecture: "Byron," *Mr. Leon*
H. Vincent.
 " 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "The
 Commercial and Industrial Condition of
 the Latin-American Republics," *Mr.*
W. E. Curtis.

Tuesday, July 29.

- A. M. 11:00—Lecture:** "Sacred Music,"
Mr. H. A. Moore.
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "Sight and Insight,"
Bishop N. S. Rulison.
 " 4:00—Lecture: "The Prophet Jere-
 miah," *Prof. W. G. Ballantine.*
 " 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Round Table.**
 " 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Reli-
 gious and Educational Progress of the
 Spanish-American Republics," *Mr.*
W. E. Curtis.

Wednesday, July 30.

DEACONESS DAY.

- A. M. 10:30—Opening Devotional Exercises.**
 " 11:00—Addresses: "Deaconesses—
 their History," *Miss Jane M. Bancroft.* "Deaconesses—the Need," *Lucy*
Rider Meyer, M. D.
P. M. 2:30—Public Meeting with addresses by
 Rev. Dr. S. F. Hershey, Miss Thoburn,
 and M. D. C. Crawford, D. D.
 " 4:00—Lecture: "Heine," *Mr.*
Leon H. Vincent.
 " 7:00—Vespers.
 " 7:30—Public Meeting with addresses
 by Bishop J. M. Thoburn, Rev. Dr. A.
 Spaeth, and others.

Thursday, July 31.

- A. M. 11:00—Musical Lecture:** "Bee-
 thoven," *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "Hypnotism," *Dr.*
M. C. Lockwood.
 " 4:00—Lecture: "The Prophet Isaiah,"
Prof. W. G. Ballantine.
 " 8:00—Stereopticon Lecture:
 "Home Life and Social Customs
 among the Spanish-American People,"
Mr. W. E. Curtis.

Friday, August 1.

GRANGE DAY.

- A. M. 11:00—Platform Meeting.**
P. M. 2:30—Platform Meeting.
 " 4:00—Lecture: "Balzac," *Mr. Leon*
H. Vincent.
P. M. 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 " 8:00—Lecture: "Spiritualism," *I. Dr.*
M. C. Lockwood.

Saturday, August 2.

MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

- A. M. 9:00—First Woman's Conference:**
 "The Relation of Prayer to the Work
 of Missions."

- A. M. 11:00—Lecture:** "The Cookery of
 the Future," *Mrs. Emma P. Ewing.*

- P. M. 2:30—Oration:** *Hon. W. C. P. Breck-
 enridge.*

- " 4:00—First General Missionary
 Conference: "What the Bible says of
 Missions."

- " 8:00—Lecture: "Spiritualism," *II. Dr.*
M. C. Lockwood.

Sunday, August 3.

MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

- A. M. 9:00—Second Woman's Missionary
 Conference:** "Words from Foreign
 Missionaries."

- " 9:00—Bible Study: "Zechariah,"
Dr. W. R. Harper.

- " 11:00—Sermon, *Dr. Alex. McKenzie.*
 { Primary Class.

- P. M. 2:30—{ Sunday-School.
 { Assembly.**

- " 4:00—Society of Christian Ethics.

- P. M. 4:00—Second General Missionary
 Conference:** "Words from Home
 Missionaries."

- " 5:00—**C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.**

- " 7:30—Missionary Address, *Dr.*
Egerton R. Young.

Monday, August 4.

MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

- A. M. 9:00—Third Woman's Missionary
 Conference:** "The Cultivation of the
 Missionary Spirit."

- " 11:00—Musical Lecture: "Tann-
 hauser," *Mr. H. A. Moore.*

- P. M. 2:30—Lecture:** "Political Imagination,"
Dr. Alexander McKenzie.

- " 4:00—Third General Missionary
 Conference: "Missionary Literature
 as an Agent in the Promotion of Mis-
 sions."

- " 5:00—Lecture: "Health and Grace
 versus Illness and Awkwardness," *Mrs.*
C. E. Bishop.

- " 8:00—Platform Meeting, *C. M. I.*
 Address, *Dr. Egerton R. Young.*

Tuesday, August 5.

OPENING DAY.

- A. M. 9:00—Fourth Woman's Missionary
 Conference:** "How to Awaken and
 Sustain a Wider Interest in Missions."

- " 11:00—Lecture: "The Bible and
 Criticism," *Rev. C. M. Westlake.*

- P. M. 2:30—Lecture:** "Mormonism," *Rev.*
E. F. Williams.

- " 4:00—Fourth General Missionary
 Conference: "The Duty of Protestant
 America in the Evangelization of the
 World."

- " 5:00—Lecture: "Memory Training,"
Mr. W. W. White.

- " { OPENING EXERCISES
 { of the
 { Seventeenth Assembly.

- " 10:00—Fireworks.

Wednesday, August 6.

- A. M. 8:00—Bible Study:** "Davidic
 Psalms," *Dr. Harper.*

- " 11:00—Lecture: "The Aristocracy of
 the Dollar," *Col. T. W. Higginson.*

- P. M.** 2:30—Entertainment: *Mrs. Nella Brown Pond and Schubert Quartet.*
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 " 7:00—Vespers.
 " 8:00—Tableaux: From Ben Hur, by the Ben Hur Company.

Thursday, August 7.

- A. M.** 8:00—Bible Study: "Psalms Connected with Sennacherib's Invasion." *Dr. Harper.*
 " 11:00—Lecture: "Literature as a Profession." *Col. T. W. Higginson.*
P. M. 2:30—Grand Concert: *Chorus, Schubert Quartet, etc.*
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 " 8:00—Tableaux: From Ben Hur, by the Ben Hur Company.

Friday, August 8.

- A. M.** 8:00—Bible study: "Psalms connected with the Fall of Jerusalem." *Dr. Harper.*
 " 11:00—Lecture: "How to Study History." *Col. T. W. Higginson.*
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "Preventable and Unpreventable Causes of Failure." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 " 8:00—Readings, *Mrs. Nella Brown Pond.*

Saturday, August 9.

- A. M.** 8:00—Bible Study: "Psalms of the Exile." *Dr. Harper.*
 " 11:00—Lecture: "The Philosophy of Gesture." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
P. M. 2:15—Lecture: "Advice to a Young Man." *Robert J. Burdett.*
 " 3:45—Grand Concert: *Chorus, Schubert Quartet, Madame Abbie Carrington, Mr. W. H. Sherwood.*
 " 8:00—Tableaux: From Ben Hur, by the Ben Hur Company.

Sunday, August 10.

- A. M.** 9:00—Bible Study: "Malachi." *Dr. W. R. Harper.*
 " 11:00—Sermon, *Rev. Russell H. Conwell.*

- P. M.** 2:30 { Primary Class.
 Sunday-school.
 Assembly.
 " 4:00—Society of Christian Ethics.
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
 " 7:30—Song Service.

Monday, August 11.

- A. M.** 8:00—Bible Study: "Psalms of the Restoration." *Dr. Harper.*
 " 11:00—Question Drawer, *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*
P. M. 2:30—Lecture: "Columbus." *Rev. Russell H. Conwell.*
 " 4:00—Lecture: "The Province of Political Science." *Dr. R. T. Ely.*
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 " 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "A Holiday Trip to Europe." *Mr. Roberts Harper.*

Tuesday, August 12.

- A. M.** 8:00—Bible Study: "Later Temple Psalms." *Dr. Harper.*
 " 11:00—Lecture: "Christianity and Socialism." *Dr. J. M. Buckley.*

- P. M.** 2:30—Lecture: "Looking Downward." *Rev. Russell H. Conwell.*
 " 4:00—Lecture: "The Greek State." *Dr. R. T. Ely.*
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 " 8:00—Readings from His Own Works, *Mr. Thomas Nelson Page.*

Wednesday, August 13.

DENOMINATIONAL DAY.

- A. M.** 8:00—Bible Study: "Psalms of the Maccabean Period." *Dr. Harper.*
 " 11:00—Lecture: "A Queen." *Rev. Russell H. Conwell.*
P. M. 2:30—Denominational Congresses.
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 " 7:00—Denominational Prayer Meetings.
 " 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Ici on Parle Français." *Mr. Roberts Harper.*

Thursday, August 14.

ALUMNI REUNION.

- A. M.** 11:00—Lecture: "New England, a Place, a Race, and an Idea." *Dr. H. L. Wayland.*
P. M. 2:30—Readings from His Own Works, *Mr. Thomas Nelson Page.*
 " 4:00—Lecture: "The European and American State." *Dr. R. T. Ely.*
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 " 8:00—Platform Meeting: Paper on "American Sunday-schools." *Lewis Miller.* Chautauqua S. S. Alumni Address *Dr. W. A. Duncan.*
 " 9:30—Illuminated Fleet.

Friday, August 15.

- A. M.** 11:00—Lecture: "Dr. Dobbs in Antipode." *Dr. H. L. Wayland.*
P. M. 2:30—Temperance Address: *Dr. Charles F. Deems.*
 " 4:00—Lecture: "The Christian Ideal of a State." *Dr. R. T. Ely.*
 " 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 " 8:00—Illustrated Lecture: "Switzerland and the Engadine." *Mr. Roberts Harper.*

Saturday, August 16.

- A. M.** 11:00—Address: "Ballot Reform." *Hon. Chas. T. Saxton.*
P. M. 2:00—Platform Meeting. "The Protection of American Institutions." *Addresses by Hon. John Jay, Hon. W. A. Butler, Gen. C. B. Fisk, and Dr. J. M. King.*
 " 3:45—Grand Concert: *Chorus, Schubert Quartet, Mme. Abbie Carrington, W. H. Sherwood.*
 " 5:00—Question Drawer, *Dr. R. T. Ely.*
 " 8:00—Dramatic Reading: "North Cal'ny Ways." *Mr. Leland Powers.*

Sunday, August 17.

MEMORIAL SUNDAY.

- A. M.** 9:30 { Primary Class (Chapel).
 Sunday-school (Temple).
 Assembly (Amphitheater).
 Young People's Bible Class (Hall).

- A. M. 11:00—Baccalaureate Sermon.
Dr. J. L. Huribut, Principal C.L.S.C.
 P. M. 2:30—Memorial Exercises.
 “ 4:00—Society of Christian Ethics.
 “ 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
 “ 7:30—Sermon, *Dr. J. D. Burkhead.*

Monday, August 18.

- A. M. 11:00—Lecture: “Leaders of Religious Thought in the Nineteenth Century. Kant and the Older Rationalism.” *Dr. A. M. Fairbairn.*
 P. M. 2:30—Lecture: “Some of the Difficulties which confront Evolutionists.” *Dr. J. De Witt Burkhead.*
 “ 4:00—Lecture: Social Economics and Women. I. “Universality of Economic Laws.” *Mrs. Helen Campbell.*
 “ 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 “ 8:00—Dramatic Reading, “London Assurance.” *Mr. Leland Powers.*

Tuesday, August 19.

C. Y. F. R. U. DAY.

- A. M. 11:00—Lecture: “Leaders of Religious Thought in the Nineteenth Century. Strauss and the Tübingen School.” *Dr. A. M. Fairbairn.*
 P. M. 2:30—Address, “Nationalism.” *Mr. Edward Bellamy.*
 “ 4:00—Lecture: II. “Social Economics and Women. Social and Economic Condition of Women. Past.” *Mrs. Helen Campbell.*
 “ 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 “ 8:00—Promenade Concert and Feast of Lanterns.

Wednesday, August 20.

RECOGNITION DAY. C. L. S. C. CLASS 1890.

- A. M. 11:00—Address to Graduates of 1890: *Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-President of Wellesley College.*

Thursday, August 21.

- P. M. 11:00—“Leaders of Religious Thought of the Nineteenth Century. Newman and the Anglican Revival.” *Dr. A. M. Fairbairn.*
 P. M. 2:30—Dramatic Readings: “David Copperfield.” *Mr. Leland Powers.*
 “ 4:00—Lecture: III. “Social Econom-

ics and Women. Social and Economic Condition of Women. Present.” *Mrs. Helen Campbell.*

- P. M. 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 “ 8:00—Grand Concert. Chorus, *Schubert Quartet, Madame Abbie Carrington, W. H. Sherwood, Orchestra.*

Friday, August 22.

- A. M. 11:00—Lecture: “Leaders of Religious Thought in the Nineteenth Century. Matthew Arnold and the Attitude of Literature toward Religion.” *Dr. A. M. Fairbairn.*
 P. M. 2:30—Athletic Exhibition, under the Direction of *Dr. W. G. Anderson.*
 “ 4:00—Lecture IV. “Social Economics and Women. Social and Economic Condition of Women. Future.” *Mrs. Helen Campbell.*
 “ 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 “ 8:00—Campfire of Ninth N. Y. Cavalry.

Saturday, August 23.

GRAND ARMY DAY.

- A. M. 11:00—Address.
 P. M. 2:30—Platform Meeting: Address, *Gov. James A. Beaver of Penn'a.*
 “ 4:00—Grand Concert.
 “ 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 “ 8:00—Stereopticon Lecture: “Types and Traits at Home and Abroad,” *Alexander Black.*

Sunday, August 24.

- A. M. 9:00—Prayer Service.
 “ 11:00—Sermon, *Dr. J. W. Lee.*
 P. M. 2:30—

{	Primary Class.
	Sunday-school.

 Assembly.
 “ 4:00—Society of Christian Ethics.
 “ 5:00—C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.
 “ 7:30—Song Service.
 “ 9:30—Night Vigil. Class of 1891.

Monday, August 25.

- A. M. Organ Recital: *Mr. I. V. Flagler.*
 P. M. 2:30—Lecture: *Dr. J. W. Lee.*
 “ 5:00—C. L. S. C. Round Table.
 “ 8:00—Stereopticon Lecture: “New York and Coney Island.” *Mr. Alexander Black.*
 “ 9:30—Closing Exercises, 1890.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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A LUCKY ACCIDENT.*

BY J. RANKEN TOWSE.

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTORY.

ON an afternoon in the middle of September, 1885, two young men stood by the side of a stunted and gnarled old willow tree whose roots reached out into the Catskill brook that runs from the famous Notch, dividing the mountain range on the borders of Green and Ulster Counties, New York, down to the village of Shandaken. They had sauntered up the valley, rod in hand, whipping the water here and there in such likely spots as they thought might afford harbor to some wise old trout who had thus far avoided capture, and had almost reached the head of the stream, which at this point wandered away from the wagon road to inclose a little patch of grass, still vividly green in spite of the lateness of the season. The mountain on the western side of the valley and the brook which crept around its base, were deep in shadow already, while the opposite hill, partly stripped of timber and ribbed with layers of slate, lay glowing in a blaze of sunshine, affording one of the striking contrasts so common in that region of natural surprises. The heat, which during the earlier part of the afternoon had been moderated by a cool westerly breeze, was now extremely oppressive, and a heavy cloud, whose crest was just beginning to show itself above the ridge of the eastern mountain, gave warning of an impending storm.

One of the young men, a stalwart six-footer, with light hair closely clipped, a pair of bold blue eyes, and a heavy jaw suggesting a tolerably willful disposition, had flung his

fishing-rod down upon the grass, and, with his back to the stream, was watching the rising thunder-cloud, lazily fanning himself meanwhile with his strawhat. Presently he spoke:

"How far are we from civilization, George? It's going to rain cats, dogs, and pitchforks in a few minutes and there is precious little fun in tramping with wet clothes on. Anyhow, it is no use waiting here, for I don't believe there is a trout the size of a minnow anywhere in the neighborhood."

"Infidelity doesn't alter facts," retorted the other lightly. "There is one trout left here, at least, and a big one, for I have seen him several times and tried in vain to hook him. He has a hole somewhere under the roots of this tree, or under one of those big stones, and it is not easy to entice him out."

"It isn't very likely that he'll come out now," said the first speaker, "at this time of day, with a storm coming up and the water in shadow."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied George. "I've tried him in the sunshine, and that did not suit him. There are no shadows to frighten him now. I wish I had a grasshopper to tempt him. Be a good fellow and hunt for one or two while I try a cast with this fly, just for luck."

Thus saying he stole softly to the trunk of the willow tree and began dropping his artificial fly, with admirable delicacy and precision, upon the surface of the stream, allowing it to float with the current over the spot where he supposed the coveted fish to lie concealed. As he stood with eyes fixed upon the water,

ready to strike upon the instant at the first nibble, he would have delighted the eye of an artist. A year or two older than his companion, he was not quite so tall, but his frame, extremely well knit and proportioned, gave assurance of strength, activity, and endurance. His face, bronzed now by exposure to the summer sun, still bore the eloquent lines of thought and study, while his full dark eyes, and firm but delicate lips indicated a bright intelligence, an equable disposition, and a resolute will.

A dozen times, with sportsman-like perseverance he cast his fly, but failed to get even a ripple by way of encouragement. Changing his position slightly for a final effort, he called out to his companion:

"How about those grasshoppers, Ned? Haven't you found any yet?"

"I've got one wretched little beast, but he's so lean that no decent trout would look at him. I shouldn't have caught him if he'd had more than one leg. All the others are a good deal more sensible than we are, and have gone in out of the wet. The storm will burst in about a minute."

"Since when have you been so afraid of a few drops of water? Ah! it is that stunning flannel coat, I suppose. Well, the rain won't hurt it or us. There's an old shed, belonging to the slate quarry over yonder, that has a good roof over it, and we shall be snug enough there until the shower is over. Where is your one-legged veteran? I can't compliment you upon him as an entomological specimen, but I guess he will cover the hook. Steady! old boy! There you are, a martyr to science. Hello! that cloud begins to look a little mischievous. Run for the shed, Ned; I'll follow you in an instant."

"Hurry up and catch your trout," replied Ned rather sulkily, unjointing his own rod the while and preparing for flight. "I can stand a ducking if you can, but I don't pretend to see much fun in it, and, besides, nobody ever — got him, by Jove, after all!"

The next moment the friends, forgetful of the storm and every thing else save the triumph of the moment were bending over a one pound trout, as he flopped about despairingly upon the grass. The skinny grasshopper had done his work, and had secured the one big prize of the day's expedition.

"He rose," said George gleefully, "as soon as the hook touched the water, fifteen feet from the place where I expected to find him.

If he had not been in such a hurry I should have missed him, for at first I was too surprised to strike. The greedy rascal can blame nobody but himself. Lend me a knife, I shall have to —"

At this point his speech was interrupted by a flash of lightning of dazzling brilliancy, and a simultaneous crash of thunder which seemed to make the very earth tremble. The young men sprang to their feet half stunned and blinded by the explosion, and stared at each other with blanched faces, scarcely daring to hope that both had escaped injury. The dead silence that ensued was broken by an exclamation from Ned, who, with a note of awe in his voice, exclaimed, "It struck the willow tree!"

True enough, the tough old trunk that had survived a century or two of summers had been riven in two as if by the stroke of some mighty ax, one half falling into the stream and the other remaining erect, showing white in the gloom like a newly erected tombstone. The two startled fishermen were brought to their senses by the quick patter, upon grass and leaves, of the first heavy drops which gave warning of the approaching down-pour. Exchanging a few brief but very fervent words of mutual congratulation, they turned to run down the road toward the old quarry, but their steps were arrested by a piercing scream, coming from the direction of the Notch, and the sound of a horse's galloping hoofs. An instant afterward they saw, at a distance of perhaps five hundred yards, a light wagon descending the hill at a break-neck speed and swaying dangerously from side to side. In the wagon were two female figures, one seated and holding the reins, but without power or thought of guidance, while the other, who had uttered the cry which first attracted their attention, was evidently about to leap to the ground at the imminent peril of her neck.

Both young men instinctively uttered shouts of warning, but their voices were drowned in the noise of the rain which was now falling with almost tropical violence. Dazed by the imminence of the danger, they for a moment stood irresolute, and the wagon was lost to sight behind a clump of trees growing at a turn in the road. When it again came into view there was only one figure in it, that of the young woman holding the reins, and it was evident that she was incapable of any effort at self-preservation.

Ned, as he was called, was the first to recover power of action. Throwing his rod and knapsack to the ground he started off at a racing speed across the patch of meadow-land toward a point where the road crossed the stream, by a narrow plank bridge. He ran with the speed and power of a practiced athlete, but the grass was long, the surface was rough and slippery, and his heavy walking boots were ill-adapted to a sprinting match. As ill-luck would have it he stepped into a unseen hole and fell. He was on his feet again directly, but it was no longer possible to prevent the horse from crossing the bridge. The wagon passed him while he was yet about a dozen yards from the road, and he could do nothing but shout a word of advice to the occupant, bidding her to sit still. A stone wall nearly four feet high, rose between him and the road. He cleared it at a bound, and then, drawing one long, deep breath, strained every nerve to overtake the runaway. The danger at the bridge was soon over. The horse was a native and took the center of it naturally, carrying the wagon across safely with him. A few seconds later, Ned coming up with a desperate rush from behind, managed first to grasp the back of the wagon, and then, with a pull and a spring, to scramble into it. He had not much breath left, but there was no time to be lost, and he climbed as quickly as possible to the front seat—the vehicle plunging and rolling meanwhile like a boat in a storm—and took the reins from the unresisting hands of the fair driver, who seemed to be almost paralyzed by fear.

His task was not yet accomplished. The storm was at its height and he was blinded by the rain-beating in his face. A glance at the girl by his side convinced him that she might fall into a condition of total collapse at any moment, and that the wagon must be stopped at once. Reaching forward, to get a better purchase on the reins, and rapidly twisting one around either wrist, he first wrenched the bit loose from between the horse's teeth, and then, bracing himself against the dash-board, and gradually straightening himself out, brought every ounce of his weight and strength to bear upon the animal's jaws. There was a fierce struggle for somewhat less than a minute, and then the horse yielded, stopping suddenly, and immediately afterward backing so unexpectedly that the adventure threatened to terminate in an upset. This maneuver

Ned promptly checkmated by leaping to the ground and seizing him by the head, thus putting it out of his power to do further mischief. His first impulse was to address a word of good cheer to the unknown girl whom he had rescued, but she was no longer able to listen to him. No sooner was she safe than the revulsion of feeling overcame her utterly and she lay in a heap on the bottom of the wagon, in a dead faint.

Ned was now in a quandary. Inclination urged him to devote all his energies to her restoration, but he did not dare leave the horse's head, and there was no one at hand to render him any assistance. He looked up the road for his companion but could see nothing through the heavy rain. At each recurring peal of thunder the horse started so violently that it plainly would have been folly to repose any trust in him, and in many ways the situation was most trying and unpleasant. Drenched to the skin and thoroughly at a loss, Ned vented his indignation first upon the horse.

"You ugly brute," he muttered, "I wonder in what part of the mountains you were bred, to be scared by a clap of thunder? A pretty pickle you have got me into! What am I going to tell this girl when she comes to, and what on earth am I to do with her afterward? I wish George was here, but it is not very likely that he is following us. He and that other girl may be in greater need of help than we are. We shall have to go back again; there's no way out of it. So come along, Pegasus! But, hold on! let me tie you up somewhere, while I look after my captive."

At a few yards' distance there was a gate, opening on a rough mountain path leading probably to some patch of pasture up in the woods, and to this Ned fastened the horse securely by means of one of the reins which he had unbuckled. He then jumped into the wagon to render what assistance he could to the girl so unexpectedly put into his charge. To his great satisfaction she was beginning to show signs of returning consciousness. As she lay almost doubled up on the floor of the wagon, his first care was to place her in a more comfortable and becoming position. Lifting the front seat from its fastenings, he threw it aside, and having thus obtained a little elbow room, he raised the prostrate girl and gently laid her down in the middle of the wagon, so that her shoulders rested partly against the

middle seat, while he supported her head upon his knee.

Up to that time he had scarcely formed an idea either of her personal appearance or social condition, so intent had he been upon the capture and subjection of the horse, and he was no less pleased than surprised to find that she was exceedingly pretty. It was also plain, from the simplicity and good taste of her dress, that she was a person of refinement and culture. Perceiving that she was almost as thoroughly drenched with rain as he was himself, he looked about him to see whether there might be some feminine wrap in the wagon, but found nothing except a coarse rug which probably had been used as a horse blanket. This, however, was better than nothing, and he proceeded to fold it around his fair charge, who, at this juncture, gave a little shudder, and then slowly opened a pair of large blue eyes, which, after wandering for an instant, fixed themselves upon his face with an expression of terrified inquiry.

"Don't be frightened," said Ned reassuringly. "It's all right now. Are you able to sit up? If you can, I'll let the side curtains down, and try to keep some of this rain out. You'd better keep that blanket on; it's not very fashionable, but you are wet through and it may save you from a chill. Here's your hat, but you won't want to wear it just yet, I fancy, for it's very little better than so much pulp."

The girl listened to him quietly, and, with his assistance, rose from the floor of the wagon and sat upon a seat, but her mind was still confused, and she was unable to comprehend what had happened. Her eyes fell at last upon her dripping dress.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Have I been in the water?"

"Oh, no!" said he, busily engaged meanwhile in letting down and fastening the curtains, "not so bad as that. Your horse ran away for some reason or other, and if he'd had a few more yards' start I don't believe I could have caught him, and very likely you and the wagon would have come to grief. But as it is there's no harm done, unless," he blundered on, "your friend is hurt."

The last few words restored her memory with a shock, and her face, which had assumed a tinge of color, pale again with sudden terror.

"Ah!" she cried, "I remember it all now.

The horse shied at something, I don't know what—and then he ran away and I tried to pull him in, but I couldn't—he had the bit in his teeth—and I called to Ella to help me and—Oh, dear!" breaking down rapidly, "where is Ella? What have you done with her? Is she dead? Take me to her at once!"

Dreading a fit of hysterics, Ned hastened to put the best construction possible upon every thing.

"No, no, no!" said he, with rather a forced laugh; "there's no reason to think that she is any worse off than we are. A ducking is not so very terrible after all—we'll go back and find her."

"But where is she?" persisted the girl.

"Up the road a little way," said Ned, jumping to the ground to avoid further questioning, and untying the rein which held the horse's head.

"But why isn't she here? Where are you taking me? Oh, do please tell me the truth."

"My dear young lady," replied Ned with desperate frankness. "I don't know—she jumped out when the horse bolted and I have no doubt my cousin is with her. I ran after you and I can't tell you any more about it."

"Your cousin?" said she.

"Yes, a much better fellow than I am for this sort of thing. He is studying medicine and surgery. Your friend could not be in better hands. But we'll be with them in a minute or two. I'll lead the horse in case he should undertake to run away again."

"Oh, but you'll get so wet," said the girl, who was rapidly gaining confidence, as she noted his carriage, dress, and manner. "You had better come inside. I'm quite sure you can manage the horse just as well up here."

"I can't be any wetter than I am," said he laconically, "and I am not going to give this skittish brute another chance. Besides, some exercise will do me good. If you can stand a little more jolting over this abominable road, I'll make him trot."

"Pray go as fast as you please, but I feel dreadfully selfish up here all alone."

Ned heroically disregarded this hint and started off up the road at a much smarter pace than the horse would have adopted of his own accord for anybody's convenience except his own. The rain was now falling less heavily and the road was no longer obscured from view. The wooden bridge was recrossed, safely and speedily, and Ned, as he ran lightly along, looked out anxiously for his cousin

and the missing Ella. At the bend in the road where the accident occurred he found a small boy with a potato sack over his head, who was evidently there with a purpose, but who gave no sign of recognition.

Ned brought the horse to a standstill and began a parley.

"Hello, sonny," said he, "where is the other gentleman?"

The boy stared at him stolidly awhile and then replied by another question:

"Are you the man as run after the wagon?" said he.

Ned impatiently nodded in acquiescence.

"They're in the cottage," said the lad, pointing up toward the Notch.

Without wasting further words, Ned started off again in the direction indicated, and climbing a quarter of a mile of steep hill, over an uncommonly rough and stony bit of road, for even that part of the country, discovered a little square frame structure, set in the middle of an untidy garden patch which reminded him of a huge dry-goods box turned upside down. Three or four tow-headed children posted at the garden gate as sentinels, disappeared into their diminutive abode at his approach, and a moment later George came hurrying out to meet him, with a rather serious look upon his expressive face.

His eye glanced rapidly from the dripping figure of Ned and the steaming horse, to the wagon and its occupant, and then advancing with quick decision, as if it were unnecessary to ask any questions, he said:

"I am glad to see that Ned succeeded in checking your wild career without any serious consequences. Under the circumstances I hope that you will permit me to dispense with the usual formalities and to introduce myself. My name is George Warrener, my father is a physician who has a cottage a few miles from here, and I am a medical student, with just enough knowledge of the subject to enable me to be of some slight service to your friend."

"O do tell me if she is badly hurt!" cried the girl in a voice which she tried, bravely but in vain, to keep steady. "Let me go to her at once. I *must* see her!"

George assisted her to descend from the wagon, but stopped her with a gesture from running into the cottage.

"Pardon me," said he, "if I ask you to listen to me for a minute. You are nervous and excited yet, as you have good reason to

be, and I am afraid that a sudden meeting with your friend might be too much for both of you." Then with a smile, "Are you sure that you can be brave, and not faint, or any thing of that sort?"

"Is it so terrible then?" she asked with a nervous clasping of the hands.

"No, no, I assure you," replied George earnestly; "but," he continued more slowly, "her head has been ready—rather severely—and she was stunned by the fall—she is not quite herself yet, and is weak from the shock—any further excitement just now might be bad for her, so I thought it best to prepare you."

The girl looked at him gratefully.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Warrener," she said, "I am quite ready and will promise you not to be foolish. Let us go in; but first let me complete our introduction. My name is Bond—Helen Bond."

George bowed low—"Miss Bond," said he, "I am delighted to know you, although the meeting might have been more propitious. I am completely at your service." He then led the way into the cottage.

The face of Ned, who during this brief colloquy had been standing patiently at the horse's head, was a study. Presently he brought his right hand down upon his thigh with a resounding slap.

"Well," he muttered, "if that doesn't beat every thing in the way of impudence and ingratitude. That's George all over—to allow somebody else to pull his chestnuts out of the fire and then appropriate them without so much as a thank you. The next time I play the knight-errant and rescue a distressed damsel, I'll take good care that he is not by to take her off my hands. There's no reason though why I should stay out here all alone. Surely there must be room for one more in that bandbox. Here, youngster! (to one of the children) do you want to earn ten cents? Watch this beast then, until I come back."

So saying he threw the reins to the grinning boy (who, wise in his generation, straightway clambered into the wagon) and strode angrily toward the cottage. George met him at the threshold, and said with a twinkle in his eye:

"Too bad, old fellow, to overlook you, the real hero of the occasion. Miss Bond is stricken with remorse and has sent me to apologize and sue for pardon. Come in, but make yourself as small as possible."

Before Ned could growl out a reply, Helen Bond stood before him with an outstretched hand, and a very becoming blush upon her cheeks.

"I don't know what you must think of me, Mr. Warrener," she said, "but really I was so frightened and anxious that I forgot all about the great debt I owe you—and all about good manners, too. I shall be able to thank you better by and by, and until then I hope you will acquit me of utter selfishness."

Ned seized the offered hand, and stammered out something about having been amply rewarded already for the slight service he had performed, and the three then entered the sick chamber, which was scarcely larger than a cupboard. Behind the door, occupying most of the available space, was a low bed, covered with a very gay patchwork quilt, and upon this lay the injured girl, her head swathed in bandages, and her left arm bound in improvised splints. She was very pale, and evidently in pain, but she smiled bravely and tried to raise herself into a sitting position.

"You must not exert yourself yet," said George authoritatively. "Miss Bond, I appeal to you to keep the patient in order while we all hold a council of war."

"Our part in that will be very small, I expect," said Helen, who was rapidly recovering her spirits, "as we are both practically prisoners. But before you decide upon our fate let me make you acquainted with my friend Miss Van Thaler. Ella, this is Mr. George and this (with a little flush) is Mr. Edward Warrener, both of whom we have to thank for our lives."

"You will have to express my gratitude for me, Nelly," said Ella faintly, "for I——"

George, who had been watching her closely interposed here quickly:

"Not a word more on that score, I beg." Then, as the girl's eyes closed in sheer weakness, he added, "I wish to goodness we could get some sort of restorative. There's not even a drop of milk to be had, and ——"

Ned's hand dived into the pocket of his drenched flannel coat and reappeared with a flask.

"Why not try a little drop of whisky, George?" said he.

George snatched it from his hand, unscrewed the lid, and raising the sufferer's head, poured a few drops of the spirit between her almost bloodless lips. The stim-

ulant acted at once. The color once more appeared in her face, and light in her eyes, and soon she declared herself capable of leaving the cottage.

"We'll talk of that presently," said George. "Here's your flask, Ned, and it is the first time I ever knew any good to come of your carrying it. The next question is, how are we to get these young ladies home."

"Put them in the wagon and drive them," said Ned curtly.

"How far have you to go, Miss Bond?" asked George.

"I do not know exactly," replied Helen. "A party of us are staying at a farm about a mile and a half the other side of the Notch. I fear Miss Van Thaler will not be able to bear so long a drive."

"We must risk it," said George decisively, after a pause. "She cannot stay here, for there is not even a change of clothing for her, or for you either. Both of you are more in danger from chill than any thing else, and if we do not start at once it will be growing cold in the Notch. We must leave you alone for a few minutes, while we are fixing the wagon, but shall be within call if any thing should happen. Come on Ned."

And the two young men bowed themselves out of the room.

CHAPTER II.

A JOURNEY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

MEANWHILE, the horse, that had been the immediate cause of all the mischief, stood meditatively in the roadway, occasionally nibbling at such blades of grass as came within his reach. George aroused him from his reverie, by seizing the bit and backing him down toward the cottage gate.

"I should like to know what you propose to do?" said Ned, who was still rather sulky, feeling that he had been kept in the background. "That girl can't sit up in a wagon."

"Sit up!" replied the other. "I should think not. Her arm is broken and she has a cut on her head, which needs better attention than I could bestow on it. I thought her skull was fractured when I first found her lying in the road, but, luckily for her, it wasn't."

"How did you remove her to the cottage?"

"A laborer cutting wood on the hill saw her jump and ran down to help her. We carried her between us to the cottage, and hard work it was, I can tell you. I gave him a dollar to

go to West Kill for a doctor, while I did the best I could for her with the material at hand—but there's no telling whether he will find one. At all events I shall not wait for him."

"But how will you move her? I do not believe that she could stand on her feet, to say nothing of walking."

"She will not need to do either. I propose to turn this wagon into an ambulance, and take her along, bed and all. You take the rest of the seats out, let the back down, and roll up the curtains, while I strike a bargain for the loan of the mattress and bed-clothing."

Without awaiting any reply, George walked off with the decision and promptitude which marked his every action, while Ned, half rebellious and half submissive, fretting at the note of command in George's voice but unable to resist it, set about his appointed task. He stripped the wagon of its seats in less time than it takes to tell of it, and then after a rapid side glance at the cottage, took the whisky-flask from his pocket and hastily swallowed a dram of no very moderate proportions.

"What is sauce for the goose," grumbled he, "is sauce for the gander. George's whims are no reason why I should invite rheumatism. A mile and a half the other side of the Notch, and back again over these charming roads in the dark! A jolly outlook, by Jove! But I'll be hanged if I lead the horse. George has taken general charge and he can fill that contract, too. Wonder if I could get a smoke? I should enjoy my own company all the better. Well, here goes."

He pulled out his pipe, filled it, and, after careful search, succeeded in finding a match which was comparatively dry, and in igniting it after several attempts. As the smoke rolled in clouds from his lips, life began to assume a rosier aspect. He cast his eyes upward and perceived that the sky was once again blue and cloudless, and that the crests of the mountain tops were still gilded by sunshine. The air, cleared by the storm, was no longer oppressive; a sweet odor arose from the refreshed earth, and a light breeze from the north rustled among the leaves, making most pleasant music. The smoker's face grew placid, as he leaned against the gate watching the blue wreaths float upward.

"They're both of 'em pretty," he soliloquized. Helen's the brightest, apparently, but she looks as if she had a pretty lively temper. I wonder whether Ella is any relation to the

Van Thalers we met at Newport last year. An heiress, perhaps! The name sounds rich, at all events. George is in luck. I'm handicapped from the start, although ——" and he smiled to himself, "I can give him five yards in a hundred."

A smart slap on his shoulders ended his soliloquy and George's voice said:

"You luxurious beggar! Indulging in the *dolce far niente* when there is so much to do. Upon my word, Miss Helen, you ought to feel flattered at his having summoned up energy enough to run after you."

At the mention of Helen's name, Ned started and hurriedly removed his pipe from his lips. He had not suspected the identity of the queer figure at George's elbow, with its thick boots, short calico dress, old red shawl, and huge sunbonnet. The girl laughed merrily.

"I am evidently safe from detection in my borrowed plumes," she said. "But please go on smoking. I don't object to it in the least, and even if I did, it would not matter. It is a great shame to disturb you, but we could never carry Ella to the wagon without your assistance."

The last words were uttered with just sufficient emphasis to gratify Ned's personal vanity. They implied both confidence and gratitude, and as he glanced at the speaker's bright and earnest face, which in the shadow of that monstrous bonnet seemed to be irradiated by a light of its own, he thought that he had never seen a prettier picture.

"I was only waiting for orders," said he. "This is George's province and I do not intend to rob him of either credit or responsibility. When it is a question of carrying, however," and he straightened himself up unconsciously, "I feel that I may be depended upon."

Helen's eyes dropped modestly, but not before she had noted the vigor of his frame and the grace of his pose. She thought that he would be a rare model for a sculptor, and that he was one of the handsomest men she had ever seen.

The transfer of the injured girl from the cottage to the wagon was quickly and easily accomplished. The forethought of George had provided for every thing, and he found a most willing assistant in the good woman of the house. She not only placed her bed and every thing else at his disposal, but insisted upon Helen's taking the only pair of boots in

her possession, as well as the old calico gown, shawl, and bonnet, which constituted the sole superfluities of her wardrobe. Her charity was genuine, moreover, inasmuch as it was only with the greatest difficulty that George could induce her to accept a small sum of money in exchange for her hospitality. She produced her scanty store of winter blankets to protect the sufferer from cold, and even volunteered to accompany her as an attendant, a proposal which Helen would not listen to. George's first plan was to convert the bed into a litter, by the use of the slats, but he soon discovered that the door of the bedroom was far too narrow to permit of any experiment of that kind. The only alternative was that Ned should carry the injured girl in his strong arms, a task of which he acquitted himself to admiration. He lifted her, as if she had been but a feather's weight, and bore her to the wagon so smoothly and tenderly that she felt no additional pain, and had been deposited safely on the mattress and pillow, already prepared for her, before she fully realized what had been done.

"Now, Miss Helen," said George, "it is your turn."

"Oh no, indeed, I would much rather walk by her side," said she.

"You would not walk very far in those boots," he replied smiling, "and besides, I must ask you to support Miss Van Thaler's head. I dare not trust that pillow over such a road as we have to travel."

"How selfish I am! I never thought of that!" she exclaimed, and the next minute she was sitting in the bottom of the wagon with the pillow and Ella's head resting on her lap, while the cousins busied themselves in arranging the borrowed bed-clothing and blankets to the best advantage. The cavalcade was just about to start when one of the cottage children who had been despatched upon this errand by George about ten minutes previously, came running up, breathlessly, with the rods which the fishermen had thrown aside in the first excitement of the runaway and the trout whose capture had been forgotten amid more stirring events. The fish was presented to the messenger, the rods were stowed away in the wagon, and the journey which was to have a lasting influence upon three lives, began.

At first both young men walked at the horse's head, but it was not long before Helen objected to this precaution as needless and unsociable.

She was sure, she said, that the horse had had enough of running away for one day, at least, and, besides he could be controlled quite as easily from the wagon as from the foot-path. Ned acquiesced in the opinion very promptly, but George resisted temptation.

"The horse will behave himself properly enough," said he. "There is no fear on that score, but there are some fearfully rough bits in the Notch, and it will be necessary to lead him over them very slowly or Miss Van Thaler will be badly shaken up. But two men are not needed for that. You can fall back, Ned, and act as rear-guard for a while, and when you are wanted for a spell of duty at the front, I'll let you know."

Ned acted upon this suggestion with alacrity, and took up a position behind the wagon where he could converse with the inmates without difficulty. He trudged along, however, for some little distance without breaking silence. Then he asked what he considered to be a very diplomatic question:

"I suppose you know this part of the country very well, Miss Bond?"

"No, indeed," said Helen. "I do not know it at all. In fact, we are both strangers here. Until two or three days ago we were at the other end of the range, at the Old Mountain House, but mamma grew tired of the stupid, noisy, hotel life, and a lot of us came over to a farm-house at West Kill where we have been living a country life in earnest. I am afraid," she added dolefully, "that this horrid accident will put an end to all our fun."

"Oh no, it won't," said Ella, joining unexpectedly but rather faintly in the conversation, "but you will have to find somebody else to drive you."

"Just fancy! Mr. Warrener," said Helen, "I thought that Ella was one of the best whips in New York—and yet she very nearly succeeded in breaking both our necks. I must tell you all about it. We had never been in the Notch—in the day-time—before and our intention was to enter it for a short distance only. We saw the storm coming up and meant to return before it broke. But the farther up the hill we went the narrower the road grew and Ella was afraid to turn the wagon for fear of upsetting it."

"You mean that you were afraid to let me try," remonstrated Ella.

"I don't blame either of you," commented Ned. "It's a mighty ticklish place. I shouldn't want to turn a wagon in it myself."

"Now, Ella dear," said Helen with a pretty little gesture of reproof, "you must lie still and not try to talk. Of course I would not let you run any risk, with a chasm on one side and a perpendicular wall of mountain on the other. I expected to reach an open space every moment, but we never did. We were obliged to go on whether we liked it or not. At last the storm overtook us. It became darker and darker, and the wind raised a cloud of dust that almost blinded us. We were both dreadfully frightened and I told Ella to make the horse go faster, because I was sure that we must be near the end of the Notch. She raised the whip but I do not know whether she struck him or not——"

"Yes, I did, but only once, very lightly," interposed Ella.

"At that very instant, there came a flash of lightning which seemed to fill the valley with fire, and with it a crash of thunder that deafened me and sent the horse off at a mad gallop. After that, I scarcely know what happened. I think that I shrieked, and remember clutching the rails of the seat with all my might. I did not even miss Ella when she jumped out."

"I did not jump out," said Ella, "at least I did not mean to do so. The horse made a sudden leap when the thunder-clap came and I was so startled that I allowed the reins to slip from my hands. They were falling over the dash-board and I thoughtlessly sprang forward to recover them. The wagon swerved, and I lost my balance. Rather than be thrown out, I jumped, hoping to land on my feet—with what result you know."

A note of warning was sounded here by George, who could hear the sound of voices without being able to distinguish what was said.

"Please do not encourage Miss Van Thaler to talk," he said, "she will need all her strength before we reach the next valley."

"Never fear," replied Ned, who had been deeply impressed by Ella's spirit, "her pluck will carry her through even if her strength should fail"; and then he checked himself abruptly with an awkward sense of having allowed his admiration to betray him into undue familiarity. "I beg your pardon," he added, rather clumsily, "I forgot that we were almost strangers to each other."

"I hope that will not long be the case," said Ella frankly. "At any rate I thank you

for a compliment which was evidently sincere, if undeserved."

"But it is deserved, Mr. Warrenner," said Helen impetuously. "She is one of the pluckiest girls you ever knew. But now I want to hear how you stopped the wagon and saved me."

"Hem!" said Ned, "I'm not so sure that I saved you at all. I don't believe that you would have been hurt if you had stuck by the wagon. The hardest part of my work was running after you, for the road was not too good and the horse was moving at a lively gait. When I once laid hold of the end of the wagon, all I had to do was to climb in, take the reins from your hands, and pull him in."

"From *my* hands?" said Helen amazed, "why—I was not driving!"

"Can't help that," was Ned's brief comment. "You had the reins when I caught you, and very lucky it was, for if they had fallen under the horse's heels, there would probably have been a general smash up."

"I must have picked them up mechanically when Ella dropped them," said Helen, "although I have no recollection of doing so. But what a wonderful runner you must be!"

Ned shrugged his shoulders.

"Not at all wonderful—but, of course, one does a good deal of that sort of thing at college."

Helen's eyes rested for a moment on the red stripes of his blazer, which, in process of drying, began to recover some of its former brilliancy.

"Ah!" she said with sharp interest, "you are at Harvard! You know my brother, perhaps?"

"No, I am not so fortunate. I am at the other Cambridge—in England."

"But you never told us that you were an Englishman!"

"Because I am not one," replied he laughing. "I am as good an American, I hope, as anybody, and so was my father before me, but my mother is English, as were all my grandparents, and it is owing to her, chiefly, that I am at an English university. If ever you cross the Atlantic I should be delighted to welcome you there."

"That would be charming," cried Helen. "I have been across once and we are all going again next spring. I shall certainly insist on papa's taking me to Cambridge. Do you

hear, Ella? Won't it be fun? College men are the best entertainers in the world."

"You are counting chickens rather prematurely," said Ella.

"You must come down at the end of the May term," said Ned, ignoring this unpleasant suggestion altogether, "then the boat races will be on, and no end of cricket matches and fêtes of all kinds. And what is more, you will see a collection of the prettiest girls in England."

"Perhaps it would be injudicious to challenge such comparisons," remarked Helen demurely.

Ned shot a roguish glance at the big sun-bonnet.

"You wouldn't say so if you thought so," said he with more frankness than politeness. "Our girls can always hold their end up, even in the matter of self-appreciation."

"No Englishman could say any thing worse of us than that," answered Helen with a pretense of indignation. "To accuse us in one breath of vanity and insincerity! Such sentiments cannot be tolerated, and I shall make you do penance for them. Mr. Warrenner," she cried, addressing George, "please come here and take your cousin's place. He is making odious reflections upon our sex, and, besides, you and the horse must be tired of each other's society."

"Well," said George, "if Ned has made any reflections more odious than that, he deserves to be banished. It is true enough, however, so far as the horse and I are concerned, and both of us are ready for relief."

"Thus innocence has to suffer for its blunders," said Ned sententiously, taking his place at the horse's head, "and virtue does not receive its reward."

The little party then again moved forward, Ned puffing vigorously at his pipe and George marching quietly in the rear, after satisfying himself that thus far Ella was none the worse for the ride. The most trying part, however, was yet to come, for darkness was setting in very rapidly, and the descent before them was long and steep and exceedingly rough, the road being full of great stones and holes, and having many sharp turns. On their right hand the ravine, now deep in shadow, looked like some unfathomable abyss, and the narrow roadway that skirted it, with the overhanging trees on either side, could only be distinguished for a short distance, and then melted away in the dark background. For

some time no one spoke. Ned's attention was concentrated wholly upon the inequalities of the surface, which he felt rather than saw, and he was compelled to exert all his ingenuity and a good deal of his strength in keeping the wheels clear of ruts and bowlders. George, upon whom the chief responsibility of the expedition rested, was kept silent by a growing anxiety, while the two girls were both beginning to experience the depression which is the natural consequence of excitement. More than once the wagon was saved from some violent jolt by Ned's sureness of foot and firmness of hand, but at last, in spite of all his care it gave a sudden lurch, which elicited a cry of alarm from Helen and of pain from Ella.

Ned checked the horse instantly, muttering beneath his breath a vigorous denunciation of country roads.

"What's to be done, George?" said he. "I cannot see where I am going half the time, and the road seems to get rougher the farther we go."

"This is the worst bit in the whole Notch," said George. "But we must push on at all hazards. Be as careful as possible and I will hang on behind and convert myself into an automatic brake. Have patience a little longer, ladies, and you shall have some of the smoothest riding to be had hereabouts."

"I am all right," replied Helen, "but I'm afraid Ella is very weak."

George put his hand lightly upon the wounded girl's forehead. It was cold and clammy. "Give me that flask of yours again, Ned," said he. "I wish it was brandy instead of whisky. Come, Miss Ella," continued he, "take a good mouthful; we must not let you faint now if we can help it. That's right. How do you feel now? better?"

"Thank you—yes," she replied in broken accents. "I hurt—my arm a little—that was all."

"Go ahead, Ned," cried George, "we can do no good here, and every moment is valuable."

"Why the deuce don't you make your road-masters attend to their business?" demanded Ned with fine scorn.

"You settle here and make the farmers pay their dues!" quoth George with a touch of sarcasm, and the descent of the hill was again resumed in silence, the fire in Ned's pipe ever and anon blazing brightly like a miniature beacon.

The present troubles of the party were now nearly over. They had not proceeded far, when the road, probably at some village boundary line, suddenly became smooth and level, and before they had finished congratulating themselves upon the welcome change, the noise of wheels was heard, and two carriage lamps, a most uncommon spectacle in those parts, swung into view, and approached at a rate which told of no country horse-flesh.

"Whom have we here?" queried Ned. "Jehu the son of Nimshi? He driveth furiously at any rate." Then with stentorian lungs he shouted, "Hello, you, sir! Look out where you are coming to!"

"It's Harry's dog-cart!" cried Helen gleefully. "He has been sent to look for us, and (seeing two figures on the box seat) that must be papa with him!"

Hearing Ned's shout of warning, the driver of the dog-cart pulled up so suddenly that he almost threw his horse, a dashing bay, upon his haunches. Helen tried to imitate the Indian war-cry, which is the common form of salutation in the Catskills, but breaking down completely in the middle of it, could only gasp out, "Papa! papa!" and then found relief from her overwrought feelings in a rush of tears, which betokened nothing but happiness.

"Here's Helen, at any rate," said a voice in a tone which suggested both surprise and anxiety. "Stay where you are and hold the horse while I see what the matter is." The road was very dark at this point, and the speaker, a robust and energetic man of middle age, lifted one of the carriage lamps from its socket, springing to the ground as he did so, and advanced to investigate. As the light fell upon the figures of Ned and George, both of whom were standing at the horse's head, he hesitated for an instant in manifest uncertainty and, perhaps, with some vague feeling of alarm. Ned raised his hat, as if he had been stopped by a university proctor, while George with quick address, said:

"This, I presume, is Mr. Bond?"

"That is my name," said the other, with a trace of suspicion in his manner.

"I am delighted to meet you. Miss Helen is safe and unhurt, but has met with a little accident which she will explain to you herself. Her friend, I am sorry to say, has been less fortunate."

Mr. Bond, still in doubt, pressed forward to the side of the wagon. At first he failed

to recognize his daughter in her rustic disguise, and it was not until her arms were around his neck that he was convinced of her identity. Then followed a rapid cross-fire of question and answer, in the course of which Helen told in eager but unintelligible fashion, of the runaway and the rescue, of Ella's mishap and her own escape, of the gallantry of the cousins, of her terror and her gratitude. She was pouring out a flood of hysterical protestations when Mr. Bond playfully put his hand upon her lips.

"Stop! stop! little girl," said he, "you shall tell me the rest by and by. Young gentlemen, I have heard enough to know that I am in your debt very deeply—but of that, more hereafter. The one thing to do now is to get home as quickly as possible, for Miss Van Thaler's sake. You, of course, will remain as my guests. Let me introduce you to my son."

This ceremony over, a brief conference was held as to the wisest course to be pursued. It was determined finally that Harry Bond should first drive home with the news of the accident and then proceed in quest of a physician who lived in an adjacent village. As soon as he had taken his departure, which he effected with startling suddenness, the ambulance, as George called it, again moved forward, Mr. Bond walking by Ned's side with the lamp, whose bright light ended the chief difficulty of the journey. After proceeding for about a mile and a half, and passing through the little village of West Kill, they came to the top of a hill, and to a large farm-house, of somewhat modern construction, whose illuminated windows indicated a cheerful company within. At the sound of the wagon wheels, the front door flew open and a number of young people ran out to meet them, all signifying their anxiety by various notes of inquiry and commiseration. They were awed into silence by a glimpse of Ella's prostrate form and white face, and stood by pityingly while the injured girl was carried tenderly into the house, Ned's strong arms being called again into requisition. Helen, although cramped by the long ride, and weak with fatigue, was able to walk with the aid of her eager friends, and was overwhelmed with questions, especially concerning the unknown young men whom she had brought with her. As for Ned and George, they were glad enough to escape to the room which already had been prepared for them, and to array themselves

in dry clothing furnished from Harry Bond's wardrobe. That young gentleman lost no time in returning with the doctor, who gladdened all hearts by declaring that Ella's injuries, although severe, were not serious; and the cousins, fairly tired out by their long day's work, gratefully accepted their host's suggestion of a supper in private, and an early retreat to bed.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGINNING OF LOVE.

A WEEK is but a short time, but it may work great changes in a critical period. It wrought a transformation in the lives of the cousins Warrener, furnishing them with new interests and amusements, and converting a rather lazy and tedious vacation into a genuine holiday, full of unexpected pleasures. They were received into the home circle of the Bonds as old friends of the family, and had, indeed, as it turned out, a sort of hereditary right to the title. On the memorable evening of the runaway (an evening, as both the cousins thought, to be marked in the calendar with the whitest of stones), Mr. Bond, walking at Ned's side, had asked the latter whether he was related in any way to Edward Warrener, the big leather merchant of New York. "He is my father," Ned answered; whereupon Mr. Bond once again seized and shook his hand, saying that the accident that had brought them together might prove a lucky one after all, and promising an explanation at some more favorable opportunity. The following morning after breakfast while the cousins, already the heroes of that little community, were deep in animated converse with Harry, the elder Bond approached, and laying a hand upon the shoulder of each, said:

"The sight of you two boys carries my memory back thirty years and almost makes me feel that much younger. I knew your fathers well when they were lads like you, and many a good time we have had together. Neither of them has forgotten Fred Bond, I'll be bound, although so many years have passed since fate separated us. It shall not be my fault if the old friendship be not renewed. Your old grandfather used to prophesy that I should come to ruin, and I don't know but what I shall," added he laughing, "if Harry, here, continues in his prodigal ways. You remember your grandfather, of course? Not very well, eh! A fine

old fellow he was—a trifle bigoted in politics and religion—but the soul of honor. He thought me—frivolous! Great heavens, Harry, if he had only known you! He was relieved, I fancy, when I was sent to Harvard. My father was an India merchant, and he thought it treason that I did not stick to the country house. I had the ill-luck once to speak in his hearing of the 'learned professions,' and he called me a puppy. He feared that I should infect his lads with my outlandish notions. Poor old man! I went to Harvard, and never saw him or his sons again."

"How was that, sir?" said Ned the impulsive.

"My father, who was a widower, died, and I found a new home with relatives in Boston, where I finally remained and settled down to practice law. Ned Warrener adopted his father's theories, inherited his business, and, I am pleased to know, has found abundant profit in it. Of your father, George, my close friend Arthur, I only know that he followed his own ambition, and won distinction as a physician. I hope he prospered also."

"We are not rich," said George, "Ned is the plutocrat. We have sufficient for all wants, however. My grandfather left us a competence, and my father's books are in great demand. If his health had not failed him he would have heaped up gold as well as learning. He passes his summers and autumns with his books in his mountain cottage between Big Indian and Pine Hill, and is happier in his retreat than he would be in a palace. I must go home to report myself, and, if you will permit me, I will bring him back here with me. No man values old friendships more than he."

The suggestion was heartily applauded, and was acted upon so promptly that on the evening of the same day (thanks in great measure to Harry's dog-cart, which was the admiration of the whole country side) the cousins were back again at West Kill with Dr. Arthur Warrener, who had left his beloved books, almost without a pang, to visit the companion of his youth. The warmth of the greeting between the two men was a proof of the esteem in which each held the other, and the threads of the old friendship were gathered up so quickly that it was difficult to believe that they had ever been broken. Thus it came to pass that at the end of a week the whole party were on terms of the most frank and cordial intimacy.

It was an extremely pleasant little society. At the head of it was Mr. Bond, a many-sided man, who could adapt himself to all circumstances, and who was equally ready to bear his part in some keen intellectual contest, or to participate with a boy's zest in a boy's frolic. Next to him was his wife, an unaffected motherly creature who combined in her single self all the charms of the perfect house-wife and the cultured woman. Her dearest friend and constant associate was Mrs. Van Thaler, a rich widow and Ella's mother. The two had been school-fellows together and the dream of their lives was that their children, Harry and Ella, should become man and wife. It was in pursuance of this cherished plan that the two young people had been brought together for the greater part of the present summer vacation, but the fond mothers were compelled to admit that little progress had as yet been made toward its accomplishment. Both Ella and Helen had concerned themselves mainly with the entertainment of a number of girl friends who formed part of the household, while Harry in company with various college associates had roamed all over the country in search of adventure, rarely joining in the home amusements except when he had nothing else to do.

But the advent of the Warreners brought about a change which was especially welcome to the feminine part of the community. Hitherto Mr. Bond had been the deviser and arbiter of all sports, the promoter of all expeditions, and general dispenser of enjoyment. But he no longer had leisure for these frivolities, finding his greatest delight in the society of the scholarly recluse, Arthur Warrener, reviving the memories of long ago, and encouraging him to reveal the treasures of his mind, a veritable store-house of knowledge. The young men were, therefore, left to their own resources, of which both the cousins had a bountiful supply. George, who had spent many summers in the mountains, was familiar with every point of interest for miles around, while both he and Ned were proficient in almost every kind of out-door games and sports.

For a day or two after their arrival, Ella was confined to her room, but she recovered rapidly from the effect of her injuries, and was the gayest of the gay, although compelled to carry her arm in a sling, and only able to be a spectator of the encounters at lawn tennis

or croquet, with which the idle hours at home were beguiled. Before her accident she and Helen had proved the victors in many a tennis tournament, and her chief sorrow was now that she could not lend her aid to her old partner in the contests with the Warreners. Harry, with the superb conceit of a college undergraduate, considered himself an admirable player, not quite equal, perhaps, to the Renshaws, but infinitely superior in skill to any mere girl. As a matter of fact, although he made some brilliant strokes now and then, he was neither so safe nor so effective a player as either Helen or Ella, while Ned and George could beat him easily at all points. When they first began to play he selected Helen as his partner, and told her that if she could refrain from making her usual stupid blunders, he would be responsible for the honor of the house. But he soon tired of that experiment. Ella acted as scorer and the record went against him with monotonous regularity. The worst of it was that he could not charge his discomfiture to Helen, who made more points than he did, possibly because her adversaries were too chivalrous to avail themselves of her inexperience. He was mightily chagrined, but being a good fellow at heart, and sportsman enough to appreciate a first-rate performance even at his own expense, he soon admitted that he was no match for the cousins, and suggested a new arrangement. He bade Helen choose a fresh partner for herself, and when she declined to make so invidious a selection, he decided the matter himself by awarding Ned to her, with the remark that he was undoubtedly the best one of the lot.

The justice of this verdict was indisputable. George was an exceedingly graceful player, quick of eye, sure of hand and foot, of excellent judgment and perfect temper, but Ned surpassed him in boldness and dash, in length of reach, and especially in a most uncommon strength of wrist, which gave him wonderful control over the racquet. Thus it was that Helen and Ned, by a second accident, were associated again,—a coincidence which Ella emphasized by a mischievous look, and Helen acknowledged by a guilty little flush, which escaped the duller male perception, but was full of significance to the keener feminine eye.

After this redistribution the struggle was much more equal and the task of the scorer was no sinecure. The issue of a game often

depended upon a single point, and both sides strained every nerve to secure the advantage. At first George and Harry were able to hold their own, chiefly because Helen, who met with no mercy from her brother, was unable to maintain the pace set by her more robust associates; but Ned, a great general, took her under his own tuition and gave her many invaluable hints as to how she might exhaust the enemy, while saving herself. He enforced his precepts by example, and it was in carefully watching his play, the lightness and certainty of his movements, and the easy and graceful poise of his body, that she first learned to comprehend what was meant by athletic beauty. Her quick perception soon discovered the salient features of his style, and as her chief ambition was to give him efficient support rather than to distinguish herself, she speedily became a most valuable partner, and victory began to incline to her side much more frequently than to her brother's.

Each new victory was hailed by Ned with enthusiasm. He was always a little jealous of George, although he never would confess it even to himself, and he was much delighted at having him, for once, at a disadvantage, but his chief satisfaction was at the attitude of Helen, who, thoroughly honest by nature and utterly free from affectation, did not attempt to conceal her admiration of his strength and address. The other young men, and there were not a few of them, who fluttered around her, she treated with the strictest impartiality, awarding to each a just measure of smiles and attention, but Ned was evidently the prime favorite in her little court, and in her manner toward him there was a suggestion of deference and of confidence which put him upon a footing above the rest. She believed that he had saved her life, and felt that she owed him a debt of gratitude on that account, and when, between the intervals of tennis, his tall form bent over her with whispered words of congratulation or instruction, it seemed to her that the debt would be a pleasant one to pay even if it were larger than it was.

As for Ned, he did not hesitate to avail himself to the uttermost of the privileges which fortune had conferred upon him. Never before had he been known to be so constant to any one form of amusement. When no regular game of tennis was in

progress he was to be found practicing with Helen for a *vis-à-vis*, or else sauntering at her side, racquet in hand, wholly absorbed in demonstration. So eager, indeed, was he to perfect her in the sport, that he sometimes prolonged his tuition beyond the hours of daylight; for one evening, about this time, when the farm-house party had assembled round the tinkling little piano that was the pride of that country parlor, and some one, wishing her to play accompaniments, had cried out, "Where is Helen?" one of the children piped in reply, "She is out on the tennis lawn with Mr. Edward Warrenner."

This announcement, innocent as it was in form and in matter, set more than one mind to thinking, and was followed by one of those brief but awkward pauses which are apt to follow an interruption of the kind. Then Harry, whispering a word or two to George, who stood at his elbow, broke into a boyish laugh, and started to run from the room, just as the missing pair appeared in the doorway. At the same moment Mrs. Bond, sitting in her own peculiar corner with her inseparable ally, Mrs. Van Thaler, hearing the silence and the laughter, but knowing nothing of the cause, looked up from her fancy work and saw her daughter and her companion set as it were, in a frame, before her. The picture, well worthy of a painter, startled her by its suggestion of a possibility of which she had not dreamed, and some of her surprise was reflected in her face, for Helen read it there, and divining the meaning of it, grew rosy red, then pale, and made her way quickly to the piano, where she began nervously to turn over the leaves of music. On Ned, who seldom saw much farther than his nose, the incident and subsequent by-play were equally lost, and, heedless of a sign from George, which he either did not see or did not understand, he made after Helen, as a moth flies to a candle, and took a seat by her side with the air of a rightful possessor.

Music was not one of Ned's gifts. A devoted oarsman, he regarded that heavenly art from what may be called an aquatic point of view. He liked a song, he said, with good time and swing to it, and lots of life. It must be almost needless to add that his predilection was in favor of college choruses, of which he knew a great number, both English and American. He had several volumes of these choice compositions, and he and Harry

as precentors of the family choir, had banished peace from the neighborhood for several evenings by roaring out their most popular pieces.' He imagined, as a matter of course, that on this particular evening the concert would proceed in its usual course, and was astonished by the sudden disregard which Helen exhibited for his wishes. Of the college songs which she had played with such spirit the preceding night, she declared that some were too high, others too low, and some too stupid. She avowed a decided preference for sentimental and poetic ballads, and actually encouraged a gawky youth, a chance guest whom Harry contemptuously described as a "Columbia freshy," to bleat out some dreadful nonsense about "the lost loves of the weeping willows." Harry with a comprehensive blessing upon girls and their "fads," strode out into the gloom, preferring solitude to such society, but Ned stayed on, hoping for a turn in his favor, only to be crushed by chilling neglect or the commonest of common politeness. His bewilderment reached its height when Helen, as if to emphasize her indifference to him, called George (who sang and played with much taste and ability) and asked him to join her in several vocal and instrumental duets. Ned made, under his breath, one desperate, final protest against her treatment of him, and receiving no consolation, stalked forth after Harry with a very miserable assumption of nonchalance, and, lighting his pipe, tried to blow away his wrath in dense clouds of pungent smoke.

An only child, whose every whim had been consulted by a doting mother almost from infancy, his natural willfulness had been developed until it had become impatient of the smallest check, and in his fury at the fancied slight which had been put upon him, he vowed that he would leave the house in the morning, never to set foot in it again. It never occurred to him that Helen's behavior might have been diplomatic, and that she might only have been trying to extricate herself from a false position in which she had been placed by his own indiscretion. The one idea that rankled in him was that he had been ignored for a vapid little creature whom he could crush between his fingers and thumb; and when he remembered the favor shown to George, he ground his teeth with such an excess of jealous passion that he bit through the mouth-piece of his pipe, and the

bowl fell to the ground. This mishap, by exciting his sense of the ridiculous, directed the current of his thoughts and helped him partly to recover his temper. Picking up the broken pipe with a twinge of shame at his own folly, he set about repairing the damage as best he might by means of his knife, and was engaged in this occupation when Harry's voice said :

"Hello! Ned. Did he drive you out, too?"

"Whom are you talking about," said Ned rather sulkily.

"That Columbia duck! He's the sort of sissy the girls call sweet. I'd like to have the mittens on with him for just about two minutes. It would do him an awful lot of good to stand him on his head once or twice—restore his equilibrium, you know. I guess his brains have settled down into his collar."

"Your sister seems to like him well enough."

"Who! Helen? Oh, get out. What do you take her for. She hates the whole species, but she likes to have some fun now and then with an occasional specimen. She spells man with a big *M*, old fellow, and don't you forget it!"

Ned appeared to derive considerable comfort from this enigmatic and elegant expression, for he replied quite amicably, as he relighted his repaired pipe:

"I didn't suppose she had much use for that sort of thing."

"Bless you, no," said Harry, "but don't let us talk about him. I've got á scheme, or, rather, George put me up to it, a picnic party to Sleepy Hollow and the old Rip Van Winkle House. Load the whole gang into a couple of wagons, with plenty of supplies, and make a day of it."

"Why, that's right on the other side of the Catskills," said Ned. "You can't make that trip in a day. You'd kill the horses and the women, too, I fancy."

"We don't propose to go by road all the way. We'll make an early start and drive through the Notch to Shandaken or Phoenicia, take the Stony Clove Railroad to the Old Mountain House, and get wagons there to carry us to the Hollow. We have calculated the whole business, and we can get back here by ten or eleven o'clock at night."

Ned acquiesced in the plan willingly enough, and Harry, always at a red heat when any new project was in view, hurried

off to consult with his mother and Mrs. Van Thaler, whose concurrence was a matter of supreme importance.

"Come on, Ned," he cried as he disappeared.

"In a minute," said the other, as he resumed his pacing up and down. He had not fully regained his equanimity yet, and was beginning to be dimly and uncomfortably conscious of having made a fool of himself. At all events he was not ready to face Helen. Not that he was disposed as yet to justify her. He was as convinced as ever that she had treated him abominably, but he now perceived that he had betrayed his own annoyance, and given the girl a weapon which could be turned against him very easily. The music had ceased by this time and the sound of an animated chattering came to him through the open doors and windows. He had about made up his mind to rejoin the party when he saw George coming toward him. His first impulse was to avoid an interview, but before he could act upon it his cousin had taken him by the arm and was saying in his quiet but decisive manner:

"Upon my word, Master Ned, you are making a pretty mess of it!"

"What's the matter now?" growled Ned ungraciously.

"What's the matter?" repeated George. "Was there ever such a dunderhead? Can't you see that you have succeeded in attracting everybody's attention to Helen and yourself—that you have put her in a cruelly false position and left her to get out of it as best she can?"

"I'll be hanged if I know what you are talking about," said Ned, rather guiltily.

"Oh, yes, you do. First of all, you take her off with you in the dark—to talk tennis, I suppose—then you bring her back in a manner that attracts the notice of her mother and every one else, and when the girl tries, with woman's wit, to avert suspicion, you must go blundering on into deeper difficulty by assuming a right to monopolize her and then—by Jove—must cap the climax by swaggering out of the room like an indignant sultan. Say, Ned," added he, half in jest and half in earnest, "what are your intentions?"

A flood of light burst in upon Ned's intelligence. He looked at his cousin in blank dismay, and then blurted out:

"I hadn't any idea that —"

"Of course not," said George with a grin,

"that's just like you and your ineffable self-consequence. But seriously, old fellow, Helen is far too good a girl to treat in this autocratic fashion. She is not one of your British barmaids. If you are wise, you will go in and make your peace at once, but don't be too conspicuous in your penitence, unless you want everybody to think that you contemplate presenting me with a new cousin."

"Go to thunder!" said Ned. "What shall I say to her?"

"Don't say any thing just now. Talk picnic and show that you're not sulky. You may trust her to meet you half way. Private explanations will keep. Come on, let us go in together, as Hamlet says."

Two or three hours later, the lower part of the farm-house was in darkness, although there were still lights to be seen in the upper windows. On the grassy slope between the house and the road, two figures paced backward and forward together. They were Frederick Bond, the lawyer, and his old friend, Dr. Warrenner. The first was speaking.

"My wife is full of it. She was all for sending after Helen, and questioning her, but I dissuaded her from that. There is really nothing to go upon, and it would scarcely do to make a mistake. The whole idea may be but a product of the imagination. Even if the young people should be growing fond of one another—they might both of them do worse."

"I wish it were George, instead of Ned."

"A natural prejudice—but Ned's a good fellow, and has health and—expectations—"

"Expectations that may never be realized. Don't misunderstand me. The boy will be rich some day, without doubt, and he is not a bad lad by any means, but he is willful and reckless, has a taste for bad company, I fear, and once, at least, I have seen him drunk."

"Once! Come, Warrenner, that is scarcely fair."

"I would say it to no one else living. But with you I must be frank. Besides, you are a man of the world, and will make all needful allowances. A single indiscretion signifies nothing, perhaps, and I know no more against him. He is bold and handsome, framed to make hearts bleed!"

"Well, we will be circumspect. If the affair is serious, he must be put on probation. I can be sure of Helen at any rate. He returns to Cambridge, you say, in a week or two. Let us await events. Once again, good night."

CHAPTER IV.

NED WARRENER MAKES A RESOLUTION AND
BREAKS IT.

NED made his peace with Helen without much difficulty, but did not find it quite so easy to re-establish the frank and easy intimacy which had existed between them. On the night of his sulky fit he did not see her. When he re-entered the house with George, she had retired to her own room, pleading headache or some other convenient indisposition. He attributed her absence to anger and a desire to avoid him, and was surprised to find how much uneasiness the idea caused him. The truth was that she feared a cross-examination from her mother, and was at a loss how to meet it. She could have declared with the utmost truth that no word or hint of love had ever passed between Ned and herself, but she could not have denied, with equal veracity, that she was conscious of a mutual attraction existing between them, or that her regard for him threatened to become warmer than mere friendship. Her mother looked at her searchingly when she bade her good-night, but the question in her eyes never rose to her lips, and that ordeal was passed safely.

In the morning, the incident of the preceding night seemed to have been forgotten, and she greeted Ned so cheerfully that he had no excuse for alluding to it. The proposed excursion to Sleepy Hollow had furnished a new and interesting topic, and Helen plunged into the discussion with unwonted enthusiasm, and constituted herself chairman of the executive committee. Ned encouraged by her affability, proffered his services as aid-de-camp and was rewarded by an order despatching him to the adjoining village of Lexington with a note to one of her many girl friends. He surmised that this was a device to get rid of him and was indignant accordingly, but submitted with the best grace of which he was capable. He was forced, moreover, to make the expedition alone, George having withdrawn into some unknown retreat to prosecute neglected studies, and Harry being engrossed in his duties as superintendent of transportation, which included the hiring of additional horses and elaborate calculations of time and distance.

He started out briskly, seeming to gain new vigor with every breath of the fresh morning air, and inspired by the beauty of the scene before him. The valley was very

broad at this point and his eye ranged over a wide extent of pasture land, divided by the winding brook, which glittered like a ribbon of silver until it was lost behind a grove of noble maples, whose leaves were just beginning to assume the gay tints of autumn. Buttoning up his coat he broke into a run, in sheer exuberance of health, covering the ground with an easy sweeping stride which would soon have borne him to his destination. But his mood soon changed, and falling gradually into a slow walk, his thoughts reverted to Helen.

It struck him as curious that he, against his own inclination, should be plodding over a rough and dusty road at the whim of a girl who would scarcely have sent him away had she desired his presence. This reflection wounded his vanity, and he discarded it as illogical. Then he asked himself the plain question whether he cared seriously for her, and was about to answer in the negative, when he remembered his cousin, and experienced a twinge which he was forced to admit strongly resembled jealousy. Did she care for him? Self-esteem accepted this proposition as entirely reasonable, but suggested that it would be rather premature to ask her upon so short an acquaintance. Besides, there were a good many other people to be consulted,—his father, for instance, and Helen's. A matrimonial engagement, moreover, would be likely to precipitate inquiries in some awkward directions. Under certain conditions his father would gratify, readily, every reasonable wish, but if—and his face grew longer—he should fail to get a degree and have nothing to show in return for very heavy college expenses, but long arrears of debt, his father would be far less complaisant. Ned knew, no one better, although he seldom permitted himself to dwell upon so disagreeable a subject, that his prospects of passing his final examination even creditably were fading every day, and his pecuniary condition was still less satisfactory. He had hinted to George that he was in debt, but had given no intimation that the sum was considerable, whereas, in reality, it was far beyond his resources. To propose marriage, in these circumstances, would be, he felt, to court failure if not disgrace; but then, again, on the other hand, should he return to England without declaring his suit, what would there be to prevent a rival from anticipating him and carrying off the prize?

Still weighing these propositions in his mind, he reached the house to which he had been sent, delivered the note, which, as he suspected, referred to a matter of the least possible importance, and, in no very pleasant mood, set out on his return journey. His road led him near the village post-office, and he resolved to call there on the chance of finding some letters. There were half a dozen in Mr. Bond's pigeon-hole, and having obtained them, he ran his eye over the envelopes as he walked along, until he came to one which caused him to stop with an involuntary exclamation. It was addressed to himself in his father's hand-writing, and, his mind still being full of his college anxieties, he hesitated for half a minute before he ventured to open it. He nervously tore it apart at last and found nothing inside but an inclosure, another letter also addressed to himself, but at his home in New York, and bearing the post-marks of London and Cambridge. It was clear that this communication, whatever it was (and there was a chill of apprehension at his heart as he looked at it), had not been opened since it left the hands of the writer, and without knowing why, he drew a sigh of relief. The hand-writing was entirely strange to him, and no amount of outward scrutiny of the missive could enable him to guess at the contents. He opened it at last and read it, the blood rushing to his face as he learned its tenor. When he had finished it, he crumpled it up savagely, with a smothered oath, and made a gesture as if he would hurl it from him, but recovered himself quickly, and, glancing rapidly up and down the road to assure himself that he had not been observed, smoothed the letter out again and read it more carefully, after which he put it into his pocket and slowly resumed his walk.

His moody face showed that his thoughts were far from pleasant. In fact, the day of reckoning had dawned for him sooner than he had expected, and the realization of his dangerous position came upon him with a shock. The letter was from one Jacob Russell, a Cambridge lawyer, who had long ago been "discommoded" by the authorities. That is to say, his name had been posted as that of a man with whom no undergraduate might have dealings under pain of expulsion. He made a good living, nevertheless, by the sharpest kind of sharp practice, by a little betting, a little gambling, and, more especially, by the meanest and most villainous kind of

usury. No man in the university or the town was better known to the wilder set of undergraduates than Jake Russell, who was always ready to lend money or sell wine to any young fellow with well-to-do parents. An adept in the art of flattering, he encouraged his dupes in the excesses in which he shared until their credit with him was exhausted, when he exacted his principal and interest with a cruelty as relentless as that of Shylock himself.

Ned had been partly but not wholly in the power of this rascal for some time. Russell had discovered, easily enough, that his father was rich, with very large business interests in England, and marked him forthwith as an eligible pigeon. It did not take him long to ascertain that Ned was living at a rate far beyond his allowance, liberal as that was, and he succeeded in lending him several small sums of money without much difficulty. But Ned was not yet harassed enough to borrow heavily, and so Russell determined to give him what he called "a turn of the screws." His letter was perfectly civil, even friendly in tone. He regretted greatly the necessity which had compelled him to write, but he felt it his duty to inform his "dear Warrener" that he had been engaged, professionally, to recover money long overdue to Binn & Co., the wine merchants, and Saddle & Bridewell, the livery stable keepers. These accounts would have to be settled promptly or disagreeable results would follow. He informed his friend thus early of this action in order that he might be able to make arrangements to settle the matter at the beginning of the coming term. This he would be able to do, doubtless, without difficulty or inconvenience, but if he should happen to be short of funds the writer might contrive, under certain conditions, to furnish the needful amount.

Ned needed no information as to the nature of the conditions alluded to. He turned hot when he thought of them, but felt, nevertheless, that he would be obliged to accept them. He did not dare appeal to his father, who always declared that debt incurred by extravagance was simple dishonesty; and he was too proud yet to take either his uncle or cousin into his confidence.

The hint of a suit at law did not frighten him, not only because he was a minor, but because he knew his creditors would not take

a step which would greatly injure their business. What he feared was a demand upon his father for payment, something which he resolved to prevent or postpone at all hazards. Besides, he argued to himself with the hopefulness of youth, there was plenty of time for him yet to straighten out his affairs. The loan from Russell would rid him of his heaviest and most pressing debts, and, hereafter, he would incur no more, but would live within his income, settle down to steady reading, take a good degree, and come out clear even if he had to give up boating, hunting, and cricket altogether.

This program pleased him so mightily that he began to congratulate himself upon his prudence and forethought, and almost succeeded in convincing himself that his debts, being provided for, no longer existed. He determined to write to Russell by return mail for a loan on the best possible terms, and to begin the era of reform at the end of his vacation. "But," muttered he, as he resumed his usual rapid and elastic step, buoyed up by the virtue of his new born resolution, "there must be no more nonsense with Helen. I have enough to do without thinking of love-making for some time to come."

The great problem in the new policy which he had thus marked out for himself, was how to modify the relations between Helen and himself without wounding her feelings or exposing his own conduct to severe criticism. Hitherto he had been her most constant and faithful companion, and any sudden transfer of his attentions, particularly after the episode of the preceding evening, might seem most ungracious if not actually cowardly. On the whole, he thought that his best way would be to experiment cautiously by maintaining a polite reserve and noting the effect of his changed behavior. This appeared to him to be a piece of most astute strategy, and when he reached the house he proceeded to put it into practice. Alas, for human vanity! Never did any scheme miscarry more completely. All that he gained by his experiment was a certain amount of enlightenment concerning the superiority of woman's artifice to man's. Helen never by word or look betrayed her consciousness that his manner had changed in the slightest degree. His ceremonious courtesy she accepted as her right and as the most natural thing in the world. She entertained him at luncheon with an animated panegyric upon the absent

George, and Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Van Thaler, and Ella all joined in a chorus of assent. After luncheon she asked him whether he wished to play tennis, and when he offered some rather clumsy excuse, she accepted it with most provoking promptitude and good-humor and went off to join his peculiar aversion, the diminutive Columbian, who was ever waiting upon her beck and call.

Ned watched them play for a few minutes, raging inwardly all the while, and then sought to avenge himself by paying court to Ella, but that young lady had no idea of filling the part of substitute, and soon deserted him on the plea of some mysterious occupation, leaving him to fret in solitude. He consumed a part of the afternoon in writing his letter to Russell, an occupation which did not greatly improve his temper; and when George and Harry made their appearance later in the day, they found him so surly and uncommunicative that they mutually agreed to leave him alone until he should mend his manners.

In the evening he suffered another rebuff. Waiting until Helen arose from the piano where she had been playing accompaniments as usual, he asked her, by way of offering a flag of truce, to take a hand in a game of cards, whereupon she excused herself, saying that George had promised to give her a lesson in chess. This incident completed his discomfiture and put an end to his policy of reserve. Angry and jealous, but careful this time to conceal his annoyance, he quitted the room, and lighting a cigar, paced up and down the veranda outside, casting furtive glances at the players through the window. He tried in vain to guess what George was saying, by watching the varying expressions upon his clever face; and when he noted the eager interest in Helen's eyes he ground his teeth together, his invariable habit when stirred to sudden passion. He did not even then admit to himself that he loved the girl, but he felt a savage impulse against his cousin, and saw in him a formidable rival in love as in every other phase of life. He had sense enough, however, to perceive that his cause would not be furthered by any fresh display of temper on his part, and throwing away his unfinished cigar, he seated himself near the chess-players with a fairly good pretense of amiability, and disputed the correctness of some of George's theories with a boldness which was only equaled by his ignorance.

A good night's sleep restored his equanimity and he was ready the next morning to avail himself of the opportunity which his good fortune presented to him. The following day had been definitely selected for the excursion to Sleepy Hollow, and Harry, after vainly begging Ned to accompany him, drove off in his dog-cart to secure a parlor car on the railroad.

George, who was preparing for an important examination in the autumn, vanished immediately after breakfast, and his father with him. Mr. Bond shut himself up to write important letters. Ella was in close attendance upon her mother, who was suffering from some temporary indisposition, and Helen was practically alone. Ned, negligently knocking the croquet balls about, upon one of the worst grounds imaginable, asked her to play with him, and she, after a moment's hesitation, consented. Neither of them was quite at ease at first, but the vicissitudes of the game, made doubly surprising by the inequalities of the surface, gradually wore away the restraint which oppressed them, and helped to put their friendship back upon the old confidential footing. Helen won several games in succession, and Ned, who had a very masculine contempt for this particular form of sport, accepted defeat with beaming good-humor. She wore some soft, clinging white stuff which set off her slim, graceful figure to great advantage, and a straw hat perched coquettishly upon the glittering masses of her fair hair. Ned thought that she had never looked so beautiful, and even when she was about to croquet him, for the twentieth time, out of an excellent position, he could admire the grace of her attitude, as she balanced herself on one foot before delivering the fateful stroke.

To croquet, there succeeded tennis, then luncheon, and in the afternoon a stroll through West Kill village with Ella for additional company. They sauntered by the side of the brook, which there flowed in a broad and shallow stream over a pebbly bottom between grassy banks, edged here and there with clumps of willow or alder, and Ned repeated for the twentieth time the story of the big trout which George had caught just before the runaway.

"If it had not been for that trout," said Ned reflectively, "we should never have met, and George and I would have bored each other pretty nearly to death by this time."

"You seem to be pretty nearly bored to death sometimes, even now," said Ella mischievously.

Ned winced. Then he said with a little laugh:

"Can't you let bygones be bygones?"

The words were addressed to Ella but he glanced at Helen and read in her face a mute reply that sent a thrill of delight through him, and assured him that peace had been restored.

This pleasant afternoon was followed by a merry evening of dance and song. Helen, as usual, was the instrumentalist, and Ned was in the gayest spirits. He was the nimblest and most indefatigable of the dancers and his voice drowned all others in the college choruses. As a very early start was to be made on the morrow the elders insisted upon an early withdrawal to bed. George and Ned lingered awhile, smoking. As they parted for the night George said:

"So it is all right again between you and Helen. Take care what you are doing, old man. What would the Governor say?"

"It hasn't come to that yet," answered Ned shortly, "but if he'd object to Helen he'd object to anybody."

George gave a comical little whistle and went to bed.

CHAPTER V.

A PICNIC AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE whole party were dressed and ready for breakfast at five o'clock the next morning. Nature assumed her most benignant aspect toward the excursion. There was the crispness of autumn in the air, but the sun shone down from a cloudless sky, and there was no more wind than was sufficient to make music among the trees, many of which were now resplendent in their fall tints, and sparkled with the diamonds of millions of dew-drops. The start was made on military time, Harry awakening the echoes with discordant blasts upon an enormous horn which he had procured for the occasion. The order of the procession had been drawn up minutely. First was the yellow dog-cart with Harry and his uncle, Dr. Warrener. Next came a wagonette with Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Van Thaler, the young Columbian, and two other invited guests, and third in line was a wagon with George and Ned, Helen and Ella, Dr. Hunter, the West Kill physician in attendance upon Ella, and his wife as chaperon.

Last of all came the commissariat wagon laden with all sorts of supplies. All the wagons were well horsed, and the party traversed the Notch in about one-fourth of the time allotted by native custom, the younger members making the woods ring with snatches of melody or peals of merry laughter. A stop was made for a few minutes at the humble cottage where such gracious hospitality had been shown to the injured Ella, and a basket of good things was left there for the tow-headed children. The interior of the cottage itself contained many substantial tokens of the gratitude of Mr. Bond and Mrs. Van Thaler. Then the caravan renewed its journey amid a chorus of juvenile cheers, and swept down the valley, through patches of wood, or open spaces of grazing land, by the silvery stream which foamed down its rocky channel, to the village of Shandaken, where they were to meet the train.

Harry's arrangements all worked to a charm, and soon after eight o'clock the party, snugly seated in the parlor car reserved for them, were rolling eastward down the valley to Phœnicia, where another transfer was made to the little narrow gauge railroad that climbs in and out and over the hills, through the wild scenery of the once secluded Stony Clove, to the wooded heights of Tannersville. Here more wagons awaited them, and the final stage was begun of the journey to that charmed Hollow where, according to the quaint old legend, the poetic vagabond, Rip Van Winkle, slept and drank, and trembled beneath the frown of his shrewish wife. The descent from the mountain top was accomplished very slowly, but no complaint was uttered on this account. There was scarcely a turn in the road which did not reveal new beauties to delight the eye and rivet the attention,—a glimpse of some sun-lit vista through the dancing leaves, or of the broad expanse of variegated landscape that lay stretched beyond the shining Hudson far away to the misty horizon, whereon could be discovered the faint blue peaks of the distant Adirondacks.

The party had resolved itself by this time into groups of natural affinity. The elders were relegated to the rear, while the younger folk formed an advance guard, the girls riding at their ease, and their male escorts walking by the side of the wagon, offering to the genius of the place the incense of tobacco. Harry, with the strict impartiality becoming

the head of the expedition, divided his attentions equally between his fair guests, whereas Ned drifted constantly to Helen's side, and George, more silent than usual, kept himself a little apart, with the shadow of an undefined trouble upon his face.

It was noon when they reached the old Rip Van Winkle house, and held a brief council of war. The verdict in favor of instant luncheon was unanimous, and Harry summoned his lieutenants to aid him in breaking cargo, as he expressed it. The contents of the commissariat boxes were soon spread upon some convenient tables, and romance was forgotten in the presence of appetite; but not for long. Dr. Warrenner, an expert in legendary lore of all kinds, and a devout worshiper of Washington Irving, to whom almost every rock and leaf in this fairy-like spot was familiar, lighted the long pipe which was almost a part of himself, and began to speculate in a learned and fanciful way, as to the exact point of Rip's departure, his path through the woods, the place of his encounter with old Hudson and his goblin crew, and so forth, with as much earnestness and gravity as if the whole myth had been rooted in historical truth. The vividness of his imagination was infectious, and an animated discussion led to a proposition that the party should dissolve itself into committees of exploration to identify the spots referred to in the story. The suggestion was hailed with delight, and it was agreed that all should reassemble at the old inn three hours later.

It has never been settled beyond dispute how it was that Ned who started off with Harry and Ella in one direction, happened, in less than half an hour, to encounter Dr. Hunter, his wife, and Helen, who had taken another one almost exactly opposite. He had become separated from his companions, he said, accidentally, had attempted to rejoin them by a short cut through the woods, and had then lost his bearings entirely. He was beginning to fear that he would have to return alone to the old inn, when this fortunate meeting occurred. Dr. Hunter, a wise and wary old practitioner, received this explanation with a quizzical smile, at which Helen blushed rosily. Ned, too, wore a rather guilty look, but he held his ground manfully and the four moved on together. It was a dull procession. The doctor, who dabbled in entomology and botany, but despised fiction, cared nothing for Rip Van

Winkle. He strolled aimlessly along, prodding here and there with his stick, in search of bugs, and directing attention occasionally to certain ferns or creepers. Ned exhausted his common-places and prayed for some diversion. It seemed as if Providence interfered directly in his behalf. The doctor in his investigations disturbed a snake, which eluded the blow he aimed at it and glided rapidly toward Mrs. Hunter who screamed loudly in affright. Ned's stick promptly ended the reptile's career, but Mrs. Hunter, whose aversion to snakes was constitutional, absolutely refused to proceed farther, and declared her intention of returning to the wagons at once. The doctor complied readily enough, but Ned, seeing an opportunity and determined to profit by it, asked Helen to accompany him a little farther in the hope of discovering other members of the party whose signal cries could be heard in the distance. The doctor remembered his youth, and was silent, leaving the proprieties in the care of his wife. That excellent woman was anxious to be clear of the woods.

"I guess you will be safe with Mr. Warrener, my dear," she said to Helen, "but do not let him tire you out." And she departed with her husband.

Thus it came to pass that Ned had his dearest wish, but in the crisis, his wits failed him, and he could neither speak nor think. He could not even summon up courage to look at Helen, but stood staring in the direction where the doctor and his wife had vanished. Helen's heart was fluttering, too, but she had the woman's gift of self-control under such circumstances, and after a short period of indecision she asked quietly:

"Which way must we go?" Her voice helped him to rally his energies. He turned about quickly and faced her, and she read in his face something that brought the color into her cheeks for the second time that afternoon, and made her drop her eyes groundward in sudden confusion.

"Let us stay here for a little while," he said. "It's awfully pretty—and—and—I want to speak to you."

"Can't you speak as we walk?" said she with a nervous little laugh.

He reached out and took her hand. She tried gently to withdraw it, but he held it fast and led her to a great moss-covered log that lay close by.

"Not just now," he said softly; "won't

you sit down?" then pleadingly, "just for five minutes."

She raised her eyes to his for an instant and seated herself.

"There, then!" she said.

He remained erect by her side and, drawing a long breath, said abruptly:

"I must go home to-morrow or next day!"

"So soon?"

"Yes. I have had a letter from the Governor. He wants to see me before I return to Cambridge. Term begins in three weeks."

"We shall all be sorry to lose you," she murmured after a pause.

"Will *you* be sorry—really sorry?" he asked. "I do not think you will be half as sorry as I shall be." And he sat down beside her.

"You have no right to say so," she replied, her eyes fixed on the ground. "I should be most ungrateful if —"

"It is not your gratitude I want," he said desperately, "but your love," and his arm stole around her waist. "Don't get up, Helen! On my word I am in earnest. I know it's very sudden, and all that, but I couldn't go away without telling you. I believe I fell in love with you at first sight, and I've been falling in deeper ever since. If you'll only care for me a little bit in return, I shall be the happiest fellow in all the world. Do you care for me at all?"

Helen answered never a word, but she no longer tried to disengage herself from his encircling arm. Presently she turned toward him, with a tear in her eye, and a smile trembling around her mouth. Ned needed no further encouragement. With a passionate impulse he drew her to his breast and their lips met in a long kiss that was the seal of their mutual betrothal.

Helen, still midway between tears and laughter, half-frightened, half-abashed, scarcely dared look at Ned, but he, in the full exultation of masculine triumph, sprang to his feet with a cry of joy. Then he flung himself down at Helen's feet, and seizing her hands, poured out his heart, boy-fashion, in a torrent of protestations and explanations, telling of his jealousy of her, of his hopes and fears, and his present exceeding happiness. She accepted this tribute modestly, giving in exchange a little timid caress now and again, and finally found courage to admit her own love. So rapt were they in each other that time passed unheeded, and they

might have sat there until night-fall, if they had not been recalled to earth by the shrill calls of a search party sent out to discover them. Helen, with the memory of a certain evening at West Kill in her mind, fully recognized the awkwardness of the situation.

"Whatever shall we do, Ned?" said she.

"Tell the truth," said he stoutly, fortifying himself with a kiss; "there shall be no mistake this time"; and he emitted a shout that echoed among the hills as the sound of the goblin game at bowlsechoed in the days of Rip.

Ten minutes later he reached the old inn with Helen by his side, and was saluted by a chorus of, "Where have you two been?"

"Away up the mountain hunting for ghosts."

"Ah! did you find any?" said Mr. Bond.

"No sir," said Ned, "but I hope that I have found something more substantial, for Helen has promised, with your permission, to be—my wife."

Mr. Bond was so astonished by this announcement that at first he was speechless. The frown of bewilderment rather than anger, which had settled on his face, cleared away at last.

"Tut, tut," said he, pleasantly, "you children do not know your own minds." Then kissing Helen, "Go to your mother, my dear. Ned, my lad, we'll talk of all this by and by. Meanwhile let us have some tea."

During the journey home this romantic ending of the day's excursion was a fruitful topic of discussion, but it was spoken of only in undertones. The lovers were kept apart by gentle diplomacy and talked together no more that night. Next morning before his departure, there was a long conference between Mr. Bond, Dr. Warrener, and Ned, at which it was decided that the engagement should stand, conditionally upon Ned's own good conduct for at least a year and upon his father's consent. These terms Ned accepted with enthusiasm. After a private interview with Helen in which all pledges were renewed, he bade a general farewell in the highest spirits, and leaped into the wagon that was to carry himself and George to the train, without a thought that he was leaving happiness behind him.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE TOILS.

EIGHT months later, one morning in May, Ned Warrener, clad in boating clothes, lin-

gered over his breakfast table in his lodgings on King's Parade in Cambridge, England, the choicest spot, to undergraduate eyes, in the whole town. The room was large and extravagantly furnished with costly rugs and draperies, a variety of lounging chairs and sofas, and other luxurious contrivances, which were strangely in contrast with more masculine articles, such as the sculls with which he had won the championship of the Cam, an assortment of boxing-gloves, foils, whips, and riding boots, several handsome breech-loaders, a heap of cricket bats and pads, and a particularly hideous bull-dog which lay curled up on a velvet cushion. Ned had changed sorely since the morning when he drove off so blithely from his betrothed at West Kill. His face was lined and anxious, and his eyes, no longer sparkling with health or mischief, were dull and sullen. The food in front of him scarcely had been touched, but from time to time he swallowed long draughts of college ale from a great tankard which stood at his right hand.

Opposite him, half buried in the depths of an easy chair, and smoking an expensive cigar with every symptom of epicurean appreciation, sat Mr. Jacob Russell, a dapper little man with a coarse mouth, and two steely black eyes deep set on either side of an aquiline nose. He meditatively emitted a succession of blue smoke rings, and then regarding Ned with an amused smile, said:

"Perfectly impossible, my dear boy. Can't be done!"

Ned brought his fist down on the table with a crash that made every thing rattle.

"By Heaven," he cried fiercely, "it must be done and you must do it. You've got me into this hole and you must get me out of it. If it had not been for your infernal tips I should have won or come out even. I tell you my people are coming down here, and I must have a hundred pounds, at least, to keep my head above water!"

"You'll have to get it from some one else, then," said the other with something like a sneer.

Ned sprang to his feet, white with fury, and before Russell could make a movement in self-defense, pinned him down by the throat.

"I don't know what prevents me from wringing your neck," he said. "Goad me a little further, and I will. You won't find me quite so tame as some of your other victims. Am I to have the money?"

Russell was plainly terrified by the assault, but his nerve did not desert him.

"Don't be a fool, Ned," he gasped, "bullying won't serve you."

"And shuffling won't serve you," said Ned, but he relaxed his grasp and turned moodily away. Russell rose slowly and gradually recovered breath and composure. Physical violence was a new experience in his life, and the stalwart figure before him filled him with strange misgivings. All the malice in his nature was aroused, but he repressed every outward sign of it as he said:

"You'll be sorry for this presently. Luckily for you, I do not allow sentiment to interfere with business. I'll help you out once more and for the last time, but I must have young Cashton's endorsement."

Viscount Cashton, eldest son of the Marquis of Goldborough, was a simple youngster with vast expectations, and one of Ned's most fervent admirers. All Russell's schemes to entrap him had been fruitless hitherto. Ned thoroughly understood the baseness of the present proposition, but his necessities were stronger than his scruples.

"I'll get it this afternoon," he said glibly.

"All right," replied Jake as he left the room; "to-morrow morning I will bring the money, and I hope that then you will be more reasonable."

Ned's affairs were, indeed, in a bad way, and when he was once more alone his reflections were exceedingly bitter. For the last two or three terms he had been going steadily from bad to worse. The visions of university honors in which he formerly had indulged his fancy, had vanished long ago, and it was by this time more than doubtful whether he would be able to secure even an ordinary degree. The ample income allowed to him by his father had been wasted on horses and dogs, in betting and gambling, and all kinds of extravagant living. His tradesmen, unpaid for many months, were pressing him for payment. He had appeased the most urgent of his creditors by money borrowed, at ruinous interest, from the leech Russell, but he foresaw that even this perilous resource was about to fail him.

Ruin and disgrace lay in wait for him whichever way he turned. Worst of all was his consciousness that he was losing caste among his fellows. His own college, St. Winifred's, although not one of the largest,

was one of the most exclusive in the university, and especially famous for its prowess on the river and in the cricket field. Fortwo years he had been one of its chief heroes, and only a few months back, he had been regarded as a possible "double-blue," a man who would be selected to row in the university eight and play in the university cricket eleven. He had practically won his seat in the university boat, when he yielded to the habit of intemperance, which had been growing upon him for some time, and was compelled to resign from the crew to avoid expulsion. His conduct in this matter had been regarded as little less than treason to his colors, and was a severe shock to his popularity. After this he became more reckless than ever, and his excesses were so notorious that he would have been dismissed even from his college boat if a substitute could have been found for the fast approaching May races. All this was gall and wormwood to a man of his vain and passionate disposition, and the knowledge that it was all his own fault made it none the easier to bear. More than once he had thought of writing to his father and making a clean breast of all his troubles and follies, but his moral courage was not equal to so bold a step, and he continued on his headlong course. He knew that the hour of reckoning must be near, but did not dare to think of it.

All this time he had maintained a correspondence with Helen, taking care to breathe no word in it of despondency or disillusion. She, with her father and mother and brother and Mrs. Van Thaler and Ella, had reached London in April, and Ned had met her there to make arrangements for the visit to Cambridge, of which they had spoken in jest on the first day of their acquaintance. She was to arrive this very day; and soon after Russell's departure, Ned started out to the Bull Hotel to see that the rooms which he had engaged for the party were in readiness, and decorated with the flowers which he had sent for that purpose. The expectation of this visit had been the only gleam of sunshine in his recent life, and he was nervously anxious that no element of enjoyment should be wanting. He had exhausted his ingenuity in devising means of entertainment, and wished that he had George at hand for consultation. George at that moment was in Paris, partly for study and partly for amusement, having passed a particularly

brilliant examination in New York. He could write the letters M. D. after his name now, and had written to Ned to say that he would make a professional call upon him in about a fortnight.

After the London train bearing his expected visitors, had rolled into the Cambridge station, Ned had small leisure for reflection for many days to come. He had fondly imagined that he would be permitted to while away the hours in one continuous day-dream of love with Helen, but soon discovered that he was expected to play the part of guide as well as lover. The seniors of the party required comparatively little of his attention. Mr. Bond, who was armed with letters of introduction to many of the principal dons, spent the greater part of his days in museums and libraries, while his wife and Mrs. Van Thaler were content, for the most part, to wander quietly about the town and in the college courts and gardens in the immediate neighborhood of their hotel. This left the younger folk at liberty to follow their own inclinations, under the pilotage of Ned, who devoted himself most faithfully to their service, except during his occasional lecture hours in the morning and his rowing hours in the afternoon.

Sometimes the day would begin with a drive far into the country, followed by a luncheon party in the rooms of some one of Ned's friends, a stroll through the parks of the colleges, where the sluggish Cam crawled along between emerald banks in the shade of great elms and willows, and under picturesque stone bridges. At other times they would take boat, with Ned for waterman, and paddle lazily up stream, amid the flower gardens of the fellows, past the velvet lawns of King's College, and under Isaac Newton's bridge at Queen's, out into the broader waterway that glides through the Grantchester meadows, where the quiet was unbroken save by the melodious click of the oars in the rowlocks, and the sweet music of the lark. On the afternoons when there was no garden party or concert to attend, no cricket or tennis match to watch, Helen and Ella, with Harry for guardian and a posse of gorgeous undergraduates for escort, would go down the river to the railroad bridge, or beyond it to the famed "Grassy" point, where many a crew has found defeat or victory, to see the rival eights at practice. Much learned criticism, on the mystic subjects of swing and catch,

and length of stroke, of recover, and finish and beginning, was given to the air on these occasions, Harry holding up the American end, as he called it, and maintaining stoutly but courteously that he saw no boat there of which a Harvard crew would be afraid. Helen and Ella understood little or nothing of all this technical jargon, but were delighted beyond measure by the novelty, picturesqueness, and vivacity of the scene. Hitherto they had never seen racing eights in motion except at a distance, while now an endless succession of them swept by their very feet, so close that they could hear the deep breathing and study the set faces of the rowers as they churned the water into foam. The rush of the boats, the dazzling flash of the oars, the gay uniforms and the shouts of the "coach" on the opposite bank filled them with tremulous excitement, which broke forth in enthusiasm when the first boat of St. Winifred, with Ned like a tower in the middle of it, went by, seeming to leap out of the water at each wing-like dip of the blades. On one of these occasions Harry overheard a remark which he had good cause to remember afterward. One of a group of past and present university men, an old blue who had rowed against Oxford two or three years before and was now a country parson, asked:

"Who is that fellow at five in St. Winny's boat? He's the best man on the river to-day."

"That's Warrener, the man I was telling you about," was the answer. "He has strength, style, and grit, but ——"

"Ah!" said the clergyman, "what a pity!"

In the evenings there was a variety of pleasant occupations. They could listen to the music of a military band, in the cloistered courts of Trinity or in some secluded garden under the boughs of immemorial elms, the very paradise of lovers, or they might attend the performances of that most ambitious of amateur theatrical organizations, the Cambridge A. D. C. Each day closed with the merriest of supper parties, now in Ned's rooms, now at the Bull, or in the oak-paneled chamber of some college acquaintance.

Day followed day so quickly in this round of novel pleasures that Ned could scarcely believe that two weeks had slipped away, when his door opened one morning and George Warrener walked in. The greeting between the cousins was warm on both sides, and then

each began to examine the other curiously.

"Well, doctor," said Ned laughingly, "what news from Paris?"

"I'll tell you all my adventures later on. Your affairs are more interesting just at present. How about the boat and how about the degree?"

"The boat's all right," said Ned shortly. "It will be time enough to talk about the degree after the races."

"Hem!" said George, and his dark eyes glanced around the elaborately furnished room, and then rested inquiringly and rather anxiously upon Ned. "What's the matter with you, old chap? There's something wrong, but I am not sure whether it is your mind or your liver. If I can do any thing to make you easier either in one or the other I will grant you a free consultation."

He spoke playfully but there was, nevertheless, a significance in his words which Ned did not fail to understand, and for an instant the impulse was strong in him to confess all his difficulties and so ease his mind of part of the burden that oppressed him, but his courage failed him and he again postponed the evil hour.

"The consultation must wait until after the races," he said. "I have no time now to think of any thing else. Besides, I ought to have been at the Bull long before this. The girls will pitch into me for being late, but, now you are here, I shall put the whole blame on your shoulders."

As they were leaving the house they encountered Jacob Russell. Ned would have passed on without notice, but Russell caught him by the arm and compelled him to stop.

"Come, come, Warrener," said he with insolent familiarity, "you can't cut me like that, you know. I was coming to see you—can I have one word?"

Ned's face blazed with anger and mortification, but he permitted himself to be led a few feet apart, his tormenter whispering to him meanwhile. Then he suddenly tore himself away, with an oath, and hurried on toward the hotel, calling his cousin to follow.

"Who's that specimen?" George asked.

"He's a miserable little cad whom I employed on some law business," replied Ned, his lips still quivering with passion, "and he has the presumption to claim acquaintanceship upon the strength of it."

George made no remark, but his face was very grave as he followed his cousin into the

hotel. A moment later he was in the presence of Mrs. Bond and her circle and was trying to answer half a dozen questions at once.

Helen, availing herself of the temporary confusion, carried Ned off into a corner and began to urge some proposition upon him with great vivacity. Presently she rejoined the larger group with a face of blank disappointment.

"What do you think?" she cried, "we had made up our minds to go to Ely to-day to see the cathedral and now Ned says he can't go."

"Not very likely!" said Harry with superb contempt for feminine ignorance on a matter of such importance. "How do you suppose the crew can practice without him?"

"Well, I think it is downright mean," said Helen dolefully.

"Why not go without me?" said Ned. "George can take my place. Cathedrals are more in his line than mine anyway. I will meet you all here this evening, and hear the report."

In this way the matter was finally settled, George saying nothing, but feeling a thrill of pleasure at the thought of a long day in what was to him the pleasantest society in the world. As Ned's representative no one disputed his right to act as Helen's proper cavalier, and without him it is likely that she would have been left to take care of herself, for Harry devoted himself exclusively to Ella. Thus it came to pass that Helen and George were left practically alone for several hours and wandered together in the quaint old town and through the great spaces of the cathedral, examining its ancient memorials and infinite wealth of sculpture. In George's breast there was no thought that was disloyal to his cousin, but some mysterious influence in the very atmosphere of the noble church seemed to force Helen and himself into a closer companionship, and to establish a new bond of sympathy between them. He had read both widely and wisely, and out of his well stored mind poured forth a continuous stream of interesting anecdote and clever comment. The girl was surprised and delighted and, half unconsciously, even with a tinge of regret, began to think of the vast intellectual difference between this unpretending scholar and the muscular Ned. Thereupon she reproached herself bitterly for treachery to her betrothed, and, during the return journey to Cambridge, was strangely silent and distraught.

That night, when the rest of the party had

betaken themselves to bed, Mr. Bond told George a tale that filled him with dismay. He had heard, he said, from among the college authorities, certain facts that had compelled him to make further inquiries. These resulted in the discovery that Ned was deeply in debt, that he had scarcely any chance of obtaining a degree, that he had fallen into bad company, and had contracted habits of intemperance. George attempted first a denial then a defense, but the lawyer, after listening patiently, shook his head.

"My dear fellow," he said, "what I have told you is all true, and I fear there is worse behind. But I shall do or say nothing rashly. I speak to you because I feel that I can trust you implicitly. Ned, perhaps, is more to be pitied than blamed. He has been left to his own guidance and has fallen into snares. I have seen too much of life to judge a youngster harshly, but Helen's happiness must be my chief care. This engagement must end if Ned does not reform at once, and permanently. Perhaps we may be able to save him yet. Try to win his confidence. For the present, at least, I shall allow things to remain as they are, but before we leave Cambridge there must be an accounting. Think the matter over carefully. I shall be as pleased as you if we can find a way out of the mess."

George slept but little that night and more than once wished himself back in London.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE RACES.

THE next morning, Sunday, he arose early and hastened to Ned's rooms with the intention of telling him frankly what discreditable rumors were in existence concerning him, and offering his advice or assistance should he be willing to accept either. But Ned had already vanished. He had gone to a training breakfast in college, his landlady said, and very likely would not return until evening. George returned to the Bull and after breakfast accompanied the Bonds to the choral service in the magnificent chapel of King's College. At any other time he would have been enraptured by the bird-like melody of the boys' clear voices soaring amid the lofty arches of that wonderful nave, but now he could think of nothing but the trouble that threatened the girl at his side and his cousin whom he supposed to be still in a fool's paradise.

The more he considered the matter, the

more he realized the difficulty of his own position. It was clearly his duty to give Ned a warning and an opportunity of defending himself, but he could not avoid the conviction that the charges were true and that any hasty action on his part might precipitate the calamity. In any case, he dreaded Ned's passionate temper, which would be almost certain to betray him into rash action whether he was guilty or innocent. Then, again, the races were to begin on the morrow, and he felt that it would be cruel, if not useless, to dash Ned's spirits at such a crisis. Besides, was it not possible that some of the more serious accusations might be susceptible of explanation, or, at least, of modification? Certainly it would be unwise to proceed in so delicate an affair upon hearsay only. His first impulse had been to lay the whole matter before Ned as briefly and as bluntly as possible, but reflection convinced him that it would be safer to fortify himself with some positive information on the subject before speaking, and he decided finally to devote the next few days or part of them to a secret investigation on his own account. This resolution, by postponing an unpleasant task, somewhat relieved his anxiety, but for the remainder of the day, his evident pre-occupation was a mystery to everybody except Mr. Bond.

The next morning everybody around the colleges was in a flutter of expectation, and even in the dull old town there seemed to be an air of unwonted liveliness. Every man, woman, and child in the place from the vice-chancellor in his lodge to the scullery maids in the college kitchens, from the beadle of St. Mary's to the most ignorant of the barges of Barnwell, knew that this was the day appointed for the first of the momentous races which should determine the place to be held by each college boat on the river for the ensuing year. In the excitement of this aquatic contest the most dignified of dons relaxed the severity of his manner and permitted himself to exhibit a fleeting interest in the trivial incidents of undergraduate life. Even heads of houses, austere beings hidden from the vulgar eye in awful, if luxurious, seclusion, deigned to remember the days of long-ago, when they, too, pulled the laboring oar, and to ask about the prospects of their own college boat. From an early hour there was an unwonted movement in the streets, of butterfly youths in summer array and maidens in dainty toilets decked with college

colors. Each incoming train from north or south or east or west, brought its load of visiting fathers and mothers, charming sisters and blooming cousins to swell the crowd of spectators, gladden the undergraduate heart, and make richer the harvest of the tradesmen. It was the opening of the carnival week of the college year, a season of eating and drinking, laughter and flirtation, when even the pale wrangler in embryo stole a timid hour from his books, and, mind, for once, acknowledged the merit of muscle.

It was a merry party that watched, from the windows of the Bull, the living stream that flowed up and down the King's Parade. The crowd was extremely varied and picturesque. It was composed largely, of course, of strangers, and presented a strange confusion of town and country fashion. All sorts and conditions of men and women passed in review. Here was a portly country rector, with a rosy daughter or two, or his son and heir, a slim youth already dreaming of stroking the 'varsity eight and winning a fellowship. Close behind him would be a bevy of rural beauties vying in color with the poppies of their own wheat fields, and escorted by their farmer brother, very uncomfortable in his Sunday suit of solemn black, but happy in the conviction that no one could suspect his vocation. In rapid succession might be seen a right reverend bishop, or venerable arch-deacon in shovel hat and gaiters, a gay fellow in all the glory of mortar board and silken gown pointing out the lions to his future bride and his sisters, or, greater than any, some modest looking young giant wearing around his white straw hat the magic blue ribbon, telling of a glorious victory or an honorable defeat in the great annual boat race against Oxford on the Thames. The privates in the great undergraduate army were out in full force, and those among them who had no feminine companion, were regarded by the more fortunate in this respect as objects of profound compassion.

The different celebrities in this human panorama were pointed out to Helen and Ella by Ned and two or three of his special friends, who generally emphasized their identification by a few words of pungent comment.

"See that old chap with the frill of white hair under his chin?" said Ned. "That's the Dean of —. He rowed four in the Cambridge eight nearly sixty years ago."

"And that stout man with the beard and mustache," said Viscount Cashton, "is the Master of — College. He got the place by giving a casting vote for himself, and the other dons will scarcely speak to him."

"There's old Haraby," said another. "That old vagabond in the velveteen coat and gaiters. He's about the cleverest dog thief in England."

"Oh, what a pretty girl!" said Helen.

There was a general laugh.

"She's been the standard beauty of the town for fifteen years," laughed Ned. "She's the daughter of the leading pastry cook, and every freshman is in love with her for at least one term. I don't think that Cashton has quite got over his attack yet."

"I shall not defend myself," laughed the viscount, "for Miss Bond's admiration is sufficient justification of my taste."

"There goes this year's senior wrangler," said Ned.

"Where, where? which is he?" cried the girls in a breath.

"That tall, thin man, in a new black frock coat and an old straw hat. Nobody but a wrangler would dare to show himself in the streets in such a rig as that. That fellow behind him, in the velvet coat, is the smartest boxer in Cambridge and one of the best all-round athletes."

"Who is that funny little creature in the tight trousers and the rose bud?" asked Ella.

Ned's face flushed. He was about to make some evasive reply when his eye met George's and he paused in confusion.

Tom Harding, a very popular young scapegrace, whom it was not at all easy to abash, laughed merrily as he replied:

"The funny little creature, Miss Van Thaler, isn't at all funny, I assure you, when you have the misfortune to know him. He is probably the best specimen of a finished rascal to be found in the Cambridge collection. His name is Jacob Russell and his business (with a wink at Cashton) is sheep-shearing."

"Why, good gracious! He doesn't look a bit like a farmer," said Ella innocently.

The reply evidently afforded great amusement to Cashton and Harding, but Ella was entirely at a loss to account for their merriment. The venerable jest was clear enough, of course, to George, and it came to him with the force of a revelation. The street encounter, which had so excited Ned's ire, became invested with a sinister significance,

and he again felt himself oppressed with the dread of impending evil. As for Ned, he comprehended instantly the danger to himself in Harding's careless words, and changed the topic abruptly by declaring that he must go to college to attend a boating meeting, and asking Cashton and Harding to accompany him. The fact was that he wished to escape from George, who was certain to question him at the first opportunity about Russell, and to put the others on their guard lest, inadvertently, they might betray him. The maneuver was too clumsy to deceive George, but he made no effort to frustrate it, and the three departed, Ned promising to return, if he could, before going down the river,—a promise he did not keep.

It had been arranged that the younger members of the party, Helen, her brother, George, and Ella should make an early start from the hotel after luncheon and walk down the river bank to "Grassy," the point from which they had determined to view the race, and then join Mr. and Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Van Thaler, who preferred to use a carriage. This program was carried out and in due course the foot party, reinforced by Tom Harding and Viscount Cashton, who vowed that the meeting was accidental, fell in with the motley procession that made its way along King's Parade, across the Market Place, through Sydney Street and Jesus Lane, to Midsummer Common and the Cam, whose turbid and sluggish stream has been the scene of so many desperate struggles.

As they walked along the tow-path, following the windings of the so-called river, which is barely wide enough for two eight oars in action to pass each other, Harry waxed eloquent upon the superiority of the Charles, at that other Cambridge across the sea, and was very gracious in his approval of the rowing that was done under such difficult conditions. He thought that the landscape might be greatly improved by the introduction of some other trees than the stunted willows which now formed the chief feature, and declared that the tow-path ought to be graded and leveled. As the different racing eights paddled by on the way to the starting-point, he criticised the catch and feather with an easy dogmatism, adding by way of explanation, "Bob Cook brought the English stroke over to Yale ever so long ago, and we have fitted it with some Yankee attachments."

Presently a little burst of cheering behind

them attracted their attention, and a nicely balanced crew swept by them, rowing a smart and lively stroke. The uniform was black and white, and every thing about the men and the boat was trim and workman-like. Amidships sat two men, the blades of whose oars were painted light blue, showing that they were members of the university crew.

"There goes the next head of the river," cried Harding.

"You would not dare to back your opinion," said Cashton.

"Wouldn't I though?" replied the other. "I will back it at four to six in any thing you like."

"You'd lose. Those fellows may get to second, but they can't catch St. Winny's. There will be no change at the top this year."

"Is that the boat that starts behind Ned's," asked Helen.

"Not to-day," answered Harding. "That's the St. Asaph's boat, and it is fourth on the river, but it will bump the two boats next in front of it easily enough, and by Wednesday or Thursday at latest it will be behind St. Winifred, and Warrenner will have to pull all he knows to keep clear."

"But surely Ned won't be beaten. Do you think he will?" said Helen pitifully, appealing to George.

"Well, I hope not, for the honor of the flag," replied George laughingly, "but you must remember that seven of his crew are Englishmen, so that it will not be fair to hold him entirely responsible. Ah! here he comes now."

To a running accompaniment of encouraging cries from the bank, the St. Winifred's boat paddled easily after its swift rival, the red and black caps bobbing regularly up and down and the red blades of the oars rising and falling with the evenness of machinery. Helen and Ella added their treble to the chorus of "well rowed St. Winny's!" and waved the college colors with all their might. The coxswain raised his straw hat in acknowledgement of the salute, and Ned, catching sight of the group out of the corner of his eye, broke the rules of discipline by giving a nod of recognition as he glided away in the distance.

A hot discussion as to the relative excellencies of the two boats ensued, Harding chivalrously sticking to his choice of St. Asaph's in the face of an overwhelming ma-

jority led by Helen and Ella, who decreed that the St. Winifred's boat was just too sweet for any thing, while the other was perfectly horrid. They were in the heat of debate when they passed Charon's ferry at Chester-ton, and had not reached a decision when they arrived at the meadow at "Grassy" and began to search among the circle of carriages collected there, to find the one containing Mr. and Mrs. Bond. A reunion was soon effected and nothing remained but to await the decisive moment, and watch the miscellaneous crowd of spectators on the opposite tow-path.

The quarter-hours passed one after another, and as the sun dropped toward the horizon the willows began to throw longer shadows, but there was no sign of the racers. The interest of the spectators, however, was kept at fever heat by the scraps of intelligence shouted from mouth to mouth along the bank. Now it was a rudder that was out of order, now it was a hitch about the position of some particular boat, and now it was a tow of barges that caused delay. Suddenly, when no one was expecting it, there rang out the report of a cannon, and everybody pulled out a watch. This was the first gun for the racing crews to embark; in five minutes there would be another, "to make ready," and one minute later still, a third, "to start."

It was an anxious moment for the young athletes as they flung off their blazers and sweaters and settled themselves in their seats at their respective thwarts, but the suspense of the waiting crowds above the first bend in the course, who could not see what was going on, was scarcely less. On "Grassy" the carriages were converted into temporary grand stands, and dozens of field glasses were leveled at the point below, where the first glimpse of the contestants would be caught. On the tow-path the crowd was girding up its loins to run by the side of the racers and urge them to greater exertion by their shouts.

Boom! went the second gun, and the watch-holders began to count the seconds. Thirty seconds gone! only fifteen left; ten; five—Boom! came the report for the third time, and a hoarse murmur of distant voices told that the struggle had begun. Louder and louder swelled the uproar, but there was nothing articulate to tell to what crew fortune was inclining. Then a gleam of red flashed out

beyond the green of the distant bank, and a yell from half a hundred throats proclaimed the coming of St. Winifred's. Like some great sea-fowl, skimming the surface of the water, so perfect was the time and feather of the oars, the leader gracefully rounded the point and made for "Grassy" on a course as straight as an arrow. Close behind came three boats almost touching each other, the second spurting desperately to catch the first before it should be overtaken itself by the third, the swift St. Asaph's. The desperate rush with which the second boat in the line had started had carried it within half a length of St. Winifred, but the latter was never in any danger. Rowing at thirty-eight to the minute the St. Winifred's stroke had no difficulty in keeping clear of his pursuers, who were rowing forty-three and killing themselves in doing it.

"Oh, well rowed, well rowed, St. Winny!" was the cry that rose into a shriek of admiration. And, indeed, the red and black crew presented a stirring spectacle as they sent their fragile craft leaping round that fateful "Grassy" corner. Every man with eyes fixed on the comrade in front, with head erect, back flat, and chest distended, swung forward and backward in exact unison with all the others, and as their bodies, like springs released, rebounded as it were from the stretchers, the blades of the oars were driven through the water with a ripping noise most eloquent of the power of those lusty young sinews. It was the embodied poetry of motion, and the sight of it sent the laziest blood tingling through every vein with a sense of wild exhilaration. Round Ditton corner and into the Plough reach went St. Winny amid a whirlwind of applause. After her, their bolt shot, the second crew struggled breathlessly and in vain. But they had saved their place for this afternoon at all events, thanks to St. Asaph, who bumped the boat behind them at a very critical moment. The St. Asaph's men, by a magnificent burst of speed, caught their victims immediately in front of "Grassy," and straightway pulled over to the opposite bank out of the way of the other crews, which went dashing and splashing in hot pursuit or despairing flight. The main interest, however, centered at the head, and after St. Asaph's had made its bump, the excitement subsided rapidly and the spectators, on foot, on horseback, or in carriages turned their

backs on the river and their faces toward the town and dinner.

Helen and Ella rode back in the carriage, George walked with Cashton, Harding, and half a dozen others. The race was the one topic of conversation, of course, and the talk was as frank as undergraduate talk is apt to be.

"Well," said Harding, "what do you think of St. Winny now? Are you still backing her for first place?"

Cashton hesitated an instant, then he said, "Well, yes, I think so. They got away easily enough to-day."

"Got away!" said the other, "of course they did. But didn't you see, how St. Asaph's gained on 'em. Why, they had picked up a hundred yards when they bumped."

"It seemed to me that the St. Winny fellows were pulling well within themselves," ventured George.

"So they were," said Cashton, "and in first-rate style, too. St. Asaph was spurning, they were not."

"No, and they can't spurt either," said Harding decisively. "They would beat any thing on the river over a four mile course, but in this one they'll be caught before they get to Ditton."

"They wouldn't last over a four mile course with Warrener in the boat," said a man who did not know George. "He did not seem to be doing his work easily to-day. The beggar has the prettiest style in Cambridge, but he won't train decently. He won't even stop drinking. He was with that cad Russell last night, and ——"

At this point Cashton broke in resolutely and succeeded in changing the subject, but George had heard enough to make him resolve to learn the whole truth at all hazards.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CATASTROPHE.

TRUTH, according to an old adage, often lies in the bottom of a well, and George began to comprehend the significance of the saying when he set about devising means to obtain an accurate knowledge of Ned's affairs. The simplest method, of course, would have been to apply to Ned himself, but his cousin, evidently by intention, gave him no opportunity of private speech. He thought of making inquiries among the tradesmen with whom he knew Ned had dealings, but feared to make

more mischief by exciting suspicion. If he should go to the tutor of St. Winifred's he would be questioned, he knew, upon family affairs, which he had no authority to discuss; and if he should apply to Russell, whom he regarded as a black-mailer and extortioner, he could place no dependence upon any thing that might be told by him. He was certain that a crisis of some sort was imminent, and suspected that Mr. Bond was of the same opinion.

Ned failed to pay his regular evening visit to the Bull Hotel after the boat race, and he was not in his rooms when George and Harry went to look for him. The next morning he called as usual, and explained his absence the night before by saying that he had been detained in college; but his manner was restless and his face so drawn and anxious that even Helen and Ella were impressed by the change in him and asked him what was the matter. With a forced laugh he declared that he was all right—a trifle over-trained, perhaps, nothing more—and then excusing himself on the plea of a lecture and an important appointment he departed abruptly, leaving Helen undisguisedly piqued and everybody else astonished.

"Well," said Ella, "if training has that effect upon men, I think they'd be better without any."

"Training be hanged!" growled Harry. "If training is all that ails him he has not much to complain of. When you girls are ready to go out you can send to the billiard room for me." And he, too, took himself off.

Motherly Mrs. Bond, who had been sitting quietly in a corner by the window busy upon some piece of millinery finery for Helen, looked up from her work.

"All the boys seem to be out of sorts this morning," said she.

"Too much excitement," said her husband folding up a copy of the London *Times* in which he had been apparently absorbed. "Come, my dears, put on your hats and we will take a turn in the Fitzwilliam or the Botanical Gardens before luncheon. Will you come with us, George?"

Before George could accept the invitation a servant entered and put a card in his hand.

"I don't know whether I can," he answered, "Cashton wants to see me about something or other. He says he will not keep me long. I wonder whether ——" and he checked himself,

"It's about Ned?" said the lawyer finishing the sentence for him. "It is curious but that idea came into my head, too. Well, go and see him. If we go before he does, you can follow us."

George found the young viscount waiting in the entrance hall of the hotel.

"I would not come up stairs," he said, "for I wanted to see you alone. Let us stroll down to the river, where we shall not be overheard."

They walked across King's Bridge, and Cashton flinging himself down on the grassy slope descending to the river, said:

"It is rather a delicate matter, Mr. Warrener, and if I am taking an unwarrantable liberty I can only apologize. I want to talk about your cousin. He is in a bad way and I thought you ought to know. The brakes must be put on, or there will be a bad smash."

"I feared as much," said George after a pause; "but I know nothing beyond vague rumor. Without facts I am helpless. If you can help me to those—you need make no apologies—I promise to respect your confidence."

"As you please about that. You may quote me as authority for any thing I may say, if you see fit. If holding my tongue could serve Ned, I should not speak. But the only chance now is to be frank. You say you know nothing?"

"Practically nothing."

The viscount pursed his lips and looked at him with an expression of perplexity. Then he drew a long breath and plunged into the subject.

"In the first place he is up to the eyes—and over—in debt, without either money or credit."

"How much do you suppose he owes?" asked George.

"Heaven only knows! His tradesmen would wait, of course, but, unluckily, he is in the clutches of that scoundrel Russell, who has not only lent him money, but represents two or three of his heaviest creditors."

"What is the amount of his claim—a hundred pounds?"

"Its over five hundred anyhow," said the viscount slowly.

"What!" George almost shouted. "Pshaw, it cannot be! What's become of the money? What has he done with his allowance?"

"Made ducks and drakes of it. He has tried cards and the turf and has been unlucky

with both. Wine, cigars, and horses all cost money, and most of his ready cash went to pay debts of honor."

"Debts of honor!" said George with impatient contempt.

"It is rather a misnomer," said Cashton reddening, "but they must be met or a fellow cannot show his face. Now Russell demands a settlement and threatens proceedings."

"But he cannot recover from an undergraduate?"

"Not by legal process, perhaps, but he can threaten exposure and prevent a fellow from getting a degree. Ned's father is very rich, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he has such a horror of gambling, that I do not think Ned would dare to appeal to him."

"Jake won't hesitate to do so if the matter is not arranged within the week. Besides, the tutor of St. Winifred's has got wind of the affair. He sent for Ned yesterday, and if he learns the whole truth may send him down for good."

"What a miserable young idiot!" said George under his breath.

"That's not the worst," said Cashton, speaking rapidly to finish his task at once. "Ned has been drinking too much for a long time and has broken all training rules recklessly. He was up half last night with Russell, drinking and gambling, and somehow or other the officers of the boat club have heard of it, and it is more than likely that he will be dropped out of the boat, to-morrow, if not to-day. I believe," said the young viscount with genuine feeling, "that the disgrace of that might drive him out of his wits altogether."

For a few moments George sat silent and aghast.

"Perhaps," he said at last, "the shock might rouse him to effort and result in his taking a decent degree."

"A degree!" said the viscount in unfeigned astonishment, "why, heaven bless you, he has no more chance of taking a degree than I have."

George stared blankly at his companion.

"I thank you, sincerely," he said at last, "for your friendly warning. It is too late, I fear, to profit by it. Perhaps Mr. Bond may be able to see some way out. I am at a loss completely. Let us go back to the hotel."

"You won't want me now," said the other.

"I shall see you later in the day." And the young men parted with warm expressions of mutual good-will.

When George reached the hotel Mr. Bond had not returned and he strolled out into a side street, glad of a brief respite in which to collect his thoughts. Helen, not Ned, was uppermost in his mind. It was upon her, he foresaw, that the consequences of Ned's folly would fall most heavily, and he could devise no means of shielding her. In his perfect loyalty to his cousin, he had striven manfully to persuade himself that he was indifferent to the girl, but he knew now that he loved her, and he was bitterly angry with Ned for endangering her happiness by his selfish and reckless conduct. At the same time he fully realized that the only way to serve Helen was to help Ned, and he was addressing himself to this knotty problem when his arm was seized and Helen herself flushed and excited stood before him.

"This horrible story about Ned?" she said. "Tell me. It is not true?"

George was so startled by her apparition that for the moment he was unable to speak. Mr. Bond who was close at hand, came to his relief.

"Hush, hush, my dear," he said gently, "we must not talk of these matters on the street. Run in to your mother, Ella will go with you. Perhaps it is all a false alarm. I will follow you directly."

"But, papa, I must know the truth," pleaded Helen, trying bravely to keep back her tears. "I must, I must, indeed."

"So you shall, my child, as soon as I know it myself. I promise you. Let me speak with George, a minute. I will not be long. Just a little patience. Come. There's my sensible Helen."

And so, coaxing and soothing, he induced her to enter the hotel with the dismayed Ella.

As soon as they had disappeared he turned and led George a little way apart.

"That arch-blunderer, Harry, is responsible for this," he said. "He met us up the road and blurted out that Ned had been expelled from the boat. Is that so?"

"Where did Harry get his information?" said George, answering one question with another.

"From young Harding, directly, but it is common gossip in the billiard rooms, I believe."

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"I hope it is not true," said George after a pause, "but it may be." Then, without further preface, he repeated the story told him by young Cashton, adding at the end:

"Now, sir, you know all I can tell you, and I hope you will pity Ned and help him."

The lawyer's face was very grave, but kindly, as he replied:

"If what I have heard is not malicious invention, I fear that Ned is not entitled to any more pity than is generally bestowed upon willful folly. As to help, he must help himself. His duty is clear. For many months he has been deliberately deceiving his father. His only manly course now is in the direction of confession and repentance."

"He could not write to his father and receive a reply in less than three weeks," George suggested, "and that might be too late."

"If he proves to his creditors that he has written to his father for money, they will wait, willingly enough, for a reply. But if the case is so urgent, let him use the cable. His father has provided him with a code."

"I will do my best to bring him to reason," George said rather doubtfully.

"One word more," said Mr. Bond. "I think it will be best that Ned should not visit us here again. It is impossible that the engagement between him and Helen should continue now, although I will not say it may not be renewed hereafter. He shall have a chance to retrieve himself, if only for the sake of the old friendship between his father and me. As for you, George, you must remain one of the family as heretofore."

"It will be no fault of mine if I do not, sir," said George earnestly, "but I hope you will not pass sentence on Ned just yet. It may make him desperate—and besides," here he hesitated a little, "would it not be a painful thing—for Miss Helen—if they should meet, as they are almost certain to do?"

"The shortest way is the kindest, my dear fellow," said the elder man, laying his hand on George's shoulder. "I shall say nothing to Helen about the engagement just yet. She will have enough to bear without that. As for Ned, believe me, he may be angry, but not surprised. It is not likely that they will meet, for I shall return to London as soon as possible and next week, as you know, we sail for home. The only point to be settled now is whether I shall write to Ned, or you shall tell him."

George was silent for a full minute. "May I give him a little encouragement?" he asked.

"Yes—conditionally. I trust to your discretion and honesty."

"I will tell him."

"You're a good fellow, George. Now I must go to Helen. Let me know as soon as you can how you get along," and with a hearty hand grip the two men separated.

CHAPTER IX.

SHATTERED HOPES.

AFTER brief consideration George hastened to his cousin's rooms but found the door locked. He knocked repeatedly and shouted without eliciting any reply, and finally resolved to make his way to the river, the center of all interest. More than once as he passed a group of undergraduates he heard the names of Warrenner and St. Winifred, and so learned that Ned's downfall was already notorious. Before long he overtook Cash-ton, Harding, and three or four others, and joining them was quickly informed of the events of the morning. Ned, it appeared, upon leaving the hotel had gone directly to his college to attend a special meeting of the officers of the boat club—summoned to consider his case. He was charged with scandalous neglect of the most ordinary rules of training, and was told pretty plainly that he would be held personally responsible if the boat lost its position at the head of the river. It was intimated, moreover, that it might be wiser, even at the eleventh hour, to select a substitute rather than put reliance on a man who had proved himself so untrustworthy. One hot word led to another, and Ned, unable to defend himself, lost his temper completely, upbraided his accusers in violent terms as spies and cowards, and declared with an oath that he would row no more under any conditions. He ended by demanding that his resignation be accepted there and then. His violence was so great that no amicable arrangement was possible, and his brother officers, refusing to accept or notice his resignation, simply resolved that he should be suspended, and another man put in his place. The story was told without comment, but George knew instinctively that Ned, by this crowning act of folly, had forfeited, hopelessly, the good-will of his fellows and increased, indefinitely, the load of trouble which oppressed him.

The scenes of the previous day were re-

peated all along the river, but the most stirring episodes failed to rouse George from the depression which had fallen upon him. The crowds upon the banks, the swift succession of eights, the cheers, the laughter, and the sunshine seemed to increase rather than alleviate his anxiety. Most of the time, indeed, he was so absorbed in thought that he saw or heard little of what was going on around him. It required the cry of, "Here comes St. Winny's!" to rouse him thoroughly from his abstraction. The red and black crew rowed jauntily down the stream, presenting to the eye of inexperience no sign of weakness. George had been hoping against hope that Ned might have been reinstated at the last moment, but his first glance at the boat convinced him that the well known figure was absent. Without his towering form amidst the crew seemed to have shrunk generally in size, but there was, apparently, no corresponding loss in their pace or style. They were cheered warmly all along the line, and the note of popular approval sounded in George's ears like a knell.

"Is that a new man at five?" he asked for the sake of breaking an awkward silence.

"Oh, no," replied Harding, "that would never do. They have moved number three down to seven, have put seven at five, and a substitute at three. They are very well together, all things considered, and probably will hold their own to-day. To-morrow, with St. Asaph's behind them, their chances will be poor."

There was a crowd of pretty women, in the daintiest of summer toilets at "Grassy," but Helen was not there, and so, for George, the light had gone out of the picture. More than once he thought he would return to the town, but his interest in the fate of St. Winifred was still strong enough to keep him on the spot. The sound of the first gun set the racing fever burning in his veins, and for a few minutes he forgot the past in the excitement of the present. The second and third reports came rolling up the sluggish stream and the shouts from five hundred throats, blending into the old inarticulate roar, rose and fell like the thunder of distant surf. Louder and louder swelled the outcry as St. Winifred, rowing for dear life, was seen to be gaining rapidly on the second boat and holding her own with St. Asaph's. The red and black champions were cheered to the echo as they dashed to safety around the famous corner,

where, only a few seconds afterward, their pursuers, dead beaten and disorganized, were bumped by St. Asaph's without difficulty. The escape of St. Winifred created an enthusiasm in which all lesser incidents of the races were forgotten, and George wondered whether Ned was within hearing of the shouts, and if so, whether he could appreciate their significance. He searched in vain, however, among the crowds of spectators for any trace of his cousin.

During the remainder of the afternoon and evening he sought for Ned, but could find no one who had seen him. At last he resolved to go to his rooms and await him there. This time the door was unlocked, and entering, he sat down to listen and to watch, striking no light lest Ned might suspect his presence and again avoid him. Hour after hour passed without any sign of his approach. Nine o'clock sounded from the great bell of St. Mary's, then ten, and eleven, and nothing but an occasional foot-fall disturbed the silence of the streets. It was nearly midnight when George, who had fallen into a dose, was startled by a sharp ring of the door-bell below, followed by heavy and, as he thought, rather unsteady steps upon the stairs. Then Ned entered, his face partly illuminated by a match which he held in the hollow of his hand; and immediately afterward, there was a glow of gas-light, and the cousins stood face to face. Ned had evidently been drinking deeply. His face was very pale and his eyes had a feverish glitter in them. When he saw George he made a motion as if he would retreat, but checked himself, and asked in no very amiable tones:

"What the — brings you here at this time of night?"

"It is a little late for a visit," said George good-humoredly, "but that is not my fault. I have been waiting for you all the evening."

"You might have spent your time more pleasantly and profitably," said the other surlily.

George bit his lip. He had feared this morose and stubborn temper above every thing else, but was not easily to be balked by it.

"That is true enough," he answered, "but it was absolutely necessary that I should see you and I took the only chance you gave me."

Ned, very excited, angry, and uneasy, threw himself into a chair and drummed with his fingers on the table.

"What do you want?" he muttered.

"I want to help you, if you will let me, and if it is not too late. We used to be like brothers once—won't you trust me now? I think I can serve you better than some of your newer friends."

"Friends!" said Ned, bringing his fist down, after his habit, with a bang that made the windows rattle, "don't talk to me of friends. Old and new, they're all alike. The men who turned against me to-day were the best friends I had in the world until ill-luck overtook me. The ungrateful scoundrels!"

"Do you think Russell is likely to be more faithful?" asked George quietly.

"Russell is a robber by trade," replied Ned hotly, "a professional shark. Nobody expects sentiment from him." Then with sudden suspicion, he demanded, "Who told you that I had any thing to do with him?"

"Common gossip and my own eyes. How much do you owe him, Ned? Out with it, old man!"

The point was plainly a very sore one. Ned sprang from his chair and said angrily:

"Look here, George, I am old enough to attend to my own affairs, suppose you attend to yours!"

The injustice of this provoked George greatly but he controlled himself by an effort.

"That is just what I am trying to do. It is my business, as the only relative you have in the country, to offer you a helping hand, when I see you sinking in a slough. Hold your tongue now and hear me out. A little money, as you know, came to me at my mother's death. Well, I have a thousand dollars left, which are at your disposal. Will that sum tide you over?"

The generosity of the offer touched Ned, and softened him for a moment, but his nerves had been brought to such a tension that even sympathy was intolerable to him, and he replied ungraciously:

"No! nor five sums like it. Besides, money alone will not right me now."

"What do you mean?" asked George, aghast. The idea flashed across him that Ned in his sore need might have been tempted into crime, and he felt sick at heart. The reply, however, reassured him.

"What do I mean? It's plain enough, I should think. Will money put me back where I stood a month ago? Will it undo the public insult put upon me? Will it enable me to live here in the face of all the lies

that malice and ingratitude can invent?" said Ned, lashing himself into fury.

"Don't be an ass, Ned," said George, "and don't be a coward. You have no enemies but yourself. Pull yourself together, man. Stop drinking and gambling, drop Russell and all that goes with him, and your old friends will not desert you."

"Drop Russell?" muttered Ned with a bitter laugh.

"Certainly; and if he refuses to be dropped, kick him out. Give me authority and I will guarantee to keep him quiet. He can have no interest in ruining you. He wants his money back and he can get that only through your father. His chances will be best if you settle down to work and get a decent degree."

Ned laughed again, more bitterly than before.

"If Jake depended for payment upon my taking a good degree, his security would be pretty bad. That delusion vanished long ago, and he never shared it. He would give precious little for my signature without others back of it."

This phase of the question, curiously enough, had never occurred to George, but as soon as it was suggested, he fully comprehended its perplexities. He, in his turn, rose from his chair, and paced up and down the room.

"That means that you have involved your friends more deeply than you have yourself," he said bluntly.

"No it doesn't—because the money will be paid," was Ned's sullen reply.

George was silent for a few moments. Then he faced Ned and said with the decisive manner habitual to him in an emergency:

"There is only one solution of this problem, Ned. You must tell the whole truth to your father."

"Of course I will, sooner than see my friends suffer."

"You must do it at once—or I shall."

Ned grew white with passion.

"You would not dare," he said; "no man shall interfere in my affairs. Neither you, nor anybody else."

"Your affairs just now are mine too," said George, very quietly but very resolutely. "I will not see you go over a precipice without stretching out an arm to save you. I sail for New York next week. Take my advice and write to your father to-morrow."

Ned turned toward the mantel-piece and leaned his head upon his hand.

"I have a great mind to go with you," he said at last, in much softer mood, "we might all sail together."

George started. No allusion had been made thus far to Ned's engagement with Helen, and, for the moment, he had almost forgotten the message which he had been charged to deliver. Further delay was impossible, but he was at a loss how to impart his ill-tidings with least offense. To gain time he said:

"I thought it was settled that you were to remain here during the long vacation?"

"So it was, but there is no reason why I should not make a flying trip—I would sooner make a verbal confession than a written one, anyhow. The suspense would be sooner over, and the voyage would be a respite."

There was a tacit admission of suffering in these last words which did not escape George's attention, and it seemed to him a good augury. Laying a hand on Ned's shoulder in the friendly manner of earlier days, he said:

"A wise resolve, Ned, and a brave one, but I fear we cannot—*all*—sail together."

To his surprise, Ned appeared to divine what was coming. He averted his head, and after a brief pause said simply:

"Go on."

"Well, old fellow," said George stammering at every word, "you remember, don't you, that your engagement to Helen was conditional, more or less—and the fact is—that her father —"

"Has declared it off," interrupted Ned, and he sat down at a table and buried his face in his hands.

George offered what consolation he could, faithfully pointing out that the decision was not irrevocable, that Helen would doubtless be true, and that all might yet be well; but Ned sat there with bowed head, without uttering a word. When at last he raised his head, his face was wet with tears, but wore a happier expression than George had seen on it since the old Catskill days.

"I knew this must come, but did not expect it just yet. It is better this way for Helen—and, perhaps, for me. But I shall not go to New York now. I shall get leave of absence and go to London to-morrow, or rather to-day, and stay there until you are gone. I will write to my father and you must see him and do the best you can for me. If I can redeem myself, I will, but I fear it is too late. At all events I will not run away."

"And Russell?" asked George.

"I will see him once more for a final understanding—and then await the issue," said Ned, and his jaws settled together with significant emphasis.

The cousins talked together in confidential fashion until long after daylight. Then George, after a hearty good-by, returned to the hotel where, later on, he found Mr. Bond, to whom he reported all that had occurred, laying especial stress upon Ned's good resolutions.

"Let us hope they will bear good fruit," said the lawyer. "It is a great pity his father did not keep him at home. With an ocean between him and his parents a boy might as well be an orphan."

CHAPTER X.

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

Six or seven months after that visit to Cambridge, which began so auspiciously and ended so unfortunately, George Warrenner and his father sat together one evening, just before Christmas, in the largest room of a modest flat in the neighborhood of Madison Square, New York. The walls were lined with books, heavy dark curtains covered the doors and windows, and two or three big logs crackled and blazed in an open fire-place, the general effect being that of scholarly retirement and unpretentious ease. The elder man with a student lamp, and a heap of foolscap in front of him, was writing with the steady fluency of practiced authorship, while George sunk in the depths of an easy chair, with an open letter on his knee, stared at the fire. The letter was from Harry Bond, asking him to pay a Christmas visit to Boston; and it had set him to thinking upon the past and the present, and to speculating upon the future, wherein he was now building all sorts of airy castles.

Thus far he had every reason to be satisfied with his prospects in life. Fortune had rewarded his efforts beyond his most sanguine expectations. He felt that there was no measure of success within the limits of his own profession to which he might not aspire, without undue self-confidence. The sound knowledge, ready resource, and excellent judgment which he had displayed in his examinations, had secured him a much coveted position on the staff of a famous hospital, and a little pamphlet which he had been encouraged by his father to publish, had received favorable comment from a

medical review of a most caustic disposition. Nay, more, with a diploma not yet a year old, he had two or three private patients, a distinction which excited ceaseless envy among his younger associates. Within a few years he might be both famous and wealthy; would be, he was convinced, if he had the right incentive to spur his ambition. With Helen Bond as the prize to be won, he could and would distance all competitors. But would she ever regard his suit with favor? He feared sometimes that she had been accustomed for so long to consider him a brother by brevet, that it would never occur to her to think of him in any other light. He had been a great deal in her company since the Cambridge trip, and their relations always had been those of the frankest and most intimate friendship. The early part of the homeward voyage had been uncommonly rough, and Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Van Thaler, and Ella remained close prisoners in their berths for several days. George, Helen, and Harry were all good sailors, and as Harry generally preferred the company of some other fellow's sister to his own, George and Helen were almost constantly together. It was then that he learned to appreciate at their true worth the simplicity, tenderness, honesty, and courage of her character. She spoke to him freely and unaffectedly of her engagement with Ned, and he knew that the latter never again could be his rival. She confessed, naively, that she had cried herself to sleep on the night when her father declared that it was best that the betrothal should end, but confessed also that it was not long before she arrived at the same conclusion herself.

"I am just as fond of Ned now," she said, "as ever I was, but I am quite sure that our marriage would have been a dreadful mistake. He was so handsome and strong and bold that I was fascinated and never stopped to think that we had no serious tastes in common. I wrote to him and told him all this, and added that I hoped we might remain just as good friends without becoming man and wife. The poor fellow sent me a very penitent and manly letter in reply, which raised him ever so much in papa's estimation, and I really believe that he will be far happier without me than he would ever have been with me, however much I had labored to please him."

George remembered every trivial incident of that voyage. There were certain hours passed in sheltered places on the deck, which

he counted among the happiest of his existence. He had not ventured even to hint at the love which, gradually, had been taking possession of him, and she, on her part, had appeared completely unconscious of his devotion, but he cherished the hope, nevertheless, that a subtle bond of sympathy had been established between them, which might develop hereafter into a stronger and warmer attachment. They had met frequently since their return to the United States. He had passed a delightful week in her Boston home, and she had accompanied her father on several excursions to New York, which always included a visit to Dr. Arthur Warrener. On each of these occasions George had felt sure that her pleasure at the meeting was as genuine as his own, but, at the same time, he doubted whether she would have displayed her gratification so openly if she had ever considered him in the light of a lover. Now an opportunity was offered of seeing her again under the most favorable conditions and, although he never had the least idea of declining it, he wondered whether he would be altogether wise in accepting the invitation.

This musing fit was interrupted by his father, who asked him what it was that so entirely absorbed his attention.

"It is a letter from Harry Bond asking us to spend Christmas with them in Boston. I suppose we shall have to go."

"Hem!" said the elder man with a smile. "I suppose that I shall have to, unless I should prefer to remain here alone. In your case there is, I should say, no supposition at all."

"Perhaps not," said George, laughing rather guiltily, "so far as inclination is concerned, but I would not leave you here to play the hermit. I presume there is no chance of my uncle expecting us this year."

"No. I saw him to-day and he told me that Bond had invited him to accompany us to Boston, and aid him in renewing the memories of youth. He said that he would like to go, but would be prevented by earlier engagements. The fact is that he cannot bear to meet any one who would remind him of Ned's college collapse."

"Poor old Ned! It was scarcely fair to expect him to become a blazing light of scholarship."

"Your uncle worships success and is himself a conspicuous example of it. It was Ned's failure at all points that exasperated him. If the lad had won a seat in the university

boat, it would have been something to boast of and he would have pardoned his various escapades much more readily. He was especially angered at Ned's folly in getting entangled with that disreputable little usurer when he might have had all the money he wanted by asking for it."

"Ned never suspected that he enjoyed an unlimited credit," said George, "and it was just as well, perhaps, that he didn't."

"He never ought to have been exposed to so great temptation, without any counselor at hand to guide him. I don't know that I would have trusted even you under similar conditions. It is not fair to expect to find old heads on young shoulders. Ned would never have been a student here or anywhere else, but if he had been sent to an American college, he would have contrived to keep up with his class, as a matter of personal pride. The most dangerous element in his case is his tendency to drink."

"I do not think there is reason for permanent anxiety on that score," said George. "He contracted the habit first through over-exertion, one of the commonest mistakes of young athletes. Feeling exhausted he sought relief in alcoholic stimulants. Of course it was the very worst thing he could do. Later on he drank, partly to be in the fashion, partly to drown care, but I fancy he has had a lesson which will cure him for good."

"Let us hope so, but now that his father has paid his debts, and freed him from the consequences, the lesson may be soon forgotten."

"The bitterest drop in Ned's cup was the bumping of St. Winifred's by St. Asaph's. He holds himself responsible, as he undoubtedly was, for that supreme college catastrophe. He won the place and he lost it, and his chief ambition was shattered."

"Not the noblest of ambitions," said Doctor Warrener dryly.

"Perhaps not," said George, drawing himself up, inflating his chest, and squaring his shoulders, "but it means pluck, endurance, and self-denial, which are very good qualities in their way. You know, father, I am a bit of an oarsman myself, and I hope to be in a pair oar again with Ned on the Harlem River some of these fine days. But all this does not settle the question whether we are to go to Boston."

"The question was decided before it was proposed, I suspect," said the doctor with a

chuckle. "Make your own arrangements and I will abide by them."

Thus it came about that a day or two before Christmas, George and his father emerged from a carriage of the express train from New York upon the platform of the railway station at Boston, where Harry, in a shaggy overcoat with monstrous buttons, was awaiting them. They received from that young gentleman a profuse and fervent welcome. He had been counting the days, he said, to their arrival, and hoped that some life would be infused into the house, which had been deplorably dull hitherto. Most of his own college friends were out of town, and he had been compelled to get what entertainment he could out of Helen and Ella, who had no idea of amusing a fellow.

"It is a little cold," he added, "but I brought the dog-cart because I thought you would appreciate fresh air after being half choked and smothered in the train, and because we can travel faster in it."

This last reason was received by Dr. Warrenner in eloquent silence. He had always mistrusted that yellow vehicle, and it seemed to him that it never had looked so treacherous as it did then, but he climbed into it with courageous resolution, and without a word of remonstrance. As soon as the wheels began to revolve he braced himself against all emergencies and scarcely ventured to breathe as he was whirled up and down hill and around unexpected corners to his friend's house in the sacred neighborhood of the Back Bay.

"How do you like the cart?" asked Harry anxiously, as he assisted the doctor to descend.

"I am very grateful to it for not breaking my neck," was the answer. "I felt as if I were riding on a comet."

It did not take the doctor long to recover his normal calm in the enjoyment of the refined comfort and gracious hospitality of that typical New England home. There was for him no happiness equal to that of a quiet corner in a well stored library or the companionship of a congenial intellect; and this pleasure he enjoyed, in the highest degree, beneath the roof of the friend of his boyhood. The lawyer, although many large and diverse interests were confided to his care, had never permitted himself to be enslaved by them, but always had so ordered his affairs as to provide leisure for those scholarly pursuits which afforded him his most delightful

relaxation, and in which he could desire no more sympathetic soul than Arthur Warrenner. This particular holiday he had set aside for the prosecution of certain inquiries originating in friendly arguments held in the Catskills a year and a half before; and the two gray-headed men, secure from all intrusion, buried themselves amid heaps of ponderous volumes, and arrayed authorities against each other with all the ardor of youth.

Mundane matters, however, were not entirely forgotten in this literary retreat. After an hour or two of eager search or silent reading, Dr. Warrenner would light his mighty pipe and, after a few preliminary whiffs, begin to talk upon whatever topic happened to be uppermost in his mind. In one of these nicotian intervals he said abruptly:

"Do you know, Bond, that my conscience pricks me a little when I remember what I said to you about my nephew Ned, some time ago?"

"It has been justified pretty thoroughly by later events," replied the lawyer.

"That is the worst of it. I have been afraid that you may have attached more weight to those hasty words than they deserved. I judged him harshly then, others are judging him still more harshly now. He has been sinned against quite as much as he has sinned. At all events I hope that I instilled no prejudice against him into your mind."

"Oh, content yourself," said the lawyer. "I have not, never had, any prejudice against Ned. Nor am I greatly scandalized by the sowing of a few wild oats. Let him steady himself a bit and he shall get as hearty a welcome from me as he ever did."

"But you would not wish Helen to marry him?"

"I would not refuse under certain circumstances, but the dilemma will not occur. That romance has died a natural death, and you are in no way responsible. They were the victims of a mutual fascination, not love. Helen has discovered her mistake without my help, and Ned, I fancy, has found his out, too. He is in London still?"

"Yes, and will remain there until he can make a second trial for his degree. A *post mortem* they call it over there." And the doctor chuckled grimly.

As for the younger folk all were happy except Harry, who considered himself greatly aggrieved. He had laid out a program of entertainment for George and himself, and

George would not abide by it, preferring, as Harry put it, "to dangle about with a lot of girls." This, being interpreted, meant that George missed no opportunity of being in Helen's society, and could not be induced even to pretend interest in any occupation which she was not to share. Helen, on her part, made no effort to conceal her liking for his companionship, always supporting his motions and overruling Harry's amendments whenever the "order of the day" came up for settlement. George made the best possible use of his time, devoting the days to long walks, or skating excursions, with an occasional visit to some museum or art gallery whose very atmosphere was provocative of confidential talk, and the long evenings to music, in which, as has been said, he was greatly skilled, or chess, with Helen as an apt and most attentive pupil. It was across the chess-board, in periods of truce allowed by mutual agreement in defiance of all known rules, that George first ventured to speak of himself, of his prospects, and his ambitions, and to hint at a love which he dared not avow lest he might be suspected of selfishness or treachery.

"I can afford to wait," he said, "because I am bold enough to hope. I tell you my secret because I think that you can understand it, and it concerns no one else."

Helen's eyes sank before his, and the blood rushed into her cheeks, but she made no reply. And the game ended.

The next morning the two Warreners returned to New York after many prolonged and hearty farewells. For the rest of the day Helen was strangely silent and thoughtful. That night Harry said to his father:

"I believe Helen means to be Mrs. Warren, after all."

"More unlikely things have happened," said Mr. Bond.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

WINTER, spring, and summer had all passed by in due order in time's endless procession, and the chill touch of autumn had begun to paint the mountains in rainbow colors, when Helen Bond, one September afternoon, stood again in front of the farmhouse at West Kill, and looked eagerly down the road in the direction of the Notch. For half an hour she had been keeping watch, heedless of the raillery of Ella. Her patience

at last was rewarded 'by the sight of a cloud of dust, and the faint sound of horses' hoofs, and presently there came into full view a wagon, with four occupants, one of whom was plainly Harry Bond, whose hat with the Harvard ribbon was always a conspicuous object. As the wagon ascended the hill, it became easy to identify the other three members of the party as Mr. Bond, Dr. Warren, and George, all of whom a few moments later dismounted at the farm-house gate.

Helen's anxiety apparently had centered in Dr. Warren, for it was to him that she offered the most effusive greeting. To her father she gave a dutiful little kiss, to George a rather formal handshake which might have seemed frigid, had it not been for a certain suggestion of timidity. At all events George saw in it nothing to embarrass him, for his spirits were in no way dashed, and he hailed the familiar features of the scene about him with the enthusiasm of a boy just home from school.

"I have only two weeks' vacation," he said, "but that seems an eternity of rest to a man who has been working as hard as I have, and I do not mean to waste a moment of it."

After the excitement of first meetings had subsided, the household fell naturally into the old informal habits. Dr. Warren and Mr. Bond asked no greater boon than to be left alone together to discuss their favorite topics and consume tobacco, while Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Van Thaler were as inseparable as usual. This arrangement suited the younger folk exactly, as it left them that perfect liberty which is the essence of happiness. A great change had come over Harry. He no longer affected to despise all feminine society. He made an exception in favor of Ella. Having been graduated during the summer, and being about to enter his father's law office with a view to future partnership, he arrived at the conclusion that he ought to make preparations for settling in life, and so gratified his own inclinations and his mother's most cherished ambition by offering his hand and heart to Ella, who promptly accepted both, and forthwith exercised her new authority in making him atone for past neglect. It must be said of him that he bore his yoke with great meekness and docility, frequently declaring to George that Ella was the most sensible girl he had ever met. George, for his part, was fervently grateful

to Ella for keeping Harry at her side, in all these excursions, and leaving Helen to him. More than once he had endeavored to take advantage of the opportunities which she afforded him, but his courage had failed him at each crisis, and half his vacation slipped away without his having made any advance in his suit. It was in the Notch one day, after a visit to the country woman who had showed them such hospitality two years before, that he was emboldened to tempt his fate. Harry and Ella were lost to view in the distance, and Helen in recalling the incidents of the runaway, spoke with warm enthusiasm of Ned's bravery and kindness. On the impulse of the moment George said :

"Helen, tell me the truth—for both our sakes—do you love him still? Would you marry him if he asked you again?"

Helen greatly disconcerted was, nevertheless, frank enough and courageous enough to answer, "No, I do not think it would be best for either of us."

"Then I may speak. Helen, do you not understand my secret now? I love you, my darling, have loved you for many months, but could not let you know. Hush! let me finish. I wrote to Ned telling him of my love for you——"

"And he?" interrupted Helen.

"Wished us both God speed. That is why I can say to you, 'Will you be my wife?'"

Helen could not reply for she was almost choked with happy tears, but she held out her hand and the next instant she was enfolded in his arms.

"Hullo!" said Harry when they overtook him half an hour afterward, "What have you two been up to all this time?"

"Following your example," said George. "Let me introduce my future wife."

There were hearty congratulations in store for both at West Kill; Mr. and Mrs. Bond and Dr. Warrener being all equally pleased at the prospective alliance of their families.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," said the lawyer to Dr. Warrener. That runaway was a very lucky accident after all. It has given you a daughter, me a son."

"Hem," said Dr. Warrener dubiously, "how about poor Ned?"

"Lucky for him, too," said George. "He has now two grateful cousins instead of one, and it will be strange if, among us all, we cannot provide him with a wife. By the way, I forgot to tell you, he has taken his degree."

"Perhaps that was a lucky accident too," laughed the lawyer.

(*The end.*)

ST. MARTIN.

BY ANNIE BRONSON KING.

LONG, long ago, an old time legend saith,
The watch beside an armed host was kept
By heathen Martin who paced to and fro
On lonely beat while all about him slept.

And in his gentle heart he pondered much,
Beneath the shining stars, if it were true,
The strange sweet story those about him told
Of how the loveliness of God they knew,

By word of Him, the gentle, fair-haired Man
Whose voice in sympathy was silver sweet,
But trumpet clear amid the lilled fields
To those who walked God's ways with slothful feet.

While Martin thought, a fearful storm rose up
And like the chaff before the threshing-flail,
The sodden earth was smitten with fierce blasts
And sudden bursts of blinding rain and hail.

By dreary post, the lightning flash revealed,
Unsheltered and half-clothed, a beggar form.
The tender soldier swift his cloak divides
And in it folds the stranger from the storm.

Relieved at length, the weary warrior slept
And terror of the storm and fear of foe
Vanished away, and in their place sweet
sounds

And radiance soft filled all the sky, for lo,

The pitying Lord gave Himself to be seen
Of faithful eyes; and round His gracious form,
Martin, with wondering eyes, beheld the cloak
That once had wrapped the beggar from the storm.

THE CONDITION OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

BY MANLY MILES, M. D., F. R. M. S.

THE general decline in the prices of farm products in the course of the past ten years, must be looked upon as but a phase of economic disturbances in which all of the industries have been involved since 1873. This industrial depression is the product of the changed conditions of production and distribution which have been developed in the progress of civilization and invention.

For several years preceding the crisis of 1873 the industries were remarkably prosperous, and the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, the Franko-German War of 1870-71, and the unprecedented activity in railway construction in the United States and Europe from 1867 to 1873, may be mentioned among the disturbing elements that were exciting causes of the depression which followed.* In the United States 33,856 miles of railroad were built in the seven years ending with 1873, and nearly the same activity was manifest in Europe in the construction of new roads.

In Germany the war indemnity of \$1,100,000,000 paid by France (1871-73) was partly used in paying the national debt, and the money thus thrown on the hands of capitalists was largely invested, at rates as low as one per cent, in industrial enterprises, and the resulting increased production added, for the time, to the apparent general prosperity.

The crash came suddenly in 1873. Its first indication was the failure of a New York railway company, September 17, of the banking house of Jay Cooke & Co., September 18, and of nineteen other banking houses September 19. "Then followed a succession of bankruptcies until in four years the mercantile failures had aggregated \$775,865,000; and on January 1, 1876, the American railway bonds in default amounted to \$789,367,655."

In Germany the period of prosperity was immediately followed by an unprecedented stagnation and depression of business. In other countries the depression was quite as

marked but its first appearance was somewhat later.

The business depression, however, was relieved at intervals by local conditions which checked for the time the general decline. In 1879-80 and '81, the general failure of crops in Europe made an active demand for American farm products, and unusually large exportations were made at high prices, which had the effect of unduly stimulating agricultural production.

This revival in prosperity led to large importations of foreign goods, and the manufacturing industries of Europe derived an advantage from the disaster to agriculture through the resulting commercial activity.

In 1882 the decline in business was again manifest, and in the United States the greatest depression was reached in 1884-5. An improvement again took place in 1887, and since that time there has been an abundance of capital seeking investment at low rates of interest, but the disturbed condition of the industries continues, from the intense competition which tends to keep them below the limits of profitable production.

It is worthy of notice that during the period of greatest depression (1884-5) there was a decided increase in the quantity of freights moved by the railways of the country, but there was at the same time a marked decrease in actual values. The business transactions were evidently on a larger scale, but there was a corresponding diminution of profits.

In this review of the period under consideration we find the highest prosperity immediately followed by great economic disturbances and depression. In the popular use of the term over-production, the fact is overlooked that the lowering of price leads to an increased demand and consumption, and that with the lower price there ceases to be an over-supply of the product.

We must now notice the results which followed the large investments of capital in the industries when they were unusually prosperous. When extraordinary profits were made in any industry, the surplus earnings were frequently used to extend the plant, and increased production followed.

* In "Recent Economic Changes," by David A. Wells, will be found the best account of the causes of the present depressed condition of the industries; this should be read by every student of economic science; we are indebted to it for the leading facts in our summary of progress in methods of production.

The profits originally realized were likewise an inducement for the investment of other capital in new establishments, and competition with production on a more extended scale caused a further reduction in prices, and profits disappeared.

Attention was then necessarily given to every available means of diminishing the cost of production, invention was stimulated to correct the defects of the ordinary methods, new and improved machinery was introduced, and this involved still larger investments of capital.

Owing to the resulting intense competition, a profit could not be made by the smaller establishments, and they were unable to continue in operation. Even the large individual capitalists were not able to stand alone, and joint-stock companies were formed to increase the working capital in the industrial strife.

Still further combinations of capital were then made by "pooling" the interests of rival companies; and the modern trusts finally were developed. When managed solely with reference to their original purpose of cheapening production, these trusts must be considered as the necessary and legitimate outgrowth of the industrial progress of the age, and the advantages arising from them cannot with reason be questioned. It is only when the power of such immense combinations of capital is used to monopolize production and control markets, that they become an evil.

The world's work in manufactures is now carried on under an intensive system of production in which large investments of capital and the use of machinery adapted to a special purpose in every process in which it can be applied, is required—specialized production and a subdivision of labor enables the unskilled workman, who becomes expert in a single operation with a machine, to take the place of the trained artisan, with greater efficiency and economy in the laborexpended—residues are utilized and all wastes are avoided, and there is also a rapid exchange of commodities.

This review of the recent industrial changes that have taken place, forms a necessary prelude to an intelligible and satisfactory discussion of the present conditions of agriculture, as the general decline in the prices of farm products, to some extent at least, must be attributed to the same causes that have stimulated the activity of other industries and

brought about a revolution in the processes of production.

Agriculture is, however, exempt from some of the conditions that intensify competition in other industries, and this will be found an advantage in its adaptation to the new conditions. From the very nature of agricultural operations the subdivision of labor and specialization in production, which are of paramount importance in manufactures, are not applicable, to the same extent, at least, in farming; and, moreover, intensive methods of production that diminish the cost of the product in other industries, tend to increase the cost of all farm products. High farming therefore, cannot be profitably practiced when low prices prevail.

In contrast with the conditions and tendencies in other industries, the outlook for American agriculture is not a discouraging one, and the present depression cannot be looked upon as an unmixed evil without compensations, if its lessons are heeded and the prevailing defects of farm practice are recognized and corrected by the intelligent application of established principles and correct business methods.

The pessimistic views of the conditions of American agriculture presented in recent papers, seem to be based upon the increase in crops for several years past, and overproduction has quite generally been claimed to be the sole cause of the existing agricultural depression. But the causes of the decline in prices are exceedingly complex, and they are not to be disposed of by the consideration of any single factor that may appear on the surface.

Let us examine the census statistics to test the correctness of these assumptions. In the table on the following page, giving the relations of cereal production to population, the column for 1888 is based upon the crop estimates of the Department of Agriculture, and an assumed increase of population since 1880 at the same rate, as shown by the census reports, from 1870 to 1880. The other columns are made from the United States census reports with the exception of prices which have been taken from what appeared to be the most reliable sources.

It will be seen that the production of wheat in the United States for each unit of population in 1888, is but 1.7 bushels more than in 1860, two-tenths of a bushel less than in 1870, and 1.9 less than in 1880. After deducting

the exports of each year, the amount remaining for home consumption, per capita, is in 1888, four-tenths of a bushel more than in 1860, seven-tenths of a bushel less than in 1870, and two-tenths of a bushel less than in 1880, the average price in 1888 being 40 cents per bushel less than in 1880.

of farm products than in any other country, and with the prospective increase in population, and the material progress of the masses involving an increase of wants from the higher standard of living, there are indications that this rate of consumption will be increased rather than diminished.

CEREALS IN BUSHELS PER CAPITA.

	1888.	1880.	1870.	1860.	1850.
Wheat, Total Production Per Capita, . . .	7.3	9.2	7.5	5.6	4.3
Wheat, Per Capita after Deducting Exports, . . .	5.4	5.6	6.1	5.0	4.0
Corn, Total Production Per Capita, . . .	23.4	35.0	19.7	26.7	25.5
Corn, Per Capita after Deducting Exports, . . .	23.0	33.0	19.6	26.5	25.2
Oats, Total Production Per Capita, . . .	10.6	8.1	7.3	5.5	6.3
Other Cereals, Production Per Capita, . . .	1.4	1.5	1.5	1.6	1.2
Total, Cereals Per Capita, . . .	42.7	53.8	36.0	39.4	37.3
Total, Cereals Per Capita after Deducting Exports of Wheat and Corn, . . .	40.3	48.1	34.4	38.5	36.7
Average price of Wheat per bushel, . . .	\$0.85	\$1.25	\$1.29	\$0.98	\$1.31
“ “ Corn “ “ . . .	0.55	0.54	0.93	0.73	0.60
“ “ Oats “ “ . . .	0.33	0.36	0.43	0.42	0.43

With corn the results are still more striking, but all of the factors concerned in its consumption cannot be represented in the table. Corn is the most important of American cereals, and the increasing demands for it in domestic manufactures must not be overlooked. The comparatively new glucose industry is extending rapidly, and in 1889 it made use of 750,000 bushels of corn per day. There is a growing demand for it in other manufactures, and the amount consumed in the production of meat and other animal products is constantly increasing.

These statistics of the two leading cereals are sufficient to show that the decline in price since 1870 cannot with reason be attributed solely to over-production; and there is no evidence that the cereals now produced are in excess of the world's wants.

Senator Vest's report on the meat products of the United States shows that the companies engaged in the "dressed beef and canning business," controlled the market price of Western cattle, and diminished the price to the producer, while the price to consumers was maintained. The decline in the price of cattle, therefore, must be owing to the combination of buyers rather than to over-production.

In the United States there is a greater production, and greater per capita consumption,

This larger demand probably will not tend to produce any marked rise in prices, and farmers must adapt their practice to the new conditions by reducing the cost of production, by an improved system of management and thus secure remunerative returns for their products.*

When the present average conditions of farm life are compared with those that prevailed less than fifty years ago, it is evident that farmers have made as rapid advances in the elements of material and intellectual progress, as those engaged in any other business, and their prospects for the future are quite as bright and assuring.

The pioneers who settled the country west of the Mississippi labored under disadvantages and suffered privations that can hardly be appreciated by the present generation, and habits of farm practice were formed, under the special conditions in which they were placed, which are still continued in spite of their lack of adaptation to the widely different conditions that now prevail.

From a virgin soil abundant returns were obtained under careless and wasteful methods

* The low prices of farm products are likely to continue, unless the failure of crops in other countries causes a temporary increase, but this should not be considered in making plans to meet what may be considered the probable average conditions.

of practice; a large proportion of the sparse population were raising the same products in excess of their own wants, and the surplus could only be sold in distant markets at a cost in transportation that more than equaled the value of the product.

The opening of the Erie Canal (1825) brought a large region in the vicinity of the lakes within reach of a better market, but it was not until the general introduction of railroads that the surplus crops of the central group of states could be sold at remunerative prices. The present writer has sold wheat in Michigan at 50 cents per bushel and received in payment goods at a country store where the price was double the original cost, which included wagon transportation for a distance of sixty miles. But a few years ago the farmers of Iowa paid 80 per cent of the New York price of wheat in the cost of transportation.

On the other hand in 1888, wheat was carried from Chicago to New York for less than 4 cents per bushel, and the average rate for the year from New York to Liverpool was only 5½ cents per bushel. From diminished cost of transportation and a reduction of other expenses, it has been estimated that "the American farmer could have sold wheat in England in 1887 for 34 s. per quarter (\$1.02 per bu.), with as much of profit to himself as 54 s. per quarter (\$1.63 per bu.) would have afforded him in the years from 1870 to 1873 inclusive."

The pioneer farmer was especially interested in what were generally looked upon as the money products of the farm; and of the few staples that it was possible to dispose of in distant markets, the one that gave promise of the best returns, for the time being, received a prominent, and almost exclusive, share of attention. The attempt was, in fact, constantly made to adapt production to the state of the markets. When wheat was bringing a good price, an increased area was grown with the result of excessive production and a decline in price when the crop was harvested. Wheat, corn, sheep, swine, cattle, and dairying in turn, from time to time, have been made the leading object of interest by a large proportion of the farmers of the country with the same inevitable results. Similar changes of purpose and methods in the management of any other business would at once be followed by financial disaster.

At the present time with facilities for cheap transportation throughout the world, the at-

tempt to adjust the production of the farm to prospective markets must be futile, and the losses involved in the changes in management, with prices at a low average, must form important items in farm economy.

The improved implements and machinery that are now so extensively used are important aids to the farmer in making labor more efficient and diminishing the expenses of the farm, and thus reducing the cost of his products; but they have at the same time been the means of increasing competition, by making cultivation on an extended scale possible. The high prices of former years not only stimulated the farmers to an increased production of the leading staples, but capital was attracted by the prospective profits, and the ranches and large wheat farms on the newly opened fertile lands of the West added largely to the production of the country. The opening of the Suez Canal likewise brought other distant lands within reach of English markets and widened the area of extensive farming.

The data are wanting for a full discussion of the causes of agricultural depression, but with our present knowledge, the most important conditions tending to a depression of farm interests may be summarized as follows:

1. The invention of Bessemer steel, and the compound engine, have made cheap transportation possible and thus brought the most distant countries in competition in the production of the leading market staples.

2. New regions of fertile soils, particularly in the Western States, have been brought under cultivation by means of improved machinery, and large investments of capital and extensive areas in single farms are devoted to wheat growing to increase the market supplies.

3. In the older portions of the country the wasteful methods of pioneer farming are still continued on a large proportion of the farms, while the new conditions of production demand the strictest economy in all operations to diminish the cost of the product.

4. The pioneer habit of trying to adapt production to the state of the markets is still kept up, with losses that might be avoided under a more consistent system of management.

5. The markets for live stock are controlled by a combination of the large companies engaged in the handling of the meat products of the country, to the farmer's disadvantage.

6. The higher standard of living and the acquired wants of the farmers themselves, resulting from the progress of civilization, are not insignificant factors for consideration. What were looked upon as luxuries, but a few years ago, are now recognized as necessities of life, and increased expenditures for home comforts and enjoyment are an encouraging feature of the times.

The obvious remedy for this condition of affairs is to diminish the cost of every farm product, so that the unavoidable competition in the world's markets may be successfully met, and a satisfactory return secured for the capital invested. This can only be done by abandoning obsolete pioneer methods, and adopting a consistent and thorough system of farm management in which every element of production is made available, and the largest net returns are obtained in every process and for every product.

There is no business or profession in which a wider range of knowledge can be profitably used, and there has never been a time in which the advantages of agricultural education were so clearly apparent.

It is a mistaken notion that science can furnish formulated specific rules that can be blindly followed, without any mental effort on the part of the farmer. What is most needed in agricultural education is a training in the exact methods of scientific investigation and observation, and the application of these methods to the every-day problems of farm life.

This knowledge cannot fail to give the American farmer a decided advantage in the industrial strife in which he is engaged, and if in connection with this he manages his farm in accordance with sound business principles he need not fear the results of foreign competition.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

[August 3.]

THE language of the petition preceding this is that of confessed *guiltiness*.

The request now before us is that of conscious *weakness*, imploring help against itself and its many foes, lest *guilt* return and remain upon us. When we cry to God, "Forgive us," we put ourselves in the place, and avow the feelings of the Prodigal restored. When we go on, to implore of Him that He should "*lead us not into temptation*," we entreat that we may not be abandoned, lest we become the Prodigal *Relapsed*—apostates, whose conscience has only become vitrified by the Truth and the Grace, by which it should have been melted. True penitence for the follies of the past, implies a keen vigilance against the snares of the future.

But do we ascribe to God the work of *Satan*; and do we make the Holy One of Israel the ensnarer and corruptor of His creation? Is man's Maker man's Tempter? No,—as one of Christ's hearers at the very time when this prayer against temptation was given, the Apostle James, years after, wrote, "*God tempteth no man, nor can Himself be tempted of evil*." For the poverty of human

language, however, many words have more than one meaning; and temptation is a term of this very class. In one of its significations, the sense of alluring to sin, God is incapable of it. In another, however, the sense of trying and displaying character, God, as the Judge of the earth, is and must be, whilst this life of probation lasts, pledged to continue this application of the probe and the crucible to human character. So He tempted Abraham, when testing the strength of his faith and gauging the depth of his love to God, by asking the sacrifice of Isaac. So He tried Israel in the wilderness, to prove them, and to know what was in their hearts. So He lets affliction and prosperity and the changing events of changing times go over us, to develop and reveal us to ourselves and to others.

Now God may give us up to ourselves and to our spiritual adversaries, so that we shall be led into temptation, and hopelessly caged and entrapped within its impassable barriers, meeting a *den* where we had thought to find a *thoroughfare*. But His believing people, vigilant and prayerful, whilst they may not expect to escape all collision with the allurements and suggestions of evil, will be led, by

the Captain of their salvation, not into it, so much as through it and past it. With prayer for our weapon and God for our guide, my beloved hearers, we need not fear but that God will make every stronghold of the tempter what Jericho was to the chosen tribes, a doomed city whose walls cannot stand before the cry of our faith, and whose hosts melt into dismay and defeat before our exulting onset. God will make us more than conquerors over all our enemies, and "bruise Satan under our feet shortly." But if we go on, presumptuous and self-confident,—forgetting God and restraining prayer, we shall find our Dothans become unexpectedly Samaritans, and be led, ere we are aware, into the lures of some mighty and overwhelming temptation that will furnish, if God's mercy do not prevent it, the dungeon of our hopes and the scaffold of our souls. An Ahithophel or a Judas, greedy of revenge or gold, finds the snare that had been woven for other prey, unexpectedly haltering his own neck. A Haman rears some mighty and conspicuous scheme of wickedness, all, as he supposes, at the expense of his hapless neighbors; but where he is in God's wondrous purposes, to become himself the first victim—a spectacle of Craft, caught and choked in its own toils.

[August 10.]

Let us consider :

I. The danger : "Lead us not into TEMPTATION."

II. The refuge : "LEAD US NOT INTO temptation." In God's Providence, Grace, and Spirit, we seek defense from the evils around and within us—"Lead (Thou—O Lord and Father)".

III. The Intercession : "Lead us not into temptation." We ask not merely for our own personal perils, but for our fellow-voyagers through the reefs and quicksands of life as well ; for the household, the church, the city, and nation, the present age and the coming race of mankind.

I. Our danger springs from the fact of our moral weakness, and that, even if we have been regenerated and pardoned, our moral convalescence is as yet but imperfect, and its progress exceedingly protracted and tedious. "*Elias was a man of like passions with us.*" The best of men are but brands plucked from the burning, all charred with the fires through which they have past, and readily

rekindling at the contact of the casual spark—much more of the wide-spread conflagration around them.

Temptation spared not Christ himself. Mother and brethren tempted our Lord, when the one would prescribe to Him the season and scene of putting forth His veiled Godhead, at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee; and when the other would have hurried the hour of His going up to the temple at Jerusalem. Disciples tempted Him, when they cried, God forbid, to his predictions of His mediatorial sufferings, and quarreled about the division of seats in His kingdom. The multitude tempted Him when they would be received as the disciples not of His truth but of His loaves, and were eager to force upon the Antagonist of all carnalism in religion, a carnal crown, and a carnal throne, and a carnal policy. Satan buffeted Him at the introduction of His public ministry ; and, as we gather from the prophetic Psalms, at the close of Christ's earthly course, renewed his assaults by the most ferocious onset, when "the bulls of Bashan, and the dogs" of Hell bellowed and howled around the meek and Atoning Lamb. Describing His own career, and bidding farewell to His little flock, He called them those who "had continued with Him in His temptations";—as if all the pathway which they had trodden at His side had led through a field strewn with snares and pitfalls at every step. And, besides all these, the temptations which Scripture has expressly indicated, how constant and severe must have been the pressure of temptation, not explicitly described in the New Testament, against which His human nature must have been necessarily called to struggle, in controlling the exhibition at times of the indwelling Godhead. Had *we* been vested with Divine Sovereignty and Lordship over twelve legions of angels, could our human endurance have brooked, like His, the injustice and cowardice of Roman prætors, and the insolence of Jewish kinglings, whose faces a glance of His Divine Eye could have mouldered into ashes?

Scripture and Experience, the history of the world, and of the Church, and of the Head of the Church, here, all attest the pressure and extent of the *danger*.

[August 17.].

II. Let us now turn to the second branch of our theme, and remember—tempted as we

are continually and most severely,—that it is in this tempted but overcoming Savior, that we have an unfailing refuge. “He was tempted in all points like unto us, and yet without sin, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest.” We come to Him for counsel. And He bids us watch and pray that we enter not into temptation. We come to Him for sympathy, and He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. We come to Him for might, and we can with Paul do all things through Christ strengthening us.

We study the history of our Lord’s encounter in the wilderness with His enemy and ours, and we see there the edge and power of the Scriptures, the word of God; and how still, to demoniac subtlety and plausibility, and pertinacity, and audacity, the Redeemer had ever the one sufficient reply,—“It is written,”—and the Deceiver was rebuked and foiled: Even in our weak arm, this shield of Faith can yet “quench all the fiery darts of the Wicked One.” We hear Him, as He is in Gethsemane, say to the disciples, “Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation,”—just as He Himself was passing *into* the consummation and close of His own most fiery temptations, or rather was preparing to pass, sorely but surely, *through* them. The Bible well studied—our own hearts and God’s providence carefully observed, and the weapon of “*all prayer*” sedulously plied,—these are Christ’s prescriptions to His own tried and assailed followers.

2. But it may be said: Might not our Father have exempted us from temptation? We answer: our birth into the world—our commencement of existence upon an earth that is, according to God’s word, a state of probation, implies *trial*, and trial to *imperfect* beings in a state of *intermingled good and evil*, as necessarily implies *temptation*. But our Father tries, as the physician applies his stethoscope to the diseased lungs, or his probe to the gaping wound, not to exasperate the disease and enhance the injury; but to prepare the injured part for healing. Satan and the world, and our own hearts, on the contrary, appeal to the same internal maladies and the same external injuries, with the spirit of a poisoner brewing for the diseased lungs some deadly fumes, or compounding for the wound some venomous unguent; or of an assassin, studying to find for the second stroke of his dagger a more deadly aim.

[August 24.]

3. God can and does overrule for good, and limits within the bounds of the tolerable and the profitable, even these,—the *wicked* temptations of our own nature, and of our fellow-mortals, and of fallen angels. Joseph’s brethren were murderers in heart. But God blessed for Joseph’s good, for Israel’s good, and for Egypt’s good, the intended fratricide. He is not the author of one evil act or thought; but He permits it, and hems it in, just as the architect designs, and the walls and ceilings adjusted and adorned by his wisdom, hem in the space, on which the spider stretches his web.

4. Even here, in this dim and obscure state of being, where the power of our vision is comparatively so limited, we see that malignity and craft can be made to glorify God. The temptations buffet out the pride and self-reliance of the disciple, as the rude tossings of the ocean, and the rough experience of the camp, and of the wilderness, may counteract the enervating and distorting tenderness of the nursery and the home. Temptations drive the Christian to the grace and throne of Christ. And the victory of the plaintive, and feeble, and mortal disciple over the proud, and subtle, and mighty, but fallen archangel,—notwithstanding all that archangel’s talents and resources,—illustrates to all worlds the wisdom and faithfulness and goodness of God.

III. And, now let us pass to the last branch of our remarks. Intercession for others is the duty and safeguard of the experienced disciple. We look not merely at the nets spread for our own feet, but at the whole field of travel to be passed, and the whole family in peril as they traverse it.

2. Let us remember again that neglect of prayer and forgetfulness of God invite, and we may say even compel, Him to avenge His own wronged character, by *giving us up* to the dominion of unresisted appetite and irresistible temptation. Thus He tempted Pharaoh, till his obduracy brought on bleeding Egypt its ten memorable plagues; and the valley of the Nile smoked beneath the out-poured wrath of Israel’s God. Sin is, in God’s dominions, one of the most terrible avengers of sin. Because the ancient idolaters liked not to retain God, as He really was, in their knowledge, and corrupted His glory and untarnished purity, into those foul images of godship which they invented, as

His rivals and usurping substitutes,—therefore, He punished their sin by giving them up to degrade and *brutify* their own nature, as they had degraded and vilified and *humanized* His. The worshipers of bestial idols became beastly rather than human; stupid as the voiceless statues they hewed; deaf to Reason and Truth as their own carved and painted images; and conscienceless and shameless as the calves and goats to which they presented incense and oblations; and ridiculous as the apes, and groveling as the serpents, which doting Egypt condescended to adore. "They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them."

But *we* are in *no* danger of adopting the worship of the graven image and the molten image? Perhaps not in that form, but, even in the pathway of a Christian profession, a man may find other roads to the pit, than through the cave of Giant Pagan, or past the feet of Giant Pope. A booth in Vanity Fair may be a more decorous but not a less dangerous abode or resort for a Christian pilgrim, than was the shrine of Baal and of Ashtaroah to an ancient Hebrew.

[August 31.]

3. We are warranted in praying to be brought through temptation, when it is not of our own seeking, but of *God's sending*. If we walk without care and without vigilance, if we acknowledge not God in our ways, and take counsel at Ekron, and not at Zion—leaving the Bible unread and the closet unvisited—if the sanctuary and the Sabbath lose their ancient hold upon us, and we then go on frowardly in the way of our own eyes, and after the counsel of our own heart, we have reason to tremble. A conscience quick and sensitive, under the presence of the indwelling Spirit is like the safety-lamp of the miner, a ready witness and a mysterious guardian against the deathful damps, that, unseen but fatal, cluster around our darkling way.

And if this be so with the negligent professor of religion, is it not applicable also to the openly careless who never acknowledged Christ's claims to the heart and the life? With an evil nature, and a mortal body, and a brittle and brief tenure of earth, you are traversing perilous paths. Without God's blessing, and committed blindly to Satan's

guidance,—returning prayerless from a prayerless sanctuary to a prayerless home, and seeking a prayerless couch at night, and beginning on Monday a prayerless week, which is to find on Saturday evening its still prayerless end,—you are like a presumptuous and unskillful traveler passing under the arch of the waters of Niagara. The falling cataract thundering above you,—a slippery, slimy rock beneath your gliding feet—the smoking, roaring abyss yawning beside you—the imprisoned winds beating back your breath—the struggling daylight coming but mistily to the bewildered eyes,—what is the terror of your condition, if your guide, in whose grasp your fingers tremble, be malignant and treacherous and suicidal, determined on destroying your life at the sacrifice of his own? He assures you that he will bring you safely through, upon the other side of the Fall. And SUCH IS SATAN. Lost himself, and desperate, he is set on swelling the number of his compeers in shame and woe and ruin. If you are his unresisting and credulous follower how infinite the temerity and the peril of your dim way. God's law is thundering above. Hark! as Deep calls unto Deep,—that flood of wrath which deluged once a guilty world—which has swept off nations into Hell, is asking over your guilty heads from the Dread Throne: "Lord, how long?" And His forbearing patience is sliding from beneath you, as you struggle and stumble blindly and breathlessly onward, with Sin for your burden and Death for your attendant, and Hell for your guide—the aids of the Spirit and the light of the Conscience and Scripture fast failing you, as you rush, unsent and tempting temptation, into caverns that have no thoroughfare but into the boiling abyss. Can you afford to be prayerless and thoughtless, reckless and gay? The cross—the grave—the judgment-seat—paradise and the pit of the abyss—all reply: No! There is no peace to the wicked. Awake. Escape for your life. Resist the tempter. Be not ignorant of his devices, or you are lost *soon* and lost forever. Lay hold, now, and in an agony of haste, on the hope set before you in the gospel—even upon Christ Jesus, the Only Name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved. God grant that such your choice might now be. Amen! —*Abridged from William R. Williams' "Lectures on the Lord's Prayer."*

VIRGINIA SPORTS.

BY RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

IN their love of sport, as in so many other characteristics, the early English settlers in Virginia were curiously at variance with the early English settlers on the Massachusetts coast. The latter razed the Maypole at Merry Mount. Among the former or their descendants even the "fox hunting parson" was neither unknown nor unwelcome. It was the familiar contrast of Puritan and Cavalier, and at this distance, however certain we may be that we have had no stock of sounder fiber than that derived from Plymouth Rock, it must be confessed that the sports of Virginia have a more inviting aspect than the stern, self-contained life of the early days on Massachusetts Bay.

But there were Virginians and Virginians in the younger years of the colony as to-day. There were the junior members of good families come to seek fortune on grants of land gained by royal favor, and there were adventurers of indifferent repute, just as there were ladies, and others less estimable or less fortunate, who were deported to His Gracious Majesty's plantations in Virginia to find husbands. Class distinctions which were begun at that time have been tenacious of existence, but we need take heed of them only so far as they were reflected in the sports and pastimes. One result was the preservation of some such distinction between aristocratic and popular pastimes as obtained in the days when the knight shone at the tournament and the clown was contented with his cudgel play. But another and a natural diversion was due to the character of the country.

Some of us, born under Northern skies, think of Virginia as a country of low plains, sand hills, and marshes, exposed for half the year to a semi-tropical heat. Nothing could be more unjust. Virginia is remarkable for the diversity of her natural features. Tidewater Virginia differs from Western Virginia as widely as Kansas differs from New Hampshire. Tidewater Virginia offers an abundance of swamps and low country as the Northern armies learned to their cost a quarter of a century ago. Perhaps the Wilderness has been responsible for a persistent Northern belief in Virginia as a country of low lands,

and yet even the Tidewater district is sufficiently varied in character and the land rises steadily toward the Blue Ridge. Beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains come the comparatively high valleys of the Shenandoah and of Virginia, and to the west again are the lower mountains or the foot-hills of the Alleghany Range. Thus western and especially southwestern Virginia is a high country divided and surrounded by mountains with people, climate, game, and sports differing from those of Virginia by the sea.

It has been said that the Englishman's chief pleasure in life is to "go out and kill something." The Virginian's love of sport was a direct and natural heritage. The colonists came to a country rich in game and fish. In the rivers, the Potomac, James, and others, they found a fish which recalled the trout of England in all gamy qualities, and in their simple love for the mother country and all that it contained they gave the name of trout to the black bass. In the same way they called the quail a partridge, and the partridge a pheasant, names which obtain at this day although the partridge, or ruffed grouse, bears as slight a resemblance to the English pheasant as the bass to the speckled trout.

It was a rare field which Virginia offered to those descendants of the British nimrods. There were deer, wild turkeys, bears, foxes, pheasants, partridges, and water-fowls along the coast, and even the buffalo was within reach beyond the Blue Ridge. No wonder all the traditions of sport were kept alive in a country so rich in opportunities, with a climate inviting out-door life. Most of us have learned something of that life in the eighteenth century from Thackeray's "Virginians," if not from the duller pages of the histories. Most of us, too, have been able to see Washington not only in his official character but also as a fearless breaker of horses, a hunter and explorer, a bold rider after the hounds, and, if less of a fisherman than some of his successors in recent years, at least an interested spectator when the negroes swept the water with their nets. There was horse racing and cock fighting and a variety of more profitable

athletic exercises. No reader of Thackeray, and I think we are all lovers of Thackeray, has forgotten young Harry Warrington's defeat of the English braggart in a jumping match "for the honor of old Virginia." Nor have we forgotten how that ingenuous youth hastens to do honor to the greater prowess of his friend Colonel George Washington, "who has jumped twenty-one feet six inches." Another of Washington's exploits, throwing a silver dollar across the Potomac, has been embalmed in Senator Evart's comment that a dollar went much farther in those days than now.

If the horse was worshiped in lower Virginia, the rifle stood first in the affections of the Virginian mountaineer. But the Blue Ridge was not the dividing line, for there were the broad fertile valleys beyond, partly included in the famous Fairfax grant. It was Charles II. who granted to the ancestors of Lord Fairfax all lands between the headwaters of the Potomac and the Rappahannock, down to Chesapeake Bay. It was a magnificent seigniory including twenty counties, magnificent even if restricted to the lands east of the Blue Ridge, which Hite and other historic litigants claimed to have been the royal intention.

There is little which concerns us at present in the story of Washington's surveys of this tract, the legend of Fairfax's unrequited love, and the history of his life at Winchester and Greenway Court, and his pathetic death when at the news of Cornwallis' surrender the sturdy old Loyalist asked that his face be turned to the wall, and never spoke again. But it is pertinent to note the influence of this English sportsman in Western Virginia and his effort to maintain the English idea of game laws, an idea based on feudal principles. There are still existing old deeds given by Lord Fairfax granting leases of land for long terms at "an annual rental of one peppercorn," but reserving the right to hunt deer, bear, and wild turkeys. I fear the reservation counted for little when Randolphs, Carters, Marshalls, Pages, Lees, and other families of high degree made their homes upon the Fairfax grant in the northern counties of the Valley. The seigniorial idea cherished by Fairfax faded more speedily than the feudal theories of the old French seigniors after the English conquest of Quebec.

In the mountains of Virginia the early settlers were poor, the conditions of life hard, and

the struggle for existence was narrowed to its simplest elements, as, for that matter, it usually is to-day in that mountain life. There were no coaches-and-four bearing merry-makers from one hospitable old home to another, no full dress balls like those of Alexandria and Richmond, no reflection of English eighteenth century modes of life. But the mountaineers had their pleasures. Among the three or four books in the house of a Virginia mountain hunter I found an old history published over half a century ago, which gave this picture of the early mountaineers at one of their chief festivities—a wedding :

"Let the reader imagine an assemblage of people without a store, tailor, or mantua maker within a hundred miles, and an assemblage of horses without a blacksmith or saddler within an equal distance. The gentlemen dressed in shoe-packs, moccasins, leather breeches, leggings, and linsey hunting shirts all ready-made. The ladies dressed in linsey petticoats and linsey or linen bed-gowns, coarse shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, and buckskin gloves, if any. If there were buckles, rings, buttons, or ruffles, they were the relics of old times. The horses were caparisoned with old saddles, old bridles, or halters, and pack saddles with a bag or blanket thrown over them. A rope or string as often constituted the girth as a piece of leather."

Thus accoutred the guests rode in double file along the forest path until within a mile of the house, when two young men were chosen to "ride for the bottle." It was a break-neck race over fallen trees, through mud and mire up to the very door where the host awaited the winner with a bottle of whisky. After the wedding came an uproarious dinner eaten from a table hewn with a broad-ax; and after dinner there were dancing and various forms of celebration, some fairly Rabelaisian in their frankness. If a house was to be built for the young couple, their friends turned choppers and carpenters. On the first day the timber was prepared, on the second the house was "raised," and at evening opened with a dance lasting the whole night through. Such were the chief festivities of the early mountaineers. Hunting with them was a matter of necessity, hardly to be regarded as a sport.

In the more familiar Virginia, the country of romantic history and family trees, the horse always has held the place which he has held by natural right wherever chivalry has

taken root. Horsemanship is the Virginian's heritage. Not for him are the dreary lessons on the tan bark of the stuffy riding academy. His later years know nothing of that painful labor which our Central Park exhibits, where mature gentlemen, jolting along the bridle path like so many bags of meal, turn unhappy faces toward the spectator as they go their uneasy way, urged on by medical injunctions.

It is not strange then that the tournament revived in peaceful form became a sport characteristic of Virginia and of Maryland. Many of us in the North owe our first acquaintance with Virginia tournaments to the delightful papers of "Porte Crayon," published for the first time some thirty years ago. No one who has read those sketches can forget the tournaments, adventures, and misadventures, or the appearance of the Indian knight, Hiawatha, as he was presented by the author-artist's pencil. It must be confessed that the tournament was robbed of much of its pomp and glory by the war. The chivalrous Turner Ashby, unconquered in the lists of Fauquier and Loudoun, was to fall at the head of a forlorn hope, and others who had borne the queen's crown on their lances were to win the unfading guerdon of the hero's death in the shock of battle. There are many Virginia matrons whose bitter-sweet memories yield tales of the triumphs of these knights, perhaps of their own, but there always will be a reservation when they come to the present. When Plancus was consul, the tournament was a glorious thing, but now, they will tell us, its glories have faded like the rose crowns, once the rivals of their blushes.

Yet the tournament is still a characteristic sport, and it may be seen this summer by any one who visits Maryland or Virginia. There are tournaments and tournaments, and the rules have never obtained the scientific exactness of the laws, for example, of tennis. But it is safe to say that it is usual to allow thirty yards for the start and thirty yards between the suspended rings, which the riders are to carry off on their lances. The rings are usually an inch and a half in diameter. They are suspended at the intervals indicated from cross pieces attached to uprights or from wires across the course as the case may be. Sometimes the rings are hung from the middle of arches, but this requires more cumbersome preparations and increases the danger of accidents. The lances are simply

light, straight poles about eight feet long sharpened to a fine point at one end. It is necessary that the horses should cover the course at full speed and unless the rider makes the distance in a given number of seconds, he loses his turn. It is customary to have three rings, and each knight usually rides three times, but, of course, the minor arrangements are often varied. There are heralds to make announcements and summon the riders, a marshal and assistant marshal to take general supervision, and judges to make the decisions.

The riders choose names, like the Knight of Love, the Knight of Virginia, or, more frequently, the name of the town which is the rider's home; and by these names they are introduced and addressed. The winner, that is the knight who carries off the greatest number of rings, has the privilege of choosing and crowning the queen of love and beauty, a prosaic statement which conceals a wealth of suggestions of fluttering anticipation, timorous doubt, sweet surprise, or gratified pride at a choice which may be a hardly ventured avowal. After the winner crowns the queen, the knights next in order crown the first and the other maids of honor. When all is done *secundum artem* it is proper for the marshal, or the coronation orator, to place the wreath upon the champion's lance. Then the latter rides before the seats occupied by the spectators—a trying moment for many a would-be unconscious fair one—until at last he lowers his lance and deposits the wreath at the feet of the lady of his choice.

In a country of orators it might be taken for granted that the graces of oratory would not be wanting to so inviting an opportunity. There is an orator who delivers the "charge to the knights" at the outset, and another at the tourney's close, who makes the coronation address. These are rare chances for the fervid oratory, the gallant allusions, and the florid humor which we look for in the South, where declamation *ore rotundo* is not yet antiquated and the orator is not supplanted by the editor. In the olden times and often now the tournament is succeeded by a ball, which is opened by the successful knight and his queen.

There are tournaments without number in Maryland and Virginia every summer, but the old-fashioned tournament, a purely social affair of the highest distinction, has become comparatively rare. I can illustrate my

meaning by four tournaments which came under my notice last summer. One, which was held in Clarke County was devoid of any pretense at chivalrous observances. It was simply a gathering of country boys to ride for a saddle and bridle. They put up some rings on a level field and met on a Saturday afternoon, for a masculine frolic. No ladies were present and the old-time ceremonies were entirely ignored. All these lads were at home in the saddle, but much of the riding was any thing but graceful and the horses were a miscellaneous lot, sometimes with no claim whatever to good blood. With the exception of the noise and the sorry accompaniment of whisky, the tournament was a not uninteresting exhibition of a manly sport so far as it went. But it did not go very far.

Soon after, a tournament was advertised at some springs, a resort of considerable note in the mountains just over the West Virginia line. The affair was organized by the hotel proprietor for the purpose of advertising his house and entertaining his guests, and "inducements" were held out to knights in the shape of "special rates" and money prizes. Even then it was necessary to postpone the tournament in order to secure the presence of certain "knights" from a distant town, who appeared to be semi-professional riders at the ring. The tournament was certainly worth seeing. The hotel and the many other buildings, its attendants, as it were, occupied the sides of a shady little mountainglen. On the right after passing stables, an annex building and shops, was the huge yellow stucco hotel with its vast veranda and cyclopean pillars, an imposing relic of ancient days. There were shops beyond, and the spring-house and pavilion at the upper end of the glade, which was possibly a quarter of a mile of length. Over against the hotel was a long one story annex divided into rooms opening upon a porch, with a bathing pavilion near by. Before the hotel veranda there was a hard, smooth drive-way which was the course. The rings were hung from wires stretched across the drive-way from trees to the hotel, where the "assembled youth and beauty" crowded the veranda as the knights dashed down the road with lances firmly held at their sides and eyes intent upon the elusive rings.

It was a pretty spectacle, but after all it was a spectacle made to order and duly paid for. Yet it was superior in some respects to

another tournament held soon after near Winchester. This was organized by the owner of a grove which, I believe, was a resort for picnic parties. The county was besprinkled with hand-bills announcing a tournament, with the supplementary attractions of a band and refreshments. The "public was invited," and the public came. Those who joined the crowd saw some excellent riding, and I have no desire to underrate the interest of the sport as practiced here or in the autumn on the race courses of the county agricultural societies whose fairs have become an important feature of rural Virginian life. But it will be seen that these tournaments lack the spirit of the old. So far as they go, however, they are commendable and are certainly worth seeing, but there is something anomalous in the announcement that "the successful knight will win a prize of \$25 in addition [*sic*] to the privilege of crowning the queen of love and beauty." It is equally suggestive, perhaps, to read in the descriptions of tournaments that "the politicians were out in full force." But this is the iron age, the age of realism; and sentiment, like the romance of chivalry, is doubtless out of place.

Next to the tournament in earlier years came fox hunting, which always means riding after the hounds and not shooting the fox from behind a stone wall. In Tidewater Virginia there are, I believe, two regularly organized hunts which rejoice in English hounds and huntsmen and the glory of pink coats. All this is a familiar story. In lower Virginia the gray fox is common while the red fox prefers the upper country. When roused by the hounds the gray fox doubles and turns, seldom venturing very far away from his home, and depending rather upon cunning than endurance. The red fox, on the contrary, will break away and make a run straight across country, which will tax riders and dogs. The latter is superior in endurance and is, therefore, the choice of the hunters.

In the mountains riding after the hounds is, of course, impossible, but in the Tidewater country and in some of the upper countries just east of the Blue Ridge the visitor may yet be greeted with the deep-mouthed welcome of the hounds as he rides up to the door of some old farm-house or mansion where the hunter's horn hangs in the porch. In the season a blast upon that horn may rouse the country like the horn of Roderick Dhu.

There will be a mighty outcry at the kennel, and after a little, one neighbor after another mounted and spurred will come riding to the gate, ready for a run with the hounds. The dogs are not direct from England, and there is no show of ceremony or finery, but these hearty, rough riders enjoy their sport not a whit the less for its off hand, familiar character. Fox hunting of this kind is a natural sport, founded upon the eternal verities as an old fox hunter might half seriously assert, and unencumbered by the costly and tedious preparations and accompaniments which make hunting around New York and Newport very largely a matter of vanity and wealth.

There is one Northern hunt, I believe, which is conducted under equally sensible conditions, that in the Genesee Valley where the farmers play no unimportant part among the riders. So far as the Valley of Virginia is concerned, however, there has been a great falling off in the number of saddle-horses. The Valley was swept clean by the War, and, perhaps, the only persistently better memory among the people is that of Sheridan's order to leave the Valley so bare that a crow flying over must carry his rations with him. The blooded horses disappeared, some to be worn out by their owners in the field, others ultimately to find their way northward. Of recent years, Western competition has reduced Virginia farming to a margin so narrow that utility is the first consideration in most farm-stables, and comparatively few horses are kept only for the saddle. It was a curious illustration of the changed conditions to find that the raising of horses for Northern street car companies was a considerable industry in at least one of the Valley counties.

So far as game is concerned there is a more encouraging story to tell. All day long in July and early August the traveler may hear the piping of the quail beside the golden grain fields, and it is easy to flush a pheasant in the brush or by the hedges. There is a Virginia society for the encouragement of sport and the protection of game, which has representatives in most of the counties, and this has done some excellent work. The shooting of shore birds, ducks, plovers, partridges, and pheasants, differs little from shooting elsewhere, but Virginia offers the sportsman another bird—now unhappily rare in so many of its former haunts—the wild turkey. There are wild turkeys still in the

upper counties east of the Blue Ridge and in the pine hills of the Valley, but they are found oftener about the mountains. A wild turkey with its stately carriage, beautifully glossy, dark plumage, clear, piercing voice and thunderous flight is so imposing an object that it is natural for the inexperienced sportsman to tingle at the very possibility of an encounter. But let me recommend him to keep his zeal within bounds. I have a distinct memory of a novice who flushed a flock of turkeys in a moonlight walk and bore back one which was caught by his dog, only to find that it was the property of an unsuspecting neighbor.

When the wild turkey season opens in the autumn, the habitual hunter usually has marked down a flock in his neighborhood. He knows something of their usual sleeping and feeding places, but the hunter from a distance is necessarily more or less dependent upon local guides. It is possible to select a promising ridge and explore the woods on private account, as it were, but this course is unlikely to prove very profitable even when the explorer is aided by one of the cur dogs so often heard of, which are marvelously gifted in the matter of treeing turkeys. The usual and the best method is to creep into woods likely to yield game, in the morning or evening, to hide carefully, and while lying quiet, regardless of personal discomfort, to tempt the wary birds into range with the call. This, it must be confessed, is much like seething the kid in its mother's milk, for the call is made from a turkey bone. Nevertheless, it furnishes the best means of obtaining a shot, provided the hunter is a skillful performer, able to imitate the notes of his game with accuracy and to pipe forth answering and tempting variations as the bird doubtfully draws near.

But there is a quarry unrecognized by sportsmen, which, outside the state, is accounted more characteristic than deer or wild turkey. The humble 'possum is embalmed in literature. He is preserved in the negro songs which the negroes never sing; he has been the theme of lofty gastronomic eloquence and the "negro humorists" have found him more useful than the mother-in-law, and excelled only by the razor and the hen-roost.

The 'possum still thrives in Virginia. Mention the name to some old colored uncle whom you may overtake slouching through the red mud of the highway and see how his

wrinkled face will part, his lips roll unctuously outward, and the whites of his eyes gleam as his laugh expresses feelings too deep for articulate speech. Call at the uncle's whitewashed log-cabin on some cold, moon-lit November night and follow him as he sallies forth with a companion or two carrying a few pine knots possibly and, perhaps, a gunny bag, and always with a cur dog wise in the ways of 'possums. Perhaps we, or rather the dog, will find Mas' Possum only a field or two away gleaning after the harvesters. Perhaps we shall detect him in the neighborhood of a hen-house, for "dat ole 'possum, he mighty fond o' eggs." More likely we shall come upon him among the chincapins, persimmons, and papaws, along some bushy ravine or in a woodland convenient to civilization, for your 'possum is no mountain hermit. Then the sharp yelping of the cur rings through the frosty air and Uncle hobbles on, defying his "rheumatiz," until we stop at the foot of a tree where the dog leaps and barks at a motionless black bunch above, outlined upon a limb against the sky. Alas, the 'possum's wiles avail him nothing. One of the negroes climbs the tree. If the crafty 'possum is old and portly he will simply lie still, vainly hoping that he may be overlooked, until his rat-like tail is untwisted from the limb and he himself, wrenched from his hold, hangs ingloriously head downward in the captor's grasp. If Mas' 'Possum is young and active he will climb up ahead of his would-be captor and, perhaps, venture on smaller and smaller limbs, until hunter and 'possum come tumbling earthward together. Sometimes the 'possum will snap and snarl, but the negroes rarely pay much attention to their teeth.

Guns are seldom used. The 'possum can be plucked from his tree and tapped with a club or put in the gunny bag alive, to be kept in the smoke-house until the chosen banquet time. Let it be understood that there are plenty of white 'possum lovers, but I can only counsel my readers to choose the fattest of fat November 'possums and experiment with roast 'possum for themselves.

Less literary and culinary interest attaches to the 'possum's distant cousin, the coon, although the coon has made his mark in politics. Coon hunting in the foot-hills of the Virginia mountains with dogs, axes, and guns, is much like the nocturnal pursuit of this ill-natured marauder elsewhere.

In the Blue Ridge of Virginia and other parts of the state where deer are found they are usually driven with hounds and shot, or shot at, by hunters stationed at the run ways. In West Virginia, hunting with hounds is forbidden by law and the result, so far as my observation goes, is entirely beneficial. The question of hounding has been so much discussed in reference to the Adirondacks and other parts of the country that it seems worth while to cite the experience of West Virginia hunters. One admirable representative of their number living near enough to the state line to be familiar with both sides, never hesitates to assert that the hounds seem to frighten deer out of the country, and that deer have been far more abundant in his mountains since hounding was stopped. This testimony was confirmed by others, and there was certainly no doubt of the abundance of game.

I well remember my first surprise when I was met at "Tom's" door by two dainty fawns just caught near the house, and afterward shown the antlers on the walls, the half dozen live deer in his brother's park, and the fresh footprints which might be found almost any morning near the creek. The house, which is in a little mountain glen, is distant eighteen miles, traversed on horseback from the nearest railway station, or twenty-five miles by wagon, and yet including ride or drive this "haunt of the red deer" can be reached in twenty hours from New York. I have no desire to identify the place further, and I say so much only to illustrate the abundance of game and primitive conditions which may be found in the mountains of Virginia, so near, comparatively speaking, to the cities. In these mountains deer are hunted by beating the woods. The men start out very early in the morning, reaching the ground, if possible, by daybreak. It is necessary to know the country in order to avoid more than the sportsman's usual burden of disappointments. A certain ridge or mountain is chosen, the hunters are stationed at runs or places which experience has shown likely to be chosen by fleeing deer, and the others of the party entering the woods some distance apart and encircling the ground as well as possible, proceed to make all the uproar within their power as they advance. November, with a light snow on the ground, is a favorite time, but the season opens September 15.

There is bear hunting also, an uncertain sport, which seems most prolific of exuberant tales. Bear hunting is unlikely to engage the attention of visiting sportsmen, but if they come early in the season and time hangs heavily on their hands, there is always the fearful delight of snake hunting. I was welcomed to "Tom's" glen by a moccasin, the next day a viper was killed behind the house, on the third day a dead rattlesnake was found in the road, and on a Saturday evening a neighbor was lifting a forkful of hay when a copperhead dropped out and hung wriggling for one dreadful instant across his arm, and then dropped harmlessly to the ground. As for me, in the expressive Western phrase, I have lost no snakes.

Much might be said of the more distant mountaineers with their appalling lack of civilization and morals, their dialect and moonshine whisky, their rough and ready dances, and their toilsome forest hunts after ginseng roots, but of all this the army of dialect story writers have told us something.

I need cite but one more sport, trout fishing, which may be said to belong to the mountains, for in the warmer and often turbid streams of the lower country, the spotted trout is rare. His place is taken by the black bass, which draws fishermen to the Potomac, the Shenandoah, the James, and their tributaries. Bass are taken with the fly, with minnows, and with helgamites, all familiar methods, and the "fish hungry" farmer is more likely to resort to "gigging." This is unsportsman-like, but it is picturesque. In the middle of a long flat bottomed boat is an iron crate, or basket, on a pole, containing blazing pine knots. The boat drifts down the river, broadside on, the blaze showing the bottom clearly. At either end stands a fisherman, spear in hand, watching for the chance of pinning some bewildered fish. It is easy to imagine the effect of floating torch and dark figures on the water among the forest trees, but it is less easy to appreciate the nicety of calculation necessary for a successful stroke, or the jarring pain of the shock when the spear misses and strikes a stone.

This, as I have said, is a rural sport, if sport it may be called, primarily based upon necessity, like the apple-butter boiling in the lower country or the "sugaring off" where maple trees are found in the mountains. Apple-butter, like other good things, demands patience for its achievement. Two vast copper kettles are hung over a fire out-of-doors or in one of the huge old-time stone fire-places, the substructure of a mighty chimney to which a small house is appended. One kettle contains sliced apples, the other cider, and the problem is to keep the kettles boiling and well stirred meantime, until the contents of both shall no more than fill one. It is an all day or all night task, but it is often lightened by such feasting and dancing as we are wont to associate with the older celebrations of harvest home.

Another feature of rural life which deserves notice on account of its increasing consequence, is the county fair, something anticipated for six months and talked of for the remainder of the year with singularly vivid memories, not only of the tournament, or hurdle race, the trotting matches, or balloon ascension, but also of individual cattle of high degree, and even of special vegetable monstrosities and supreme efforts in needlework. Court day, with its afternoon given to oratory and horse trading, retains much of its prestige, but the fair is the great holiday time among the farmers of the Valley.

Such are some of the sports of a state which is yet changing in character under our very eyes. Virginia has passed from her romantic time to an age of realism. The easy-going luxurious days of the old régime have been succeeded by days of poverty, of enforced thrift, of labor, and of development. Yet much of the old charm remains, enough to give a flavor hardly to be found elsewhere. It is fortunate, perhaps, that the mountains and the great Valley of Virginia are drawing so many thousands in search of health to the countless springs, sport in the mountains, or simple rest; for these yearly transmigrations help mutual understanding, which all Americans should have.

ON SHORE.

BY VIRNA WOODS.

AT morn the silver fairness of the bay
Gleamed clear against a background of dark blue
That wrapped the hills; in the transmuted hue
Of tranquil waves, the boats at anchor lay.
Afar the sunlit roofs of Monterey,
Masses of pine and fir trees glimmered through;
Lifting their craggy summits into view,
A somber line of gray cliffs stretched away.

The sunlight filtered through the moss-hung trees,
Making an arabesque upon the ground;
The air was filled with faint and murmurous sound,
The lapping tide and the responsive breeze;
Calm the Arcadian hours passed on and soon,
Softly the morning melted into noon.

TWO YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY J. N. INGRAM.

THE Islands of New Zealand are situated in the southern waters of the Pacific Ocean. They are three weeks' sail by the ocean steamers from California. The mail steamships from Australia to San Francisco pass the islands twice a month. On the route from the Golden Gate I passed the Sandwich group and the Samoan Archipelago. On the twenty-first day of the voyage we sighted the Zealandian shores and landed at the port of Auckland.

The colony was founded at the Bay of Islands—on the north end of North Island. That port was for many years a whaling station and trading post. The fleets played havoc with the whales, and the seamen created havoc with the Moors.

As population increased, the town of Auckland was founded. In 1852 gold was discovered at Coromandel—forty miles down the bay. An active mining camp sprang into life, and Auckland enlarged its dimensions. Gold was found at the Thames, near by. Veins of great richness were uncovered. Miners crossed over from New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, and came in thousands from England. The Thames became one of the famous mining towns of the antipodes.

Auckland assumed city-like proportions, and its bay was crowded with ships. The two gold fields rivaled each other in their wealth of ores and became to Auckland what Ballarat and Sandhurst were to Melbourne, and Virginia City was to San Francisco.

Coal mines were opened at Wangari, ranches cultivated on the Waikato, herds started along the west coast, and commerce extended into the Polynesian Islands; Auckland blossomed out into a family of suburban villages, and became the scenic gem of the southern seas.

Other cities fronted the harbors along the southern coasts; the seat of government was transferred to Cook's Strait. The colony consists of three islands—North, South, and Stewart. The North Island measures 44,000 square miles in area. A dense mass of timber covers its northern provinces. The trees attain enormous body, and are Alaskan-like in height. Tremendous forests grow along the Wairua River; large lumber mills stud its shores. The adjacent bays—like the harbors on Puget Sound—throng with lumber craft, headed for half the ports in the Australias.

Gum of fine texture is found—in underground quarries—amongst the *kauri* groves

(throughout North Island), and shipped in large quantities to America.

Gum digging is one of the leading industries of northern New Zealand. Camps of diggers may be found along both of its coasts and on the banks of its wooded rivers. Ware-houses filled with the glass-like rosin front the port of Auckland. Coal beds seam the northern coasts; their hidden wealth will yield revenues for ages to come, and their fuel warm the world for decades yet unborn. A great body of the North Island is "lagooned" with swamp-land. The timber is of such prodigious size, and the trees so thick that drainage is costly. Clearings are made under difficulties. The jungles swarm with insects; clouds of mosquitoes and myriads of gnats infest the morasses. Bushmen tie thongs around their sleeves and pantaloon and wear veils over their faces and necks, and gloves on their hands to protect their persons from the malignant bites of the poisonous vermin. Chills also haunt the malarial flats; and periodically shake the teeth loose in the forester's head.

The coasts are often belted with an open country, on whose rolling undulations graze flocks of sheep and thousands of cattle. The large rivers have extensive valleys devoted to grain culture.

But little fruit grows in New Zealand. Oranges and lemons grow around the Bay of Islands; but the bulbs—like Los Angeles citruls—are thick rined, and do not equal the golden balls on the slopes of San Gabriel. Zealandian peaches, apples, and cherries are knotty and inferior in quality. The country either does not suit the fruit or the fruit does not suit the country.

Apples are shipped from Tasmania, grapes from South Australia, and tropic fruits from Queensland and the Fiji Islands. The colony has a seaboard of near fifteen hundred miles in length, and varies from fifty to three hundred leagues in breadth. The islands lie between $34\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and $47\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ parallels of latitude, and have many gradations of temperature and variations of climate, ranging from the semi-tropics on the northern border, to the home of perpetual ice on the southern ranges. The mean annual temperature in North Island—sea level—is 52° in winter, and 66° in summer; South Island, 42° in winter, 61° in summer.

Heavy snow storms prevail in the South Island; the loftier peaks on its

mountain chains are snow capped eternally, and their heights fettered with glaciers.

I have not seen any snow fall at Auckland, but frost nips the trees, and ice forms on winter days. Heavy rains deluge North Island for three months in the year. The winter is an unbroken freshet. The storms are in constant session. The rains descend day and night in drenching torrents, and shame California's drizzling mists. The sky wears a coverlid of black; the sun hides his smiling countenance in the sullen clouds; it rains, rains, rains, until the eye yearns for the sky's cheerful blues and the sun's sensuous rays. But it rains, rains, rains. The hills are gloomy with falling showers. The mountains and forests are enveloped in hanging vapor. The flood-gates of heaven are opened; the rivers are swollen; the ravines roared; the low lands are inundated; the roads bogged; and out-door occupation suspended.

Some of the Zealandians, like the web-footed Oregonians, get used to the rains, and become amphibious in nature. Chilling fogs hang around the sea-shore, and the prolonged rains and moist atmosphere dampen dwellings and clothing, and create catarrhal, bronchial, and rheumatic maladies.

High winds often sweep the island, blow running trains from the tracks, and move houses from their foundations, but do not quite equal our Kansas cyclones, nor the velocity of a hurricane I once met in North Carolina.

Spring gales blow riotously along the coasts, and those of weak lungs find a drier climate on the high lands in the interior and in the sheltered valleys of the mountains.

When the winter storms are over and the clouds have rolled up their dark blankets and the driving winds are lulled into repose, the sky resumes its wonted hues, the sun comes forth with glorious effulgence, the earth grows glad, the ground is carpeted with emerald, and summer rolls off a delightful season.

But in autumn New Zealand is seen at its best. Its gales are quiet, its fogs have vanished, the seas are still, bays lap the shores like sylvan lakes, the skies are intensely blue—no clouds obscure their depths—the air is rare as the ozone on the Alps, and a climatical luxury bathes the islands.

Prostrative heat never prevails. A sea breeze blows over both coasts throughout the summer and a pleasant temperature is en-

joyed. The seasons are reversed. Christmas wears a floral wreath in New Zealand. New Year's day dawns on harvest fields, golden shocks, and verdant meadows. The old year passes away among the jollities of the shepherd's whistle and the ploughman's song.

No bare forests cover the Zealandian hills, no skeleton branches greet winter's sleet; the trees never shed their leaves; the green foliage of spring clothe their boughs always; the woods are evergreen. Trunks and branches scale their bark; but the vines never fall, and grass grows under the deepest snows.

No snakes inhabit New Zealand. But few birds live in its groves. The feathered bipeds are of strange colors and beautiful plumage. They are tuneless birds; they never sing. The lark's morning carol never soars toward the sun, and the mocking-bird's joyous note is never heard.

The forests sleep in the hush of profound silence; their depths are roused by the cry of the talking "morepork," the clatter of the tui, and the chirp of the kokoromaka. The emu, a wingless bird, once roved the songless woods, and the lordly moa, an ostrich-like fowl, ten feet in height, once stalked the mountain ranges. A woodpecker thumps the antipodal logs, a small duck swims the lakes, a wood pigeon lives among the trees, a white crane wades in the marshes, and a little black bird, a yellow bird, and a robin build nests in the reeds. Carnivorous hawks and diminutive owls—not the long eared American pirates—ravage the Zealandian aviaries, and bats haunt its ruins. South Island settlers imported English sparrows, and the wheat fields swarm with the little pests, and government rewards are now offered for their scalps. Pheasants have been introduced; they attain a large size, are a fine game bird, and furnish sportive shooting. Song birds have been sent for, and the colonist will yet hear the melodies familiar to his native heath on England's moors.

In 1852 the British government gave New Zealand a constitution, and the liberty of electing a parliamentary council. The Crown reserved the appointment of the colonial governor. The colony began self-government.

The gold excitement along the coasts of the North and South Islands diverted a large flow of immigration from the united kingdoms, the Australian colonies, and California.

The fine agricultural lands and pastoral plains attracted a select quality of English population. People with enterprise, capital, and culture came to the islands. The bone and sinew of the Old World here found an outlet for their energies. The criminal element thrown on Australian and Tasmanian shores were denied entrance into New Zealand. Convict ships were restricted to Botany Bay and Hobart Town, and Zealandia gained a superior class of colonists. Some of the Australian "ticket of leave men" escaped to New Zealand, and, in justice to some of them, it can be said that many were sent out on minor charges, poaching and trivial offenses, and have now become useful citizens.

The wealth and immigration that annually poured into New Zealand soon brought its virgin soil under a garment of wheat fields; cattle roamed its hills, and villages crowded its bays.

The colonial parliament appropriated a large fund to assist immigration; bureaus were opened at the English centers of population, and a steady current of immigrants directed to Zealandian ports. Within ten years immigration ships carried—passage free—over one hundred thousand colonists from overcrowded England. A thousand Newfoundlanders crossed the Pacific and formed a settlement at Waigio (near Warangei Heads).

Many settlers left Australia's heated interior and came to New Zealand's colder clime. Population accumulated. Colonial resources were developed. Vacant lands were occupied, the undisturbed wilderness was invaded, forests were felled, and English homes, gardens, and farms budded out in the silent woods; ponies entered the mountain valleys, and the flock's tinkling bell sounded where the aborigines before had lived in seclusion.

The plains bloomed like the rose, and solid chains of settlements covered their bosoms. South Island absorbed a greater body of immigration; but North Island can carry the largest population. The colony now contains four hundred fifty thousand inhabitants.

Both village and rural dwellings are of English style of architecture. Brazilian-like forests furnish abundant timber for building, and few stone or brick residences are seen. In the mountain region and wooded wilds, log cabins and frontier huts abound.

Remote from each other, alone in their

timbered fastnesses, surrounded with uncivilized natives, subject to Mouri raids, the conditions of life and the surroundings of the early New Zealand colonists, were strikingly similar to the early occupation of the Atlantic States.

As the Americans differ from their English ancestry—new habits of life growing up in the vicissitudes of a new country, new characteristics originating in combats with Indians, and the watchful vigilance in the subjugation of the untrodden jungles into the habitudes of civilization, so among his antipodal islands, menaced with the ravages of the aborigines, debarred from the outer world, solitary in his sea-girt home, removed from the ebb tide of commerce, the New Zealander has developed original and American traits of character, (found in the Rocky Mountain territories). Surroundings have molded his nature, conditions have shaped his impulses, and associations have formed his customs. Isolation and dependence on each other in hours of peril effaced nationality, created sociability of disposition, and cordiality of manner.

I like the colonials and their free ways

The gold fields drew a diversity of races, and the charm of cosmopolitan population exists.

Colonization developed migratory spirit; many colonists are "on the move." Some go south, others come north.

English love of amusements survives. Many British games—almost obsolete in money making America—are favorite diversions. Regatta and athletic contests collect half the village population. The turf forms a distinctive feature in colonial life. The wealth, beauty, and fashion of New Zealand grace the

annual races; and the queen's representative, the governor himself, is often present.

Dramatic, panoramic, operatic, lectural, and ventriloquial entertainments are well supported even in sparsely inhabited settlements. There are leisure and a taste for reading. English publications, and American subscription and historical works have extensive circulation, and journalism (in body) has outstripped America and the Canadas, in strides of advancement. Colossal journals, that would reflect credit on populous cities, flourish in Zealandian towns of twenty thousand people. Fiction, art, science, philosophy, theology, agriculture, commerce, spiritualism, the drama, the magazine, and the review are embodied in the weekly newspapers.

English and American cablegrams come from London *via* Singapore and Sydney to Auckland.

In agricultural implements, vehicles, cars, hotel buildings, and domestic machinery, the colony has lagged behind. More work is done by hand labor than in America. The colonials have learned to look to Yankee land for notions. An approachable outlet is here ready for American reapers, binders, wagons, cotton goods, petroleum, and hardware.

If Uncle Sam keeps his timber hams, shoe peg oats, and juniper nutmegs for home consumption, and ships salable goods an extensive market waits at New Zealand for the expansion of American commerce. A credit system here has impeded the extension of American trade into the colony. By established local agencies manufacturers can compete with English producers.

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY GARDEN.

BY FERDINAND COHN.

Translated for "The Chautauquan," from the "Deutsche Rundschau."

DR. LAURENTIUS SCHOLZ, a scholar of the sixteenth century, was born in the year 1552, in Breslau, Silesia. He received his classical instruction in the Elizabethan Gymnasium of this place; and in his twentieth year he entered the Wittemberg University; after a four years' sojourn there, he, like all Silesian doctors, went to Italy for the study of medicine and natural philosophy. At that time no German uni-

versity had instructors who could have led the young doctors in the new spirit of natural philosophy. Four years Laurentius studied, first in Padua, then in Bologna. He was a zealous student who won the interest, then the friendship of the professors.

In March, 1579, Laurentius left Bologna and joined a company of distinguished men of Breslau who were making an Italian journey. They traveled through Padua, Ferrara,

and Bologna, to Rome; from there to Naples, thence to Capua; and the glorious shores between Pozzuoli, Baja, Cuma, and Cape Miseno were visited. The return was through Florence and Milan; here they separated and Scholz went through Balse to southern France.

We can well appreciate what a powerful impression the stay in Italy must have left on these young minds. The land at that time was refulgent in the splendor of its palaces and churches, its villas and gardens; then the highest prosperity of its trade and artistic crafts united with the incitations of a highly cultured society and the charms of nature.

In Valance, the capital of a little duchy which Cesare Borgia once had ruled, Scholz, at the close of eight years' university study, was clothed with the dignity of doctor of philosophy and of medicine.

In view of practicing medicine, Laurentius first settled in the free city of Glogau. After the pest year, 1585, he established himself permanently as a physician in Breslau. Shortly before the close of the year he succumbed to consumption in the forty-seventh year of his age. Three years previous to his death he had been received into the Bohemian nobility as Scholz von Rosenau.

Besides medicine, Laurentius had another passion. He applied himself with equal devotion to botany.

Horticulture was one of the fine arts which had its regeneration in Italy. In the Middle Ages, the most artistic gardens of Rome had gone to ruin. Within the narrow strips of land in which the inhabitants of cities inclosed themselves, there was no room for elaborate gardening; and outside of the inclosures the general insecurity of the land did not permit unmolested enjoyment of nature. Whatever inside cloister walls or castle fortifications bore the name of garden, was as unskillful as peasant gardening. Poor fruit-trees trailed on the ground, garden beds of a few long approved medicinal herbs constituted the rest. There were very few flowers; the old-time beloved roses had dwindled down to little flat blossoms such as we see represented in the favorite pictures of the Middle Age painters in the rose hedge of the Madonna.

All this was changed when the Renaissance dawned in Italy. Great artists designed palaces on hills and slopes for princes and rich merchants, and they designed garden-plots

not less artistic, cut with straight rectangular hedges with geometrical figures of flower parterres, with grottoes and fountains and rich ornaments of statues and other plastic works of art. Now the abundance of flowers increased; it seemed that men now first were conscious of the beauty of the plant world.

About the middle of the sixteenth century the carnation first appeared, and soon it was the favorite flower of the Renaissance. At nearly the same time the gorgeous vegetation of Turkish gardens found its way to various parts of Europe. Then the lilac-colored elder shrub first was set in Western gardens. The white floral pyramids of the horse-chestnuts were yet unknown to the European West at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Until then the gardens were flowerless during the entire spring. Then hyacinths came from Constantinople and imperial lilies, tulips, the Asiatic crow-foot, and the full sweet-scented rose from Damascus. About the same time, too, the Canary Islands, Africa, India, and China, sent their tribute of flowers to European gardens. In the course of the sixteenth century were added America's treasures of vegetation. Princes and patricians vied with each other in bringing together in their gardens the rarest and most costly plants of the old and new worlds.

When Laurentius had chosen a permanent abode at Padua, he determined to adorn his native town with a garden which should lack no rare plants. A remnant of this estate remains to-day as a public beer-garden under the name "Parisian Garden."

After a few years' eager industry and considerable expense, he brought his garden to a condition where it was looked upon as a wonder of the world, not only by fellow-citizens of Breslau and by Silesian country-people, but by all Germany and even by foreigners. No distinguished stranger could leave without having visited the *Scholz'chen Garten*.

There was a sacred interest to Laurentius in this work; he had in view—and here is shown the idealism of the man and of his time—a service to science and a patriotic deed. In 1588 he had a Latin inscription chiseled in stone on the gate of the garden:

To the honor and praise of Almighty God, to the fame of his native city, to the use of its friends and the students of botany, lastly for his own recreation from the labors and fa-

tigues of his medical calling, at his own expense he has newly arranged this garden formerly neglected and endowed it with native and foreign plants.

Laurentius proposed to make accessible a knowledge of herbs, which until now had been abandoned to apothecaries; he would secure a good name for the climate and soil of his native country, while he would furnish evidence that in Breslau the most beautiful plants of foreign lands do not stop with blossoming but can be brought to bear fruit.

At the height of his social position he established the *Floralia Vratislaviensia* (Breslau flower-festival). Here science without pedantry might unite with art and nature for the enlivenment and improvement of a higher sociability, as formerly Plato and Epicurus had cherished them in their gardens, afterward in imitation of them, the physicians at their academic conventions in their villas.

There were heroes long before Achilles and Hector, but their names have perished because they found no Homer. The Scholz garden would have been long forgotten if he had not had the good fortune to have been sung by more than seventy poets. Natives as well as strangers who had been hospitably entertained by Scholz in his garden, left behind a verse, which in a time when Latin verse was valued as a mark of culture was easier attained than nowadays.

Thanks to these verses, we are fully informed, not only concerning the plan of Scholz's garden but also of the circle which frequented it.

Let us go back three hundred years. One beautiful summer day we have received an invitation to a flower-festival in the Scholz garden.

We pass the stately portal. The host receives us and introduces us to the company. The beautiful Latin titles suggest to us that it is a Roman kingdom under the rule of Emperor Augustus instead of belonging to Rudolph II. of Hapsburg.

Here is the Breslau *élite*—scholars, doctors, lawyers, eminent merchants with their wives, all gaily dressed in the rich colored clothing of the Renaissance; ladies in the newest Venetian or Florentine fashions, in velvet and gold brocade, with chains of pearls and gold jewelry; young women are along,—but only the pretty; for a dragon-like paragraph of the garden and a festival ordinance which

we noticed with alarm at the entrance, forbids admittance to all who have a blemish in face or voice.

Forming in line at the host's suggestion, the company first makes the round of the garden. It is divided into four parts by two principal walks intersecting at right angles. The first part is the flower garden, a parterre in the form of a square filled in with an elegant design whose contour is finished with a beech border, and whose colors are woven in flowers. To be sure the first spring flower already has bloomed. Long gone are the Christmas roses, large and small snowdrops, spring crocuses, blue hepaticas, primroses, and violets; also the auriculas, imperial lilies, blue stars, and the Oriental hyacinths have bloomed. But the last tulips are flowering yet, of which not less than fifty varieties are displayed in the garden. They are the pride of the owner; for it is not yet thirty years since these magnificent flowers which are named for the Turkish turban, were brought from Constantinople to Germany, and even to-day are so rare and expensive that a tulip bulb is considered one of the most valuable presents that can be made by friends of the garden.

In full magnificence of color the fields of summer flowers are unfolded: red, white, and blue, single and double columbine; red, white, and yellow lion's mouth; ten varieties of iris; six of corn-flowers; four of lilies; four of fox-glove; twelve of poppy; four of carnation. Permission is given to the ladies to cut off as many as they need for garlands and nosegays.

But another party, the medico-botanical, turn to the second division of the garden, which contains the greatest curiosities and most expensive plants. It is modeled after the botanical gardens of Italy and the Netherlands, and is laid out in little beds, every one of which is planted with one special kind of plant.

With enthusiasm the host explains the wonderful attributes of different plants and their medicinal strength. He tells of the difficulty he has experienced in getting the seeds from his friends and correspondents in Spain, France, and Italy with whom he is in the habit of exchanging.

Two plants are in bloom which Portuguese mariners had introduced from India not long before, the canna and the balsam. Here is the African chrysanthemum, with flower-heads golden, scarlet, white, sometimes all three

colors, which Emperor Karl V. brought from Tunis in 1535; there a friend had sent the acanthus, with bulbs of the Italian garden anemone.

The spicy herbs of Italy are collected in a circle, the basil, marjory, balm, hyssop, rosemary, rue, and dittany. Near them is found a plot of lily-like plants, whose water-loving roots came to us in former times as some say from the Black Sea, others, from India,—it is our calamus.

Especially rich is the collection of officinal plants. They stand side by side, India castor, sea-leek of the Mediterranean Sea, angelica, monk's-hood, berry of the deadly nightshade. A novelty for the company is a high plant from the family of nightshades with a spiny apple-fruit, which so long ago was dragged along from the East by gypsies stopping at an inn, and which the witches used in their philters,—it is the honey-apple.

With especial pride our host shows us a collection of plants which a short time before he has received as a present from Spanish friends. They came from Peru, from the garden of the Incas. Here the wonderful *Mirabilis* unfolds her variegated flower-funnel,—our *Tropaolum*. Two varieties of nightshade had been planted besides the great juicy fruit; one a fresh violet, the other an orange. There are passion plants (*Solanum melongena*) and love-apples (*Lycopersicum*), the fruit of the third variety (*Capsicum*) resembles a scarlet red pod and burns the mouth like pepper. To the wonderfully productive power of the South American soil, the seed of the sunflower testifies. Scarcely less thrifty the Indian wheat or maize has shot up, and the tobacco plant. The greatest rarity in this Peru collection is an herb with flesh-colored umbels, which has a little bulb formed at the roots. No botanist has described or mentioned it; the host received it under a name common to its whole group. Nobody anticipated that in a few centuries this plant, our potato, would be cultivated in all fields and become the staple food of the people.

One of the remaining apartments of the garden is laid out as a labyrinth, which no garden design of the Renaissance ever lacks. The winding paths are inclosed with fences densely covered with twining plants; part of them are native: virgin's bower and honeysuckles and black bryony; but there are also new importations from India, scarlet-runner,

cucumber, melons, gourds in fourteen different varieties. Here also are found rose-gardens where new roses from the East unfold their fragrant double blossoms; among them, too, the rare yellow rose, eglantine, which shortly before arrived from Verona.

The last division is the tree-garden. Here pears and apples ripen, Turkish plums, peaches, apricots, medlars, and quinces, barberry, mulberry, and gooseberries, German and Italian hazelnuts. Between them are set single plants of ornamental shrubbery: goldrain, bladder-senna, and snowball; the Turkish elders fill the air with intoxicating perfume.

The botanical promenade over, the company disperses. The youth divert themselves in social games, for which purpose a walk one hundred yards long, planted with shrubs or trees, runs through the garden from the east to west. Some practice shooting at a mark; others seat themselves for a cosy chat on the banks of a fountain which is in the midst of the garden. Near by is a drinking fountain with cups. Another fountain is adorned with the statue of Flora, the tutelar saint of the garden. Other works of art are distributed around.

One side of the garden is bounded by a wall; against it leans a hot-house in which during the winter are sheltered trees from the south, oranges, figs, pomegranates, laurels decked with berries, and the pistachionuts.

The whole orangery is in the open air; besides the above mentioned we admire the myrtle, oleander, holly tree and the American fig-cactus, which since has become native not only to all lands of the Mediterranean Sea but over half of Greece as far as the hanging rocks, near Bozen. The callow wall moss paints the green-house like an Italian fresco pattern.

In the midst of a pavilion is found a table. It is furnished with glasses and bowls in the beautiful forms of the Renaissance; bouquets and loose flowers are strewn over the cloth, and the cups wreathed; the assembled guests, gentlemen as well as ladies, place garlands on their heads, which the young ladies have woven. It is, indeed, a feast of flowers that is celebrated to-day. Above the table hangs the American aloe. The servants offer water to wash the hands, then the guests take their places as the host directs, who sits at the head as master of the feast.

There are nine persons in all. The number of the muses must not be exceeded; the selection is made so that in every respect both in age and position a certain nearness and, therefore, a certain freedom be assured the guests. The repast consists of simple food, not luxurious banqueting as is customary in other places. The products of the garden furnish the principal part of the refreshments, the fish-ponds, fowl-houses, and fruit-garden supplement them.

A bright, entertaining conversation arises among the guests; for the guests should not be Pythagorians who are pledged to silence; the contemplative table-talk at Plato's banquet should be their pattern,—there everybody exerted himself to give his best.

Droll stories and witty sayings go the rounds; the host taking care that the proprieties are not violated, that not even Cato himself should find occasion to take offense.

After the repast, the host invites one of the guests to read a new poem or to discourse on a natural philosophy or medical theme. According to an ancient custom the host requests the guests to offer libations to the tutelary deities of the garden; the first to Flora and Venus, the second to Apollo and the muses, and the last to the graces and the *genius loci*. Each time servants fill the glasses anew with pure golden Rhenish wine. The nymphs are not recognized in the feast of Flora. Now the most distinguished guest gives a toast to the success of the garden. The great brimmer goes around to the right. Then the host drinks to the health of his friend or some other honored man; also the guests drink to each other. Those called upon must immediately and conscientiously respond.

According to an ancestral custom the glasses must be faithfully emptied to the nail-test.

When the speeches and drinking have gone far enough, the host requests one of the guests to sing a song. For accompaniment another takes down a lute from the wall on which are hung zithers, flutes, violins, and other musical instruments. Now the songs of the soloists and the instrumental music change with every round of song. The feast is prolonged into the night. Finally the guests rise to depart, shake hands, and betake themselves homeward.

But as the last paragraph of the garden code runs, what is said at the feast, or not said, what done, or not done, must be written in wine and not in memory; whoever remembers it the following day may rejoice in the fact that he himself knows it but he will not prattle of it. Whosoever shall trespass on this rule shall be struck off from the rôle of friends.

As we take our departure from the scientific and social life of Breslau in the sixteenth century, the contrast with the present involuntarily forces itself upon us. Without doubt in the two hundred years which have passed, noble progress has been made. The population of Breslau has increased ten-fold; and meanwhile the city has incorporated itself as a living member in a great state organization; also the civil and political problems have increased for the individual. Knowledge, especially of natural philosophy, has soared to a height not before anticipated; and while trade and commerce have followed in the wake of its progress, all social and material adjustments are also materially improved. But care must be taken lest the idealism which formerly found expression in good works be not lost.

COUNTRY LIFE IN IRELAND.

BY J. P. MAHAFFY, M. A.

Of Dublin University.

IT is a common adage, and about as false as all such adages, that human nature is the same in all times and at all places. For, however, it may have some semblance of truth, so long as we regard men as mere animals—and even then we find inherent inequalities—when we come to what is called society, what the Greeks dignified with the name of the *inhabited* world, the differences of race, climate, religion, manners, are often

more startling than the likenesses. In the present paper I shall take as an example not societies which were marked by differences of race and language, but the curious contrasts between sister civilizations. I am going to talk of Irish country life, as compared with that of England, and still more, that of America, so far as I know the latter from brief impressions. But I suppose the general effect of traveling through a country

is seldom wrong ; however, errors may creep in here and there in details. In my case my good friends at Chautauqua will pardon my mistakes, and reflect that as it is impossible for any man to know several nations really in their home life, so we must either have some guessing in an article like this, or not have the article at all.

And yet the first and greatest interest in traveling is to note and enjoy these curious contrasts, many of them in small and trifling matters, these diverging views on what each considers obvious and unmistakable. When a party of Americans are coming to Europe through Ireland, and appear in the Dublin streets, or in the huge square of Trinity College, we know them from afar by the shape and texture of their hats, and yet these hats differ in very minute points from the head-gear of the ordinary Irishman. In the same way the use of a word perfectly harmless with us, at once marks the Irishman in America as not knowing what ought to be avoided there—whether the use or the avoidance be proper English is another matter ; for both of us profess to talk archaic and classical English, and both of us look down upon the speech of the middle classes in England as something quite vulgar and modern.

Of course the first point which must strike any American coming from Cork to Dublin is the extraordinary greenness of the land—the rich grass, even in winter, and the fact that, except in the turf-bogs, it is all occupied. There is no waste land because the population is, or has been sparse, none of those fringes of wild brake and tangle around cultivated farms which surprise us so much in the most civilized states of America. An American bishop who came to our Lambeth conference two years ago, was heard to exclaim, "Thank God ! I have lived to see a finished country," as he looked upon the rich farms in Staffordshire and Warwickshire. Though there may be many Americans who will understand the phrase in quite another sense, I point out to them that the bishop's phrase, if not a happy one, is yet essentially true of both England and Ireland. There is plenty of waste in Ireland from bad farming. I suppose that one-third of the proper produce is lost from this cause. But there is no waste from no farming. Nay, rather, wretched land which should have been left as moor or mountain grazing, has been taken

into cultivation, and made to support families which should have gone elsewhere.

So, then, if it be possible, as I suppose it must be from my own experience, to take walks at random through American country with none but the obstacles of nature to stop you, this is very rarely possible in Ireland. Except on heather land (whether bog or mountain) every place is fenced and worked, and to cross the fields and hedges is not only legally a trespass (as it may be in America) but is often prosecuted in the courts. This is particularly the case with those large country seats of the land owners in Ireland, often called demesnes, which are often surrounded with a high wall, always with an unmistakable protest in the way of fences and notices.

The American will wonder at these walls, usually eight by ten feet high, and running for several miles round a park, for in the New Country they would cost a veritable fortune. Most of them were built in Ireland two generations ago, when wages were from 4d. to 6d. a day, and laboring men so plenty that the state was contriving employment for them. These were the days before the great famine and emigration of the years 1846-8.

It is, however, the life in these large country houses, with their eight hundred to twelve hundred acres attached to them, which affords the greatest contrast to any thing which I saw in America. There the average citizen appeared to me content, nay, even proud, to live in a certain publicity with his house and whatever grounds he had, open to the public view, with his affairs, however private, exposed and dissected by the public press. This living under the eyes of our modern argus is, as Mr. G. W. Cable once urged upon me, a great check upon misconduct, a consequent safeguard of morals ; but on the other hand it conflicts odiously with what the better classes among us choose to consider our liberty. The Irish country gentleman, living within his place, knows that nobody will venture to observe him or his ways. He has his staff of servants, keepers, herds, according to his means (often, indeed, beyond them). These people, however they gossip in the neighboring village, always will keep out actual intruders ; and any stranger who walked in from curiosity to look at the gardens and pleasure-grounds, would be treated civilly if people were sure that he was a total stranger who knew nothing.

ing of the ways and habits of the country.

I have much sympathy for this dignified country life, which opens its doors frequently in splendid hospitality, which gathers about it many friends who come to stay in the place, and are, for the time, perfectly at home there, and free, like the master, from all intrusion. But the parody of it is to me to the same degree disgusting. Thus the visitor who wishes to see the very beautiful suburbs of Dublin, and sets out on foot, may walk for miles along roads so walled on both sides that he feels himself in prison, except that he sees large trees waving over him, and telling him that inside the walls are comfortable villas, with a couple of acres of lawn and garden; each of them walled off from the high road and its neighbors, lest by any chance the public might *overlook* them, as the Irish phrase is. Even these smaller people, who, perhaps, have, or have had, a business in Dublin, separate themselves into that seclusion which I did not see anywhere in America, not even in that most fashionable of resorts, Lenox, in Massachusetts; for there the villas were arranged just as you would see them at Liebenstein in the forest of Thuringia, or any such German summer resort, close by the road, open to observation, seeing and to be seen by its neighbors.

By far the finest country place within easy reach of Dublin is Powerscourt (in Wicklow). It is in the midst of hills and glens, with fine woods and water, and is altogether a very enchanting spot. I have heard guests in the house, as we stood upon the terrace and looked out upon the splendid prospect, remark to the noble owner, what a pity it was that across the glen, other houses, lesser gentlemen's seats, were visible! None of them were within a mile of us, as we stood; it required a good telescope to distinguish anyone about any of them; but still the prospect was spoilt by the fact that houses were visible! It is this dislike of the public as such, which I think is foreign to the true democracy of America.

But come with an introduction to our country squires, take an interest in their studs, their gardens, their sports, and you will find no one more charming. If their houses are old settlements, you will generally find them in the valley of a fair river, and near the sea-coast, for there was a time when roads were scarce and bad and water traffic much more practical. Thus the valleys of

the Boyne, the Liffey, the Nore, the Suir, the Blackwater, are all studded with fair seats, not, I think, because the situation was chosen as picturesque, but because the present owners descend from the early invaders whose ruined castles still form the most striking feature on the bluffs (we never use the word) over these rivers.

To me the life in a large country house of this kind is the most delightful holiday conceivable. On the whole, the Scotch and Irish are more pleasant, particularly to a sportsman; the English more dignified, or, I might say, magnificent, on account of the size and appointments of the mansions, and the old historical surroundings. The ordinary man who is invited to Highclere (Lord Carnarvon's, near Newbury), or Althorp (Lord Spencer's, near Northampton), hardly can drive up the long avenue to the great house without a certain feeling of awe. And when inside he looks about him, he feels that it will take him a week, at least, to know any thing about the books, pictures, china, and other valuables on every wall and table. A great Irish house is more homely and genial. The host and hostess generally talk better; they put more stress upon their out-of-door appointments; they have better, or rather more interesting, gardens; better bred horses, and are readier to put them at your disposal. And then the country in Ireland is so delightful; the air is so mild; the climate never too hot; every one you meet, even upon a country road, is so ready to talk and so prompt with his answers. The sport, too, is much pleasanter and more various. You have not those great murderous *battues* which in England are really the doing of competing keepers, when you are expected to give £5 to the staff, and are treated with contempt if you do not shoot with extreme precision. The Irish country house is more natural. If you have not had early breakfast ordered, and arranged over-night for an early start, you come down to breakfast any hour you like within reasonable limits (9-10:30). You will generally find two or three little tables ready, various hot things at the fire, cold things on the sideboard. You will find three or four people at breakfast, others gone, some not down. The servants only come when summoned. Everybody walks round and helps himself. The ladies do not sit and wait till the men help them. They walk round and get what they want, likewise. That

is what we consider freedom. The American woman is, of course, just as free, just as much a civilized equal of man; but the liberty of the American woman, at least as it appeared to me, is not of the same kind as that of which I have just spoken. The Irish woman's liberty consists in saving men trouble; she dislikes being waited upon from that point of view; the American woman's liberty results in giving man trouble; she enjoys being waited upon without regarding that point of view. (Let not the balanced form of this last sentence make the reader suspect its truth. For my part, I firmly believe it, though it has assumed the form of an antithesis under my pen.) But to return, you are asked at breakfast what you would like to do. Will you fish, or shoot, or hunt, or drive, according to the season, and the professed object of your visit. You are asked what shall be sent out with you for lunch. You will be sent in a dog-cart or other carriage, and some of the guests, or the host, will accompany you. If you are a real sportsman, you will work as hard all day as if you depended upon it for your dinner, and, indeed, in one sense you do, for you will gain an appetite worth a dinner by itself. You bring your own guns, rods, horses, etc., if you come for the purpose of sport; if you are a fashionable man, you bring your own servant. But if any sudden chance arises, if you happen to come unprepared, there is always some means of fixing you up for a day's enjoyment. In this way you come to know the neighborhood as only sportsmen can know it; you will study the hills, the woods, the pools in the river with a deeper interest than mere curiosity, when you know that your success depends upon understanding these things.

When you come, if it be winter, you have hours of rest and refreshment to read, sleep, talk around the fire, before the eight o'clock dinner unites the whole party in evening dress—full dress, in fact,—about an elegantly served table. If the day be too wet for sport, and that is an extreme case, there are always plenty of new books, French and English; people who play and sing together; a billiard room for the smokers; neighbors some miles off in a similar abode to be visited. That is the outward form of Irish country life in its most fashionable side.

But if you accompany the lady of the house when she drives down to the village or

through the park, you will also find that she knows all the poor and the sick, that she takes care of the orphans, protects by her interest the young girls who go from her estate into the world, while her husband spends most of his time in looking into his tenants' difficulties and helping them to improve what is now the joint estate of both. This is a very different picture from that usually drawn of the Irish country gentleman. Mine is drawn from actual men whom I know, and can name; whence the others come, I know not. But, of course, among both poor and rich, there are "black sheep."

According as you descend the social scale, of course you find the luxuries curtailed; and there are many country houses equally delightful for company and for sport, where there are only maid servants, and where you or one of the younger sons must look to the guns after the day's shooting is over. But the underlying principles are the same. The man lives in his own castle, however small and shabby; and he looks up with respect or veneration to his great neighbor. When he is asked to dine there with his wife, he regards it as a sort of command, and mentions the fact casually in order that men may know it. Here is another feature which many Americans will think non-American. The submissive loyalty of each class to that above it in social standing is a fact in English and Irish life, and is certainly one of the main causes of good manners; for admiration of a higher class produces ambition, and this again, in spite of many vanities and absurdities, a real increase of refinement.

I know very well that the American democratic theory is against it, and that it is common to have this feature in Old World life censured and ridiculed, and this with reason, too; but still it is notorious through Europe that the individual American, however democratic in theory, has not shaken off the old instinct, and that hereditary wealth and title are esteemed in the States even more than in the countries where they are traditional. (I was on the point of committing another antithesis here, but I stopped myself in time.)

It is not till we leave the country seats, and come into the *country towns* of Ireland that we find a life uglier, meaner, poorer than any similar life which I could find in the States. Instead of the manifest ease and plenty, the comfort and even beauty which mark the

outlying villages in the Eastern States, you find in Ireland hideous square houses, packed together along a hideous street; shabby shops (stores); no gardens of flowers, no ornaments, however simple, of natural life, and often manifest squalor beside comparative affluence. You meet the street beggar, and his natural companion, the policeman; you are shown the rich usurer's shop, and you see crowding about the door, his natural companions, the pauper tenant farmers. If you are there on a market day, you may see the country people, first higgling and bargaining over their cattle, then reeling home along the road, unless some ill-favored

donkey, regardless of random ill-treatment, walks them home patiently in a cart. They seem to have no idea of life or pleasure higher than over-reaching their neighbors in a bargain, or themselves in whisky. And yet even here, if you get to know them better, you will find elements of good, but not on the surface. How I longed to see the complexion of an American village transferred to Ireland! But now I know that I shall be told that all this comfort is the result of the American Democratic Constitution, a statement which makes me so angry when I think of its absurdity, that I must stop for the present and recover my temper.

KEEPING WELL IN SUMMER.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

PART TWO.

H EAT and moisture are the twin sources of all organic life, but their combination, in certain forms, may become, nevertheless, a direct cause of life-endangering diseases. The same clime that ripens oranges and Oriental poetry also engenders scorpions and ruinous passions, and the influence of sultry heat favors the development of innumerable disease germs.

The prevalence of contagious disorders cannot always be found to increase with the distance from the poles, and some dry, hot regions in the immediate vicinity of the equator are, in fact, more favorable to health and longevity than the moist, cold districts of the higher latitudes; but in the rainy lowlands of the warmer zone the death-rate regularly rises and sinks with the change of the seasons, and attains its maximum during, or soon after, the four warmest weeks in the year. Cholera, cholera morbus, typhoid fever, yellow fever, diphtheria, gastric chills, dysentery, and a variety of malignant bowel complaints are both more frequent and more frequently fatal in midsummer than at any other time of the year; in our crowded cities especially, the virulence of contagious diseases rises with the rise of the thermometer, and few intelligent observers can doubt the fact that the disorders of the respiratory organs make only an apparent exception from that general rule.

More than fifty years ago an English phy-

sician called attention to the curious circumstance that consumption is less frequent in the pastoral districts of north Scotland than in the manufacturing districts of south Scotland, and that well-housed tailors, weavers, and teachers are far more liable to "catch cold" than storm-chilled hunters and trappers; nay, that in summer as well as in winter the prevalence of catarrh among the soldiers of the North-European armies increases after the removal of troops from a bivouac to well-warmed barracks.

By the comparative study of sanitary statistics, analogous evidence has accumulated till we no longer can doubt the correctness of Dr. Dio Lewis' conclusion, that coughs and catarrhs are not caused by the influence of cold outdoor air, but by the influence of vitiated impure air, and that the lung affecting virulence of atmospheric impurities is not lessened, but aggravated, by an increase of temperature. In other words, catarrhs are caught indoors, rather than outdoors, and their popular synonym is the most mischievous misnomer in the English language. The dread of "catching cold" has induced millions of patients to exclude the lung-balm of fresh, cool air, and by breathing over and over again an atmosphere saturated with the germs of pulmonary diseases, to develop a slight catarrh into a chronic tubercular disorder. So far from being a cause of "colds," cold air is a potent disinfectant of catarrh-microbes, and only its expurgative influence

can explain a fact attested by the unanimous testimony of Arctic travelers, viz., that in the coldest regions of the habitable globe pulmonary diseases are almost unknown.

Hence, also, the apparent paradox that summer-catarrhs are so remarkably hard to cure. The fact that "colds" are contracted more frequently in winter than in summer is due simply to the circumstance that winter is, *par excellence*, the season of indoor life. With the aid of artificial heat, catarrhs are developed again and again in thousands of ill-ventilated tenements, but are as rapidly cured by the influence of expurgative frosts, which now and then penetrate the interior of stifling dwelling houses in spite of all precautions. In summer the contagious principle has a chance to work out its mischief at greater length, and the deplorable delusion which attempts the cure of the evil by perpetuating its cause, i. e., by keeping doors and windows habitually closed, often turns special rooms in otherwise excellent houses into permanent catarrh traps, dosing all their occupants with the germs of malignant pulmonary disorders.

A most remarkable instance is the pathological history of the grandest residence in eastern Europe, the *Kaiser Schloss*, or Imperial Palace of Vienna, which was for generations the abode of a long-lived race of princes, till the hygienic superstitions of Charles VI. made it a perpetual consumption trap. He secured every bed-room and sitting-room with double windows that were opened only on the sultriest days of the year, i. e., when the out-door air could do next to nothing in the way of purifying the in-door miasma. In this miasma, sweetened by perfume and incense, the Emperor passed the largest part of his life, in charge of a major-domo, who enforced the window-code with a trembling exactness, which, nevertheless, failed to prevent the premature death of his imperial master.

His daughter, Maria Theresa, inherited his superstitions, which were shared, in an extravagant form, by her confidential minister Kaunitz, and soon cost the life of her young husband, Francis of Tuscany. The Empress herself died after a lingering disease, at first "supposed to be her usual catarrh," but which proved to be an induration of the lungs, characterized by a more and more suffocating difficulty to breathe. Her young son and successor, Joseph II., survived her

only six years, and died of a malignant cold, A. D. 1790. Two years after, his stout brother, the next emperor, succumbed to the same complaint—the lung-poison of the imperial palace.

His successor, Francis I., escaped by his predilection for his country-seat of Schoenbrunn, where he spent every summer and the hunting weeks of every winter. But in 1820 he returned to the fatal town palace, and the troubles of the imperial family at once recommenced, and, moreover, involved the fate of their unfortunate guest, the young Duke of Reichstadt, the only son of the great Napoleon. In Schoenbrunn the young exile had enjoyed uninterrupted good health, but within three years after his transfer to Vienna, "chronic catarrh" had so wasted his strength that his former associates failed to recognize him, and when his relatives at last resolved to remove him to a health-resort in the upper Alps, they found that the doctor's advice had come too late. "*Mutter, Mutter; ich gehe unter!*" (I'm going under) were his last words to his mother, like one drowning, with all the hopes of his family and his nation.

More than one fine house has thus become the premature grave of successive generations. In old country hotels there are rooms which inflict "colds" on every occupant; and it is the safest plan to open every window and door of a stuffy dormitory an hour or two before retiring, especially in midsummer, for the lung-poison is always most active in warm weather.

In summer ill-ventilated sleeping-cars become veritable hot-beds of pulmonary disease, and microscopic tests have revealed the fact that the very dust of the carpets and curtains abounds with the germs of tubercle-microbes, after a "sleeper" has for a year or two served the purpose of conveying consumptives from their Northern home to the sanitariums of the far South.

"Keep dat window down, for law's sake!" is porter Sambo's prompt protest as a half-suffocated traveler attempts to remedy the evil by the removal of the causes; and the best plan in such cases is to transfer satchels and shawls to some rear seat of a half-empty passenger car, where a breath of fresh air can be obtained by a method frequently practiced by a medical friend of mine, who on his summer travels carries a wedge-shaped piece of wood for the special purpose of admitting

an air-current through a cranny at the lower edge of the window. Under cover of darkness and a large traveling-shawl he can thus enjoy a private supply of oxygen without shocking the prejudices of his night-air dreading fellow-travelers.

The inmates of our crowded city tenements often have to dispense even with such compromise remedies, and it is, indeed, strange, for how many millions of our fellow-men civilization has reversed the rule which to a large plurality of animated beings brings "life by warmth, and death by cold." After a week of Arctic frosts and snow tornadoes the newspapers of our northern border states frequently publish a list of corpses; found buried in the snowdrifts but the number of such victims is insignificant compared with the multitude of city-dwellers who yearly succumb to the misery of the midsummer season.

A variety of circumstances combine to aggravate that misery to a degree closely proportioned to the size of each city. With the exception of Philadelphia and Savannah, nearly every American city of more than 30,000 inhabitants is unreasonably overcrowded. Ninety-nine out of a hundred rent-barracks harbor too many tenants in proportion to their size. Nine out of ten buildings are too high in proportion to the width of the street. There is a sad lack of windows and ventilators, of roomy court-yards, of shade-trees and parks. Such as they are, the scanty apertures for the admission of life-air admit only the dust of crowded thoroughfares and the fumes of a thousand belching factory chimneys. For the poor there are practically no gates of escape from the martyrdom of the sweltering dog-days. Dust, heat, and smoke confront them at every point of the narrow circle bounding the scene of their daily toil and on their leisure days financial straits or legislative impediments hamper their freedom of out-town excursions. The tyranny of fashion almost neutralizes the privileges of their wealthier fellow-citizens. The unavoidable ills of the sultry summer season are aggravated by a variety of superfluous prejudices.

The strangest of these prejudices is, perhaps, our persistent neglect to adopt the expedient of the *House-Top Resorts* that enable our Spanish-American neighbors to survive the afflictions of a tropical summer. For city-dwellers of Mexico and Venezuela could not

be induced, even by the most liberal reduction of rent, to move into a house without a *texada*, or platform roof. The house-tops of the Spanish cities are not always absolutely flat. Chimney-stacks generally open upon an upper section, separated by a division wall, or sloping away from the roof-dormitory, a sort of broad balcony shaded by awnings and surrounded by high railings, with screens of latticed wire or of leafy vines. Here the family pass a considerable portion of all dry-weather days, and nearly every warm night in the year. With the addition of a framework of glass-doors, such roof-camps can be converted into rain-tight pavilions, somewhat resembling the turrets of the pretty *chalets* of Switzerland and southern France; and I cannot help thinking that even prejudice would not prevent the general adoption of that plan if its advantages were once better known. Measured by the criterion of the thermometer alone, those advantages would hardly outweigh the convenience of a basement room, but the contrast between airy and stagnant warmth implies an almost incredible difference in the degree of physical comfort.

Air currents *feel* cooler than "stuffy" air of exactly the same temperature, a fact illustrated by the familiar effect of a moving fan, but even more strikingly, perhaps, by the feeling of unspeakable relief experienced on emerging from the depth of a stifling cockpit into the breeze of an airy deck. For actual measurements would establish the curious fact that the air of those sunny breezes may be three or four degrees warmer than the sultry twilight of a fore-castle cabin. The tenants of a warm room with windows facing all the four cardinal points of the compass might be easily tempted to infer that there is actually not a breath of air stirring at that particular time of the day. Yet a few seconds of attention directed to the movements of a light house-top vane might convince them of their mistake. Tree-top leaves, too, probably can be seen moving in a light breeze, but the direction of that breeze may happen to differ from the exact lines of architecture, and a room facing north, south, east, and west, may yet fail to catch an air-current from one of the half-hundred different intermediate points, south-east for instance, or south-west, the prevailing direction of the "land-wind" in the warm nights of our Eastern sea-coast towns. Campers on the house-

topesplanade, on the other hand, are sure to get the benefit of all those intermediate breezes. In the not distant future when the times prophesied by Edward Bellamy in "Looking Backward" are ushered in, one of the sensible pleasures, ignored by the custom of to-day, is to be the enjoyment of the cool evening breezes on the house top. One of the first places to which Dr. Leete led Mr. Julian West on his awakening after his long sleep was to the belvedere on the house top, whence he saw spread out at his feet the Boston of the twentieth century, and had fine opportunity of studying it in all of its new and to him startling features, as well as to enjoy the cool breezes of the evening time.

Objections on account of coal smoke, street dust, etc., hardly would apply to suburban villas, which, in spite of surrounding shade trees, are apt to suffer severely during the ten hottest weeks of the year. Moreover, that objection would apply to all means of communication with the outdoor air. The draughts of a *texada* are merely the ordinary air-currents of an open window multiplied by twenty-four. Awnings can be arranged in a way to afford protection from light summer rains, as well as from night dew.

The afflictiveness of many fashion-enforced styles of summer dress is almost equaled by the dry goods absurdities of sanitary prejudice. "Flannel or no flannel," is a question which for years has roused the war cries of contending medical factions. The no-flannel party called attention to the fact that Orientals for ages have attained a hale old age without the martyrdom of sweltering undergarments, and that in the warmest climates experience has taught our fellowmen to prefer linen to all other fabrics. They also proved that in countries where woollen garments are used only in midwinter, rheumatism and similar affections are less frequent than in the lands of civilization, and that the cutaneous disorders of our mediæval ances-

tors were abundantly explained by their dietetic mistakes.

No logic, however, could prevail against the circumstance that in warm weather woollen undergarments are more uncomfortable than linen. Whatever is pleasant must be wrong, according to an established axiom of traditional hygiene, and linen underwear had to go. "Flannel shirts," explained our sanitary wisacres, "recommend themselves by their tendency to promote cutaneous secretions." The fact is that they make perspiration *visible* by condensing it from its natural gaseous to an abnormal and miserably uncomfortable watery form.

From a stand-point of natural hygiene, the best summer-dress would be the smoothest, the lightest compatible with decency, the lightest affording protection from gnats. In the warmest weeks of our east American dog-days, parents might safely adopt the plan of a Tennessee neighbor of mine, who permits his boys to run about "barefoot up to the knees," in thin linen jackets and light trousers, leaving the question of hats optional with the predilection of each individual youngster. There is no doubt that the eye-protecting value of broad brimmed hats has been strongly overrated. Hats were unknown during the long ages of pagan civilization. Greeks and Romans protected their heads only in war, and the Emperor Hadrian traveled bareheaded through his vast empire of many climes. The eagle-eyed Arabs wear only turbans.

Our Saxon ancestors, too, dispensed with hats and caps, and Sir John Sinclair ("Code of Health and Longevity," p. 298) informs us that the orphan boys of Queen's Hospital went bareheaded in all sorts of weather, and by their hearty appearance contrasted remarkably with the wards of other charitable institutions. The best compromise with the demands of fashion, perhaps, would be a light straw hat with a perforated crown.

GOING TO THE ASSEMBLY.

BY CHANCELLOR VINCENT.

THE Assembly is an institution of this age. I do not refer to the Assembly Social for undress, music, and dancing; nor the Assembly of the Synagogue for dialectics and didactics. These are as old as the human love of merry-making on the one hand, and of philosophical and religious disputation on the other. But the "Assembly" of to-day, the "Summer Assembly," the "Chautauqua Assembly"—this belongs to our own times, and it is a peculiar blending of and an improvement upon the earlier Assembly ideas—Recreation and Education, Fun and Philosophy. It aims at life; at "the joy of living" all lives,—physical, intellectual, social, and religious; Browning's "joy and strength of living" in the large sense in which Browning dreamed and sung of life. The Assembly of to-day is a fore-gleam of the twenty-first century, when the Christian Era shall have attained its majority; a garden patch of the millennium, as certain wise and broad men interpret the dream of the coming of our Lord into Humanity. But this is speculation—prophecy without prophetic authority or vision. Remember, however, that though the Assemblies may anticipate the future, you go to them not yet in chariots, but by steam or team.

Observe that I say "Assemblies," for now their name is Legion. I know that an intense Chautauquan, a Chautauqua County Chautauquan who has been on the front seat every "first Tuesday evening in August since 1874" and who knows "Fair Point" from the time of the pine torch to this era of electric light, from the first note of Goodwin's magical cornet (that seems as holy to those who remember it as the sound of the feast day trumpet when God abode in Israel) to the glorious anthem of Palmer's Chorus—to him, this Chautauquan of the Chautauquans, there is only one Assembly, only one Chautauqua, and that is CHAUTAUQUA! Fair Chautauqua!

But this seventeen-year-old maiden is a Virgin Mother. From fifty Assembly centers on four continents and on the islands of the sea, come loyal and loving salutations to the Mother Assembly on the lake.

Of course everybody ought to go to an As-

sembly, and there will soon be enough of them to make it possible for everybody to go. The old "'73 Front Seat" Chautauqua County Chautauquan is "afraid that we shall have too many Assemblies." Well, yes, when we have too many homes and too many school-houses and too many churches and too many scholars and saints! Dear old "Front Seat" is afraid that the luster of the Light by the Lake will be dimmed by the glory of these new Chautauquas, East and West, North and South, at home and abroad. Sit down you delightful old Fanatic; sit down in your seventeen-year-old place and listen; Palmer's chorus is about to sing:

Plant these Edens everywhere;
Join all tribes in praise and prayer;
Angels in our chorus share:
Hallelujah!

It is the duty of everybody to go and to take his family to some Assembly. This will be a good year to begin. Therefore, look up the list and select the nearest place, or the most attractive, comfortable, and helpful place, or the place where old friends are whom you want to meet. And there is still room at Chautauqua itself. Sit along, Front Seat, and make room!

Keep this in mind: Take the whole family, or as much of it as you can. If father is in shop or store or "on the go" all these weeks and no vacation allowed, select an Assembly to which he can run down on a Saturday, and spend a Sabbath in blessed and needed rest with his beloved. It does not cost so very much to live in the woods. A tent is not expensive. The girls and boys can make one, a "fly" to cover it and a flag to crown it. Think of the home-made furniture, straw beds, a few "cans" of meats and fruits, an old wood-stove or a kerosene lamp-stove, an iron pot and a tin kettle. Milk, eggs, and bread are cheap. There are fish for the catching, and what fun in the catching! It is surprising how little money it takes to provide food and shelter for happy people who like adventure and novelty, fresh air and a good time. And then how much a family can save for such an outing when they are all in for it,

all the year round. The spare pennies and half dimes and dimes and quarters drop in the "Assembly jug" that stands on the shelf from October to June, and the missionary revenues are not impaired by the burden of this precious jug which "moveth itself aright" when shaken by Ben, while Jennie guesses "how much is in it by this time." How many Assembly days and vacation joys are forfeited by useless expenditures for candy, soda-water, gum, and gewgaws, and by waste on the table, in the kitchen, and the milliner's shop.

When one man or woman, when two or "four Chautauqua girls" or any body or company besides has decided upon a trip to an Assembly, it is important that *correspondence* be begun at once. Postal cards are cheap. An American "tuppenny stamp" costs only two cents. When one goes to a place it is so comfortable to go knowing; knowing by what route, on what time-table, through what towns or cities he is to go; knowing what changes or transfers are to be made and at what hours; knowing at what time he will "reach his destination" and to what cottage or hotel he will go first; knowing what the excursion-ticket costs and what privileges or limitations it involves, and how long it is good, and where it must be stamped to make it valid for return.

To know all this, one must ask. He must ask the person authorized and competent to answer. Correspondence will do nine-tenths of the work. Write to the "Superintendent of Grounds" for map, and circulars, and program. Write to the cottage holders who advertise "boarding." Get the size of the rooms they offer, ask questions about all details. Write to the railway companies for time-tables. Write at the last possible moment to local ticket agents for any "extra trains" that may have been put on or any advertised train that may have been withdrawn. Write to find out about the steamers if the Assembly is to be approached by water. (Sit down there, busy old "Front Seat"! You can not advertise Chautauqua here!) And when you write such letters of inquiry inclose postal cards or stamped envelopes for reply. It will be better to write out your full address on such inclosed cards and envelopes. Thus you will know. It is so "nice" to know. "Knowledge is power."

Get a good "ready" for the start. Don't hurry. Don't get into a "stew." Prepare de-

tails in advance and move leisurely, like "old travelers." Only greenhorns make a fuss and a noise when they travel. Let the old ones be an example and a protection to the young ones. Speak low and gently. Only coarse or careless people rebuke and scold children in a loud way in public. And do look out for your luggage. Check it as far as you can. But watch it to see that it goes on the train, and that it is changed at the transfer and, above all, that it goes on the steamer (sit down "Front Seat"!) at the dock you leave, and off the steamer at the dock you reach. On the cars be friendly but not obtrusive, and don't put cheese into your hand-basket, nor onions, nor — but to whom am I writing — "nice folks" or —?

Once landed, and luggage identified, buy your ticket of admission. Pay for it, whatever the charge may be. It is not likely that the man in the office will cheat you. And it is not likely that he will reduce the price of your ticket because you "know Mr. —" or because you "came so far," or because "there are so many of us." Usually, children under twelve years of age go in free. For your soul's sake, don't represent Lewis there as "under twelve" when you and Lewis both know that you are — well, pay promptly, and bide your time. Don't have a "scene" at the gate or dock! Go to the cottage where you expect to stay. You have not, I hope, made a positive bargain before you saw the place. Be careful not to commit yourself finally until you have looked about. Take time to get well settled and as nearly satisfied as possible.

Now let me say a word about the "conveniences." You must not expect every thing to be like Delmonico's, or like your own house. You must be ready to "rough it" a little. Straw beds will "hump" now and then. The bread is not always a success. The weather is sometimes lowering and showering. "It sometimes rains at Chautauqua," and at all of the Chautauquas. Be brave. Be manly. Be patient. Don't scold and snarl and criticise. If you do, expert travelers will be sure that you complain here because it is no improvement on your own home. Be cheerful. Help other people bear their burdens. Let your face shed sunlight on these dark days.

Study the Assembly grounds. Get a map. Find a guide. Go everywhere the first day to know where the several places are located:

the Hall of Philosophy, the Museum, the Park, the Models, the Normal Hall, and all the rest of the "centers."

If you are at the Assembly for several days take up some one department and do a little daily work in it: Normal, Art, English Bible, Pedagogy—some thing, any thing, but if you are well, work some in this way every day.

But be careful not to overtax yourself. Do not go to every thing. Pick out the dishes from a full bill of fare at your hotel and select the meetings you can attend from the crowded Assembly program. If you cannot take in the whole of the varied list, don't find fault with the authorities for making such ample provision. We have found that it is not wholesome to suspend all work at any time on the Assembly grounds. And we have also found that the tastes and needs of people differ widely, and that it takes all the time there is to put in all the things there are for all the kinds of folks who come to an Assembly. Therefore, take what you want but don't demand that the fire be put out because you have warmed yourself.

As for the children at an Assembly, do not entirely drop the reins. Keep them under rule and let them have the joy of controlled liberty. That is always best. Send them to bed early, except in rare cases where there is a special attraction for them at the Amphitheater, or when the illuminated fleet sails out of Fairyland to make the lake rival the starry skies. In these exceptional cases give the little fellows an afternoon rest. Plenty of sleep is indispensable to a profitable vacation.

You will find at most of the Assemblies, museums of curiosities, boating, bathing, merry-go-rounds, sand piles, models, etc. As for the grand Toy Bazar,—but don't let us start hopeful and happy old "Front Seat" to telling all he knows about the future plans of his old Chautauqua!

See that the children go regularly to the "Children's Hour"—the hour set apart in all the Assemblies for the instruction and entertainment of the little folks. Don't allow the love of play to weaken their sense of obligation or render them indifferent to the profitable elements of an Assembly program. Require them on Sabbath to attend both Public Services and Sabbath-school. I beseech you, don't make vacations a time of irreverence or of religious indifference. Be firm as a rock in these things. If you cannot and do not govern your children in the things which, al-

though against their preference, are really best for them, they will not be likely to govern themselves now or in the future.

Keep good hours yourself. Regularity in eating and in sleeping is one of the secrets of good health. And, my friend, an emphatic word: Pray do not keep other people awake, through your thoughtlessness, willfulness, or indifference, after the appointed hour for "Night Silence." In these out-of-door meetings where people are busy all day there must be perfect opportunity for sleep. They depend upon this for the best effects of vacation rest. Now it is not easy at these places to secure perfect stillness. The buildings are light in their construction, the floors are often uncarpeted and loose, the walls of cottages and tents are thin. One thoughtless man can keep twenty people awake at night or rouse them too early in the morning. The Assembly authorities are bound to enact, and they ought to execute, laws on this subject of order at night. It seems like small business, but popular health and comfort and well-being, certainly are not small things. All true ladies and all true gentlemen (without exception) when once apprised of the regulation, and of the reason for it, will maintain perfect silence after the "Night Bells" have rung. Thoughtlessness and forgetfulness in this are rudeness; and rudeness is impolite. Whatever else you do, *don't whisper*. This is the most exasperating of all night-noises. Yes, worse than snoring, by far. Go to sleep. Snore if you must; but don't whisper. And avoid walking about in your room with your boots on after the night-bells or before the morning-bells. If you must walk and talk, dress quietly, put your boots on down stairs, outside of the door, and then steal softly away to some point half a mile away from every human habitation, and there talk—but even then don't whisper.

If you live in a tent, remember a little fact that some innocent and unconscious souls so easily forget, or which, perhaps, they never knew: tent lights cast most curious shadows on tent walls; and folks outside, if they happen to pass, see some ludicrous pantomimic shadow effects, which, if the "lights" were "lower" might be lost. "Let the lower lights be burning," or study the laws of light and abridge the unprogramed entertainments of the Assembly.

Be friendly. Salute people (even though you have not been introduced) with a bow, a

smile, and a word of greeting. Remember that you are at a Chautauqua Assembly where good-will reigns and the brotherhood of man is recognized and the millennial love begins to burn. Don't growl, or scold, or frown. If you don't like your boarding place, find a better. If you don't like the program, seek a place with one more suited to your tastes. But don't growl!

Hold to your gate ticket. It represents just so much money. If you lose it, go to the office and buy another. Don't go to the Assembly authorities and demand of them a new five dollar bill because somewhere on the grounds you lost five dollars. The principle is the same with the ticket—precisely the same. If you lose a ticket or money, you are the loser.

When you decide to start for home, fix the time in advance. Get your excursion ticket duly stamped. Get your luggage to the dock

or baggage-room the night before, if possible; especially if your train leaves early in the morning. Have your Assembly exit-ticket ready to surrender as you pass the gate. Don't lay to the charge of the Assembly the result of your own carelessness. Don't quarrel with or rebuke a subordinate, but certainly do report to the president of the Assembly any incivility or error which annoys you; leave the Assembly with the assurance that you have been honorable and courteous yourself; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, visitors at the various Chautauquas will find all difficulties vanish, and they will go home with pleasant memories of a delightful outing and with some worthier conception of what the coming of Christ will be on earth, and the going to Christ will be in heaven—when all shall love high and holy things, and the "saints of all ages in harmony meet."

TO ALFRED TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE.

BY HUGH T. SUDDUTH.

PARDON to truth that not by titled name
 We greet thee as we come to pay our love,
 But by the name all other names above,
 Of those who in our time the muses' flame
 Still cherish—name of early love, the same
 That shone enwreathèd in new light and strove
 For that high mastery whose magic wove
 The charm that won and still has kept thy fame.
 Not now the trancèd summer calm is thine,
 Nor youth and passion still of Locksley Hall,
 Or golden languor as of Madeline;
 But, like Ulysses, great and wise and good,
 Lead on o'er unknown seas! We at thy call
 Will follow still to new beatitude.

THE SALONS OF PARIS.

BY GEORGE LAFENSTRE.

Translated from "The Chautauquan" from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

IT is said, it is done! There are now in Paris two *Salons*! The union of French artists which ten years ago astonished the world and delighted their friends did not survive the Paris Exposition. In the train of that glorious contest which left after it, as all contests do, an unusual excitation of vanity and innumerable wounds of self-love, discord broke out. A disagreement regarding the rewards given and their value in the

future, seems to have been the occasion of it. In spite of all the efforts at conciliation—those made within the society and those coming from without—the president of the examining board of rewards for the Exposition, M. Meissonier, withdrew from the Society of French Artists, but not without demonstration; he drew after him a hundred artists, the greater number of whom, like himself, left the International Palace of Fine Arts crowned

with honor and eager to enjoy their victory. They immediately founded a new association which they called the National Society of Fine Arts.

It goes without saying, that the quarrel is essentially a quarrel of painters. Painters mingling more with the general public than other artists, being more discussed, more praised than they, are naturally more easily agitated. A greater degree of calmness is found in the other departments of the association. A group of only twenty sculptors and engravers followed the disaffected members to the galleries of the Champ de Mars, placed at their disposal by the city of Paris. All the others remain with the greater part of the army of painters and all the architects in the palace of the Champs Élysées.

The public knows nothing as to the nature of these family quarrels. It does know that an immense amount of painting has been suddenly exposed to its view, that much is of mediocre quality, and all poorly arranged for good effect. At the Champs Élysées, 3,432 pictures have been displayed; at the Champ de Mars, 1,221, forming together almost as many as there were at the exposition. We should have a better and higher idea of the work of contemporaneous art if there were spread under our eyes only one-fourth or one-third of these promiscuous, crowded displays.

From the stand-point of art, that which alone concerns us, this division is not of much importance to the outside world. It is not as if it were one school arrayed against another school. On both sides there are the same want of discipline, the same confusion, the same disarray; in both, the same mingling of tendencies, of practices, of theories. Because some of the most noted modernists have transported themselves to the Champ de Mars, it does not follow that they took with them all the young artists who have given themselves up to an attentive observation of contemporaneous life. Because the greater number of the members of the Institute, of the professors, of master-workmen, remained in the Champs Élysées, it does not follow any more that they will be surrounded there by only submissive scholars and servile train-bearers. On the one side as on the other, there will be the same freedom in study, the same exercise in individuality. In the meantime, if art suffers, it will not be as to quantity; the people owe to these dis-

cords a new but entirely useless proof of the fecundity of French painters.

Let us, choosing the Champs Élysées as the older and better established *Salon*, give a passing glance to some of its best and most noted works. Munkaczky displays here a ceiling forty feet square designed for the Museum of the History of Art at Venice. It is called the "Italian Renaissance." From the entrance, whence one is able to get a good view of the whole with much the same effect as if the ceiling were in proper place instead of hanging from a wall, the impression is very agreeable. The eye mounts readily up under the great cupola, from which descends a winged figure of Glory, draped in yellow, waving a branch of laurel. The cupola shelters the following persons grouped upon its landings and flights of steps: Pope Julius II., standing nearest the top, examining the plans for St. Peter's; a little lower, Titian explaining to a pupil the beauty of two female figures, the one standing, the other seated, who are posing before them; Paul Veronese mounted upon a ladder before a great canvas; a little lower, the old Leonardo de Vinci conversing upon the stairs with the young Raphael; and in a retired corner, the taciturn Michael Angelo resting his elbow on a balustrade, his forehead on his hand, in the attitude of one of the Sistine prophets, meditating, and near him a single friend, Vassari, without doubt. One could wish in the Glory more distinction and elegance, in the models of Titian more suppleness and glow, in the personages in general, more vivacity and warmth; it is a Renaissance a little heavy and sad.

Opposite the ceiling of Munkaczky, a ceiling by Henry Lévy, destined for the Hôtel de Ville, shows us "The City of Paris Offering to Triumphant Liberty the Bodies of her Sons Slain for Her." The artist has not abused the dead bodies which lie in the foreground upon the smoking ruins of barricades. The interest of the picture centers in the slender figure of the personified City of Paris, which stands erect under the luminous sky, and in the harmonious combination of soft, rich colors. It is an able and pleasing work.

Was Jules Lefebvre obliged to give to his picture of Lady Godiva these gigantic proportions? The theme is a very tempting one for a painter, although it demands so much preliminary explanation. Lady Godiva was the gentle, modest wife of a rude lord of Cov-

entry pitiless toward his subjects whom he crushed with heavy taxes. One day she interceded for them. "*Par Dieu*," cried Count Leofric, "I will not lighten a single tax save on condition that you ride naked through the town at noonday on horseback." The lady accepted the challenge. All the inhabitants shut themselves up within their houses, closing the doors and the blinds. In order to express the utter solitude of this deserted and silent city Lefebvre has made to rise behind the horsewoman the high houses of a narrow and steep street. The effect is good, but it would be as strong if the street were not so extended. The persons descending upon the foreground, Lady Godiva seated upon a white horse, and her serving maid who leads the horse by the bridle, form a very expressive picture. It is especially in the person of the lady, showing such noble confusion, with her arms protectingly crossed before her breast, that the artist has shown the skill and knowledge of an attentive designer and a delicate and exalted idea of feminine beauty.

Among a great number of portraits we will notice only two or three. That of Boulanger, by Wencker, presenting the artist blacksmith in his working clothes, at his shop, near to his anvil and furnace, unites to accuracy of rendering the agreeable features of a picturesque scene and an expressive vivacity which are new departures in his works. It is one of the most interesting bits of painting in the *Salon*. In the two portraits by Paul Dubois, that of an old lady, taken at half length, and the full length figure of a young boy standing, one admires the simplicity, the sobriety, the delicacy, and the conscientiousness in execution, which give such a high value to all the paintings of this great sculptor. The two heads,—one gentle, weary, resigned, with eyes of a benevolent sweetness; the other frank, robust, decided, with that air of bravery and confidence which health and youth give,—bear especially the mark of a great artist. Morot's small picture, the equestrian portrait of a young Amazon riding through a bit of woods, is one of the most agreeable and most important pieces of its time.

Antiquity, profane or sacred, does not inspire in French artists in general, venturesome compositions. Their imagination is poor; they see only the familiar and anecdotal side of the heroic age, mythology, the Bible, and history. They often employ here ingeniousness, sometimes poetic insight, but

more rarely those artistic qualities which assure to ingenuity and insight recognition and lasting fame. All have not received that good education of the eye and hand which permits M. Vollon to give so much zest to a simple, rough sketch of Don Quixote, from reading books of chivalry. The picture is ingenious, animated, mirthful, without pretension, as without insipidity. A sketch by Jean-Paul Laurens, the "Seven Troubadours," in red robes seated under green trees, discussing the laws of floral games, is worthy of our attention. The faces wear that extraordinary air of historic truth which the studious artist knows how to impress upon all of his personages. The scene is amusing, well presented, well painted. We remark further in the historic line, for the sake of its distinctness in execution, the "Procession of Penitents in Spain," by Melida; for spiritedness, the "New Arrival at the Harem of Thebes," and the "Combat of the Quails," by Rochegrosse. In his "Officer of a Battery of the Guard," Detaille has expressed greater breadth and movement than in any of his former works. On a black horse, white with foam, dashing forward toward the beholder, this officer and the soldiers who follow, mounted upon the train of artillery, form a powerful group which arrests the attention of every one.

Religious painting does not offer any works very remarkable. The most important and the largest of this class are "Christ Welcoming the Merciful," by M. Lehoux; the "Miracle of the Roses of St. Elizabeth," by Paul-Hippolyte Flandrin; and the "Last Moments of St. Claude," by M. Joseph Aubert. These are all estimable works, executed with great skill by painters acquainted with classic tradition.

Among the most remarkable of the paintings comprising a number of nude figures is "The Dream of Summer" by Frank-Lamy. It is a large picture in the foreground of which is seen a young woman playing with some white doves. Farther back upon the borders of a forest other female figures are more indistinctly outlined. The positions are natural, the forms perfect, the sentiment poetic.

Landscapes occupy, as always at the Champs Élysées, the largest part of the wall space. The "Twilight," by Harpignies, produces the impression of a veritable scene in nature itself. The little canvas, smiling

and luminous, which accompanies this, the "Prairie," shows with what tenacity this artist receives an impression from nature and with what a profound knowledge of the structure of things—clouds, trees, lands—he catches immediately in a firm, clear style this fugitive impression. Some of the pictures painted by M. Quignon deserve to be especially noticed. In his "Harvest" the regular rows of sheaves, on a hillside, under a burning sun, with their resplendency of gold accentuated by touches of shadow, give one a very pleasing sensation. It is just, and true to nature in every particular.

It is in the painting of contemporaneous life in the city and in the country that there is best disclosed that research into luminous action which for the last few years has seemed to be the chief object of artists. There is no more legitimate preoccupation than this; it was the study of Leonardo de Vinci, of Correggio, of the whole Holland School. But the mistake in a large part of the present school is in thinking that an agreeable light is sufficient to satisfy in itself the eyes and the mind of a spectator, and that the painter has to furnish nothing beyond that, in point of truth, of science, or of thought. At the Champ de Mars this paradox is overweeningly developed in the most amusing manner; and at the Champs Élysées there are to be found sufficient ludicrous affirmations of it. One has only to look at the "Summer Day," by Maurice Éliot, one of the most daring and most able innovators, in order to see where the system, pushed to excess, can lead a man of talent. Flesh, cloth, bodies, minerals, vegetables, are all fairly disintegrated and vaporized under the intensity of the light. It is no longer any thing but a cloud of highly colored dust which enters the eyes. In the great picture of President Carnot, by Henry Martin, there is the same decomposition, the same result.

The combinations of light in *genre* painting ought to serve the purpose only of giving value to the figures which there play a rôle, and to their action, whether the scene is domestic or idyllic, comic or tragic. It is not a question of making the pictures pedantic and of forbidding painters the right of joking or laughing upon occasion, for Frans Hals, Brauwer, Jan Steen, Teniers, and the Ostades rise up to mock that idea; but to jest in painting as they do, is to jest to the eyes as well as to the mind, and not alone by means

of the subject, but also by the quality of the rendering, by the sprightliness of the touch, by the caprice of the fancy, by the fire of color; and this is not an easy thing; very few succeed in it. Can any thing be more freezing in its effect than the "Imaginary Invalid," by Vibert? There is no desire to laugh at all on beholding it, as one is instantly impressed with the endless care and pains bestowed by the artist in fixing and congealing the laugh upon the enameled faces in high and discordant colors. The skill, the talent, the genius of M. Vibert are not to be questioned; but the system is false. The rustic drolleries of Brispot and of Dumoulin, their pictures of the "Bottle of Champagne," and the "Expectation," are amusing, as usual, by their gayety and the justness of their observation, a little coarse, after the provincial types. But here also there is too much of stiffness in the pleasantry. The "Song of the Bride," by Brunet, in its outlines most pleasing, is the work of a fine artist, although he was too attentive to slight details.

It is better for a painter to study rural and laboring life from its grave side. He will more readily find there truth, color, poetry. And this is, let us hasten to say, the tendency of the younger school; jesters there, are the exception. Millet, Jules Breton, Bastien-Lepage, the serious friends of the artisan, sharing his healthy joys, sympathizing with his hardships and sorrows, remain always examples which others love to follow. Of these three masters, Breton is the only one still living, and he keeps the high rank which he early gained. His picture, the "Last Flowers," is a very impressive one. The first snow, fallen during the night, has covered the garden paths. The last flowers of autumn, the chrysanthemums opening too late upon their tall stems, have awakened shivering under this white spread, ready to perish. A young girl, scissors in hand, is passing between the rows; she seizes with the tips of her fingers one of the flowers to cut it and place it with those already picked in her apron which she holds gathered up. The girl's figure is simple and natural and the picture effective.

In the city as in the country, with rare exceptions, artists have too much taste for ultra realistic scenes, for dramas and melodramas. If they present to us quite frequently the interiors of hospitals, it is, perhaps, rather to

show us one of the forms of scientific activity and of human charity than to make us sad by the sight of suffering. The picture of Laurent-Gsell, "A Lesson in Chemical Manipulations," and that of Bisson, "After the Operation," are in reality only collections of portraits of persons grouped in their professional calling. These two artists have not yet reached the possibilities of their power, but the picture of the first is well presented, the light well distributed, and his movements of the brush are free and easy; that of the second contains figures studied with care and marked by a real progress in the tendency and the technism of the artist.

One of the most remarkable of the recent paintings is the "Dream," by Richemont. The scene is taken from the romance of the same name by Zola. In a high chamber, draped in white, inundated with a white light, a young girl in a white dress is receiving a declaration of love from a

young man who has thrown himself upon his knees. The figures are rather visions than real beings. Nevertheless there are in the gestures and the faces of the lovers so much of purity and ecstasy on one side, so much of ardor and tenderness on the other, and everywhere such a rare expression of feeling and taste, that one willingly overlooks all uncertainty and effeminacy of execution and gives himself up to the charm of the conception.

It is necessary to pay some attention to the importance in which the child is held by modern painters. The pictures which represent it, gay or suffering, playful or grave, are numerous. Some of them are simple and touching, like the "Prayer in School," by Boquet; some, amusing, as "After the Bath," by Peel, and "In the Garden," by Madame Demont-Breton; and some delicate, as the pastels of Berton and Léandre, the "Communicant" and the "Apple."

A SUMMER OUTING IN NEW YORK.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

IT was the very wildest suggestion of all. Go to New York in August! Why, "all New York" was out of town. Every thing would be done up in camphor and the city wrapped in linen slip covers. Celia remarked that she "thought it would be rather nice to sit in a cool place with white covers edged with red on all the furniture and that, if it were true that every house was closed, it would be delightful to walk in the silent, deserted streets."

"But the heat, my dear. The city is always warmer than the country and I'm sure it's hot enough here."

Hepsibah is dreadfully practical. She keeps house for her husband and sister and is opposed to "breaking up" even for a week.

The rain dwindled to a series of shallow pools of warm water. The high hills shut out the air on every side and the plank walks in the street before the door seemed ready to be used for "planked shad" "Baltimore style." They were certainly hot enough that August afternoon to cook a halibut. It had become a question of endurance and, at noon dinner, it was proposed that they shut up house and go off somewhere. Where? The

lakes, the mountains, the sea-shore, New York.

It was John's idea. Celia favored it. Hepsibah opposed it. Not one of them had ever been there and all felt sure they were perfectly familiar with the whole subject. The largest city in the country certainly would be the hottest place in the land and clearly the most uninteresting time to visit, by reason of the absence of the entire population. John remarked that this would be an advantage as they could have their choice of apartments at the hotels and plenty of room on the street cars. Hepsibah felt some of the hotels would be closed and that they would be lucky to find lodging in some empty house.

"I suppose one or two of the restaurants will keep open to accommodate people passing through the city. Yes, I dare say we can camp out in New York for a few weeks and endure the heat somehow. I shall take my thinnest lawn. Yes, I'll take my India silk for Sundays."

That settled it. Three days later found them bound East on the Central of New Jersey. Allentown had been a furnace. Easton was

like an oven and they were all in a state of approaching collapse. The red seats of the cars were almost past endurance and they really did not pay much attention to the country through which they were passing. At Bound Brook the sun seemed to lessen somewhat its efforts to keep things warm, and John looked at his watch and remarked, "Sixty-two minutes more of this sort of thing."

"You're not wilting?" said Celia.

"Not mentally, only physically. I shall go on, if we all melt in the oven of New York."

Plainfield—last stop, but one. Somehow the people at the station seemed to wear a more cheerful aspect. There were fewer white dresses and more color in the costumes. Hepsibah began to brighten up and Celia really grew cheerful. Then, as it were in a moment, they were slowly sliding over a broad sheet of water. There were boats bending under a stress of sail. Hepsibah occasionally looked round for a shawl and thought Celia was a little unreasonable in opening the window. Such a strange, half sweet, half salt, pungent smell in the air as of dripping rocks and flying spray. It was like a tonic. Ah! the perversity of man to taint the sweet breath of the sea with oil; only for a few moments and then Jersey City—no city, at all, only vast yards filled with cars, big shed-like station and ferry house, and then—the river.

The setting sun touched with red fire a thousand windows in the city. The broad river was purple and blue in the glow, and the sky had a curious opalescent blue-white, the like of which they had never seen. Curious to see all, they had pushed out to the very front of the ferry-boat. A returning boat was entering the dock, a dense mass of humanity. All New York was hurrying away. The town would be quite empty at that rate of exodus. The mysterious advance of the great boat on which they stood, suddenly brought them clear of the ship and in a moment the scene and the climate changed. The river seemed to stretch away to the south till it touched the sky between the hills. To the north it was like a broad lane of water lost in the distance between two cities. Strange forms of ships and steamers moved swiftly in every direction in bewildering confusion and overall was a singularly vivid sense of free life and motion bathed in an atmosphere at once cold, vigorous, and spicy. At least, it seemed cold to our summer travelers breathing for the first time the cosmic winds of the

ocean. A thin dress was a mockery, and in spite of the attraction of the scene the two ladies were forced to retreat to the cabin for shelter from the chilly wind.

If "all New York" were out of town, the universe must have moved in over night. The crowd, the rush, and the confusion, to rural eyes and ears, were bewildering, and there was a sense of relief when their confusing journey overhead, past ten thousand second story windows came to an end in East Twenty-third Street.

"That big red building with the many windows?"

"Oh, College of the City of New York. Closed now. Vacation."

Their guide, who had met them at the ferry, seemed a trifle reserved and melancholy. It may have been his tender years, or his white tie which seemed to be a solicitude to him, or the oppression of meeting strangers new to the town.

"Yes, Miss, New York is very dull. Everybody is——" Just here a band of music and a vast concourse of people passed down Lexington Avenue and compelled them to wait while the thousands passed.—"Yes, Miss, very dull—everybody—out of town."

"Why, where do all these people sleep? Seems as if I'd met four millions since we landed."

"Oh, I assure you, Miss, there's absolutely nobody in town."

An hour later our travelers sat in an upper room looking down on Fourth Avenue.

"We were very fortunate to find such a homey boarding house. Why, every thing is as nice as a pin and it's such a comfort not to have to worry about breakfast. I didn't think city people would be such good housekeepers."

"And wasn't it very odd to have dinner at a little table by an open window next the street with everybody looking right in. They were very polite, though, for nobody seemed to pay any attention to us. Come. It's only nine o'clock. I suppose that's early for the city. Let us go for a walk."

To the rural stranger Madison Square upon an August night is a revelation in human nature.

"Dear me," said Celia, "I never knew lovers were so universal. New York parents must be uncommon unkind. The poor things have to sit out-of-doors. It must seem odd to be sparking by regiments."

"For my part," said Hepsibah, "I am more interested in the shops. The first thing I do on Monday will be to buy something warm to wear."

The next day was the Sabbath. Quiet, very warm and sunny, the day seemed to invite to repose, and yet when the three started out to attend service, it seemed as if the entire population was abroad. Every means of conveyance was crowded to suffocation.

"It can't be," said Hepsibah, "that all these people are going to church."

Her husband replied that their landlady had remarked that "it would be a yellow day and everybody would go out of town, and that probably a hundred thousand people would go to the sea-shore to-day."

They had observed from their windows three churches in their immediate neighborhood and they now went from one to the other to find them all closed.

"The parsons," said Celia, "are all out of town. I suppose they work so hard making parish visits that by the summer they are completely exhausted and need rest—poor things."

As they passed through Twenty-second Street, Hepsibah remarked that "for her part she didn't see how people could eat breakfast with any comfort in the cellar. And so late, too—past ten o'clock, and the curtains all up in the most out-of-door way. It seems dreadful public. I don't believe this street is quite respectable. And the servants so lazy, too. Why, half the houses haven't been opened yet!"

"Perhaps," remarked her husband, "the people are out of town and the houses are closed up."

"You may be right, for some of the front doors are boarded up, as if there had been a death in the family and the estate wasn't settled."

At Broadway they paused a moment to look at the great show windows now dark with blue shades; the two ladies delighted to find their shopping ground so near home. Passing on to the west they found a pretty stone church bearing a sign that said there would be service every Sunday in July and August.

"That means that commonly there is no service at the other churches in summer. Church-going New York is clearly out of town."

"Let us go in," said Celia. "It must be delightful to sit in an empty church."

G—Aug.

To their surprise there was a large congregation and they heard an excellent sermon and some very fine music. The dim, cool church was a relief from the glare of the street and the sense of being in a strange church among unfamiliar people and in a strange city was, as Hepsibah said, "an uncommon edifying experience." As they came out of the church they found it was indeed one of New York's most yellow of yellow days. The heat was intense and they were glad to seek the shade of Madison Square.

"Gracious," said Celia, "does the entire population sit out-of-doors and read the Sunday papers?"

On every winding path were seats and every seat occupied by well dressed men and women, and every mortal soul of them was absorbed in a newspaper.

"And where are the lovers?"

"I couldn't say," said her brother-in-law; "I guess they're gone to Coney Island."

In spite of the heat our party resolved to venture out once more and at three o'clock took a car on Fourth Avenue and rode up as far as Fiftieth Street and then crossed to Fifth Avenue. The great white façade of St. Patrick's seemed to invite to cool cloistered shades and they went in and sat for an hour in the pale white aisles listening to magnificent music and impressed with the earnestness of a vast congregation intent upon its own worship. It seemed like a bit of Europe or what Europe might be in cathedral walls; and they went out again into the bright light of Fifth Avenue with a sense of having had a new experience. It was nothing to them that the critics find fault with the Gothic arches and painted windows rich with too vivid colors. They saw only the grand proportions of the place, the splendor of color in storied windows, and the worshipping multitude; heard only the dramatic music and service.

As they walked on in silence past white, brown, and red palaces all closed and apparently asleep, they mingled with an ever increasing throng of people all moving toward the park. For three hours they wandered along winding paths, broad boulevards, and grand plazas, absorbed in watching the vast multitude that filled the place. If "all New York" were out of town, at least here was the population of a metropolis in holiday attire taking its sober pleasure in a magnificent garden. To country people

the sight was in a sense overwhelming. They seemed but specks lost in a sea of strange humanity.

"Of course," said Celia, "it seems to us dreadfully improper to spend the Sabbath walking in a park with such a multitude, yet these people look reasonably happy and innocent. I suppose that they come here, because their homes are hot and uncomfortable."

"Next thing, sister," said Hepsibah, "you'll be wishing the picture galleries were open."

"Well, I don't know but I do now. These people certainly would be no worse off in that great gallery than in these walks and on these lawns. I'm looking forward to seeing the pictures myself; and I'm sure if a great artist has a lesson to tell, I see no reason why he may not preach after his manner on the Sabbath as well as the choir or the minister."

The getting home from the park in the evening was the only trial of the day. The cars were packed to an unpleasant degree and the babies and children were fretful and peevish in the heat and crowd.

The next day brought their first difficulty. What to do first? Should they stay in the city or use the city as a center from which to reach the beaches or the country? The temperature settled it. The ladies tried a little shopping after breakfast and then were glad to retreat to their cool and pleasant parlors. At one o'clock they decided to try a quiet sail on salt water. Some one had said something about Glen Island. The name seemed attractive, and to Glen Island they would go. On taking a car on Twenty-third Street they had a new experience. The car was completely filled with poor children, all dressed in their pitiful best and each carrying a bundle or basket. Pinched, pale, sickly, and feeble, they seemed to our rural travelers a sorrowful company. Who could they be? where going? The conductor volunteered a scrap of information.

"Fresh Airers, bound to the Long Island Road. Just you see the kids when they come back,—you won't know 'em."

A closer inspection of the youthful faces showed in every eye a wistful expectancy, a certain anxious looking for things that might prove too good to be true. The very car was, perhaps, a dream and only when it wandered down by the docks did the youth-

ful cargo seem to grasp the promised joys before it.

Absorbed in watching the "Fresh Airers," our party hardly observed their progress till the conductor rang the bell and pointed the way down Thirty-second Street toward the river.

"Glen Island boat, marm, one block."

As they left the car, Hepsibah said:

"I've read about the Fresh Air fund, but I never quite believed in it before. I don't see why the children couldn't play in the front yard or in the back garden instead of going off among perfect strangers for two weeks. Why, not one of their mothers was with them and only that young lady in charge of the party."

"Gracious, Hepsibah, do look around you!"

They had left the car in the middle of a broad avenue, hot, dusty, ill smelling, and noisy with a heavy traffic. On each side tall buildings with stores below and ranks of windows above; on the corners liquor stores, while, between, ill-kept shops of every description; everywhere children, half clad, rude, boisterous, and mildly wretched, not apparently starving, but simply miserable. It was impossible to stand there and they turned down toward the river between tenements and factories, warehouses and heaps of building materials. What could she say? Hepsibah's motherly heart seemed to comprehend at once the difficulty of one of the great social problems of the day. What can be done with the children? The little party of "Fresh Airers" seemed almost pitiful. So few taken, so many left.

"Why, it's only the tenement or the street."

On the dock there was a great crowd of people waiting for the boat. Hepsibah wandered about, full of eager interest. The passengers were almost exclusively women and children. Not the poorest poor, but plain folks earning good wages. There was an air of decent comfort about the babies and many of the young girls were very well dressed. As a company they were lively, good-natured, and evidently bent on pleasure, and if noisy it was with innocent laughter and light-hearted indifference to the severer proprieties. Presently a big boat drew near packed with babies, nurses, mothers, and children. It was wonderful how quickly the people were bestowed on the boat, and then it moved silently away over the water.

"Only forty cents," said John, "twenty-two miles down and back, with hours at this Glen Island, whatever it may be."

"Yes," said Hepsibah, "forty cents seems to be the bar between a breath of fresh air on the water and the streets. The wonder is to me so few seem to be able to afford it."

To rural eyes the little voyage up the winding water way called East River was full of interest. The public institutions on the islands; the salt marshes beyond Harlem; the little light-houses; the many strange forms of ships, absorbed their whole attention and they forgot the crying babies, the awful band of music, and the tobacco smoke. The wide spreading bays, the ancient forts, and, more than all, the grand reach of the Sound were pictures new to their eyes and made a profound impression. And when, at last, they landed amid a vast multitude of people in a park, amid flowers and lawns and under fine trees, it was like a bit of story-book nature—a something new and queer, full of a sort of child-like humor.

"Did you see the make-believe ruins and the swings and the monkeys and the playful seals? It made me think I was after all only a big Alice in a new Wonderland. I expected every moment to see the 'Jobberwock' come 'whiffling through these talgy woods' and 'bubbling as he flies.'"

"That's all right, Celia," said John, "but to me this Mr. Starin's scheme is full of interest. Here is a beautiful park by the salt water, fitted up with every facility for innocent amusement, music and entertainments, flower beds, lawns, comfortable seats, and a forty-mile sail, all for forty cents. I forgive the clam-bakes and the beer. These people seem to like that sort of thing, and I suppose it helps pay the bills. For my part, I think it's common sense applied to pleasure taking. If I lived in New York I'd dine here, just as we are dining now in the open air, with a good view of the water and a band of music on the lawn—yes—every day in the week."

"Till you see the bill," remarked Hepsibah. "Two dollars for that little lunch. Next time I'll bring my lunch in a basket."

It was nine o'clock when they left the boat and were once more in the stifling streets. On the boat they were chilled in the breeze and yet the streets were like an oven. Only in their own rooms did they find a degree of comfort.

"Well, I don't know. I can understand

that to people who live here, who can slip down by the boat for a few hours at such a place, it must be delightful, and for poor people it must be like buying a slice of heaven for forty cents."

"Yes," added John, "and to think that such a thing pays a handsome profit. In spite of the tea cup air to the whole thing, it is to hundreds of thousands of people a real pleasure. I wouldn't have missed Glen Island for any thing."

"Come," said John the next morning, "let's be democratic again and try Coney Island."

Warned by their previous experience the ladies went shopping for warmer wraps, and found a common saying in New York to be true, that on the water it is always cool. The contrast from the heat of West Twenty-third Street to the stiff breeze on the river could not be measured by the thermometer. The difference is not in degree, but in kind. The sunshine on the white deck of the boat may be just as hot as in the streets, yet the air is wholly different, and in the shaded lower decks warm wraps are welcome the moment the boat leaves the dock.

New York Harbor and Bay are the city's breathing place, and it is not surprising that on every pleasant day in the summer, over one hundred thousand people are afloat on its waters. To our friends the immense volume of the pleasure traffic was a source of continual wonder. Where could so many people come from, how find the time to be away from their homes and business? The throngs on the boats made a city of tourists, well-dressed, orderly, and with, perhaps, a rather pronounced cheerfulness.

"I do not mind the crowding and the children and the babies and the horrible music," said Hepsibah. "The people are comfortable away from their crowded houses, and they do not disturb me. I see only the grand river, the ships, and the beautiful shores."

"For my part," said Celia, "I think 'humanity on a lark' is vastly amusing. If I lived here I'd go down the harbor every afternoon."

It seemed well worth the doing. At the Narrows they got their first view of the Atlantic, saw for the first time the sea. It was a notable experience, and when the whole great comic carnival of Coney Island came into view they were, as Celia said, "lost in

wonder, love, and praise." For two hours they wandered in amused astonishment through the modern city on the sands. The seriousness of the business of pleasure-taking was certainly impressive, the curious childishness of the place, its strange mingling of dreary beer halls, swings, merry-go-rounds, bathing, and glorious prospect over the sea, the combined dinners and orchestras, clam-bakes and surf were a continual amazement and surprise. Fifty thousand people together with nothing to do but have as good a time as possible with the least possible outlay of money. "It seems to me," said John, "the American is learning a new lesson—to take his simple pleasures cheaply."

From the more democratic end of Coney Island about the iron piers they went on to the larger and more costly beaches. There were greater splendors of hotels and restaurants, better music, higher prices for every thing, and a more quiet class of people. To dine on an open piazza before the sea and amid flowers and to hear the first orchestral music in the country mingling with the laughter of children and the boom of the surf was an experience worth all it cost. At dark the place put on a curious unreal air, as if the great hotel, the countless lights, and the orchestras were all some fairy dream not of this prosy American world. Curious fire-works lit up the water, and a thousand electric lights gleamed for miles along the shore, while just beyond the beach stretched the vast purple spaces of the sea, with twin yellow stars gleaming on the Highlands that lay like a black bar on the horizon. The world seemed to be sharply divided into two parts, the shore full of light, music, and gayety, the cosmic void of the sky and the sea with the stars and light-houses distant and solitary in the darkness.

"There's only one thing I regret," said Celia. "I'd like to stay here all night in this beautiful house with the great silences of the sea and sky so near. I should feel that somehow I was sleeping nearer to nature than at home—and yet with such high civilization at my feet."

The voyage home was a revelation. The great company on the boat was hushed and quiet; the tired babies all asleep and only the lovers whispering together; the loveliness, the silence of the waters, the cold salt breeze, the sky above, and the ever shifting lights on shore seemed to calm to meditation

and repose. Even on the dock, where the great crowds poured from the boat into the street there was a subdued air of serenity and restfulness over them all. The walk through the cool and quiet streets served to make a fitting close to the day's pleasure.

The next few days were devoted to shopping and sight-seeing. New York has many sides; which side interests the most, depends on one's taste. Pictures, music, public buildings, parks, architecture, may attract, and two weeks would be little enough time to gain even a general idea of the advantages the city offers for study in these fields. Even in mid-August there is a great deal to see and do, and by following a simple rule of conduct the heat need not interfere with either pleasure or study. The best plan is not to do as the New Yorkers do. Avoid the hurry, the ruinous fretfulness of the people. New York people pride themselves on their "push" and "go." They have little sense of leisure or the real art of living. Their city is too much of a shop—it has too much the air of "changing cars, with very close connections." It is more a city of places to work and to sleep than a city of homes. People do not live at home, but at a number on a numbered street. For the visitor, recognizing these things and refusing to be drawn into the whirl of business or social life, it is the most wonderful city in the world. The "dear delightful privacy of streets" can be enjoyed here as nowhere else. Be what you please, do as you wish, and no man cares; no man asks who your parents were or where you came from. Respect the few unwritten laws of dress and manners that mean Christianity made practical and you may see every thing, live your own life, go where you please, and be in it all and not of it, be at one with all that our greatest city can give. No "West-End" snubs your humble lodgings, no titled booby claims the right to enter any place before you. As has been said, "There are nice people wherever you go—if you are nice yourself"—and New York is the American city of all others best worth the seeing for its people and its institutions. Art, science, literature, charity, church life and work, and society have much to offer; and a month here is worth more than twice that time anywhere else in the Union. Once interested in the place you forget the miserable streets, the dreary architecture, the senseless noise in the streets, the wretched mismanagement of

every municipal affair, and become absorbed in the intense vitality, the restless activity of the people.

In warm weather decide just what you wish to do and start about it early in the cool hours before ten o'clock. Keep within doors as far as possible between ten and three o'clock. It then grows cooler and even the streets are not uncomfortable. Stay out of doors in the evening, and if convenient arrange the day's work so that the last part of the day can be spent on the water or at the sea-shore or in the near by country. Thousands of people finish their work every day at three o'clock and are then off for the night out of town. It is difficult to do any business in August after three o'clock, and the whole of Saturday is almost completely a holiday.

Hepsibah's motherly heart had been stirred by the glimpse of the poorer quarters of the town and by the frequent "Fresh Air" children, and for several days she made a study of city charities only to return at night with shining eyes.

"Well, I must say, I thought the people were absorbed in business, but their charities are magnificent. Think of a monster barge towed down the bay with three hundred fourteen babies on board. Why, I never went on such a voyage, and to see the young ladies waiting on the slummy youngsters! They tell me that no matter how far gone a child may be—if it lives to get on board it will recover before night by sleeping in the sweet breath of the sea. I declare it was just like a marine baby carriage with a fussy little tow boat for a maid to pull it about the broad streets of salt water. And the girls' clubs and the sea-shore boarding houses—I wanted to be a poor girl myself—just to go to their 'Holiday Houses.'"

As for the man of the party, he was off all the morning down town picking up new ideas, meeting new men, new interests, and, as he said, "growing a year every day." Celia went off by herself to the galleries, content to sit by the hour under the spell of the masters of form and color. Perhaps, too, both women found some interest in the delights of fabrics—fit study for any mind attuned to the best in form, color, texture, fitness, and grace. Shopping in New York is an education—if you know where to go. Nor was this all. Social New York opened its doors to them, and they found a world of delightful people that put to shame the idea that "all

New York" was out of town. The microscopic minority that in its conceit calls itself "all New York" was, indeed, not there, but the loss was not noticed by our visitors. Perhaps they would have been no wiser if it had been in town.

With all these attractions our young people wisely spent the afternoon and evening of every other day exploring the near by pleasure resorts. They quickly learned to read the papers for routes and time tables by rail and boat, and by two o'clock were on their way for an outing.

"Let us be very democratic and see how far ten cents will carry us. High Bridge sounds well. Let us try it."

Five cents on the Elevated Railroad carried them through eight miles of growing city, along Central Park and Morning Side Park, high over the house tops and with a wonderful view over the new city to the Long Island hills. Harlem River was a disappointment.

"Why, its only a poor kind of canal. Yes, the two bridges are certainly fine."

"But, John," said Hepsibah, "do look at the people! The only business of the place is to amuse. Hotels, gardens, pleasure boats, picnic grounds, walks and rides, and the everlasting brass band, tinkling harp, and frantic fiddles. Do you think the people really enjoy it all?"

"Why, of course they do. There must be thousands of people here every day to support so many restaurants, and, if they come, it must be because they like it. No, Celia, of course you don't like it. Manhattan Beach has spoiled you for the plain folks' holiday places. If I lived in New York I should often go to such places as this, just to see the mothers and babies and the children."

Ten cents apiece gave our party other and very different excursions. It carried them to Staten Island where, after a short walk, they could sit on the grassy ramparts of the great earthworks erected above the Narrows. The big guns and an occasional soldier or nurse girl and her charge were their only companions. At their feet was the gate-way to the continent. Great steamships passed close beneath them and they could look down on the decks black with the poverty of Europe seeking a new chance in a new world. Opposite were the pleasant shores of Long Island with the ancient stone forts. To the left ridiculous Coney Island with its wooden

elephant made the only blot on the scene, but they soon forgot it in the grand view of the sea beyond. Away to the south the white beaches and somber woods of Sandy Hook lay on the horizon, and to the west the magnificent bay seemed framed in the blue hills of the Jersey shore. People go to England to see the South Coast and think there are nowhere such shore scenes as in Dover. Yet here, in sight of Trinity steeple, is quite as grand a view of sea and land, and hardly a soul visits these breezy hill-tops.

Another day, for ten cents each, our party found their way to Bay Ridge and Fort Hamilton on the opposite shore of the Narrows. Here they even hired a boat and a fisherman and went fishing off Fort Lafayette—"just for the experience," as Hepsibah said. They caught five flounders and a tiny weak fish which they presented to the fisherman, and landed by one of the hotels, as Celia said, "in a starving condition." A dinner on an open piazza directly over the water seemed the most perfect meal they ever had enjoyed. It couldn't be the actual fish dinner—though it was very appetizing. It was the smell of the sea, the grand prospect spread before them, the novelty and foreign aspect of the affair that charmed them so completely.

"I declare," said Hepsibah, "this life is demoralizing me. This dining at a different place every day, the beautiful convenience of it all, never stopping to think about the dishes or to-morrow's breakfast. I feel as if, somehow, I'd grown younger and were falling into the easy ways of these light-hearted New Yorkers."

"It's all very well," said Celia the next morning, "this going to the democratic places, but my heart really yearns for something more elegant. I'm going to Long Branch—not for an afternoon or a little scrumpy visit. I'm going to stay there—just as long as I like it—if it costs three dollars a day."

"Shall you take a trunk?"

"Decidedly. What's the good of my new things if I can't wear 'em?"

A warm wave had arrived in the night, and early the next morning the entire party were on one of the magnificent Sandy Hook steamers ready to start down the bay for Long Branch.

"I feel more elegant already," said Celia. "There's something very soothing in trav-

eling in such splendor and with so many very well dressed people." "Butterflies? That's all right. I like being a butterfly—it pleases my sense of the fitness of things."

The voyage to Sandy Hook was simply grand. The sea was like glass and the motion of the steamer gave them an artificial breeze that was delightful. Queer, picturesque Sandy Hook, the lonely landing place on the beach, the ride through somber woods, over white sands, and along the edge of the sea, the endless procession of cottages, made a panorama full of novel interest. They were almost sorry when the train stopped close behind some of the monster hotels.

The moment they left the cars they found they were in a new country. The heat was intense. Not a breath of air was stirring and the wide sunny streets were crowded with teams, and it was only with difficulty they escaped the importunities of the hackmen. A front room facing the water could not be found. Every hotel was packed to repletion, and after much search they were enabled to find two rooms facing the west with a fine view of a stable and the rear of a grocery store. Having arrayed herself in her thinnest and most attractive suit, Celia sauntered down to the office of the hotel and asked what people did to pass the time.

"Ride, miss. Have a Victoria? No? Beach wagon?"

"Thank you, sir, not this afternoon."

"You sit on the piazza and look at the people," she reported to her sister.

"Well, let's do it—if it is the thing to do."

After a rather solemn lunch in a big, dark room where they could not see a thing the ladies repaired to the broad piazza of the hotel. Only with difficulty were they able to find seats, and for three mortal hours they sat there in the fervid heat watching a vast multitude of people in elegant attire file past in every manner of vehicle along the broad avenue next the beach. As for the beach and the sea both were completely hidden by hideous restaurants and pavilions for the sale of beer and chowders stretched along the opposite side of the way.

Suddenly, as it were in a moment, every thing changed. The languid creatures on the piazzas woke up and called for wraps and shawls. There was a strange new something in the air.

"It is the surf," said Celia. "Don't you hear it? The wind has changed. I mean to

get my winter wrap and go down on the beach."

Here was the real charm of Long Branch—the beach. A strong south-east breeze had sprung up and the sea had changed to a splendid purple-blue, rich near the shore with greens and pale yellows and touched everywhere with white foam. The surf was to our visitors full of splendid beauty, and they walked along the shore or sat upon the sands until night-fall and a keen appetite drove them back to the hotel and a late dinner. At dark the sea breeze died away as suddenly as it had sprung up, and the stifling heat returned again. There was a moon rising late and the only comfort they could find was to walk along the shore and listen to the quiet lapping of the now calm sea as it gently broke upon the sand. In the hotel there were only noise, confusion, blaring music, and discomfort, and they passed the most disagreeable night they had experienced since leaving home.

At breakfast the next morning they discussed the situation.

"For my part," said Hepsibah, "if this is Long Branch I'm perfectly willing to go back to our pleasant rooms in New York by the next train. The people here seem to dance all night, sleep half the morning, and ride in a dreary procession on the avenue all the afternoon."

"The trouble is," said Celia, "we are not in it all. I can imagine if we had a cottage here and carriages and all the rest we would be reasonably happy."

"Just so," added John. "We are not in it. We are only on-lookers, and no doubt it seems rather dreary. I like the show of fine horses and carriages and the fine clothes, still three hours of it are quite enough. If the heat permits I'm going to take a ride and see the cottages. That will be something. Then I'm going on to Asbury Park and put in a day there, and perhaps at Ocean Grove. It's all a part of American life and we ought to see it."

The heat did not permit. A warm southwest wind, blowing over the pine barrens of New Jersey, brought a torrid heat and it seemed useless to do any thing. The entire town seemed asleep till three o'clock and then the solemn procession of carriages began, and so the day wore away in uncomfortable idleness. There were rumors of horse races somewhere near, but such things lay

not in the range of our travelers' observation or desires. The following day brought an east wind and another climate and the time was well spent in riding along the shore as far north as the Highlands and south through Elberon, one long drive full of wonder and pleasure. Nowhere can be seen such a variety of sea-side cottages and palaces, and our party felt amply repaid for the ride.

"I suppose," said John, "that here 'all New York' spends its summer in great splendor. I suppose if we knew the folks we would find a charming social life here. We are, as it were, on the outside and cannot see what it is that has given Long Branch its reputation."

"Oh," said Hepsibah, "I suppose if I had one of these hundred thousand dollar houses and carriages and servants and all the rest, I could be really quite happy—for a month or two. After that I should want something to do. I hope, Celia, you have had enough of splendor."

"I? Oh! I'm satisfied. There wasn't a female human being at the hotel who mentioned my hearing a single thing but dress. I'm quite cured. I'd welcome even Coney Island."

Asbury Park furnished about one day's sight-seeing and then they were entirely content to return to their pleasant quarters in New York. Two days after, John suggested Long Island.

"Let's explore it. I hear a good deal said about Long Beach, Fire Island, and Shelter Island. Then there is Rockaway, but they tell me this is only another Coney Island. Suppose we try Long Beach."

Try it they did, the next day. First of all they found that to get anywhere on Long Island all the wretched suburbs of Brooklyn or Long Island City must be passed. It seems the fate of American cities to be surrounded by a wide margin of squalor, poverty, neglect, and misery; and New York on the east has its Long Island City. However, this is soon passed, and then come a wider belt of market gardens and the farms and bits of woodland. In an hour from Long Island City the country changed to broad salt marshes with glimpses of wide smooth land-locked waters; and then the beach. The picturesque hotel and cottages stood on the white sand with the surf at their doors.

"This," said Celia, "meets my views. Everything about the hotel is artistic, sumpt-

uous, and exclusive—and the beach is so real. Why, at Coney Island I thought the beach had been designed by an architect—‘this style eight hundred dollars, payable by installments.’ The water looks so ‘oceanic,’ too, just as if a real mermaid might swim ashore at any moment.”

The cool south-west wind coming in directly from the sea, the solitude of the place, the immense stretch of lovely beach, the wildness of the great tracts of salt marsh, combined to give our visitors a wholly new experience of the sea-shore. And after dinner at the hotel Hepsibah said she was “sure it was a new experience—in prices.”

“Well,” said Celia, “I’d rather save my money and come here once than go to the Iron Pier at Coney Island ten times.”

“That’s all right,” added her brother-in-law. “Long Beach suits the few, the cheaper resorts please the many. For my part, I’m lost in admiration at the immense and varied scale on which New York seeks its summer pleasure. Think how much we have seen within two hours’ ride of the city. Long Branch is the most distant place, High Bridge is the nearest, and every place has attractions for somebody. I think it a grand thing for this country that we are learning the art of taking simple pleasures. With all its expense there is nothing here but the simple pleasure of seeing real nature, and if the people choose to pay for luxuries with this bit of nature, why it’s all the more sensible in those who can afford it. If I could afford Long Beach I’d come here. If I couldn’t I’d be happy at Rockaway. At both places I’d find the sea, and this same glorious wind blows over the rich man’s table at his Queen Anne’s palace and the laborer’s lunch basket on the sands of Coney Island.”

Having invaded Long Island our party were tempted to try a longer flight. Taking the cars at Long Island City early in the morning they reached Babylon in two hours and crossed by steamer over the Great South Bay to Fire Island. Here they found comfortable quarters in a hotel at moderate prices and spent two days in the midst of a great population of pleasure seekers.

“Now this suits me,” said Hepsibah, with the emphasis on *me*. “The people dress in their old clothes and every thing is simple and sensible. There are fishing, boating, and bathing in endless variety and extent, and if you don’t care for these things you can have

a real good rest without a care for a thing except to breathe this salt air.”

She clung to a big chair on the piazza all day while her husband and sister in a queer outlandish rig and astonishing hats that they had picked up somewhere, were off all day fishing and boating with all the enthusiasm of children just out of school, to return at night with new life and color and a curious backward aspect as if they had grown ten years younger.

From Fire Island they explored the South Coast of Long Island as far as Shelter Island to find a wealth of picturesque old towns, beaches, and summer hotels of high and low degree, every kind of summer home from Islip palaces to Patchogue boarding houses. It seemed to their rural eyes as if all the world sought to find a foot-hold on the shore, as if the summer were only made for pleasure. At the end of a week they were back again in New York to find a larger volume of traffic on the streets, greater crowds in the stores, and thousands of sunburned faces at every turn. “All New York” was coming home bronzed, healthy, and eager to take up the round of city duties.

“We, too, must flit.”

“Oh! No, no,” said Celia, “I want to see more. I’m sure we have only been to the beaches. There are the inland resorts. We must see the Hudson at least before we go home.”

“All right. We’ll do that to-morrow.”

The morrow found Celia and John bright and early on the pier at the foot of West Twenty-second Street waiting for the Hudson River dayboat. Hepsibah had insisted she must do an errand before they started and left the house first, saying she would join them on the pier. The throng on the pier increased rapidly and very soon the boat could be seen coming up the river. Still, no Hepsibah. The boat was pulled up alongside and the crowd on the pier poured in a wide stream through the gangway.

“We cannot go without her.”

At the very last second Hepsibah appeared—with a child, a forlorn mite of a thing in a brand new frock that didn’t seem to fit very well.

“I’ll tell you all about her as soon as we are aboard.”

It took some time to find seats where a good view could be obtained, and then they were absorbed in the magnificent prospect spread in

ever changing vistas before them. Celia had brought a guide-book and was anxiously trying to find out every passing object on either shore. She followed with her finger the double column of minute and uninteresting details in the book concerning asylums, hotels, private houses, historical sites, and what not, looking up from the page to verify every item. Presently she laid the book down with a sigh.

"It's no use. You can't know every thing."

"Seems to me," said John, "you're having the wrong kind of pleasure out of the trip. It's merely an intellectual satisfaction to know the name of every little place we pass. I prefer to get the general effect of the scene."

"That's Riverdale," said Celia, "fourteen miles from New York."

"Now what is the good of knowing all that. We are not buying house lots, but enjoying the scenery. I don't care at all what they call the place. It's a charming bit of river scenery—and that's all I wish to know about it."

"You may be right, still, I do want to know a little something."

"Isn't it enough to know that it's a glorious day and that we are on the Hudson with a grand sail before us? The towns on the shore are nothing to us, except as parts of the picture, except as details in the general effect."

"Dear me," said Hepsibah, "what are you two talking about? I'm more interested in what Maggie thinks about it."

"Oh! we were only discussing the philosophy of the picnic. Is it best to travel for the sake of a lot of generally useless scraps of information or to get impressions that shall be a pleasure to remember as long as we live? By the way, who is Maggie? And where did she come from?"

"When I came aboard," said Hepsibah, "I was anxious to tell you everything. Now I would prefer to wait till lunch or even till we get home. It is enough to know that Maggie lives in a West-Side tenement, and is eight years old, and has never been off Manhattan Island—and only once in her life has seen green grass, and that was at Central Park."

Turning to the child who sat in open-eyed wonder looking out upon the water she asked how she liked it.

"It ain't fairy-book is it, mum?"

"Fairy-book?"

"Yes, mum. Sorter bean stalky, or glass slippery—make believe, you know."

"Bless the child!" said Celia, "she doesn't believe it's true. She thinks it's all liable to tumble to pieces and leave only a West-Side tenement. Come with me, Maggie, let's take a walk on deck and see how true it all is."

Forgetting her guide-book and the pursuit of knowledge in the pleasure of entertaining the strange child and in watching the child's own pleasure, Celia led her away over the broad upper deck of the boat.

"Oh! John, to think how these poor people live. I went on a tour with one of the visitors of the Charity Organization Society yesterday. It is terrible to see and know how the very poor of New York live. Why, this very child slept last night with all her family and a dozen other families on the flat roof of their tenement. Their rooms were unbearable and they huddled together all night on the roof trying to keep cool in the dreadful heat. I do not wonder there are day nurseries, and sea-side homes, and fresh air funds. The real wonder is that no more is done. And when I saw it all, the misery of August in New York among the poor, I couldn't enjoy our visit unless I got up a little fresh air fund of my own—and Maggie is the result."

"She seems to be pretty well dressed," said her husband.

"Of course. That's the reason I was so late to the boat. I stopped on Ninth Avenue and rigged her out—just two dollars and twenty-nine cents."

Just then Celia returned with the child.

"Maggie is convinced that there is nothing glass slippery in this trip—she's been to lunch."

Maggie was apparently too full for utterance and sat looking in wide-eyed wonder at the grand reach of Tappan Zee spread out like a lake before them. How tell the wondrous tale of that day, of the grand sail through the mountains, of the visit to West Point with the pretty young soldiers all in good clothes, of the great dinner at an open window on the boat, of Maggie's terror at first sight of a real live cow, of the truly remarkable appetite she displayed at all hours of the day? The sun was setting red over the Jersey hills as they came ashore at New York. The last trip was best of all. It made a fitting end to their pleasuring, because it had given

pleasure. Perhaps it was the great river, the glorious soil, the mountains—perhaps something else. They left a new child at the door of a five-story tenement near Ninth Avenue, and walked home through the glooming streets with a new light “that never was on sea or land” to guide them from the slums of the West Side to their own pleasant rooms on Fourth Avenue.

The next day the wind came out sharply to the north and there was a drop in the thermometer. In going out for a little shopping immediately after breakfast they found a remarkable increase in the throngs in the streets. The stores were more crowded than usual and there was a perceptible feeling of unrest in all they met. People walked faster and seemed more hurried and preoccupied.

“Why do all the people look so worried?” said Celia.

“Vacation’s over,” said John. “I see my straw hat is the only one on the street.”

“I think,” said Hepsibah meditatively, “that ‘all New York’ has come home and has put on its work-a-day aspect. They are a

dreadfully hurried people—and still I like them.”

“Oh! dear!” said Celia, “it’s all over and yet for them it’s just begun—the concerts, the theaters, the lectures, the operas, all begin soon and we are not in it. The melancholy days are come—I want to go right off home at once.”

And they did. By three o’clock they had bidden farewell to the pleasant rooms, and half an hour later were glad to wrap their heaviest clothing about them as they stood on the deck of the ferry-boat crossing the river. Liberty seemed to hold a friendly torch over their heads as if to bid them good speed and many happy returns. Celia looked out the window at the rear of the train to catch the last glimpse of the great bronze woman and gaze once more at the fleeting view of the marine horizon between the Narrows.

“When shall we see the ocean again? Perhaps never. All the same I shall keep its surf and the sound of its voice in my memory so long as I live. I’ve seen the sea. I’ve lived in a great city. So much is my life worth the more to me.”

THE MINOR LAKES OF THE NORTHWEST.

BY HORACE B. HUDSON.

THE extensive region of minor lakes which lies west of the “great lake region” and principally within the geographical limits of Minnesota and Wisconsin, is a portion of the earth’s surface of unique beauty and peculiar geographical interest. As a place of residence it has manifold advantages. Its climatic and commercial usefulness is marked. Through the diversity of its attractions it offers to the tourist effectual gratification of his inclinations whether his object be rest, sport, health, or simple diversion.

About one-sixth of the area of the lake surface of the United States is found in Minnesota and Wisconsin. It is well established that no explored region of similar size on this continent contains so large a number of lakes; but as thousands of the smaller lakes never have been surveyed or named and thousands in the pine tree wilderness of the extreme north doubtless remain to be discovered, an accurate accounting of these beautiful

sheets of water is impossible. However, from the existing records and carefully compared estimates of the best authorities, the number has been fixed at not less than 10,000 in Minnesota and 2,000 in Wisconsin. They lie principally in the central and northern portions of these states in a territory including approximately 100,000 sq. mi.; and, therefore, it may be said that the average is more than one lake for every 10 sq. mi. But their distribution is by no means even. Chains and groups, with or without effluents to common waterways, occur very frequently. Within a circle drawn at a radius of twenty-five miles from the center of the city of Minneapolis, over 200 lakes of varying size may be counted. Becker County in western Minnesota, whose territory is not larger than the area of the circle just mentioned, contains 232 lakes, while Otter Tail County lying immediately south and embracing about 2,200 sq. mi. has over 1,000 meandered lakes officially reported by the government surveyors.

On the other hand considerable intermediate areas appear to have been slighted in nature's ordinarily generous distribution of these favors. Toward the west and south the lakes rapidly diminish in frequency, very few being found south of the Minnesota line or west of the Coteau des Prairies of eastern Dakota. On the northeast this minor lake region trenches slightly upon upper Michigan and on the southeast scattered lakes are found as far south as the prairies of northern Illinois. The geologically famous "driftless area" of southwestern Wisconsin is lakeless.

Several of the largest lakes of the United States (always excluding the great lakes) are located in this group, notably Red Lake in northern Minnesota, and Lake Winnebago of eastern Wisconsin. The Lake of the Woods on the northern international boundary line is much larger but is only partially within the jurisdiction of Minnesota. It was a peculiar series of official acts growing originally out of early ignorance of northwestern geography that brought under our control that tongue-shaped strip of land and water conspicuous upon any large map as the most northern point of the United States proper. By the treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1783 the north boundary line of the new republic was traced through the great lakes to the Lake of the Woods, substantially along its present course, and "thence through the said lake to the most northwestern point thereof, and from thence on a due west course to the Mississippi."

Before many years our fathers discovered their blunder regarding the Mississippi, but succeeding boundary makers always have had great respect for that "northwestern point thereof" and even when the forty-ninth parallel was adopted as the line from the Lake of the Woods west, and surveys had shown that it was south of the "point" in question, they retained the absurd little projection into the British domain.

It is not at all strange that the men who were busy a century ago in laying the foundations of a new nation should have been unacquainted with the elements of northwestern geography. Many years elapsed before the wilderness was so far explored as to locate the headwaters of the Mississippi a hundred miles south of the Lake of the Woods (instead of west) and though Schoolcraft and Nicollet, in the early '30's determined upon Lake Itasca as the source of the river,

the locality was so remote as to suggest to skeptical minds the possibility of error. The false claims of Captain Willard Glazier as the discoverer of a new source were but recently refuted.

Even now the isolation of the northern lakes is almost complete. Their inaccessibility must appear enigmatical to one unacquainted with the topography and development of Minnesota. The explanation begins with the fact that this is the region of the great pine belt which extends north and northwest from the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Lumbering regions gain little of the advantages of civilization in exchange for their natural treasures. The logging crews go into the woods in the winter, establish rude camps, cut and haul their logs to the water courses, and with the freshets in the spring both logs and men disappear. Immigration seeks naturally the available agricultural lands of the western or southern prairies. Until the better lands are occupied the settlement of the pine region must be slow. It is this peculiar state of affairs which gives the utmost probability to the claim that the large lake bearing the French appellation Mille Lacs and lying so near Minneapolis and St. Paul as to be seriously considered as a possible source of water supply, never has been seen by more than a few score of the half million residents of the two cities.

The wooded shores of Mille Lacs, its picturesque beaches and clear cold waters, are at present enjoyed chiefly by the Indians who occupy the reservation along the shores. Leech Lake, Winibigoshish, Red Lake, and hundreds of smaller bodies of water are, like Mille Lacs, practically buried in the woods. But the few sportsmen who have braved bad roads and uncertain accommodations to visit these out-of-the-way lakes generally have been amply repaid in the plenitude of finny, feathery, or four-footed prey which they have secured.

Except that it is rather larger than the average, Lake Minnetonka is, perhaps, as perfect a physical type of the northwestern lake as could be selected. It possesses to a marked degree the characteristic irregularity of outline which constitutes one of the chief sources of beauty in the lakes of this region. The voyager upon its waters is bewildered by the multitude of channels and inlets, the unexpected opening of new vistas of blue water,

the seemingly exhaustless resources of delight to the sense of sight. The extreme eastern and western points of the lake are scarcely a dozen miles apart, but the shore line measures about one hundred fifteen miles. This wonderful length includes in addition to countless bays and deep arms as well as long points which nearly divide the lake, the shores of some ten or a dozen islands. In circumnavigating the lake the steamers usually follow a course, which, though touching only the principal landings, is at least forty miles long. This excursion or any extended sail upon Minnetonka is to the stranger upon its waters, a series of delightful surprises. With the progress of the steamer the panorama changes constantly. New combinations of limpid water and a hundred shades of green are continually appearing. Proximity to a large center of population has given to Minnetonka a character as a fashionable summer suburb, which is not shared by more remote though not less beautiful lakes. During the warm months it is the home of hundreds of the well-to-do families of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

White Bear Lake, a smaller but exceedingly charming body of water lying nearer to and north of St. Paul, is the summer abiding-place of many of her citizens as at Minnetonka the more accessible shores are lined with cottages and hotels, and all manner of lake craft is at hand for convenience in transit and the use of excursionists. At White Bear are the grounds and buildings of the Mahtomedi Chautauqua Assembly whose annual sessions attract a large attendance. Notable Chautauqua assemblies also convene at Monona Lake, Wisconsin, and Clear Lake, near Waseca, Minnesota, both very beautiful locations. On both Minnetonka and White Bear several fleets of very speedy yachts are owned, and regattas, occasioning intense rivalry, are of frequent occurrence. In winter ice boating is substituted and is scarcely less exciting. The shores of the two lakes afford the most popular picnic grounds around the twin cities.

A country so bountifully supplied with such an essential element of the picturesque, would be emphatically unfortunate were its other physical features not in keeping. Minnesota and Wisconsin can boast of no mountains as settings for their crystal jewels; but no one can say that the undulating surface of the country with its diver-

sity of natural forest, prairie meadows, cultivated farms, and dashing, tumbling streams, is not a fit complement for the beauty of the lakes. Minnesota lakes do not fascinate through grandeur of scenery, but rather through their graceful convolution of outline, their artistic irregularity, their meandering bays, their wooded shores and islands; it is the horizontal not the vertical arrangement of *terra firma* which tells in their case. Traveling west and northwest from Minnetonka—that is through the central part of the state—one passes through what has been aptly styled the Park Region of Minnesota. A few hours will convince the traveler that the selection as the name of the state, of the Indian word Minnesota—if correctly translated “sky-tinted water”—was most felicitous. The Park Region is a maze of lakes. In some parts there actually seems to be more water than land. What little there is of solid ground is covered with a beautiful alternation of forest and prairie, grandly rolling and very productive. A very large number of the lakes are connected by small streams or narrow channels navigable for the small craft of these waters; and not infrequently long distances across the country can be traveled by sportsmen in this manner.

To describe a tithe of the fascinating resorts in the Park Region would require a plethoric volume. More prominent are Detroit Lake and its extensive tributary group; the cluster of lakes accessible from Geneva Beach near the village of Alexandria, and the picturesque Minnewaska reputed to be the most beautiful lake in western Minnesota.

Outside the Park Region and lying upon the borders of Minnesota and South Dakota are Big Stone and Lake Traverse, respectively 30 and 25 miles in length. Minnesota sportsmen regard them as particularly choice hunting and fishing grounds. Very few Dakota lakes have attained general reputation with the exception of the salt lake of the north which, through the rude adaptation of Indian superstition, has received the unorthodox name of Devil's Lake. It is one of the very few inland bodies of salt water in America and next in point of size to the Great Salt Lake of Utah. With a length of about two score miles and a varying breadth nowhere exceeding eight miles, green islands and inviting shores, the North Dakotans find in Devil's Lake an invaluable addition to the scenic attractions of their prairie country. Owing it is said, to the sa-

line character of the water the only fish that is found in numbers is the pickerel. Iowa, though comparatively unmarked by other than running water, rejoices in her Spirit Lake, the center of a pretty group of twenty in the northwestern corner of the state; Clear Lake, some one hundred miles farther east, which has been suggestively called "the Chautauqua of the West," and a few minor lakes. The people of Chicago find such enchanting places as Geneva Lake in Wisconsin near the Illinois line and Fox Lake near Lake Villa not far across the border, superb resorts and so easy of access as to rank with the suburban lakes of the northwestern cities. Milwaukeeans when in search of a change from Lake Michigan show a preference for an exquisite group of lakes at Oconomowoc thirty or forty miles to the west—or stop at the nearer Pewaukee or at any of the numerous lesser resorts in the vicinity.

To the average visitor the extraordinary number of resorts is perplexing; it becomes a difficult problem to choose the most suitable and advantageous location for an outing. The objects and tastes of the individual should be first considered. One whose pleasure is in social affairs would find a sojourn in the fisherman's paradise in the wilderness of the north a disappointment, while the quiet party of campers who prefer the hammock to either the ball-room or the fly and reel would require quite a different locality. As a general rule, the best fishing is in the more remote or more recently accessible lakes; social advantages are to be found in or about the hotels of the larger and better advertised lakes in the vicinity of the cities. When expense is a consideration and retirement a desideratum, a thousand quiet and beautiful places are to be found.

No one, or two, or a dozen lakes, or localities can be pointed out as superior fishing resorts. There are fish everywhere. Some of the most frequented lakes retain their qualities as fishing grounds after years of diligent angling that would place most lakes upon the sportsmen's catalogue as "fished out." The fashions among the sportsmen change from year to year. Some anglers make a practice of searching out new places, and the extension of the railroad systems over the northwest brings some fresh and untested fishing-grounds within reach each year. Reports of a remarkable "catch" made in such and such a lake are apt to draw thither numbers

of tackle laden gentlemen whose records may possibly have been broken by the lucky pioneer of the locality. Though some of the lakes are known as the best for particular kinds of fish, the fisherman is usually in considerable doubt as to what variety will be hooked, whatever his preconceived notions on the subject of bait and the habits and tastes of his finny friends. It is as likely to be a black as a rock bass, a pickerel, muskallonge, pike, perch, sunfish, catfish, cisco, or sucker—any one of these if existing in the lake is liable to take the bait. These names do not represent as many species of fish as the layman in piscatorial matters would suppose. Some distinct varieties are known by different names in various localities in charming disregard of scientific accuracy.

As favorites with fishermen there might be cited, the Detroit group of lakes, the Little Pine and McDonald Lakes near Perham, Long and Gull Lakes near Brainerd—all in Minnesota, the Tomahawk Lakes and an extensive adjacent group in northern Wisconsin in the general vicinity of the headwaters of the Wisconsin and Chippewa Rivers, and Gogebic and Pike Lakes in Upper Michigan. At or near all the older fishing grounds hotel "accommodations," more or less consistent with that guide book expression, are available. If an extended stay in a wild region is contemplated, a camping outfit is often preferable and may be always obtained at the larger towns.

Such names as Mille Lacs, Le Sueur, Duluth, Fond du Lac, and Lac qui Parle, scattered over the map, suggest the influence of the early French explorers of this northwestern region. There is a strong French flavor in the local geography notwithstanding the weight of the naturally predominating Indian nomenclature and the practical and unpoetic ideas of the English-speaking settlers. Although the Frenchman is entitled to the honor of discovery, it remained for the scientific investigations of late generations to determine the astonishing numbers of the lakes and develop nature's plan in supplying this quarter with what might seem at first thought a useless prodigality of water. The Laureate's conception of "one increasing purpose" running through the ages is exemplified anew by a study of the geological history and physical geography of the region under consideration. When the vast fields of ice of the glacial period disappeared, they left the surface of

what is now Minnesota covered with an enormous deposit of drift in which were innumerable hollows formed by glacial action. Then the lake region came into existence. Very few of these lakes are of other than glacial origin. Climatic development discovered Minnesota as a place of light rainfall. Though sufficient for the requirements of agriculture the precipitation occurs principally in the spring and early autumn. And here appeared one utility of the lakes.

The whole region is one gigantic reservoir system, controlling naturally the discharge of the surplus rainfall, preventing extreme floods, and furnishing a supply of water in drier periods which ordinarily maintains a good stage in the upper Mississippi River. Without the mountainous sources of most large rivers—on the contrary springing from the low sand hills of the *Hauteurs des Terres* of northern Minnesota—the Father of Waters would have been at certain seasons insignificant had it been unprovided with these natural storage reservoirs. The government engineers understood the value of the lakes and, when the injurious effects of agricultural and lumbering operations began to appear in the form of receding water lines in the lakes and diminishing volume in the rivers, an effort was made to supplement nature's work by the construction of partially artificial reservoirs. This was readily accomplished with judiciously located dams, and the United States Government now controls a series of reservoirs whose supplies, gathered during the rainy periods and allowed to escape as the river becomes low, are of a large value to the steamboat, milling, and logging interests of the upper Mississippi.

From the *Hauteurs des Terres* flow other rivers, those on the east discharging their waters through the great lakes, and those on the north and west finding their way to the Hudson's Bay system of the north; but by far the greater number of the lakes are tributary to the Mississippi—as if the hand which guided that glacial carving had provided for the exigencies of nineteenth century civilization and balanced the relative usefulness

to man of the frozen waterways of the north, the trifling tributaries of Lake Superior, and the great highway to the south afforded by the Mississippi.

The presence of so great an aggregate water surface has a distinct influence upon the climate of Minnesota, tempering the cold of early winter and moderating the heat of summer. In Wisconsin the proportion of water being smaller and the climatic influence of Lakes Superior and Michigan being more pronounced, the effect of the minor lakes is not so noticeable.

Conjecture finds an interesting theme in the possible influence of these lakes on the intellectual, moral, and social development of the people of the northwest. They have assuredly had a perceptible effect in inspiring a love of the beautiful. As the country was settled, material considerations led to the establishment of villages upon the borders of the lakes—sometimes it was unavoidable—until the picturesque lake with its park-like shores has become quite as much a feature of the Minnesota town as the gigantic factory is characteristic of the New England village. The natural beauty it would seem awakens feelings which would under different circumstances remain subservient to the sterner affairs of life. And so it often happens that parks and drive-ways set off the lake sides, followed, as a matter of course, by a general improvement of streets and grounds. Within the city limits of Minneapolis there are half a dozen beautiful lakes most of which were early brought under municipal control and made the basis of a system of parks, park ways, and boulevards, which if developed in proportion to its natural advantages will ultimately be one of the most beautiful in the world. The plan, on which several hundred thousand dollars have already been expended, contemplates the connection of the lakes, by boulevards, along Minnehaha creek (the outlet of Minnetonka), with the immortal Minnehaha Falls and the fine cliffs of the Mississippi below St. Anthony's Falls. The example of Minneapolis is being followed in many of the smaller places.

THE CENTRAL OFFICE OF THE C. L. S. C.

BY KATE F. KIMBALL.

MUCH has been said and written of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. A simple plan of work, four years of systematic home reading with occasional reports to a central committee, no requirements for admission to its membership except a willingness to do faithful work, a hearty welcome to old and young, rich and

course, a necessity from the first, and in August, 1878, the Central Office of the C. L. S. C. began for a few months a sort of peripatetic existence in Plainfield, New Jersey, at that time Dr. Vincent's home. As a fixed abode became, however, an increasing necessity, in February, 1879, the first Central Office of the C. L. S. C. was established in a



CORRESPONDING AND MAILING DEPARTMENT.

poor alike, and a firm belief in the truth that "education ends only with life"—this was the equipment with which the Chautauqua Circle reached out a helping hand to those who stood in need. Hundreds might possibly embrace the opportunity,—who could tell? The attempt should be made. It was made, and met with an eager response from one hundred fifty thousand human lives.

Twelve years have brought many developments in this unique movement, and from the vantage ground of the present, it is interesting just at this time to look back for a moment at its beginnings.

Organized at the Chautauqua Summer Assembly in 1878, with a membership of seven hundred at the very outset, a working center for the Chautauqua Circle was, of

single room of a modest dwelling house in Plainfield. The Class of '82, the first class of the C. L. S. C., constituted at this time the entire membership of the Circle, and the experiment was watched from week to week, and from month to month with no slight degree of interest. It was a sort of "Arabian Nights'" experience to its founders, where new and strange developments might be expected at any moment. Though late in the year, since the course began in October, eager applicants who had just heard of the new movement sent in their names by hundreds. The patience of booksellers was fairly exhausted in their attempts to fill orders for books which they could not procure fast enough to meet the demand; and Local Circles of members organized for united study

continually reported themselves from a constantly widening territory.

Even in this, the first year of its existence, the C. L. S. C. reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific, far into the southland and northward into Canada; and the somewhat primitive quarters of the first Central Office were taxed to accommodate the heavy mails and the still heavier express packages which eager Chautauquans or anxious printers constantly landed at its doors.

The plan was all so strangely unexpected, so exactly what hundreds of human lives had needed, though often the need was but a half-conscious one, that many a pathetic bit of

working force throughout the Western States and Territories, and through its agency more than six thousand members in the last twelve years have been brought into the Chautauqua Circle. The Canada Branch, second only to its sister organization on the Pacific Coast, also was established a few months later, and Chautauqua became as familiar a term in Canadian as in American homes.

In view of the rapid growth of the Chautauqua Circle, it was deemed advisable in the spring of 1880 to remove the Central Office from its limited surroundings to more commodious quarters in a business block not far



THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

life history, of unsatisfied longing, or of hopes rekindled, found its way into the crowded mails which brought daily messages from grateful Chautauqua students.

Steadily the work grew and the second year of the C. L. S. C. opened auspiciously. There was no sign of even a temporary lull in the onward sweep of the new organization. During the summer of 1879 the California Branch of the C. L. S. C., with its summer headquarters at Monterey, was organized by Chancellor Vincent, and the establishment of this, the first Western Chautauqua Assembly, did much to bring the C. L. S. C. into local prominence. The California (now Pacific) Branch of the C. L. S. C. became a

distant where, uniting with the Plainfield Y. M. C. A., an entire floor was secured. The office now had increased facilities for work, but five years later when the Y. M. C. A. removed to a larger building, the C. L. S. C. already had outgrown even its new quarters; and with almost a sigh of relief took full possession of its habitation. Here on the second floor of this busy street corner, for ten long happy years the Plainfield Office carried on its work; and during those years of the marvelous growth of the great Circle the quiet little suburban city of Plainfield became known the wide world over.

In the fall of 1880, THE CHAUTAUQUAN, a new magazine devoted exclu-

sively to the interests of the C. L. S. C., and containing part of its required readings, was first issued. The publication of this magazine marked an important era in the history of Chautauqua, and has proved one of the strongest bonds by which this widespread organization is yet held firmly together by strong ties of common interest and sympathy. As the Circle steadily widened, touching human life in all countries and under almost all conditions, new developments arose. Now a letter from a far away teacher in South Africa, grateful for personal help from the course of reading, anxious to impart the same benefits to others and sending the names of a little band of readers—the first fruits of a work still growing and accomplishing untold good. Then a call for aid from another missionary worker in Japan. What could Chautauqua do for the Japanese? Again with the need came the opportunity, and to-day the Japanese Chautauquan (translated) published monthly, is an accomplished fact, and hundreds of Chautauqua students in Japan are looking for guidance to the Japanese C. L. S. C. Once more came the call for help, from a still different source. A Western penitentiary opened its doors to the Chautauqua Circle, and here, too, Chautauqua met the call with an answering welcome.

Many an important feature in the development of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle in the future will be traced back to its beginnings during those ten early years of C. L. S. C. history, when on the records of the old office at Plainfield the membership of the Circle grew from a modest beginning of eight thousand to class organizations of fifteen, twenty, and even twenty-five thousand members enrolled within a single twelve-month.

But once again has the Central Office been called upon to join the onward march of events, and as each previous removal has meant greater efficiency in the workings of the office machinery and has been followed also by a broader and more permanent growth throughout all the branches of the C. L. S. C., the new departure commends itself to all friends of Chautauqua. Pleasantly situated in a

light, airy building on a wide street in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. (the present home of Chancellor Vincent), with facilities for work such as the suburban city of Plainfield even with New York almost at its doors, could hardly furnish, and less than seventy miles from



MEMORANDA DEPARTMENT.

Chautauqua Lake itself,—it indeed will be a strange turn in the wheel of destiny if in the next ten years the Chautauqua Circle be not the gainer from this drawing together of its working forces.

But just what the work of the Central Office involves and how it holds together this vast army of Chautauquans may be of interest to many who have not through actual experience as members of the Chautauqua Circle, become familiar with its methods.

Let us step for a moment into the busy office at Buffalo and learn for ourselves what this work really means. Taking the elevator at the first floor, we are carried swiftly up four stories, high above the surrounding buildings, where fresh air and a strong light rule the day, an almost ideal location in this respect. Entering the large mailing room we turn first to the desk of the chief corresponding clerk, whose duties include the opening of the daily mail and assigning its contents to the various departments where it receives attention. Such a multitude of letters! Let us look at them. Here, first of all, comes a perfect rush of inquiries for "fur-

ther information"; "What is the C.L.S.C.?" "May I read alone or must I join a local circle?" "Are entrance examinations necessary?" "I lead *such* a busy life, but this plan seems just what I need; please send a form of application," etc., etc. To all of which the little eight-page circular goes swiftly back, clearing away perplexities and opening up a world of delightful possibilities to many a mind weighted with absorbing cares and yet longing for a broader life. One letter in particular arrests our attention. It comes from far up in the Virginia mountains: "I should like to join your Circle or some society which prescribes a regular course of reading for its members. I live in the mountains of Virginia, sixty-five miles from a railroad and twenty from even a village, but have often seen notices of the Chautauqua Society." The reply to this letter results in a whole circle of readers in this mountain district.

Our next attempt at the morning mail reveals a simple business communication—a form of application for membership from an ambitious lad on a farm in Ohio, inclosing in a money order the annual fee of fifty cents; then another from a wide awake Eastern town, accompanied by a brief note in which we can feel the solicitude of a watchful mother's heart: "I join for the sake of my children who are growing up *so* fast and beginning to ask questions which I cannot answer. I *must* not let them grow away from me." But here are still others; it really seems as if the whole world were knocking at our doors. From out on the Illinois prairies, this message: "Nearly a year ago I lost my right hand in the employ of a railroad company and am now serving them as flagman. As I have a great deal of time, a friend kindly loaned me some of her Chautauqua books. These interested me so much that I sent for the balance of the course and now I wish to join the circle."

All of these letters containing money are speedily assigned to the "fee" department with others of the same kind, some representing solitary students, here and there a "home circle" of two or more reading in the same household, and again more pretentious organizations known as "Local Circles" of ten or twenty members, with enthusiastic letters from their secretaries full of hope and zeal. Just here, however, is a different communication—a returned examination paper, or "Memoranda," with a letter which speaks for

itself: "I regret that the enclosed Memoranda are so late; illness of self and household and death in the family prevented me from sending it before. I already have made up for lost time and am well on in the reading for this year. I hardly can express to you the incalculable benefit and comfort the reading has been to me through the past two rather sad years. I am shut in and am six miles from a library or any book of reference, so that alone will show what a blessing Chautauqua is." Another budget of Memoranda, this time from Indian Territory, from Capt. 5th U. S. Cavalry: "I enclose White Seal and Garnet Seal Memoranda filled out. These would have been made out and sent in long ago but for the fact that I have been in the field scouting nearly all the time during the past year and it has been impossible for me to complete the above papers before."

Fascinating as it is, we must not wait to look through them all. A strange experience, this shaking hands with fellow beings many of whom we shall never look in the face. Here is a message from two Chautauqua students on a ranch in California, greetings from a sea captain and his wife touching at some foreign port and sending kind messages to the "home office," then in a stray magazine the story of a mill girl in New England working in a thread factory and with her mother reading the Chautauqua Course. Deeply interested in selections from the Iliad, which formed part of the required reading, she could not rest until she had secured and read the entire poem; and this was followed by translations of some of the Greek plays. A girl of deep earnest nature, what the helpful influence of the Chautauqua Course has been to her, few can know.

But here is the foreign mail; we must glance at this for a moment at least. Great Britain is the first at hand. Two students from the Isle of Wight report progress, and inquiries and messages come also from other parts of the United Kingdom. A Russian correspondent who understands the English language seeks admission to the Circle, and two missionaries from Siam enclose their Memoranda and report two additional recruits. A missionary from British India asks for the White Seal Memoranda and adds, "With all our Hindustanee work, studies, and readings it keeps me very busy to keep up my C. L. S. C. readings. Oh how much I do enjoy them; even if I can read only by snatches! 'Redeeming

the Time' is an appropriate motto for me." British Columbia, the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, South Africa, and still other remote portions of the globe bring their contributions of inquiry, congratulations, and sometimes of discouragement, and each must receive its due share of attention. But we must not delay longer over this budget of mail. It fairly bewilders us this strange medley of all people and all lands. Let us go a step farther and see what becomes of them all. In this quiet room adjoining the mailing department the fee letters are all received and carefully sorted, for each class must be grouped by itself and if perchance some good Chautauquan with the very best of intentions forgets to mention his class, there must be a careful searching of records ere his true sphere is discovered. Next an envelope is addressed to the student and from the mailing room is sent out the "membership book" with its Chautauqua Calendar on the cover, and suggestions and helps for work of the year.

In the same room where the records of fees are made up, the work of the Local Circle department is also carried on, and here again a very interesting part of the mail comes to light. In huge ledgers each Circle finds its appointed place, and as the reports come in from year to year the long record of the "faithful" ones who have persevered for four, five, and even ten years steadily increases. The variety in these reports is almost equal to that of the morning mail itself. Here for instance is a "down East" Circle in a country village twenty-five miles from a railroad where ten zealous members, some of them traveling seven miles for the privilege, meet at regular intervals; and almost the same experience is reported from Circles in California and Dakota. A Chautauqua member in New Mexico who worked first alone, then with three others, finally organized a Circle of eight, and the secretary writes of their influence in the community: "Surrounded as we are by the lowering influences and tendencies of a Western frontier town, we feel that we are doing well." In contrast to these struggling Circles where "clear grit" must be one of the strongest elements at work, are the favored Circles in the larger cities and towns where with library facilities and often a membership including persons of means and of liberal culture, their opportunities for self-education are only limited by the claims of home, business, or society.

Careful records must also be kept of the organized Unions of Circles in many of the large cities and once a month all reports are sent off to THE CHAUTAUQUAN Office at Meadville, Pa., there to be used as material for the magazine.

But still another feature of the work of the Central Office claims our attention, and this is one of the most important. The Memoranda department touches the cherished hopes of thousands of Chautauquans, and demands the most exacting attention. Ranged along the walls of this section of the office are wide, shallow closets where the filled out Memoranda of students, find their resting places for four long years. Each paper must be carefully recorded by number on the class ledger opposite the student's name so that his record may easily be referred to at any time; and then comes the work of grading when thousands of papers with a wearisome sameness of question and answer must pass under the eye of the examiner, week in and week out, till the class records for the four years are made up and the grade of each paper can be sent to the waiting student. As duplicate papers always are furnished to every member and at the end of the four years correct answers to the four-page Memoranda are sent him, it is an easy matter for the student to detect his mistakes. To the Memoranda department also belongs the delicate task of making up the list of graduates and sending out the diplomas at the end of the four years; and as there are now more than forty summer Assemblies where C. L. S. C. Recognition Days are held during July and August and where graduates may receive their diplomas if they so desire, the month of July in the Central Office is a very busy one; and the "mail," "fee," and "memoranda" departments must all be on the alert that no graduate may be overlooked and no diploma fail to be on time at its proper destination.

This, then, is the work of the Central Office of the C. L. S. C.: To keep a careful record of every member of the Circle, to encourage and cheer the disheartened, to guard against possible errors of every sort, to study difficulties and their remedy, to watch for weak points and make the most of strong ones, in short, to keep its hand on the pulse of the C. L. S. C. that it may be the efficient means through which the Officers and Counselors of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle may best serve the interests of its members.

Woman's Council Table.

SUMMER FURNISHING.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.



TO MAKE a room look cool in summer the first requisite is to forestall the sun and to make it cool in reality. This can be done by a thoughtful attention to the matter of blinds and awnings. No room can help growing warm upon whose windows the sun is permitted to beat in the early morning hours ; nor can any care, at supper time, cool off a room if the sun has had possession of it during the long afternoon ; nor can shades or shutters prevent radiation of heat from glass on which the sun is shining.

Outside blinds are more serviceable than shutters, as they can be closed at night. Then, if the blinds are properly fastened, the windows can be left open, exposing the room to the cool night air, making it habitable in morning.

There is a contrivance often seen in New England, by which outside blinds having been first closed, are raised from the bottom, while remaining attached to the window frame at the top, thus giving them the effect of an awning. In this way the air is allowed free play in the room, while the sun is excluded. Where a house has no outside blinds, rooms must inevitably become warm, no matter how much may be done in the way of shades or shutters, unless awnings are provided to protect the sunny windows of the house. Awnings make a piazza habitable both in sunny and rainy weather. A broad piazza with awnings, rugs, chairs, hammocks, table, magazines, newspapers, and work, makes any house look cool to the passers-by, and helps to keep it so by busying its inhabitants out-of-doors so that the rooms within may be sufficiently aired and darkened.

Next to the protection of awnings and blinds, we must reckon the freedom from flies and mosquitoes, which a careful housewife secures. Nothing makes the sufferer feel hotter than the persistent persecution of which either of

these pests is capable. A fly can make a man's blood boil as truly as can the July sun, and eternal vigilance is the only price of safety from its encroachment. Early housecleaning, a judicious use of fly-paper, and screens for doors and windows are helps to this end. Screens should be put in place in good season, screen doors that can be locked, and screens for one or two windows in each room. Many people complain of a shut-in feeling if all the windows of a room have nettings, but in a mosquito region any windows and doors that are apt to be left open should be thus screened, and everywhere, window and door nettings are a protection from flies.

In city houses it is customary to remove all curtains in the summer time and to swathe fine furniture in linen coverings. This is all well enough for houses that are closed in summer, but in the suburban house or the country home, light curtains should be substituted for heavy ones at the spring cleaning season. Holland shades are good as far as they go, but there should be soft curtains of some light muslin-like material to give a look of airiness to the room. Such goods can be bought at very reasonable prices. There are scrims and Madras muslins, marvels of cheapness, that are good enough for summer furnishing ; but remember in buying curtains, that blue-white looks cooler but that cream-white is generally more becoming both to the room and to its occupants. The summer room looks more airy and cool if, after woollen curtains and portières have been removed, all the window drapery be hung free and left to float with whatever breeze be stirring.

If carpets can be dispensed with in the summer, so much the better. Where bare floors cannot be used, matting can be substituted for the carpet, and can be bought in all colors, at all prices, and by the yard or in the form of a rug.

A summer parlor with soft, flowing curtains hung by rings so as to slide easily, a straw matting varied by rugs whether of Turkish, Indian, or domestic manufacture, like the homely rag carpet, with wicker, rat-

tan, or bamboo furniture including a lounge of the same material, plenty of cushions covered with linen, silk, or smooth cotton, and with a box of ferns growing in the fire-place ought to look refreshing to the veriest sybarite. Cretonnes fade readily in summer heats, and it is not worth while to upholster furniture with them, but they are good for loose slip covers.

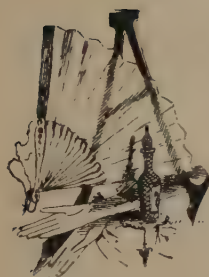
One sensible woman of whom I have heard, gave herself a summer holiday without leaving her city home, by thus changing her curtains, carpets, and furniture, and by altering her hours for meals, to country hours, even substituting, so far as possible, a country bill of fare for her ordinary one; but it requires originality and some imagination to succeed with such a plan.

It must not be forgotten that woolen carpets, etc., need extra care and protection in the summer if out of use.

Any room that looks hot and stuffy can be made comfortable at once by removing all unnecessary decorations, such as cards, unused vases, artificial flowers, bits of senseless drapery, tables that hold things never wanted, chairs that are kept for show, and every intrusive knot of ribbon. Get more floor space, more wall space, more unoccupied room on mantel and table, and your parlor or bedroom becomes airier at once. Add a few fresh flowers, if it be only a big root of daisies in a pot, and, in laying off its winter garb, your room will have assumed already a summer aspect.

GLOVES, NECK WEAR, PERFUMES, AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

BY MARY S. TORREY.



DEPTS in the art of palmistry assure us that character is shown in the hand as well as in the face; still the gloved hand, although it is the last dainty touch of the toilet, can only express the taste—I beg pardon, authorities say that absolute taste

does not exist—the discretion of the wearer. However, we all know that fresh, well-fitting gloves are dear to the heart of women, and frequently men find them quite dear to their purses when paying a wager.

The advent of longer sleeves has to some extent driven the mousquetaire to the wall, except, of course, for evening wear; and the old four and five buttons are shown in lovely shades of gray and tan. Seamless gloves, said to make the hand look smaller, are achieving great popularity in London; and the demand for them here is only a question of time. Summer, of course, gives us the silk gloves, more kid-fitting than ever, and of beautiful quality. Black is a good deal worn, even when the shade of the costume can be matched. Mitts are exceedingly comfortable, but are not stylish.

Some assert that a lady always can be known by her gloves and shoes, and this is true if she has plenty of money and the

small extremities, with which well-born Americans are provided; but if there is any thing in which refinement shows itself prominently, it is in the selection of perfumes. Every odor in which musk figures largely as base, should be regarded as a relic of barbarism; and none but the delicate perfumes, which, unfortunately, are as evanescent as they are delicious, should be used. Sachets of Florentine orris or violets, in the bureau and writing-case, impart a fragrance that is delightful and really permanent; and when perfumes are used for the handkerchief or person, let them be violet, heliotrope, hedyasnia, etc., not musky white rose that reminds one of the patchouly abomination. A strong perfume not unnaturally suggests that it may be used as a counter-irritant, and when this idea is grafted in the mind, who will ever venture to indulge her barbaric taste?

The tailor-made cheviot has resuscitated the ancient chemisette, or shirt-front, for it is now considered the thing to copy as closely as possible, men's garments in nomenclature. These starched fronts are a delusion and a snare, for cool as they look, the wearer finds herself a walking illustration of "molten fire under a breast of snow." Very many dainty and becoming combinations have been evolved from the shirt front, and these bits of lawn and embroidery, un-

like their starched brother, cool us off like an open window. Some are made of folds of nainsook and fine Hamburg insertion, finished at the neck with a band fastening at the back; others are shown with a broad ruffle coming together half way down the waist; but, comfortable as these doubtless are, an exhibition of even a small segment of the neck is *outré* on the street. Last and ugliest is the deep ruffle turned down toward the shoulders. It should never be worn except by very young girls, for it is even more "trying" than the starched shirt front. Just here I should like to have it explained why a man's good looks are in a direct ratio to the amount of shirt front he shows—for does not every man look his best and handsomest in evening dress? Is it, alas, because masculine beauty is more of a *fixed* quantity, and is not easily affected by its surroundings?

For house and evening wear, a very pretty article, that might be called a grown-up guimpe, is shown. These are made of lace, put full on a thin muslin, which goes under the bodice, and the entire fullness gathered into a band at the neck. This band may be of black velvet—or a color harmonizing with the dress, or of gold. A band of pearl passementerie is very becoming. This guimpe can also have sleeves, and its advent will be hailed with delight by all who have not irreproachable necks; but those who are actually thin, should never be tempted to wear any thing but high neck and long sleeves. If it is pleaded that in summer they are hot and

uncomfortable, it is well to remember, "*il faut souffrir d'être belle.*"

There is also a light gauzy neck dress, suggestive of Jenny Lind and her contemporaries. It is made of the thinnest crêpe or *mousseline de soie* in the shape of a large elongated handkerchief, and finished with a deep ruffle. These are worn with low necked dresses, and are loosely knotted in front, allowing the ends to droop.

Handkerchiefs are still very small and fine, and though at times the shop windows have been gay with corsage kerchiefs of many colors, this bit of gossamer is not much affected by the best dressed women. A square of fine embroidery, not too fine nor good for use, is in better taste, and one always hopes when he sees a bit of pink lisse stuck in the corsage, that in the recesses of her almost inaccessible pocket she carries something substantial for a time of need.

Flowers are worn more than ever and, even on the street; a small bunch for the corsage is an established institution. For evening wear flowers are frequently arranged on one side of the V shaped neck; but care should be taken to select those that are not too large and do not wither quickly. Artificial flowers are very beautiful this season, and so perfect that heliotrope, lilacs, and some shades of rose buds, lack only the perfume; while orchids and chrysanthemus will deceive at a yard's distance. Fortunately for us, art out-rivals nature in profuseness, or the quantities of flowers used on the picturesque wide brimmed hats would have produced a "corner."

WHY SOME WOMEN CANNOT OBTAIN EMPLOYMENT.

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN wrote the well-known proverb that "God helps them that help themselves," he echoed the words of scholars who lived long years before.

The Athenian poet Sophocles gave utterance to the same thought: "Heaven ne'er helps the man who will not act." "Poor Richard" did not make any sex limitation, for which we are duly thankful.

Every worker for women and every lover

of her kind must mourn over the unemployed, inefficient women, who are constantly taxing the patience and powers of their more successful sisters. It is not my purpose to enter that well known field of battle, where the "servant girl question" is sufficient cause for perpetual warfare, because we will not, or cannot, see that it must be solved on business principles alone; but to confine myself to some important reasons for the absolute failure of large numbers of women who desire employment. This failure can be summed up in a few words: want

of suitable preparation and an almost universal desire to obtain large wages for light work.

For several years much of the work in private offices and public institutions has been performed by women. The reason is plain. Women work for less money as a rule. The superior workwoman generally receives the same salary as the superior man. More and more we are coming to see the absolute injustice of paying one sex more than another, if the work is equally well done. A desire to obtain positions in such places has led to the formation of numerous business colleges and stenographic and type-writing schools. Some of these are excellent and are presided over by competent and conscientious instructors; others, after giving one short term of instruction, advise their pupils to apply for positions. The superior workers always find an abundance of work at fair prices; the inferior drift about from place to place, and from town to town, never doing any thing well, and thereby bringing disrepute upon the admirable wage working girls who are an honor to our land.

As actual experience counts for more in an argument than a decade of theories, I may be pardoned for quoting from the experience of excellent men and women who have endeavored to employ skilled workers in the so-called higher grades of employment. A lovely invalid, whose refined face is in itself a blessing, has for long years tried to obtain a good reader who might enliven the hours of her enforced quiet, her crippled limbs only serving to make the active brain still more active. Applicants have appeared by the score, but, few if any have been qualified for such duties.

She says: "The college girls are not one whit better than the graduates of our public schools. With the most intense desire to aid some worthy girl, and with no prejudices to overcome, I must confess myself discouraged. The intelligent modulation of voice, so desirable, and so frequently found among our friends, seems absolutely wanting. The stilted elocutionary style is abundant, the careless monotone predominant, and the indifferent, hurried manner almost universal. There seems to be a want of interest in the work which, while it might prove a liberal education, is to them bounded by the number of dollars paid."

The reason is simple Not one of these

young women was trained to read in sick rooms, not one even thought of such employment; but when the want was printed, every girl of ordinary ability said at once, "I can do that"; whereas it requires gifts, graces, and training to make a good, intelligent, home reader. Many of these young women could speak well in a hall, they could read an essay with a certain degree of distinctness, and possibly impress a large audience; they could tell the difference between chest tones and nasal utterances, they could make studied pauses and gestures according to the latest method, but in a sick room they were absolutely out of place. There, delicate shading, tact, and that marvelous ministry of the unspoken are required. The very best readers as a rule, are those who have been trained from childhood to read well in the home circle, where kindly criticism lends its aid, and affection debars affectation.

Take another class. Good, competent housekeepers are always in demand; yet, the majority of women who apply for such positions have either been failures in their own homes, or are women who need a home and consider themselves above the average domestic assistant. Here again, they desire small duties and large wages. Many such are constantly bewailing their hard lot and lost fortunes, while proving themselves utterly incompetent. One woman of this sort entertained the family at breakfast each day with, "I never thought I should come to this, never"; with an accompaniment of sighs and tears.

We need good, wholesome treatment for such women, which should so educate them to appreciate the duties of life, that reverses would not depress or cast them down. They should understand no matter what their previous condition, that past circumstances have nothing to do with present contracts.

That brave woman, Louisa Alcott, was once asked, "How did you feel when occupying a so-called 'menial position?'"

"I never felt better in my life," was the reply; "some one else paid the bills, and I was myself, precisely as I am now, for, when I accepted the position I expected to perform the duties faithfully."

This is the key-note of success.

Take still another industry. Our type-writing schools are sending out numbers of girls who are in many cases absolutely unfitted for work. Most professional men and

women would like to employ a competent assistant, but competent ones seldom need a position. The majority attend school for a short term. Some have no knowledge of grammar and are absolutely ignorant of the first principles of rhetoric or punctuation; these girls have taken one course only at a type-writing school; they know the keyboard of a "Remington," a "Caligraph," a "Hammond," or a "National," and that is all; they expect you to furnish brains, lack of previous education, and often to spell for them.

An editor of large experience in a New England city found only one girl out of twenty-four who could spell properly, punctuate, or who knew how to paragraph; yet every one of the twenty-four expected to receive eight or ten dollars per week at once.

A lady who would gladly give a home and employment the year round to a bright, active girl who could act as type-writer and secretary, was once unwise enough to advertise after losing her old and valuable assistant. The result was painful to any enthusiastic lover of her sex. Out of more than two hundred, only *three* were experienced in any way; one of the three was a wretched speller, then other was, unfortunately, quite deaf, and consequently could not work from dictation, and the third knew far more of proof-reading than type-writing, but desired "to rest her eyes."

The subjoined note is a fac-simile of one sent to the unfortunate author who was needing assistance at once. It was written on brown paper with a pencil.

"Dear ladie—I want the plase Keep it fer me ontill I kan kum.

"BERTHA CONNOLLY."

Is there not fruitful cause for anxiety, when such things exist in towns and cities where education is compulsory? Do we not detect in such cases the cause of failure? Absolute unfitness, and want of suitable preparation.

No man of sense offers to make a coat for a clergyman unless he is a tailor; no woman of brains desires to teach school unless she has prepared herself as a teacher; no man is audacious enough to demand a position as a bookkeeper, unless he understands keeping books.

False estimates of work should be discountenanced. The girl who might be a good cook aspires to be a poor, inferior clerk;

one who has a talent for making dresses, essays to write poems for the papers, and after seeing her sickly rhyme in print in some obscure paper, becomes at once convinced that literature is her forte, and utterly fails in it. There is no phase of labor which is not honorable and capable of being made higher and better by skilled workmen.

The young women of America are capable of great things. All limitations of sex are fast disappearing. "To the victors belong the spoils," whether it be in the college, or in the work of the world; but failure must write itself in large letters upon the efforts of all who dare to assume high duties without careful preparation.

"I envy you," said a young girl to a successful woman. "You have every thing,—talent, genius, and hosts of friends."

"All that I have may be yours," was the reply. "Give up pleasure for hard study; think only of your work while you work, and care carefully for your body. Forget yourself, and never forget others. If you only wheel a load of brick, let that load be well placed, well balanced, and carefully wheeled. Genius is hard work, painstaking care, honest effort, unfailing patience, and perseverance. If you have a task to perform, fit yourself for it in every conceivable manner; never content yourself by looking at a subject from one point of view, but turn it over and over until every side is familiar, and all the lights and shadows are clear to you. Work is divine, glorious, delightful, if well done; but an insult to your Creator and humanity if carelessly performed."

When women feel this, when they realize that it devolves upon them to surpass the efforts of women in the past, when principle weighs more upon the conscience, and pence less in the pocket, we shall have better workers.

There is an abundance of work in the world waiting to be done, if the good workers can be found. There are scores of homes where comfort, peace, and loving counsel are ready to cheer lonely women when such women can enter them ready to give, as well as receive; homes where the welcome is assured to the sensible woman described by Wordsworth:

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.

A VACATION ON HORSEBACK.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.



THE tired brain laborer there could be no better way of spending a vacation than on horseback. I traveled thus some years ago from Troy, New York, to Stowe, Vermont. Being in New York City, my friend Sophy and I put ourselves and our horses to begin with, on the Troy boat, and spent one night in going up the river. We did not do this, however, till we had been down to see the boat, to make sure that the accommodation for the animals was to be comfortable. It was the forward deck, not the state room that we wanted to see when we went down to the dock. We knew that if there was any thing wrong with our room we could speak and have it remedied. We found the stalls comfortable on the Troy boat and the men who had charge, pleasant and reasonable. I do not like a boat for horses. They are much more exposed than on the cars and I never feel quite safe with a horse on the forward deck after sunset. But there were no colds taken that night.

We had our riding habits for all adornment, and the rest of our belongings had to go into two flat saddle-bags which we had invented. They were made of strong duck and of leather, and were fastened to the saddle, hanging one on each side from the rings in the flaps, and strapped round so that they were firm. Of course our clothing was reduced to the fewest necessary articles. We reached Troy in the early morning and found waiting on the wharf our faithful Pat, who had come down from Stowe to meet us. The saddles were soon on, and we rode off the boat to the hotel. Troy did not impress us as a particularly delightful place, and then we were anxious to begin our ride. The horses positively refused to drink the Troy water.

After breakfast we and the three horses started out, and soon left behind us the city pavements for the soft dirt road. It was warm but we did not go too fast. We found out, however, that in our summer climate we ought to ride in the early morning and the late afternoon; and after the first day we fol-

lowed this plan. In the afternoon we reached Bennington and a clean, comfortable hotel, where we put up for the night.

We always rode first to the stable to see that all was right there, for in dealing with horses one should remember that they are helpless in our hands and that *noblesse oblige*.

There is one reason why the state of Vermont is a grand one for a horseback trip, and one why it is not. The first is, that the Vermont house, no matter how plainly furnished, is always clean, for there is no one more neat and tidy than the Vermont housewife; and as a rule, one might eat from her floors as well as from her table; the second is, that the physical conformation of the state makes traveling a little difficult; for water, horses, and locomotives, the rivers, the road, and the railroad are forced to run close together and it is not always comfortable to find yourself on a nervous horse with the river on one side and the railroad on the other. The roads also are often forced to cross the railroad at very acute angles and very unexpectedly. This made my Dick some trouble the third day out; as we were approaching Manchester, a long freight train came slowly puffing behind him. Like a reasonable horse, he thought he had better leave the road. There was nothing between road and railroad but a slender fence, and he evidently thought there was nothing. If it had been an express, his trouble would have been soon over, but there seemed no end to the threatening danger behind him; so, when out of the corner of his left eye he caught sight of the locomotive, he started on a run. I might have let him go but for the possibility of a sudden crossing ahead. So as soon as I saw a gap in the trees and bushes on the steep bank at my right, I sent him up that, against a fence, and turned him round so that we could have a fair view of the enemy. He stood there, trembling, till the train had rumbled by, and then went quietly down the bank and on.

From the point of view of my companions, I had been temporarily reduced to a cloud of dust, and they were happy to find me in my original form as they ranged alongside. Wiser than a New York Park policeman, Pat had known that the worst thing he could do would be to come galloping after me; and

Sophy's only remark was, "Don't do it again."

Dining at Arlington the second day, our afternoon's ride brought us to Manchester where at the Phoenix House we, of course, found agreeable company and good "entertainment for man and beast."

At Wadsworth's Corners, a queer little place where we had our first dinner, we learned that Pat should have had with him all the tools necessary for dressing the horses. The country people are kind and obliging, but they do not understand the care to which city horses are accustomed; and when you ask for combs and brushes, may possibly say, "Can't you kinder rub them off with a wisp of straw?" Moreover it is not always safe to use strange curry combs, any more than it is safe to use strange razors.

We spent July 4 at Manchester, and leaving there that afternoon missed our way and were caught in a heavy mountain shower. But we had not forgotten our rubber cloaks and came through uninjured.

At Dorset we found the little hotel and the immense barn full, but there was to be a ball that night, and at first it seemed somewhat doubtful what was to become of us. But a farmer turned his horses out of their stalls to make room for ours, and a kind old widow opposite, opened her house to us. For safety our saddles and bridles spent the night on her hall table, and we rejoiced her by translating for her mother heart her son's college diploma, which she had just received, and was

quite unable to understand. From there we went by Danby and Wallingford to Clarendon.

We used to rise very early, start at once after breakfast, rest in the heat of the day, and ride again late in the afternoon. We made between twenty and thirty miles some days. We were often very tired with the long sitting, but then we stretched ourselves flat on the hard, clean, painted floors of our chambers, and resting so, were all ready to start again.

Rutland, Pittsford, and Sudbury came next. Here we learned that where there was so much lime in the soil we must be careful about too much washing of the horses' feet.

From there to Larrabee's Point and old Ticonderoga, whence we made a short excursion to Rogers' Rock on Lake George, spending a delightful day there, and so by boat and daylight up Lake Champlain, to the familiar Van Ness House at Burlington. This was the first city we had seen since we left Troy, and we rode out of it gladly the next morning by way of Richmond to Waterbury.

From Waterbury to Stowe is only ten miles, every inch of which the horses knew, and we trotted on nearer and nearer to the great pile of Mansfield till we drew rein at the familiar hotel piazza ten days after we had left New York.

We were not tired. We were freshened and invigorated physically by our active life in the open air, our plenty of sleep and simple food; mentally by the constant change of scene and people, and the many incidents, only a few of which I have been able even to mention in an article of this length.

OUT-DOOR LIFE AT WELLESLEY.

BY LOUISE PALMER VINCENT.



EMBARRASSED theological student, suddenly called upon to ask the blessing before five hundred Wellesley girls, prayed fervently, "O Lord, we beseech Thee to make us all strong, noble men."

Although such a summation is not devoutly wished by college girls, they are glad to have those

privileges which rightly used, will help them to be strong, noble women. They feel satis-

faction in sharing the opportunities of their brothers. Indeed, a visit to Wellesley with its wonderful advantages, would almost make one say that the girls have the best of it.

From the rising ground on which stands the Founder's Hall, there is a view of which the college may well be proud,—three hundred acres of beautiful country, ranging from the smoothest lawns to forest trees, stately buildings and attractive cottages on every hill-top, and well-kept drives winding through the trees.

Thickly scattered over the campus at the foot of the hill are tennis courts, and the

eager players with whom they are always crowded show that tennis is a favorite elective at Wellesley. Several years ago an association was formed, which now numbers two hundred twenty-five members. The October tournaments serve to keep up an interest in the game, and nothing less than a heavy snow can drive the enthusiastic players from the courts. Bright costumes and happy faces make the tennis grounds always attractive. On a visitors' day deep voices and crimson "blazers" recall a story which the girls are fond of repeating:

"Where is Wellesley?" once asked Dr. Eliot, at a meeting of prominent educators.

"If President Eliot will take a drive of fourteen miles some Monday afternoon, he will find that Harvard students know where Wellesley is if their president does not," was the quick reply.

Waban Lake, with its three miles of wooded shore, plays an important part in out-door life at Wellesley. On a "float day" the scene is at once charming and unique. One after another the crews file down to the shore. The gay class colors, appearing in boats, oars, banners, and uniforms, make a brilliant picture, and suggest a gala day upon the Thames in the time of good Queen Bess. Here are to be seen the purple and gold of the seniors, the flaunting green banner of the juniors, and the sophomores fresh and dainty in white and pink. A fleet of canoes and small boats shows that members of the crews do not enjoy a monopoly of the lake.

The rolling country which makes the Wellesley landscape so attractive, has more than an esthetic value to the eye of the college girl. No sooner are boats housed for the winter and rackets laid aside than she turns her thoughts to the "double-runner" and the toboggan which were so carefully stowed away in the spring. Good old friends are they, and many a time have they helped her to clear her brain and to gather fresh courage for a struggle with knotty problems.

Sleighting and skating, too, receive their due share of attention. Again the lake becomes the center of attraction. The girls, in their winter as well as in their summer sports, have every thing near at hand. No time is wasted in going from place to place.

In spite of the pleasures on the campus, the end of the four years' course finds the student

very familiar with the surrounding region. The college grounds, though almost limitless to the freshman mind, soon become too narrow for her, and every free afternoon she may be seen with her comrades tramping across country.

Even at Wellesley the sky is not always clear, nor out-door exercise pleasant. It is then that the gymnasium offers a safety-valve for pent up spirits. This is not a place where calisthenics and dancing steps are taught, but a regularly equipped gymnasium fitted out with the most approved apparatus under the direction of Dr. Sargent, of Harvard. Students are carefully examined and classified. The exercise is systematic and regular, and the reports show a steady improvement in the physical condition of students from entrance to graduation.

All traditions of pale students with bent forms and care-worn brows fade at the sight of these fresh young faces and vigorous forms.

Should you ask one of these maidens how she came to be so careless and happy while undergoing "higher education," she would greet you with a laugh and say, "An Institution for the Higher Education of Women does sound formidable, doesn't it? And the calendar for the four years bristling with *ologies* and *isms* has a terrifying look, to be sure. But we soon find that we are not to be pounced upon by all at once. Each course comes in its own time, and leads so gradually into the next, that the calendar instead of being a bugbear becomes a book of promises to whose fulfillment we look forward with delight. Indeed, we often find the most fascinating subjects hidden behind those forbidding names."

It is, indeed, true that a college girl has every reason to be happy. She leaves home just at the time when the vigorous out-door sports which her energetic nature demands, are beginning to be frowned upon and regarded as "unbecoming in young ladies." She goes to a place where there is every facility for healthful exercise, and a scientifically conducted gymnasium to teach her how to use her strength. She lives in a world to whose beauties and wonders she gains new insight every day. More than all this, she feels the silent influence of noble, refined, earnest women, of whom it might well be said, First they wrought and afterward they taught.

SOME WOMEN I HAVE MET.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

President National W. C. T. U.



ONE were playing a kind of intellectual hide and seek with a new acquaintance, the sources of whose power one wished to learn, it seems to me among the first questions would be these:

"With what unusual characters have you been brought in contact? What distinguished men and women have you known, and how have they affected you? Why have you admired them, or why have you failed to do so?" because there is no proverb truer than this, "Tell me with whom thou goest and I will tell thee what thou doest." We cannot always go with those with whom we should be glad to be associated, and so if men and women will tell us what books they have liked best, we can tell them much about their inmost nature. Even as Cuvier could construct an animal's anatomy from a single tooth or bone, so we, a character from the knowledge of but a single author if he be the favorite one. But all the more does this principle hold concerning the living personalities by whom one has been sufficiently attracted to desire to come into their atmosphere if it be only in a public way, and still more if it be through personal acquaintance, however slight. But not for this reason am I now giving some brief mention of distinguished women I have met, but to recall many characters most interesting and curious. Among hundreds not unlike them, my memory-pictures yield me such pleasant glimpses as the following:

A car-ride from Boston to Concord with Lucy Stone and Sarah Knowles Bolton (that Samuel Smiles among women) to see the School of Philosophy, hear William T. Harris "subsume," Col. Higginson talk, and A. B. Alcott philosophize; a visit to Hawthorne's home, pioneered thither by his famous sister, Elizabeth Peabody, the mother of kindergartens and sister-in-law of the great author; a little talk with Louisa May Alcott, the queen of children's hearts; an evening with Jenny June Croly at Madam Demorest's; a lunch with Emily Faithfull and her sparkling friend Kate Pattison in the

home of Mrs. Fernando Jones, Chicago; a visit to Alice Freeman Palmer in her home in Cambridge; and to Mrs. Ole Bull at James Russell Lowell's famous "Elmwood"; a pleasant word with Grace Greenwood and her beautiful daughter; also with Sarah Orne Jewett and many wives of noted men at the receptions of Senator Blair in Washington; a night at Prof. Phelps' home in Andover, when Elizabeth was there; and a visit to that great writer at her Gloucester cottage, in company with Mrs. Gov. Claflin; a wonderful evening with Abby May in her Boston home; a sisterly talk several times repeated with Marietta Holley, the woman humorist and cheery-souled philosopher; while across seas I have had blessed pen point conferences with Josephine Butler, Ellice Hopkins, Margaret Bright Lucas, and Frances Power Cobbe, and at home, occasional epistolary interchanges with Lucy Larcom, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, May Riley Smith, and Marion Harland, not to name the faithful white ribbon correspondents.

I have taken sweet counsel with Lucretia Mott, Laura Ormiston Chant, Sarah Smiley, Grace Dodge, and Sarah L. Rhea; with Abby Morton Diaz, Helen Campbell, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox; with Mary Wright Sewall, Mrs. M. L. Thomas, of Sorosis, and Mary F. Eastman. Women doctors have been among my chief consolations; Dr. Caroline Hastings, of the Boston School Board, Mary Putnam Jacobi, Mary Safford, Sarah Dolley, Sarah Hackett Stevenson, Cordelia Green, and Julia Holmes Smith, with scores of others, having helped me toward health and happiness.

A few years ago, turning from school into Tremont Street, Boston, I came face to face with Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, whom I had had the happiness to know for many years. We smiled. "I'm glad that you are in the world," she said. "And I am downright glad that you are," was my earnest answer, as we each of us went on our way, never to meet again.

I recall a toothsome dinner in the Brooklyn home of Laura Holloway; dainty lunches with Lilian Whiting; cosy little asides with sweet-faced "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden) at Lake Bluff; a sunset from my balcony at home

with Pundita Ramabai seated beside me ; another, looking out into the Golden Gate with Sarah B. Cooper as interpreter ; talks with Clara Barton on convention platforms ; a hand-clasp with true-hearted Alice Stone Blackwell at a great New York reception ; an evening with Dr. Rachel Bodley and Prof. Edward Cope when the womanly Presbyterian besought the scientific iconoclast to "spare us the Garden of Eden," and he agreed to do so ; twilight talks of things divine with Margaret Bottome, and of things human with her friend and mine and everybody's, Mary Lowe Dickinson ; and several evenings with that rare philosopher, Emma Bascom.

In the various sanitariums of the country one is sure to find some of the fittest human survivals. The exquisite nature of Emma Stebbins, sculptor, whose "Angel Blessing the Water" stands in Central Park, was revealed to me in one of these, also that of Selma Borg, the inspired Finlander, and Thomas Starr King's sister.

The army of my temperance coadjutors has been individualized up to 1883, in my book entitled "Woman and Temperance."

The summer camps where reformers congregate are rich in new comradeships and inspirations. Chautauqua excels all others as a rendezvous of bright spirits.

Mrs. Hayes I met repeatedly at the White House. All the nation knows that the White House never witnessed any thing so elegant and delightful as her receptions with their light refreshments, music, flowers, and the heart sunshine diffused by her. Mrs. Garfield I personally know. She is a woman of great delicacy of nature and strong individuality. Mrs. Cleveland is a valued friend whom I first saw at Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.

Mrs. Senator Blair is one of the most womanly women in Washington, and one of the strongest in mind and conscience. A gilt hatchet was playfully sent her by some society to which she belonged at the Capital, because she "could not tell a lie."

WOMEN PHYSICIANS IN GERMANY.

BY A. VON STRANDE.

Translated from "*Frauenberuf*" for "*The Chautauquan*."



IS not possible for German physicians to contest any longer the ability of women to work successfully as physicians, but they can declare that they cannot permit their entrance into this calling because it will cause ruinous competition. Men

have been so completely convinced of their prerogatives and their surpassing mental powers that nominally they never have feared the activity of woman. They have believed she never could attain perfection in her work. It is alarming to the lords of creation to meet efficient women physicians on a field which they have been accustomed to consider their exclusive domain and where every innovation is hateful to them. Nevertheless it happens that the correct verdict on scientific ability is always given by the great public and that for every thing new an experiment is demanded. Because these things are true, physicians have every thing to fear from the competition of women, for their performance will be equal to any, and men do not wish to recognize

women with equal privileges, since by far the greater part of physicians are dependent on the public for their existence. The numbers of physicians in Germany is, besides, much too great in proportion to the population and increases considerably with each year, while even now a very considerable number of them cannot live by their practice.

Therefore, the present rude attitude toward women physicians is caused simply by envy of trade to which man, in this material world, can never secure a fast title. We believe that these facts have been of considerable influence, as the Prussian Minister of Education has refused women the public privilege of the study of medicine. There is now so considerable an overflow of academy-bred men for the available places that really there is no room for women ; hence, the prevailing dislike to women physicians. In other countries it is different ; in many places there is a very perceptible scarcity of doctors, from which circumstance one readily avails himself of every prospect of improvement and greets the assiduity of young women with joy and recognition, the best warrant for success

later on. Now it is very much to the interest of numerous women and girls that a sufficient number of women physicians be preparing themselves, were it even a long time before openings offer themselves, not because women must prove their ability for this calling but because the public voice is against them. This prejudice counts more than the protests of all the physicians together. Even the most zealous champion of the emancipation of women will consider twice before she places her own young daughter to hear in common with the students, instruction in medicine, and to study anatomy and clinics. Feeling protests against this.

Separate classes for men and women students, the one aim just and worthy of striving for, is thwarted mostly by a prevailing lack of room and also by the great expense. It is also true, with quite isolated exceptions scarcely worthy of mention, that only those young women become physicians who need to earn a livelihood. They embrace this calling not from love of the business, but merely from respect for it; men to whom so many other means of making a living stand open, adopt it almost only from choice. This consideration is very essential and is openly confessed to be the cause of the greater aptitude among men students.

But where a woman is truly a physician only and alone from a love of the thing, is equipped with the needed preliminary knowledge, and sufficient pecuniary resources, is well and strong, without becoming burdened with care, devotes herself to the study of medicine under approved instructors, gives herself sufficient time for mastering the profession, then we believe that her success will

far surpass that of three-fourths of all the men physicians. Why? Because such a woman works with much more obstinate perseverance; free from the errors of the student's life, she devotes her full, fresh strength to the appointed line and because of womanly feeling approaches the sorrows of the sick with warmer sympathy and deeper understanding. Thus physicians are entirely right in fearing the rivalry of woman. As soon as the legal privilege is assured to her, scarcely ten years shall pass till she wins for herself a place in public practical life, which will put an end to man's authority in the profession of medicine.

If no physician grants this, yet we believe that many professors old in practice, busied year out, year in, in clinic medicine have clearly recognized the eminent ability of womankind for the practice of medicine. Good nurses, for which women are fitted especially, according to a unanimous judgment, are not to be thought of, without medical knowledge. They can fill their duties at least only half without it. It is much to be deplored that not more cultured women decide to become mid-wives. The dispirit in picture which is usually drawn of this class, we hold not to be true. If cultured women should devote themselves to mid-wifery, in four-fifths of all cases men physicians would be dispensed with entirely. It would be a long step on the road to conquest.

If German women accept these openings, physicians have all grounds to fear the rivalry of woman; and they must contest her ability to work, because if they recognize and recommend her they will be making the beginning of the end of their own vocation. And no one with open eyes ever does that.

THE FINE ART OF HELPING OTHERS.

BY FELECIA HILLEL.



ALL the accomplishments I know," said I to the girls, "helpfulness is the most graceful and winning." They pursed up their pretty lips and asked me if I wanted them to be deaconesses. I found it difficult to make them understand just what I did mean. Helpfulness had a professional sound to them. To be

helpful, as they understood it, one must visit the sick, conduct Sunday-school picnics, and never have time for fun because there are so many poor to look after, so much money to raise, so many frocks to make.

Now it was not charitable work I was meaning, but every-day, spontaneous helpfulness, an art which is practicable on the tennis court or in the parlor, when traveling or when about home, and which gives a girl a perfume as sweet and constant as that of the rose.

had a professional sound to them. To be

The girl who cannot see a child in tears without trying to soothe it, who springs to pick up the handkerchief of her companion, who gives her arm to the aged, who always is ready with the evening paper when one wants it, who gets your wraps without your having realized that you wanted them, who, in fact, is always making somebody comfortable, may be said to have learned this fine art of helpful living. That is, she may if she does these things naturally, instinctively, as she would rush to greet a friend, as she would pick a flower, as she would spring for a ball. When she does a kindness with an artificial air, a conscious look of being useful, and in a way that calls attention to herself she spoils the action.

One day not long ago I was traveling on a local train. Just before me sat a pretty girl, well-bred, cultured,—I knew that from her air, the book she read, the cut of her gown, her traveling appointments. Across the aisle was an old lady, deaf, curious, and fidgety. The conductor was cross and answered her appeals curtly. My little neighbor watched the proceedings for a time, and finally, when the old lady was looking very much hurt and disappointed because the conductor refused to tell her what "that big buildin'" at a certain station was used for, she rose, crossed the aisle, and sitting down, devoted herself for an hour to giving the old lady information. She was obliged to speak very loud, but she did it with such well-bred unconsciousness of people about her, with such respectful attention to the old lady, that I voted it one of the finest pieces of kindness I had ever witnessed.

Now, the girl, I really believe, could not have failed to do what she did without really hurting herself. She had cultivated her desire to make others happy, and neglect to do so would have been unnatural. It was just as natural for her to do kind and thoughtful deeds as it was for her to dress in taste or to read good books or to practice the hundred dainty little courtesies which distinguished her. She had learned her fine art of helpful living as she had learned these other things, by daily practice of them. It would have offended her instincts, if she had ignored the old lady's grief, just as much as it would have her taste, to have appeared in a dowdy garment, or to have read a cheap

story, or said a rude thing, or to have neglected any civility.

Now I am sure that very few of even my pet girls would have gone to the old lady's relief. They would have thought it an annoyance to have such a troublesome traveling companion, and more than likely would have changed their seats to escape the interruption of their reading. If they had sympathized with her they would have pleaded that to try to entertain her would have made them conspicuous or would have made the passengers think they were trying to pose as "pious." I am free to confess that if most of them had gone they would have occasioned criticisms from the passengers simply because they could not have done the thing naturally. They would have looked conscious because they do not practice kindness habitually. The effect of their spasmodic impulse would have been not unlike that of unskilled fingers fumbling over the keyboard of a piano.

Kindness is not a trait which can be summoned at will. It is a heart-flower of such delicate nature that unless it is daily watered and kept constantly in the sun, it dies. The kindness which is summoned only on occasions is an artificial flower, and frequently so coarsely artificial that the owner would be much more attractive if she discarded it entirely.

It is sheer folly to suppose that the law which says that there must be practice in order to secure dexterity in all departments of action and of thought, is null and void when it comes to graces of heart. Spiritual graces grow, like mental and physical, by practice, and the girl who would possess this beautiful art of helpfulness must practice it as faithfully and carefully as she does any other fine art. She must deny herself frequently for it, just as she denies herself when she devotes herself to study for hours in order to secure facility in a language or a science, and she must love to be helpful so much, that all sacrifice will be easy and natural, just as she loves to know so well, that she finds no hardship in the labor of study. If she is willing to do these things she may be sure of becoming, whatever else she may lack, to all who shall come into her presence and who shall know her, "a joy forever."

ECONOMICAL GROCERY BUYING.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.



WELL-KNOWN public man recently advised young couples beginning life, to establish an "only box." Into this were to go the small sums often disbursed for unnecessary odds and ends, — for the expenditures justified by the phrases, "Oh, it is only a quarter," or "only ten cents."

The principle—an admirable one, by the way—applies in a marked degree in buying groceries. Here the small economies count, and if the housekeeper observes due care, she will find the gain for her "only box" at the end of the year is not to be despised.

To begin with, she should not pin her faith to any one establishment. It is a common thing to hear the remark, "I always buy my groceries at Blank's. I have dealt there for years and they do as well by me as any one would."

In a partial sense, this may be true and if one has found a really honest and reliable tradesman, it is well to patronize him. At the same time a little investigation into the prices charged at other shops will often prove that certain articles can be purchased more cheaply in one place than in another. In that case it is wise to distribute one's custom, buying wherever one can deal to the best advantage. At the so-called "cash groceries," supplies may be bought at from five to ten per cent cheaper than at those where a credit system is in vogue. The saving of two cents here and six there may seem trifling, but when a large bill of goods is ordered, the total economized swells to an amount worth having.

Taking one precaution, to be hereafter mentioned, for granted, the housekeeper will find it more economical to buy most stock groceries in large quantities. There is a decided gain in purchasing flour by the barrel, rather than by the bag, and there is a saving, though in a smaller proportion, when sugar is ordered by the barrel. Coffee is cheaper if bought raw and roasted at home. It should always, whether raw or roasted, be bought in the bean. The ready ground coffee offers the merchant too many temptations for adulteration to risk its purchase. Butter may be pro-

cured, by the tub, at a less rate from some farmer than from the city dealer, as the middleman's profit is thus saved to the customer. Good country lard may sometimes be secured in the same way and generally will keep well if packed down in tin pails or small crocks and stored in a cool place. Excellent salad oil is found for sale by the gallon in Italian shops or in large markets at ten and fifteen cents less a quart than it can be procured for, bottled, at the groceries, while kerosene oil is far cheaper by the large quantity than by the single gallon.

Candles are less in proportion by the box than by the pound, and soap, which improves with age, is decidedly cheaper by the bar than by the cake. Wrapped in paper, to protect it from the dust, the bars must be kept in a dry, warm place until well dried and hard. Starch that comes in four or five pound boxes lasts better than that bought by the pound package.

On the other hand, some goods should be purchased in small quantities, as needed, since they do not improve with keeping. Among these are graham and buckwheat flour, corn-meal, rye flour, etc., to say nothing of crackers of various kinds and cracker dust, which is apt to grow moldy and stale unless soon used.

Judicious economy may be practiced in minor items. The ordinary oatmeal and pearl hominy may be bought in bulk at little more than half the cost of the steam-cooked cereals. True, they will require three to four hours cooking the day before they are to be eaten, but the fire over which they steam must be kept burning for other things, and the housekeeper is usually willing to make up by a little extra care for what she saves in money. She will find, too, by purchasing at the drug-store half a pound of cream of tartar and a quarter of a pound of bicarbonate of soda and using these for "raising," that she will accomplish the result she desires at half the cost of the ordinary baking-powder. She will learn that the spices and dried herbs she gets at the drug-store have twice the strength of those she procures from the grocer. They must be kept in tightly closed tin boxes or they will lose their flavor. She may not know, however, that she can buy concentrated ammonia and carbolic acid and by di-

luting them make her own household ammonia and carbolic acid at two-thirds the cost of the weakest of these she can get ready prepared from the druggist or grocer.

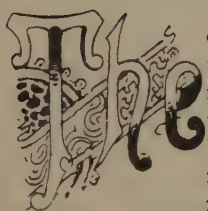
These few hints may serve to indicate the manner in which the housewife may buy groceries economically. A few words as to how to save them after she gets them into the house.

Many servants cannot resist the temptation to wastefulness when the opportunity is offered them of handling other people's goods, while some are lavish from heedlessness, pure and simple. The mistress must guard against their extravagance by gaining a clear idea of how long certain quantities of groceries should last and insisting that the weekly

consumption shall not exceed a specified limit. To aid in this object, she is wise if she keeps the bulk of her supplies in a store closet whence she can give out so much soap, sugar, butter, coffee, tea, etc., per week. The servant quickly learns whether or not "the lady" is to be imposed upon, and regulates her conduct accordingly. The additional labor of thus dealing out supplies is slight, while the time it consumes need not exceed half an hour a week, and both will be paid for by the positive saving of money which will follow such care. Every day, with the housekeeper, must be a day of small things. The manner in which she treats them—with contempt or with respect—often determines her own and her husband's prosperity.

BRAINWORKERS' RECREATION IN FLOWERS.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.



CULTIVATION of flowers is not a mere sentiment; it is healthful recreation for bodies, and pleasant rest for tired brains. There is comfort in watching the development of a rose-bud to its

full bloom; comfort in seeing the embryo lily of the valley grow from its sheath of green.

Many literary persons have found pleasure and rest in their gardens. Miss Mulock at her home in Kent, England, showed me, with pride, her flowers cared for by her own hands. One portion of her grounds was left wild, a clump of bushes and interlacing vines, where one might fancy himself in the jungles of India; the other portion was brilliant with pink and white hawthorn, yellow laburnams, roses, and other plants and trees.

Back of Jean Ingelow's in busy London, is her large garden with conservatories. From early spring the yellow primrose and blue forget-me-not bloom in great bunches in her parlors, giving place later to the richer hues of the summer flowers.

John Ruskin's home at Lake Coniston would not be the picturesque place which it is, did not yellow poppies and other flowers grow in profusion close to the gray slate house.

Harriet Martineau's vine-covered home in the English lakes is a place long to be re-

membered with its wealth of bloom, where she walked and talked with Wordsworth, among the roses, the columbines, the larkspurs, and the foxgloves.

In our own country, those who have loved books and lived in them, have often been equal lovers of flowers. Bancroft cultivates his garden of roses at Newport, while Mrs. Julia Ward Howe finds rest in her flowers at "Oak Glen," in the same city.

Near to where I am writing, in Cambridge, Professor Francis J. Child, of Harvard University, the best student of ballad lore probably in the world, may be seen day by day bending over his scores of rose-bushes, his bushy, flaxen hair, as he is near-sighted, touching the glowing red of his flowers. He is too absorbed to see the passer-by, or to give more than a few words to students who call, but he has time to pick a rose or two for each of the dozen children, unknown to him, who look longingly over the garden fence.

Celia Thaxter, who lives at the Isles of Shoals, writes thus to a friend: "My delight in flowers amounts to a passion, nothing less. I have a little garden patch out of which I gather the most intense and perfect pleasure of my life. My joy in taking care of my flowers, working hard for them, planting the seeds, watching, weeding, training, and protecting them, is not to be told; and when they blossom I am ready to go down

on my knees before the miracle of their beauty. Flowers are the great delight of my life, everywhere, wild or cultivated, and my windows in winter are a mass of greenery and bloom. I have the lucky hand with them; they respond to me and grow for me as if they enjoyed it, and give me back all I give them and more too. I would not care to stay in this world without them."

Who does not remember the inimitable "My Summer in a Garden," where, "it is not simply beets and potatoes and corn and string-beans that one raises in his well-hoed garden; it is the average of human life. There is life in the ground; it goes into the seeds, and it also, when it is stirred up, goes into the man who stirs it."

Donald G. Mitchell, at his beautiful "Farm of Edgewood," near New Haven, has, says Professor Beers, "two workshops, his library and his garden; and of the two he evidently loves the latter best, and works there in the cool hours of the morning."

A lawyer by profession, but unable to practice on account of the confinement, he has found health and pleasure in his out-door life.

Mr. Mitchell says, "From earliest working days till now, I have counted no season well rounded out, except there has come to me opportunity for garden work. Yet I reckon myself no expert—there is so much to learn! Having been bred among gardens, I hope I may live my life out, and die within good garden reach."

John Habberton, whose books are read and enjoyed everywhere, thus pleasantly writes: "Wherever I have resided on ground at all available for gardening, I have made the planting and care of flowers almost my only

diversion and have not wanted any other. In my earlier gardening days I frequently lacked a good suit of clothes, but never failed each year to spend the price of many suits on plants and seeds. I lacked time for many business and social duties, but always found hours and days in which to 'fuss,' over my plants.

"Looking backward and estimating the time and money expended on my gardens, I am amazed at the extent of the outlay, but I cannot honestly say I am sorry, for, though I never sold a plant or flower, or competed for prizes, I certainly was richly repaid in rest, diversion, and enjoyment.

"I had no floral favorites; I liked nearly every thing that bloomed, but each year I would select two or three species for special attention, getting as many varieties as possible of each. I never have had a conservatory, but from early autumn to late spring I console myself for this privation by keeping bulb gardens in the house; and I manage to have a house full of color and perfume during the several months in which all gardens are bare and brown."

Francis Parkman, the able historian, has made his home at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, a delight indeed, with his glowing azaleas, rhododendrons, and roses. Unable to use his eyes in constant study, much of his laborious search having been done by the aid of amanuenses, he has spent a dozen years or more in the hybridization of lilies, poppies, columbines, and other flowers. He has found time to be President of the Horticultural Society and to publish "The Book of Roses," while he has carried forward his great historical works.

CHILDREN'S WIT.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.



HAVE thrown together, in the following paper, a parcel of original anecdotes, gathered among the children of my acquaintance. Some of them seem to me well worth preserving, as illustrative of the curious way in which the groping young mind turns to the light. It takes a young thinker a good while

to understand the perspective of things around him, just as it takes the infant a good while to learn that he cannot grasp the moon by stretching his arms toward it, as he can the orange which is placed within his reach. The realism of some children is very marked; in others, we have the predominance of imagination and fancy; in some the reasoning faculty manifests itself very early; in others, the dawning consciousness of their surroundings is very misty and confused; and yet the intellectual status of these different classes

may prove to be very much on a par, as the fuller mental development goes on.

A little relative of mine came up to his mother one morning, with the question :

"Mamma, does God take care of me at night as well as in the daytime?"

"Yes, my dear," was the mother's reply, "God watches over you all the time,—the Bible says 'He neither slumbers or sleeps.' So He takes care of you through the darkness as well as through the light."

"Well, anyhow," rejoined the little three-year-old critic of Providence, "anyhow He let a rat run over my bed last night!"

When we remember how difficult it is even for the adult mind to attempt to grasp the conception of God, we need not wonder that children are utterly puzzled over it. Ruskin says that when he was a child, he had a very reverent conception of God, as a grave old man, with a long white beard, clothed in a flowered dressing-gown; which conception, no doubt, had come to him from some old Romish picture. A friend was telling me of a little fellow who said :

"Mamma, do you believe that God can see every thing?"

His mother assured him that God was omniscient, explaining to him what the term meant.

"But I know, mamma, there is something God cannot see."

The mother, naturally, was shocked at the little skeptic's asseveration.

"But I *know* He can't see every thing!"

"What can't He see?"

"Why, mamma, He can't see the top of His own head!"

A little neighebr of mine, the son of a clergyman, used to be bidden by his mother to say grace, in the absence of his father. One morning, when the breakfast happened to be of a very simple character, consisting of rice, eggs, etc., but no meat, the little boy, proceeded to say grace, and his petition ran thus :

"Oh Lord, we thank Thee for what breakfast we have; but the next time, pray send us, Oh Lord, a nice beef-steak. Amen!"

We often have heard clergymen convey information to their congregation by means of their prayers; but we hope this mother received a hint that it was not a wise thing to entrust the saying of grace to an eight-year-old boy. The petition evidently was intended for the mother, and he had not the idea of

reverence which belonged to a little girl who, on coming from church, where she had been to hear the new minister—a somewhat bombastic, self-conscious young man—was asked by her older sister how she liked him :

"I didn't like him at all," was the child's decided reply. "Why, sister, he talked to God just as if God was his cousin!"

A dear little relative of mine came in from his play, one day last summer, and sat down to entertain a sister younger than himself.

"Now, Josepha," he began, "don't you think I have made up a pretty bunch of flowers to put on the dinner-table? Just look at it; by gosh! I think it's pretty."

His mother called him to her, and inquired where he had heard such a word as that.

"Why, I heard Uncle Jim say it"—Uncle Jim being one of the servants in the house. After receiving a proper rebuke, the child went back to his play; but not many minutes had elapsed before another word, quite as objectionable, caught her ear.

"Josepha, I want two more red roses, to make my posy look bright. You go down to the flower-garden, and bring me just two—not any more, or, by jingo! Blair will scold"—Blair being the gardener.

Instantly the boy was jerked up again.

"My child, were *did* you learn such naughty words?"

"I heard the school-boys say them."

The mother began to explain how wrong such expressions were, when the child interrupted her—

"Well, mamma, I would just like to know what bad words you *are* going to let me say anyhow!"

I recall an occasion when an opportunity most legitimately presented itself to one of my own children, when it would be entirely proper for him to make use of a forbidden word. He was reading his usual morning Scripture lesson, for the benefit of his "Mammy" (as Southern children used always call their nurses). His little brother was gravely listening. While the nurse interrupted the little reader, to fit a bit of work she was at, he ran his eye down the page, and seeing there a word he knew it was not permissible for him to utter, he turned, with evident satisfaction as well as great glee, to the child beside him, and said, *sotto voce*, "Bert, Bert, I'm going to say a bad word, just now; I'm going to say, *devil*!"

(To be concluded.)

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE LATEST THINGS IN ELECTRICITY.

TEN years ago we seemed to be entering upon a period of new and remarkable discoveries in science. It seemed as if we were fast turning over fresh leaves in the unread book of nature. To-day there is in the minds of many a feeling of disappointment. There have been no wonder-exciting discoveries or inventions of late years. Electricity it was hoped would prove the key to open the door to new inventions and to new explanations of the unknown in nature. There has been in the last ten years enormous progress in electrical industry. The business of using electricity has grown at a wonderful pace, till now the mere figures of our progress are bewildering. At the beginning of this year we had in this country \$600,000,000 invested in the electrical industries and gave employment to a quarter of a million people. Our assets were 1,000,000 miles of telegraph wire, 300,000 telephones, 400 miles of electric railways, and over 300,000,000 electric lamps of all kinds. The progress in this field of work has been marked by a steady decline in the cost of electricity and an enormous increase in the mechanical and electrical apparatus used in the business. There has been no great and startling invention, but a vast number of little inventions intended to reduce the cost and facilitate the business of producing and using electrical energy. At the same time, it must be noticed that there has been a decided slackening up in the business of electrical installation. This appears to spring from a certain feeling in the public mind that all electrical apparatus is more or less dangerous, and this fear of personal safety has materially injured the business. To offset this, there is a great increase in the demand for underground conduits and other safety appliances.

The first half of this year has been comparatively barren in the way of additions to the sum of our knowledge of electricity. The attention of the electrical world has been centered upon electrical business more than electrical research. The progress made has been chiefly in the construction of reasonable or "working" theories to explain the phe-

nomena of electricity. Among these is the theory of electrical transmission along a wire. We must now think of an electric wire as the core or center of disturbances extending all around the outside of the wire. We must not regard electricity as a "current" in the wire. It seems to be of no consequence what is going on in the wire, as all the energy is displayed on the outside and the wire is probably affected only "skin deep."

Electricity is really and truly a manifestation of energy. So is a candle, a gas flame, white hot metal—even the sun. It is thought there is only one thing—motion. The candle flame is rapid motion, red hot iron slower motion, sunlight intense motion, electricity also intense motion. As there is a scale in sound, as we can apprehend sounds for seven octaves, in like manner there is a scale of motion ranging from dull red light to blue light with vast ranges of invisible motions beyond the little octave compass of the eye. There are sounds we cannot hear, there are motions we cannot see, but may feel; there are even motions we cannot feel. It is thought all may be one, sound, light, heat, electricity, and all electricity, even a candle, being an electric light.

Heat is a form of motion and so may be magnetism, and recent discoveries point to a curious relation between the two. Iron is magnetic at ordinary temperatures; it is less magnetic at other temperatures. Alloys of iron and other metals vary in magnetic value. An alloy of iron and 25 per cent of nickel may be non-magnetic when just made, and yet both are magnetic metals. Cooled to below freezing, the non-magnetic alloy becomes magnetic and will stay so when warmed again. Heat the alloy to a certain high temperature and it becomes non-magnetic again when cooled to common temperatures, and will remain so till cooled below freezing once more. Such an alloy is, therefore, capable of assuming two states, according to its temperature.

The fatal effects of electrical currents have lead to research in regard to the actual effect upon a living body of both alternating and continuous currents. The facts so far obtained seem to point to a far greater danger

from alternating currents than from continuous currents of equal intensity. The immediate effects appear to be in the region of the heart. Death results from the inability of the heart to act, and it is apparently instantaneous, and probably is painless. The burns resulting from contact with electric wires do not appear to be of themselves fatal. Ether seems to have the curious effect of equalizing the effect of alternating and continuous currents, and an animal under the influence of ether is just as liable to heart stoppage from one current as the other.

In the study of induction some curious discoveries seem to give a hint toward the explanation of the production of motion from electricity, and perhaps may lead to the suggestion that the sun may be a magnet, that planets may be themselves electric motors kept in motion by the electricity that pervades all spaces in the universe. All is, in truth, motion, and what we may call cosmic forces and motions are but the electricity of the Cosmos. Electricity may be, in fact, the real music to which the spheres are all attuned.

SOCIAL TRANSIENTS.

THERE is a vast waste of social power in America caused by transients. For example, every town has a coterie of teachers, usually women. Many of them are from other counties or states. They are frequently persons of superior intelligence and fine social qualities but they are regarded as belonging to the transient population of the town. This is so because a part of them are sure to grow discontented at the end of three or four years and move for no other reason than that they want a change. Others are by profession what might be called itinerant teachers, that is they seek new positions every year in order to see the country. One year they teach in Ohio, the next in Kansas, the following in Louisiana, then in California; perhaps next they go for a period of three or five years to Alaska or Asia or find a chance to act as governess in a family traveling in Europe. Their avowed purpose is change. It is their way of traveling. There is another class of teachers to whom the profession is a make-shift, a stone to fill in a chink between the time of leaving a father's home and entering a husband's. The teachers are not the only class affected with the

desire to change positions. There is a goodly proportion of transients in every trade. There are salesmen and book-keepers, lawyers and preachers who keep their places only long enough to get settled. Then in response to the peripateticism in the air they hurry on. These persons, expecting to remain but a short time at a place, are of little value as social elements. They cannot order their lives as they would if they intended to remain. They make no permanent settlements, they form relations for the time being only; their transient condition inspires little desire in others to give them those confidences which it is customary to give people who are to become fixed elements in one's circle.

This spirit does not affect employment only; a large class of society has no settled abode. Rented houses, boarding-houses, hotels, give opportunity for endless floating about. Every discordant breeze wafts them as if they were dandelion pappus, to a new spot, where they settle only to be lifted and borne away by the next wind. Now it is a most difficult thing for a person who has no fixed dwelling-place to form permanent ties. One likes to know where to find his friends. There is a lack of stability, of dignity, about constant change which depreciates the social value of a person just as it does his business value. If one sticks to no place long, be it home or business, observers naturally pronounce him fickle and are wary of any close intimacy. A person who has a social position to make, stands a poor show when he has no permanent home. This same unsettled habit is observed in the relations of a considerable class of church-goers. Wherever the sensation of the hour is, there they are. They never learn to aid in supporting a church or in helping carry on its work. They are itinerant church-goers.

These restless unsettled habits have serious consequences. The social power of the persons practicing them is dissipated; they cease to possess any steadfastness in their relations to people; they crave new persons and new entertainments. A *sine qua non* of society is that people stand by the ties they form, but the itinerant habit destroys the capacity for loyalty. The forbearance and mutual understanding which people who occupy permanent social positions must learn, becomes impossible to them; they are to be relied upon only until unpleasantness arises, then their lack of stability shows itself. They

cannot control themselves over the friction point. The practice of picking up their hand-boxes and seeking new quarters has become so fixed that it naturally is their only refuge in time of disaster. A restless, fickle, dissatisfied character is the result. Society is thus deprived of a large amount of strength which it has a right to demand; there is no person who is exempt from contributing to society his quota of ideas, of cheerfulness, of usefulness, of good-will, and of self-sacrifice. When he refuses to order his life in such a way that he can do this, then he wrongs society and himself. A settled occupation which will give opportunity for a settled home and permanent social ties is the evident duty of every person. It is the only way by which society ever has been made, ever can be made. Even worse than the refusal to discharge his just personal debt is the fact that each person who consents to lead a peripatetic life is continuing and increasing the restless habit which curses American life. Every man who changes his position or business without the best of reasons will inspire others with the idea that they, too, if they are not exactly satisfied, may change theirs. Whoever drifts about from one rented house or boarding-house to another, draws others with him; wherever his relations are unsettled he is contributing to the peripateticism of the times and thus is injuring himself and those he influences and is depriving society of what he owes her.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE FOR THE NEGRO?

THERE was held at Lake Mohonk, New York, in June, a convention whose object was to consider the condition of the negro in this country, and what can be done to improve it. The convention was made up of persons who have shown themselves especially interested in the race and wise in their work for it. After much discussion the conference declared its opinions of what are the best things which the nation can do for the colored man.

The first thing which strikes the reader of the recommendations, is that there is no call for political rights in it. In fact, the conference, if it had any idea that the negro is deprived of his political rights anywhere in the United States, evidently thought that there are other things which he needs much more. A new solution of the negro problem is

stated: "Ultimately in the homes of the colored people, the problem of the colored race will be settled." The force of this sentence is lost on those who know nothing of the negro cabin—of the "one room cabin"—which the conference declares is "a social curse of the negro race, as is the reservation tepee of that of the Indians, and the overcrowded tenement room that of our city slums." Homes must take the place of these cabins, homes in which temperance, purity, kindness, and thrift shall prevail.

Those who offer this new solution do not pretend, however, that nothing special in training is needed in order to accomplish the "homes." They recognize that what they are recommending is in reality the very consummation of civilization, and they advise as steps toward it, first of all, better industrial training. The negro must learn how to do things if he is to be a worthy citizen. His girls must know how to cook and sew, his boys how to use tools and work the ground, and for this there must be more industrial schools established.

They must be better educated. More schools of greater efficiency must be supplied in order that no negro shall be without an opportunity to learn. To the more advanced of the race, the highest advantages must be given. Already much has been done on these lines, we know. The Southern States have spent nearly \$40,000,000 for educating the negroes; the North has added \$20,000,000. The Peabody and Slater Funds are doing noble work. But there is great need of more money, more teachers. The inadequacy of the present endowment makes the passage of a measure like the Blair bill imperative, in our judgment.

The great evils of the shiftlessness, the happy-go-lucky mood which makes a negro spend his last cent at a turkey raffle in utter indifference of to-morrow's rent or groceries, must be combated; and the conference advises for this, that "the credit system with store pay and a lien upon crops," which has so long encouraged the negro in careless habits, be done away with, and that the Government establish postal savings banks where they would be encouraged to deposit small sums.

Now there is nothing sensational or striking in these recommendations—save their unusual common sense. It seems to the *Outlook* that the ideas advanced are especially

commendable because they are so practical for individuals. There are few persons North or South who cannot help at least one negro to adopt habits of thrift, morality, and honesty, and encourage him to get as good an education as he is capable of using.

Any one who has studied what the colored man already has done, cannot think the optimistic view of the negro race taken by the Mohonk Conference misplaced. It took the position that the negro has proved himself capable of a high grade of citizenship. We believe any unbiased observer will agree. In almost every town in the North the negroes own homes, often in the best of style and taste. They possess property and add to it steadily. They are respected and useful citizens. In the South the amount of property which has come into the hands of negroes since the War is already respectable in each of the states, and in some of them, as Georgia, enormous. Every property owner is a constant example to others of the race.

What they can do when they seek education is continually being illustrated.

In many of the institutions of the North there are negro students. The Class of '90 in several colleges contained colored men. Thus at Cornell there were three graduates, all of whom were ranked "good" in scholarship, and were above the average in their success in competing for honors. At Harvard several were graduated, some of them standing high in their ranks, and one of them being chosen class orator by a majority vote of the senior class. Colby University graduated one man of high grade scholarship, who had won at least one prize in his course. From the theological department at Yale a colored man was graduated "good" in scholarship. Six were graduated by Oberlin, their standing being from "good" to "best." At the Union College of Law in Chicago the valedictorian of '90 was a colored man. Many institutions contain undergraduates: Boston University has seven; Harvard, three or more; Colby, one; Yale, three; University of Rochester, one; Brown, one; Williams, one; Oberlin, seventy-one; Amherst, three.

Now these figures are rich because of the promise in them. In most of these cases the college registrars tell us the students are self-supporting. Many of them aim to work among their own people. This means that year by year the number of colored college graduates will increase, and that wherever they go they

will carry the ideas which their people need.

We believe the Lake Mohonk Conference offers the only true solution of the negro question when it calls all men "to the unselfish service of helping the negro to help himself in education, in morality, in religion, and thus in civilization and in fitness for citizenship."

AN IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE.

A DISCRIMINATING and appreciative editorial on Chautauqua appeared as a leader in *The Sun* of New York, July 2. It being quite correct in its statements of matters of fact, as well as complimentary in its characterizations, we depart from our rule and reprint it entire, that our readers may see the Chautauqua work as *The Sun*—which its editor, Mr. Charles A. Dana, is pleased frequently to say, "shines for all"—sees it.

THE great summer school at Chautauqua was opened yesterday for its seventeenth session. The village by Chautauqua Lake for two months to come will be crowded with students, and from now until toward the end of the summer they will pursue various courses of instruction.

The program for the season fills many large and closely printed pages, and the list of teachers, lecturers, and directors of amusements and entertainments is long, and includes some distinguished names. The lectures will be in consecutive courses, and will cover a wide range of subjects: social and political economy, history, religion, cookery, music, literature, journalism, philology, and moral reform. Instruction in the sciences, languages, and different arts, Sunday-schools, classes in music and drawing, and classes for Scriptural study will be varied by the relaxation of lighter pursuits, and by out-and-out diversions of an unquestionably innocuous kind.

It will be a very remarkable gathering, the like of which cannot be found in any other country than this. The proceedings, too, will be watched with great interest by the many thousands of men and women in all parts of the Union and in foreign places who are pursuing the courses of study and reading laid down under the Chautauqua system. The plan is to provide home reading arranged methodically; and it meets the needs or the desires of multitudes of people at a loss to find how best to educate their minds and extend the range of their information. This ambition for self-improvement extends to the smallest hamlet of the

Western frontier, and is revealed to us by great numbers of correspondents, who send inquiries as to the means of gratifying it. It is most common among young women, who comprise the vast majority of the Chautauqua readers, but it is also displayed by very many men, both young and old. They all believe that if they can gain admittance into the temple of knowledge, they will secure treasures which will assist them along the path of material and social advancement. Their great handicap in the race and competition of life they think to be their ignorance of what books contain, though they may possess stores of knowledge acquired by observation and experience of life of greater practical value to them. And it is a wholesome ambition, for it is the desire to make the most of themselves. It stimulates industry and conquers self-indulgence.

Hence the Chautauqua Assembly grows more

and more important every year, and the circle of Chautauqua readers continually widens. The religious camp meeting of the past, with its exhorters and spiritual dissipation, is replaced by the camp meeting for intellectual development, with hosts of professors and teachers of every branch of learning, and multitudes of diligent pupils, who are of an age to understand the value of the knowledge imparted. Chautauqua itself started as an association for religious purposes, for improving Sunday-school instruction more particularly, and it has become what it is because the urgent demand of the people has brought about the transformation. They wanted such schools as it provides, and they have compelled it to set them up.

This summer gathering of serious students by Chautauqua Lake is one of the most impressive manifestations in the recent development of our civilization.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

SECRETARY BLAINE'S latest move in consummating Pan-American Union is his greatest. It is the demand that Congress authorize the President to declare the ports of the United States open to all the products of any nation of the American hemisphere upon which no export duties are imposed, whenever and so long as such a nation shall admit to its ports free of all taxes the products of the United States. The impending Tariff bill, of course, must be amended to allow the proposal to work. The boldness, unexpectedness, and masterly logic of Mr. Blaine's proposition has surprised the whole country. None but a great and unpartisan statesman could have framed or would have dared such a proposal at such a juncture in his party's history.

THE politics of New York City has been for years a business conducted by practical politicians for the benefit of themselves. No one could sympathize much with the better class of citizens when they suffered robbery, misgovernment, and public contempt, since they allowed the direction of affairs to go into corrupt hands without energetic and continued effort to prevent it. A start has been taken recently, however, to organize a citizens' movement for the purification of municipal politics, and the class of men at its head leads us to hope that it will not end in

the discouraged declaration that "it is no use to try to purify New York politics." Cities ought to be run as great stores are, on business principles. They ought to conduct their own enterprises as far as possible, furnishing heat and light, water and transportation as cheaply as possible, and improving themselves steadily in beauty and comfort. But "practical politicians" do not conduct such work. It takes unselfish, high-minded men.

CONGRESS has been concerning itself with the number of aliens who hold land in the United States. Something over 20,000,000 acres are said to be in the possession of aliens, the tracts held by one person frequently ranging from 5,000 to 50,000 acres. The cry which has been raised is that an absentee landlordism similar to that in Ireland will result. Americans will have to undergo a radical change in ambition, manliness, and energy before landlordism of the Old World type will be a possibility. Such an argument is foolish because unfounded. However, laws which will prevent "land grabs" by syndicates, foreign and domestic, which will compel settlers to become naturalized, and which will enforce cultivation and opening of lands taken, are wise, even imperative.

THE origin and growth of the dispute between France and England over the New-

foundland fisheries is a pretty historical study. The right of the French to fish along the west and north coasts and to dry their fish on the land, dates from the treaty of 1713 when England took the island. The English authorities have always conceded that this meant that the French should not be "interrupted" at their work, and the colonists contend that it does not prevent English operations in the territory so long as the French are unmolested. The immediate cause of the trouble was the establishment by the English of the lobster industry on the French coast. The French claim that it is their exclusive right. The English retort that lobster catching is not fishing, and canning not drying. The only sure way to settle the difficulty is to give the islanders what they have been demanding—full right in their own domain. Undoubtedly England can concede to France some privilege which will compensate her for the loss of the Newfoundland fisheries.

THE commercial instead of the martial settlement of a boundary and privilege difficulty has a fine illustration in Lord Salisbury's proposed ending to the English dispute with Germany over African possessions. The main point in it is that for full control of the Zanzibar coast. England will give Germany Heligoland, a little island in the North Sea, naturally belonging to Germany, and of no further use to England than to gratify her pride. The arrangement of the interior African boundaries is such that Mr. Stanley is as loud in his praises of the arrangement as he formerly was in his denunciations of Lord Salisbury's delay.

NOT a little amusement was caused in the House of Commons lately by the presentation of a petition of 600,000 names in the form of three huge cylinders—all in favor of the license purchase to which the *Note-Book* called attention last month. The government, however, does not find the enthusiasm of the publicans over the bill so amusing. It only makes more evident the fact that the unholy scheme is a bid for liquor votes. The indignation of the temperance element is waxing hotter and hotter. It declares with Cardinal Manning that "a license to sell intoxicating drink is a legal limitation and precaution taken against the trade," that if it is compensated for the withdrawal of what the country has always had the right to withdraw at any time, it will be fair to be-

lieve that the party now in power in England has found the favor of the drink trade a condition of its life.

FRANCE evidently is improving in common sense. The dropping of Boulanger was a sign of it. The way in which she has treated the young Duc D'Orleans is still stronger evidence. This young royalist probably believing that by breaking the law and entering France ostensibly to serve in the army, he would arouse a popular outbreak in his favor, found himself promptly imprisoned, no attempt made to free him, and comparatively little attention paid to him. When he was proved harmless the government dismissed him from prison and France. The affair has much of the look of a royal farce. But it is a good sign for France when she is able to discern the farcial character of a pretender, especially when he has royal blood in his veins.

THE Provisional Government of Brazil has promulgated the new constitution. It is a very accurate copy of that of the United States. There is a president responsible only to the nation, elected for six years, and ineligible for the succeeding ten; a cabinet appointed by him, a house of representatives elected triennially, and in number proportioned to the population, and a senate of three members from each state elected every nine years. The first Congress will begin its work as one body by electing presiding officers, a president, and revising the constitution now promulgated. This done, it will resolve itself into two separate legislative bodies.

VASSAR COLLEGE celebrated in June its twenty-fifth anniversary. The progress of the movement it was founded to advance, the higher education of women, has been rapid in this quarter of a century. Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, and Barnard College have followed Vassar. Co-education has become general. Not a few women are carrying their studies through post-graduate courses at home or abroad. As if to emphasize the fact that women are making good use of their opportunities comes the announcement that the Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, England, has been beaten by a Newnham College girl, that the first place in the classical tripos at Cambridge has been won by a woman, and that a member of the Harvard Annex has cut out the Harvard

men in the competition for the Sargent prize for the best metrical version of the 29th ode of the 3rd book of Horace. The arguments that women do not possess "masculine" qualities of mind is receiving little support from facts.

THERE is a significant indication of the ambition of the West to be gathered from the statistics of the women's colleges of the East. Vassar numbered in her under-graduate classes of '90, '91, '92, and '93 sixty-four students from west of Ohio, Smith sixty-nine, and Wellesley sixty-three. The figures are especially impressive when we consider how sensitive the part of the country to which these girls belong is to higher ideas of all kinds, and with what zeal and thoroughness it emulates those who represent what it believes to be the highest type of culture and education.

AN excellent idea for the World's Fair has been dropped in Chicago by Professor Putnam, of Harvard. It is the establishment of a museum of American ethnology representing the habits and customs of all the tribes on the American continent from the earliest periods. The human habitations of various periods, which were such an attraction at the Paris exposition, would be imitated with the difference that only American plans would be followed. The dress, utensils, pottery, decoration, weapons, tools, gods of each tribe, at different stages, would be shown. The religious customs would be represented. In short, every thing that investigation and scholarship could gather, would be displayed in a museum which could be made permanent. It is a scheme of great value and should not be lost sight of in the midst of more spectacular but much less fruitful ideas.

THE *Note-Book* has a suggestion for the Fair which it believes quite as fertile as Professor Putnam's—a Historical Exhibition of the American Revolution. The exhibition of the French Revolution, which has yielded such rich results to students of history abroad this year, could be made the model. There should be represented all the precursors of the War for Independence, documentary, pictorial, and journalistic. Evidences of the effect of the agitation in Europe should be gathered. The great struggle should be told by every article obtainable. Especially ought the relics of the leading actors to be brought together. The part of France should be am-

ply shown. The exhibition should extend through the period of the forming and adoption of the Constitution. The generous co-operation of the museums of the country and of the possessors of historical material would be almost certain if some able and energetic student of American history were put at the head of the task.

EDINBURGH, Scotland, has had its second great sensation this year. The first was the opening of the wonderful bridge; now it is the formal presentation to the city of the Carnegie Library. The title of king of library founders has been won certainly by Mr. Carnegie. His generous gifts to Scotland have been far surpassed by those to Pittsburgh and Allegheny, and no one knows what further beneficences he is planning. Were all millionaires like Mr. Carnegie, the right of the class to exist would not so frequently arise.

THE two branches of the Reformed Church, the Dutch Church and the Reformed Church, in the United States held synods in June. Emphatic approval was given in both bodies of a plan for a federal union between the two. The bodies also put themselves on record as believing that where a town cannot support well churches of different denominations, the only sensible and Christian plan is union into one strong, healthy force. We heartily agree and welcome the Reformed Church to the side of church union.

THE third summer meeting at Oxford, England, is to be opened by Professor Max Müller on August 1. The work which is arranged for University-Extension students especially is very inviting. Lectures will be given in courses on modern English history, on various questions of art, literature, and science, and on political economy. A series on the history of Oxford promises well. It is proposed to arrange a series of visits to the colleges, illustrative of these lectures. As in former years the Assembly will be divided into two parts, the second being devoted to quiet study. The Oxford meeting enjoys the patronage of many of the foremost college men of England and it offers an especially attractive program both of lecturers and subjects for the present summer.

THE decline of the use of Latin by learned bodies goes a little further each year. For the first time since Harvard College was founded the quinquennial record of its alumni is to be issued in English instead of Latin.

In several leading institutions diplomas are now worded in English, a style which once would have seemed to scholars shocking if not profane taste. It all goes to show how surely all classes are coming to believe that the evident thing is at all times the wisest.

ANOTHER old-time superstition has been destroyed by the investigator. From time immemorial, the fair-haired woman has been the pet of poets and of painters. It has been supposed that she was the pet, too, of lovers. But it seems not. A learned writer in the *British Medical Journal* shows that in his investigations he has found that the number of fair haired women who marry is to the number of black haired women as 55 to 79 and that 37 per cent with fair hair are single

where only 18 per cent with black remain unmarried.

A PLACE of amusement in a city where a genuine out-of-door effect can be obtained has been secured to New York in the new Madison Square Garden. This huge amphitheater will seat nearly twice as many as the Chicago auditorium and in size is far beyond any thing else in the United States. Field glasses and ear trumpets are declared necessary to those who are seated on the confines. The middle of the roof is an enormous skylight which can be slid back, thus practically placing the audience in the open air. This roof arrangement is perfectly practical in any building and would add greatly to the comfort of all audience rooms.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD.

ON the morning of the 23d of July the first number of the *Chautauqua Assembly Herald*, for 1890, will be issued. It will continue until August 25, to appear daily, Sundays excepted. Now, for everybody who goes to Chautauqua, the *Assembly Herald* is a necessity. It has the daily programs; it reports, stenographically, all the brilliant lectures; it tells every thing good said at conferences and platform meetings, in class-rooms, and Round Tables; it gathers up the talk of the grounds; it gives the summary for every day; in fact, it tells all about every thing, and since there is so much at Chautauqua which even the most untiring disciple cannot see or hear because of the unfortunate limitation which allows one to be in but one place at a time, the *Herald* is an indispensable aid-de-camp.

For those who cannot go to Chautauqua, but who want to keep apace with the rapid strides of the place, it is exactly the thing. Its contents are the "beaten oil" of a Chautauqua day. Whether to a Chautauquan or a general observer of the movements of men, a student of a special subject, or a general reader, the *Assembly Herald* will be worth many times its price. The subscription price of the *Assembly Herald* for the season is \$1.00. In clubs of five or more to one address, it is 90 cents each. Persons sending in their orders before August 1 will have the advantage of our combination offer of THE CHAUTAUQUAN and *Assembly Daily Herald* for \$2.70. All orders should be sent to Dr. T. L. Flood, Meadville, Pa., until July 18, then Chautauqua, N. Y., until August 25.

OUTING PROGRAMS.

FOR AUGUST.

GARDEN PARTIES.

WHETHER the company is away for a summer outing or is passing the time at home, garden parties furnish a most desirable form of recreation. The first necessity, if the party is to be held in the evening, is to have the grounds well lighted. Strings of Chinese lanterns are very striking, and fairy lamps scattered here and there in obscure nooks and corners lend a magic effect. The tents, booths, and awnings for which

there may be need, should be draped over with vines or boughs. Large vases of blooming plants or of cut flowers are very ornamental. Two or three light, movable screens, trimmed with vines or flowers are very pretty objects, and in case there is any entertainment allow of a change of scenery between the acts.

The following is suggested for an entertainment: In the early part of the evening the little drama, "A Classic Story," (see *The*

Library Table) is to be acted. The guests are all to be assembled at one side of the yard. If there is not a high picket fence at the end opposite this side of the house, two or three lengths of such fence with an occasional picket or two gone should be securely set. Inside the house, in a lighted window, the reader of the poem is to be seated. With the reading the whole story, which explains itself, is to be acted out. The garden scene in "Romeo and Juliet," Act II., Scene II., is the next on the program. The only change needed in the scenery will be the replacing of the missing pickets in the fence, and the removal or concealment of the swing. Juliet is to appear in an upper window which would better have a balcony, so that she may step out in full sight. The scene should open with the first two lines in Act II., Scene I., and Romeo's leaping over the wall. The parts must be committed to memory. For the third number a scene in domestic life would afford variety and be not inappropos. The selection, "A Domestic Experience," (see *The Library Table*) will furnish a good reading. A small group of ladies is to be seated under a tent which is to be arranged inside as a cheerful little drawing room. One of the number is to read the selection as if she was telling the story of her own experiences.

Supper should be served under a booth or tent. Just before time to announce it, the hostess is to distribute to all the gentlemen and to the ladies slips of paper bearing numbers. The hostess keeps slips of paper also numbered to correspond with those given out. The latter then takes her seat at a well-lighted table, and, drawing one of her slips, calls the number. The lady having the corresponding one, goes to the table, takes the slip the hostess holds, unfolds it, and reads the couplet inside. These couplets are all to be written beforehand by a committee, and must be so constructed as to call to the side of the reader the possessor of some leaf. The more nonsensical the couplets the better. The following is suggested as a sample: Fee, foe, fie, fum! I'm waiting for Geranium. On entering the supper room each gentleman announces the name of the leaf which he drew, and he and his lady are led to the plates beside which are leaves of the same kind.

Walking parties are coming more and more into vogue. There are various ways of planning for such parties; details, of course, must always be worked out to suit special cases. The company could have as an objective point a visit to some friend living at such a distance as to suit all, or they could arrange for dinner at a hotel or farm house. If along the line of a railroad or coach route, it could be planned to ride one way, either

out or back; or carriages could take them one way. In the last case a picnic dinner could easily be managed. If the party ride to the ground, the provisions could all be packed in pasteboard boxes; the thin wooden plates or little boxes such as are used by grocery men, and paper napkins, will serve nicely for the table and then can be thrown away.

Exploring parties are very delightful affairs. Within easy reach of almost every place there are regions about which clusters some special interest—it may be they are remarkable for wildness, or picturesqueness of scenery, for peculiar geological formations, for some historical connection, or for other reasons. A thorough exploration of any such place will afford a fine pastime.

Other pleasures suggested as most apropos to local circles are as follows: Some spot might be chosen which should be henceforth a sort of headquarters for C. L. S. C. outings. An inaugural ceremony might be observed, and a name bestowed upon it. The planting of a tree, the raising of a pole on which to float a pennant, the dedicating of a rock, or grotto, or the space under the spreading branches of a tree as the speaker's stand, offer a choice in the observances of the day, and are all suitable.—To christen a body of water by breaking over the prow of a little boat a bottle of lemonade or coffee is a very pretty observance. (This is the usual ceremony for naming a ship, but is also applicable to the water itself.) The boat must be gaily decorated with flying flags and pennants, and garlands of flowers. As the bottle is broken, the name is given. The body of water can be connected still closer to the C. L. S. C. interests by a marriage ceremony like that performed by the doge of Venice when he united the Adriatic Sea to that city. From a boat also garlanded and trimmed, the one chosen for the honor, should drop into the water a ring (a gilded one) with the words, "*Desponsamus te mare, in signum veri perpetuæque dominiæ*," the actual words used by the doge in his annual ceremony, which translated mean, we espouse thee, O sea, in sign of a true and perpetual lordship.—The christening of a mountain or hill offers another variation in this theme. That the idea is an old one may be gathered from a stanza of Byron's "Manfred," which runs:

Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

After a regular inaugural address, a large wreath can be placed upon the summit and the name pronounced at the same moment, or the

ceremony given in "The Mountain Christening" (see *The Library Table*) can be used.

GIANT JACKSTRAWS.

PACK several large flower pots with moist sandy earth, and when the molded shapes are firm, turn them out upon the board around which the players are to be seated. Push into the sand, like pins into a cushion, as many twigs, splinters, lead pencils, knives, etc., as it will hold without beginning to crumble. The trial of skill is in extracting as many of these giant jackstraws as possible without moving any of the rest. Each successful draw counts ten plus, and each unsuccessful one counts five minus. The umpire keeps the score for the whole party, and the person making the poorest record must pack the sand for the next game.

THE CHAUTAUQUA CORNER.

AFTER reading the Scribe's first communication, the Occupant explored the neighborhood for several days, diligently went to picnics, joined dining parties, camped, and tramped, but something was lacking. This want was confided to the Scribe, who replied in this wise:

My Dear Occupant,—

I do not like the tone of your letter. You complain that though you are indulging every day in some *al fresco* affair you feel that you are learning very little, and that you ought to be going to places where you could add to your store of knowledge. Does it never occur to you that it is quite as essential in attempting an intellectual life, to cultivate your love of beauty, your capacity for receiving impressions, and your power of enjoyment as it is to collect facts? What are facts without these other powers? Dry bones, my friend, lifeless, dry bones. You have the common, one-sided view of the intellectual life; that it is an accumulation of information, that it demands incessant serious addition to this store, and that any moment spent otherwise is wasted. Now this is overlooking the human side, the natural side of intellect entirely. A rounded intelligence requires the appreciation of human pleasures and occupations, of natural beauty and wonders. Why, Occupant, appreciation of these things, sympathy with them, insight into them, is the very stuff books are made from!

The other day I came down the Great Lakes. In our party were two bright, serious girls, graduates of Eastern colleges of the first rank, and teachers of standing. They were burning to improve their minds, and the way they did it was to devour books throughout the day; then when too dark to read they sat out and dis-

cussed what they had read. When the majesty of the moonlight and of the great expanse of sky and water had silenced every one else they piped away about what—said about—and how skillfully—answered him. And thus they "bayed at the moon" when they might have had the beauty of the night imprinting its mysterious and ennobling influence on their hearts. There was no glory in sun, nor moon, nor stars that would stop their literary twaddle. At the Sioux we shot the Rapids, and as we were darting between the rocks and dashed by foam in that exhilarating canoe ride, I heard one of them asking her companion if she had read Bryce yet. The party traveled down the St. Lawrence and afterward the Hudson, and the two spent the days given to the superb scenery of the beautiful rivers by verifying the names of the cottages and country places along the route. There was no time for pleasure, for impression, for giving nature a chance to weave her spell about them. The facts must be obtained. A land of pure delight was not sufficient for them. It must be a land of didactics and of guide books.

Of course, if you had been in the party you would have joined the girls and would have condemned those who basked in the beauty and novelty of the changing scenes as indolent and indifferent, but, Occupant, you would have had only husks from your trip. The indolent neighbor you scoffed at, would have carried home the real corn.

The only intellectual way in which to take your outings is with a simple desire to enjoy them with all your heart. When you attempt to make them didactic you pervert their purpose. You do not deal honestly with them. You fail of real pleasure because in your narrow view, pure pleasure is not intellectual; it is not worthy of your ambition. I am convinced that this is hypocrisy on your part, though I am willing to acknowledge that I think you do not realize that it is so. The truth is, you like fun and frolic, you love beautiful sights, fresh air, and sweet sounds, but you have gotten a distorted notion that these are not literary, not intellectual, and so, when you go on an outing, you try to force from it didactical meanings, you try to hang it around with historical meanings and weighty discussions, and if you fail, you consider it wasted time. Away with your shams, my dear Occupant. Go out and enjoy yourself. Be convinced that there is no such unintellectual performance as the contempt of pure pleasure.

Faithfully yours,

THE SCRIBE.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1893.

CLASS OF 1890.—“THE PIERIANS.”

“*Redeeming the Time.*”

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. D. A. McClenahan, Allegheny, Pa.
Vice Presidents—John Lee Draper, Providence, R. I.; the Rev. Leroy Stevens, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; Charles E. Weller, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Dr. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.; Miss Amy L. Sanderson, Toronto, Canada; Geo. H. Iott, Chicago, Ill.; A. T. Freye, Crestline, Ohio; Miss Helen Chenault, Ft. Scott, Kan.; S. M. Delano, New Orleans, La.; Miss Sarah Young, Danville, Ky.; Mr. Seymour Dean, French Creek, N. Y.

Eastern Secretary—Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, New Jersey.

Western Secretary—The Rev. H. B. Waterman, Griggsville, Ill.

Treasurer—Mrs. E. P. Wood, 252 General Taylor Street, New Orleans, La.

Class Trustee—Dr. J. T. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.

Items for this column should be sent to Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—THE TUBEROSE.

THE muster-roll of '90 at the Assemblies is already begun, and we hope to see our class well in advance of all of its predecessors. More than thirty graduates have reported for Monterey on the Pacific Coast, forty for Ottawa, and we are well represented at Beatrice, Winfield, Topeka, and the Iowa Chautauqua. The whole number of '90's attending these Assemblies exceeds that of '89 last year.

RECOGNITION DAY at the Piedmont Chautauqua has been changed from August 14, to Tuesday, August 12, in order to insure the presence of Counselor Carlisle. We hope there will be many '90's at Piedmont to hear and be helped by the words of this inspiring teacher.

THE Carlisle C. L. S. C., of Greenville, South Carolina, held on the evening of May 30, the first graduating exercises of this energetic circle. Six members of the Class of '90 were present and the exercises included a salutatory, circle history, an address by Dr. Carlisle, and the valedictory. The invitations, printed on heavy card and designed especially for the circle, were exceedingly tasteful and fitly represented the ideas embodied in the Chautauqua Circle. May the class of '91 follow the '90's with like good results!

ANY good result well achieved is a cause for congratulation and many a hard pressed '90 who has struggled heroically through almost unending difficulties is quietly taking his or her place in the ranks of that “noble army.” The

following letter gives the experience of one of these toilers: “I return blanks filled out. I have faithfully read all the books in the four years' course with all THE CHAUTAUQUANS. I have also read the ‘Chautauqua Movement,’ with which I was greatly pleased. My reading has been done at home, and doubtless my answers will be very unscholarly, but you must remember I am sixty-six years old and whatever my standing may be, I am glad I have read the course and am proud that I belong to the Class of '90 and have been permitted to help with the Class Building. I shall help still more. I do not expect to be at Chautauqua but shall graduate at Ocean Grove.”

THE following message from a '90 who has already passed her three score years and ten is gladly welcomed: “I have enjoyed the four years' reading very much, and would desire to continue if my eyesight were better. I desire to send kindly greeting to all my classmates and a God bless you to all members of the C. L. S. C. everywhere.”

A BUSY teacher who stands among the ranks of '90's graduates writes: “I cannot begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed the readings or how much they have helped me, and only regret that I have not been nearer other members of the circle. The books for next winter are so attractive that I think I must read them if I can only get the books, but I am very poor and get a very small salary as teacher. With best wishes for all connected with the C. L. S. C.”

CLASS OF 1893.—“THE ATHENIANS.”

“*Study to be what you wish to seem.*”

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 33 Oak St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Evanston, Ill.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Port Colborne, Province Ontario, Canada; The Rev. D. T. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas.

Secretary—Mrs. L. L. Rankin, Room 3, Wesley Block, Columbus, Ohio.

Treasurer—Miss Julia J. Ketcham, Plainfield, N. J.

Building Committee—Mr. Dodds; Mr. Rankin.

Assembly Treasurer and Trustee for the Union Class Building—Mr. George E. Vincent.

EMBLEM—THE ACORN.

THE *Prison Mirror* published at the Minnesota state prison at Stillwater, Minnesota, now contains each week a Chautauqua column de-

voted to the interests of the Chautauqua Circle in that institution. The class is anticipating great pleasure in Chancellor Vincent's promised visit.

A MEMBER of the class in the Lincoln penitentiary, who already has filled out the four-page Memoranda for this year, sends for the White Seal paper also, and adds: "How much good the C. L. S. C. movement is destined to accomplish behind the bars, words refuse to tell, but blessed be the God of Chautauqua for its advent and good work it is accomplishing within these prison walls; the three exercises which have been held here since our class was organized have demonstrated that there are minds within prison walls preparing to make the most of their God given powers."

'93's to whom the work of the C. L. S. C. has been an experiment, attended sometimes with what may seem discouraging results, will be encouraged in reading the announcement of books for next year. The course is the most attractive yet offered to the C. L. S. C., and great pains have been taken to make it a thoroughly readable one in all respects. Let every '93 take up the second year's work on time, and if some of this year's studies still remain unfinished, lay them aside for the present and take up the work for '90-1 promptly, resolved to keep up with it. The subjects are fascinating ones, and zealous Chautauquans will find it hard to lay aside the work if once begun.

GRADUATE CLASSES.

CIRCULARS of the second year of the special graduates' course in English History and Literature are now ready and will be sent to any graduate upon application. Care has been taken in the preparation of this course to make a distinct division by epochs, so that graduates who were unable to take up the work last year but who desire to join already formed graduate circles, with a slight review may take up this second year's work and derive great benefit from it. Many, however, may prefer to begin with the first year's and form new circles, or possibly read alone. English history and literature form so large a part of the undergraduate work this year, that both old and new members will find much pleasure and profit in joining forces.

Two graduate circles give their opinion of this course, as follows: '82—"We have enjoyed the course of reading in English History and Literature very much, though our circle has suffered much from sickness and several have lost near friends, but all are hoping for

better work next year." . . . '88—"In response to your invitation to write you concerning the three years' graduate course in English History and Literature, I would say that I am heartily pleased with the work. We have a society of ten graduates and have regular meetings, following out a program. The course we find thorough and very fascinating. I had thought that I would this year not read the regular books of the C. L. S. C. for '90-1, but the titles are so fascinating and so in unison with this graduate work, that I can scarcely wait for the time for the work to begin. I hope to be able to take the special examination. I cannot express my thankfulness for this great Chautauqua work."

A MASSACHUSETTS teacher sends the following: "I am deeply interested in the English History and Literature Course. It is the best thing yet in the C. L. S. C. work. So many good things are constantly coming to us from the Chautauqua Idea that I am not surprised at any new plan."

THE special examination papers in English History and Literature have been mailed to all students who have sent fees for this special privilege. These papers will be corrected by Professors Adams and McClintock, and returned to the students, thus giving them the great benefit of personal criticism and suggestion.

It has been decided, at the Central Office, to have in future but one style of the gold graduates' pin, which will be sold for three dollars. The design will be that of the present pin, which has been selling for two dollars and a half. There are serious difficulties in the manufacture of the four dollar pin, and it is difficult always to give satisfaction, while in the other pin, which is equally handsome though not quite so expensive, uniformity always can be secured. The price of this pin is increased to three dollars to cover the expense of carrying the stock. The present pin has given great satisfaction to graduates, and it is believed that the new arrangement is a step in the right direction.

A very cheap excursion to Chautauqua will be afforded by the Brooklyn Chautauqua Assembly from New York on Monday, August 4, 3:30 p. m., over the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. The return ticket, \$10, good for 30 days. Passengers will be taken up at Manunka Chunk (junction for Philadelphia), Scranton, Binghamton, Owego, and Elmira. For circulars and tickets apply to Miss C. A. Teal, 214 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mr. E. P. Brook, 69 William Street, New York, Secretary and Chairman of the Excursion Committee.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

"ALL HE KNEW."

SAM KIMPER spent several days in looking about his native town for work. He found many sympathetic assurances, some promises, and no work at all. Everybody explained to everybody else that they were sorry for the poor wretch, but they couldn't afford to have a jail-bird around.

Meanwhile, Sam's stock of money, accumulated by overwork in the state prison, and augmented by Judge Prency's present, was running low. He kept his family expenses as low as possible, buying only the plainest of food-material, and hesitating long to break a bill though it were only of the denomination of one dollar. Nevertheless, the little wad of paper money grew noticeably thinner to his touch.

One evening Sam took his small change from his pocket to give his son Tom money enough to buy a half-bushel of corn-meal in the village. As he held a few pieces of silver in one hand, touching them rapidly with the forefinger of the other, his son Tom exclaimed:

"You're just overloaded with money, old man. Say, gi' me a quarter to go to the ball-game with? I'm in trainin,' kind o' like, an' I ain't afeared to say that mebbe I'll turn out a first-class pitcher, one of these days."

"Tom," said his father, trying to straighten his feeble frame, as his eyes brightened a little, "I wish I could; I'd like you to go into any thing that makes muscle. But I can't afford it. You know I'm not workin' yet an' until I do work the only hope of this family is in the little bit of money I've got in my pocket."

"Well," said Tom, thrusting out his lower lip, slouching across the room, and returning again, "I don't think a quarter's enough to trouble anybody's mind about what'll happen to his family afterward. I've heard a good deal from the mother about you bein' converted, and changin' into a different sort of a man, but I don't think much of any kind of converted dad that don't care enough for his boy to give him a quarter to go to the ball-game."

"Food before fun, Tom. When I was away and couldn't help it, things mebbe didn't go as they ort to have gone, but now that I'm back again, there shan't be any trouble if I know how to stand in the way of it."

There was no dinner at the Kimper table that day, except for such members of the family as could endure slices of cold boiled pork with very little

lean to it. Late in the afternoon, however, Tom returned, with an air of bravado, indulged in a number of reminiscences of the ball-game, and at last asked why supper was not ready.

"Tom," asked the father, "why didn't you come back to-day with what I gave you money to buy?"

"Well," said the young man, dipping his spoon deeply into a mixture of hasty-pudding, milk, and molasses, "I met some of the boys on the street, an' they told me about the game, an' it seemed to me that I wouldn't 'pear half a man to 'em if I didn't go 'long, so I made up my mind that you an' the mother would get along some way, an' I went anyhow. From what's in front o' me, I guess you got along, didn't you?"

"Tom, of course we got along; there'll be something to eat here ev'ry day just as long as I have any money or can get any work. But, Tom, you're pretty well grown up now; you're almost a man; I s'pose the fellers in town think you are a man, don't they? An' you think you're one yourself, too, don't you?"

The young man's face brightened, and he engulfed several spoonfuls of the evening meal before he replied:

"Well, I guess I am somebody, now'days. The time you was in jail I thought the family had a mighty slim chance o' countin'; but I tumbled into base-ball, an' I was pretty strong in my arms, an' pretty spry on my feet, an' little by little I kind o' came to give the family a standin'."

"I s'pose that's all right," said the father; "but I want you to understan' one thing, an' understan' it so plain that you can't ever make any mistake about it afterward. When I put any money into your hands to be used for anythin', it don't matter what, you must spend it for that, or you must get an awful thrashin' when you come back home again. Do you understan' me?"

The feeding motions of the eldest male of the Kimper collection of children stopped for an instant, and Master Tom leered at his father as he said:

"Who's goin' to give the thrashin'?"

"I am, Tom, — your father is,—an' don't make any mistake about it. He'll do it good and brown, too, if he's to die used up right away afterward. This family is goin' to be decent from this time on, there ain't to be no more thievers in it, an' any member of it that tries to

make it diff'rent is goin' to feel so bad that he'll wish he'd never been born. Do you understand? Don't go to thinkin' I'm ugly; I'm only talkin' sense."

The cub of the family looked upward at his father from the corners of his eyes, and then he clinched his fists and turned slightly in the chair. Before he could do more, his parent had him by both shoulders, had shaken him out of the chair, thrown him upon the floor, and was resting upon him with both knees.

"Tom," said Sam to his astonished son, "you was the first boy I ever had, an' I'd give away my right hand rather than to have any real harm come to you, but you've got to mind me now, an' you've got to do it until you're of age, an' if you don't promise to do it now, right straight along, from this time forth, I'll give you the thrashin' now. That ain't all, either; you've got to be man enough to stand by your dad an' say somethin' to the fellers, an' explain that you're goin' to stop bein' a town loafer, an' are goin' into decent ways."

Tom was so astonished by this demonstration of spirit that he made all the desired promises at once, and was released.*—*John Habberton.*

A MODERN CLASSIC.

"WELL, I must wait." The Doctor's room,
Where I used this expression,
Wore the severe official gloom
Attached to that profession.
So, nothing loath to change the scene,
I turned toward the shutter,
And peered out vacantly between
A water-butt and gutter.

Below, the Doctor's garden lay,
And on this stage contracted,
I saw, before a long delay,
A classic story acted.
For here, the Doctor's sill beside,
Did I not then discover
A Thisbe, whom the walls divide
From Pyramus, her lover?

Act I. began. A child of five
Hid by a garden bonnet,
Passed laughingly toward the swing,
Paused, turned, and climbed upon it.
Then, as I looked, across the wall
Of "next-door's" garden, that is—
To speak correctly—through its tall
Surmounting fence of lattice,

Peeped a boy's face, with curling hair,
Ripe lips, half drawn asunder,

And round, bright eyes, that wore a stare
Of frankest childish wonder.
Rounder they grew by slow degrees,
Until the swinger, swerving,
Made, all at once, alive to these
Intentest orbs observing,

Gave just one brief, half-uttered cry,
And,—as with gathered kirtle,
Nymphs fly from Pan's head suddenly
Thrust through the budding myrtle,—
Fled in dismay. A moment's space,
The eyes looked almost tragic;
Then, when they caught my watching face,
Vanished as if by magic.

Yes: they were gone, the stage was bare,—
Blank as before; and therefore,
Sinking within the patient's chair,
Half vexed, I knew not wherefore,
I dozed; till, startled by some call,
A glance sufficed to show me,
The boy again above the wall,
The girl erect below me.

The boy, it seemed, to add a force
To words found unavailing,
Had pushed a striped and spotted horse
Half through the blistered paling,
Where now it stuck, stiff-legged and straight
While he, in exultation,
Chattered some half-articulate,
Excited explanation.

Meanwhile, the girl, with upturned face,
Stood motionless, and listened;
Her very frock had gained new grace,
The dark eyes fairly glistened;
Her doll forgotten. Out of sight,
Some warning finger beckoned;
Exeunt both to left and right;—
Thus ended Act the Second.

Or so it proved. For while I still
Believed them gone forever,
And stood half raised above the sill,
I saw the lattice quiver;
And lo, once more appeared the head,
Flushed, while the round mouth pouted,
"Give Tom a kiss," the red lips said,
In style the most undoubted.

The girl came back without a thought,
Dear Muse of Mayfair, pardon,
That more restraint had not been taught
In this neglected garden.
Then on the scene,—by happy fate,
When lip from lip had parted,
And, therefore, just two seconds late,—
A sharp-faced nurse-maid darted;

*All He Knew. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent.
Chautauqua-Century Press. Price, \$1.00.

Swooped on the boy, as swoops a kite
 Upon a rover chicken,
 And bore him sourly off, despite
 His well-directed kicking.
 The girl stood silent, with a look
 Too subtle to unravel,
 Then, with a sudden gesture took
 The torn doll from the gravel,

Hid the whole face, with one caress,
 Under the garden-bonnet,
 And passing in, I saw her press
 Kiss after kiss upon it.
Exeunt omnes. End of play.
 It made the dull room brighter,
 Its gloom that moment passed away.
 And all of life seemed lighter.

—Arranged from Austin Dobson's "*The Drama of the Doctor's Window.*"

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

THE garden rose to a perpendicular height of two hundred and fifty feet. Arches supported each tier on this side. Those in the Coliseum give some idea of the architecture. From the three other sides, the structure rose in five pyramidal stages, each fifty feet in height, and upborne by pillars of brick and stone over twenty feet in circumference. The second stage was supported on six hundred and twenty-five pillars, and the fifth on one hundred and sixty-nine. Imagine the grandeur of these ascents, when the total number of columns reached fifteen hundred and twenty-four, of the same height and circumference. Each of these platforms, as well as the top, was finished flat: first in reeds mixed with bitumen; over this a solid brick masonry; next covered by a coating of lead from across the desert; the whole surmounted by a layer of earth thick enough for the roots of the largest trees. A winding, decorated staircase led from within to the top. Fountains flashed everywhere. Groves grew,—who knew how? Seen from a distance, the forest seemed to have leaped into mid-air. Flowers ran over the mathematical accuracy of the design like freshets of color. Every plant known to Babylonia, or imported by her florists from Persia, Judea, Syria, or Media, was fostered here. While soldiers dropped of sunstroke and slaves died for water, these royal flowers were shaded and cherished day and night. Should a vine droop, chosen by Nebuchadrezzar to please a fickle queen, or a bud die that had been honored by the royal selection? A line of slaves carried the water, which they dared not taste, in skins, to freshen this dream of delight. Garden houses and ex-

quisite apartments looked from between cool leaves. The sumptuous fancy, which was highly cultivated by the race and by the age, gave itself every possible trick to make the mountain garden agreeable to the mountain queen.*—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward.*

A DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE.

FOR a year after we got settled in our own house, we were ministered to by what Allan called a moving procession of poor cooks. I no sooner got used to a cook's name than she went away. I always called the one who was present by the name of her predecessor, and had just decided to use only the generic name of "Cook," when our affairs took a turn for the better.

It makes me laugh now to think of that procession. At first untidiness seemed to be the prevailing fault, but after a while I found a cook who was neat. She was a Norwegian woman, and was determined to do every thing after the fashion of Christiania. She positively would not give a second rising to the bread. "No, no," she would say, setting her lips firmly; "good, good, see, good," and then would look admiringly at the low, heavy loaf. Still, I surely thought I should be able to teach her. Never was there such a spotless cook; and she would wash all day in a fresh print dress, with white trill and white apron, and never look even ruffled when the day's work was done.

There was a pot-closet in the shed kitchen, which by reason of old age and low company, was hopelessly dingy. A broad smile played over Josephine's face when she first peered into it.

"I make it good," she said.

I never went into the kitchen for days afterward that I was not greeted by a sight of the soles of Josephine's big shoes; she herself was in the pot-closet scrubbing.

Josephine had asked me at the intelligence office if there were any Norwegians in town. I had been obliged to say no; but I had spoken without knowledge, for Allan told me afterward that there was a young Norwegian at the livery stable. I suggested to Allan that the next time he was in the village he should learn whether the Norwegian man was respectable, and if so, ask him to come to see Josephine.

The very next afternoon Peter appeared, rosy and light-haired, square and lumbering, and knocked at the kitchen door. He was a young fellow of perhaps twenty-four or twenty-five,

* The Master of the Magicians. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

and Josephine was at least ten years older. He came again the following afternoon about five o'clock, and Josephine took her knitting and sat on the kitchen piazza with him. The fourth day of their acquaintance was Sunday. Peter came in the afternoon and escorted Josephine to church, and later we saw them come walking home, hand in hand. Monday night he came again. On Tuesday night Josephine came to me in tears; Peter had not come.

"Why, probably he had some work to do," said I.

"Oh, no, there is some matter. I say I want live in city, and he say, 'No, *here*,' and he is sad."

"Why does he care where you live?" I asked.

"Oh, he ask to marry me, and I say, 'yas.' Then he say he live here. An' I say no, in city. He not like that. I' fraid he come no more."

"Oh, don't worry," said I; "if he doesn't come to-night, I'll send for him. 'But,' I added, 'before you promise to marry him you should first know if he is a good man. You must be careful.'"

"Oh, I know all," she replied; "I haf ask him. I say to him, 'You good man?' And he say 'yas.' 'You love God?' 'Yas.' 'You yoin the church?' He say, 'No, but I likes to yoin it.'"

"But, Josephine," I said, "isn't he very young?"

"Yas," answered Josephine; "but I don't mind young."

I hadn't thought of it in that light.

"Yas," continued Josephine, "he young. He stay strong long time and save money."

The next night Peter came. I went into the kitchen about nine o'clock and there he and Josephine sat, their chairs side by side, straight against the wall, each with a hymn-book, singing piously—and out of tune.

Not long after that, Josephine caught cold and had a slight cough. Peter was generous, but he wooed with no trifles; he was no silly fellow to waste his money on candies and flowers. And so he forthwith bought and presented Josephine with two flannel undershirts which she showed me with pride.

"He make good man," she said.

This present certainly was good evidence that he was a "good peverider."

Shortly after that, Josephine and Peter were married and went to live in the city after all.

I had paid Josephine high wages all the time she was with me, but she had never learned to cook. She was paid chiefly not for cooking, but for consenting to live in the country. But

"she was so neat," we always said. And when we speak of her now we still say, "But she was so neat," as if it were neatness, not charity, that covered every failing.*—*Christine Chaplin Brush.*

AN OLD TIME OUTING.

How did they manage to busy themselves—
Our sires in the early plantation days?
Grinding their axes and whittling their helves?
Fishing for salmon and planting maize?
How when the chopping and splitting were
done?
How when the corn-fields were planted and
hoed?
How when the salmon had ceased to run,
And the bushes were cleared from the old Bay
Road?

They were not men who stood still in their
shoes,
Or who clung to their cabins when forests were
damp;
So, when labor was finished, they cut the blues
And their sticks for a lively exploring tramp.
'Twas a beautiful morning in June, they say
Two hundred and twenty years ago,
When armed and equipped for a holiday,
They stood where Connecticut's waters flow,

With five upon this side and five upon that,
Agawam's bravest and hardiest men,
Hailing each other with lusty chat,
That the tall woods caught and tossed over
again.

Holyoke, the gentle and daring, stood
On the Eastern bank with his trusty four,
And Rowland Thomas, the gallant and good,
Headed the band on the other shore.

"Due North," shouted Holyoke and all his men.
"Due North," answered they on the opposite
beach;
And northward they started, the sturdy ten,
With their haversacks filled and a musket each.
Up the bright river they traveled abreast,
Calling each other from bank to bank,
Till the hot sun slowly rolled into the West,
And gilded the mountain-tops where it sank.

They lighted their camp-fires and ate of their
fare,
And drank of the water that ran at their feet,
And wrapped in the balm of the cool evening air,
Sank down to a sleep that was dreamless and
sweet.

* Inside Our Gate. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The morning dawned on the double group
Facing each other on opposite shores,
Where ages ago with a mighty swoop
The waters parted the mountain doors.

"Let us christen the mountains," said Holyoke
in glee;

"Let us christen the mountains," said Thomas
again;

"That mountain for you, and this mountain
for me."

And their trusty fellows responded "Amen."

Then Holyoke buried his palm in the stream,
And tossed the pure spray toward the moun-
tain's brow,

And said, while it shone in the sun's first beam,
"Fair mountain, thou art Mount Holyoke now."

The sun shone full on the Western height,
When Thomas came up from the crystal tide:

"I name thee Thomas by Christian rite."

"Thou art Mount Thomas," they all replied.

There were greetings and jests in every mouth,
And hearty farewells to "Holyoke" and
"Tom."

Then the gleeful men turned their steps due
South,

And took a bee line for Agawam.

—From "*The Mountain Christening*," by J.
G. Holland.

WATERING-PLACE TYPES.

EVERY watering-place has a character of its own, and those who have given little thought to this are surprised at the endless variety in the American resorts. But what is even more surprising is the influence that these places have upon the people that frequent them, who appear to change their characters with their surroundings. One woman in her season plays many parts, dashing in one place, reserved in another, now gay and active, now listless and sentimental, not at all the same woman at Newport that she is in the Adirondack camps, one thing at Bar Harbor and quite another at Saratoga or at Richfield. Different tastes, to be sure, are suited at different resorts, but fashion sends a steady procession of the same people on the round of all.

FLITTING about are to be seen the social heroes who had a notoriety thirty or forty years ago in the newspapers. This dried-up old man in a bronze wig, scuffling along in list slippers, was a famous criminal lawyer in his day; this gentleman, who still wears an air of gallantry, and is addressed as General, had once a reputation for successes in the drawing-room as well

as on the field of Mars; here is a genuine old beau, with the unmistakable self-consciousness of one who has been a favorite of the sex, but who has slowly decayed in the midst of his cosmetics; here saunter along a couple of actors with the air of being on the stage.

HERE is a young lady of, say twenty-three years, inclining already to stoutness, domestic, placid, with matron written on every line of her unselfish face, capable of being, if necessity were, a notable housekeeper, learned in preserves and jellies and cordials, sure to have her closets in order, and a place for every remnant, piece of twine, and all odds and*ends. Not a person to read Browning with, but to call on if one needed a nurse, or a good dinner, or a charitable deed.

THERE was the portly, florid man who "swelled" in, patronizing the entire room, followed by a meek little wife and three timid children. There was the broad dowager woman, preceded by a meek, shrinking little man, whose whole appearance was an apology. There was a modest young couple who looked exceedingly self-conscious and happy, and another couple, not quite so young, who were not conscious of anybody, the gentleman giving a curt order to the waiter, and falling at once to reading a newspaper, while his wife took a listless attitude, which seemed to have become second nature.

It is true that there are odd figures in the shifting *mêlée*—one solid old gentleman, who has contrived to get his bathing suit on hind-side before, wandering along the ocean margin like a lost Ulysses; and that fat woman and fat man were never intended for this sort of exhibition; but taken all together, with its colors, and the silver flash of the breaking waves, the scene was exceedingly pretty. Not the least pretty part of it was the fringe of children tumbling on the beach, following the retreating waves, and flying from the incoming rollers with screams of delight.

THE dining-room was full of members of the Institute, in attendance upon the annual meeting—gray-bearded, long-faced educators, devotees of theories and systems, known at a glance by a certain earnestness of manner and intensity of expression, middle-aged women of a resolute, intellectual countenance, and a great crowd of youthful school-mistresses, just on the dividing line between domestic life and self-sacrifice, still full of sentiment, and still leaning more to Tennyson and Lowell than to mathematics and Old English.

AWAY from his occupation, away from the

cares of the household and the demands of society, what is the self-sustaining capacity of the ordinary American man and woman? It was interesting to note the enthusiasm of the first arrival, the delight in the view of Round Top, the deep gorges, the charming vista of the lowlands, a world and wilderness of beauty; the inspiration of the air, the alertness to explore in all directions, to see the lake, to see the falls, the mountain paths. But is a mountain sooner found out than a valley, or is there a want of internal resources, away from business, that the men presently become rather listless, take perfunctory walks for exercise, and are so eager for meal-time and mail-time? Why do they depend so much upon the newspapers, when they all despise the newspapers? And the women, after their first feeling of relief, did they fall presently into petty gossip, complaints about

the table, criticisms about each other's dress, small discontents with nearly every thing? Not all of them*.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

SING ME A SONG OF IDLE DAYS.

SING me a song of idle days
When golden languor is on the ways,
And far away, where the upland ends,
Among red corn the reaper bends,
And farther the faint line of the sea
Lies blue, to mind us our land is free.
Sing me a song of idle days
When Love dreams in a golden haze.†
—*Francis William Bourdillon.*

* Their Pilgrimage. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† August. Edited by Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Fiction.

Babylon in the days of its greatest magnificence forms the gorgeous background for the rich Oriental pageant that passes at a tireless pace through the pages of "The Master of the Magicians."* There is evidence of immense labor in historical research, but the materials are used wisely and without over elaboration of detail. The plot develops with never-failing and intense interest, and the characters overflow with vitality.—The principal character in "The Tragic Muse"† is developed with a skill that the author has never equaled, and but few modern writers have surpassed, and of itself is sufficient to stamp the book the work of a finely equipped genius. The story is undoubtedly the best Mr. James has yet produced; it is not only artistic but pervaded with a sense of the true dignity of art; the studies are acute yet dispassionate, and the analyses thorough without being labored. It takes rank at once among the small class of truly artistic literature.—Miss Jewett's graceful realism has nowhere a greater charm than in the newly gathered "Tales of New England."‡ Each story is an exquisite idyl of country life.—One seeks in vain for a single redeeming feature in "Adrift."|| It is a stupid story

clumsily told, and dedicated (some have honors thrust upon them) to W. D. Howells.—Nothing but words of praise can be found for Miss Wormeley's excellent translation, and the handsome dress which the publishers have given the set of Balzac. The latest volume* contains six of this great novelist's short stories.—Quite out of the ordinary run of German novels is "Bella's Blue Book."† It is vivacious and occasionally quaintly humorous at the beginning, and develops into considerable strength before the close.—"With Fire and Sword"‡ will be of as deep interest to the serious student of history as to the reader who cares only for the romance it contains.—A series of letters written from New York in 1888, forms the terrible picture of what the world will be then, according to the author of "Cæsar's Column,"|| unless there is a renewal of the bond of brotherhood between the classes. It contains much to set people thinking.—The exuberant fancy, the delicate touch, the elegant style, of "Day and Night Stories"§

*Fame and Sorrow. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

†Bella's Blue Book. By Marie Calm. Translated from the German by Mrs. J. W. Davis. New York: Worthington Co. Price, 75 cts.

‡With Fire and Sword. An Historical Novel of Poland and Russia. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Price, \$2.00.

||Cæsar's Column. A Story of the Twentieth Century, By Edmund Boisgilbert, M. D. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Company.

§Day and Night Stories. By T. R. Sullivan. New York: Scribner and Welford. Price, \$1.00.

*The Master of the Magicians. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward. Price, \$1.25. †The Tragic Muse. By Henry James. In two volumes. Price, \$2.50. ‡Tales of New England. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Price, \$1.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

||Adrift: A Story of Niagara. By Julia Ditto Young. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$1.25.

can be described by but one adjective, — Hawthornesque. — Miss Sparhawk's "Chronicle of Conquest" * is a thorough review of the different phases of the Indian question presented in pleasing fiction form. — The wistful, eager face that peers out from the cover of Mrs. Burnett's latest book, † is an index of the character found within. The history of how this tiny marble saint stepped down from her pedestal to live a more natural, child-like life without losing her sweet innocence and loving sympathy, is told with exquisite art. — "As 'Tis in Life" ‡ is a tolerably good translation of a poor enough French novel, full of strained situations and unlikable characters. — Had the author of "A Romance at the Antipodes" || been content with making this little book simply a record of travel, it would have been more worthy of publication, for the style is easy and natural and the field not overworked; but the so-called romance is dragged in by the heels and is, moreover, commonplace and uninteresting. — "The Hammer" § is a spirited story of that critical period of Jewish history recorded in the First Book of Maccabees. The struggle for freedom furnishes a fine opportunity for the historical novelist and is here pictured with much vividness. — The people of "Tuna Valley" ¶ are sadly mixed on their *shalls* and *wills*, *woulds* and *shoulds*, but their moral principles are not so bad. Each preaches a little sermon and then all are married and "live happily ever after." — "The briar and the palm are the wages of life," said the once great Tupper, and from this piece of proverbial wisdom "Briar and Palm" ** takes its name. The author seems well acquainted with the types she depicts, and carries them with a steady hand through their trials and adventures. — Like the preceding, "Barbara Leybourne" †† is an American edition of an English book, and is better than much that is written for Sunday-schools on this side of the water. — An eloquent plea for the Fresh Air and Country Week

Societies, will be found in "Gems Without Polish." * It is moreover a very tender and beautiful story. — "A Prince in Disguise" † is a thoroughly good and wholesome book. — The object of "Gold, Tinsel and Trash" ‡ seems to be to show the inconsistency of many Christian lives. It bears particularly on Methodist usages.

A group of twenty pen sketches Biographical Studies. composes the volume entitled, "Harvard Graduates Whom I Have Known." || The persons chosen to be thus commemorated are those who have made for themselves a large place in the world, and who also have rendered in some way valuable services to their college. In the list are such names as Nathan Dane, Jared Sparks, and Ichabod Nichols. The author has proved himself a good artist in this line of work; he readily discriminates between individual traits and possesses a happy faculty of accurately describing them. Its appreciative and sympathetic spirit and the bright, terse style of writing make it a very readable work. — Mr. Griffis, well known as a writer on Japan and the Japanese, has given a full narrative concerning the American treaty of amity and commerce made with that exclusive nation, in his latest work, "Matthew Calbraith Perry." § He was led to write the book by the eager desire of the Japanese to know more of the man who had exerted so powerful an influence on their national history. No biography of him had ever been written, owing, probably, to the fact that his many valuable services to his country had been overshadowed by the brilliant fame of his brother of Lake Erie renown. Mr. Griffis has succeeded in showing that the younger brother is at least entitled to an equal share in public recognition. His life presents that remarkable phase in history in which a conquered nation points with pride to the contest in which it was overcome. The book is full of desirable information and of deep interest. — The first volume of a series of biographical studies called the "Heroes of the Nations" is devoted to Lord Nelson. ¶ It is a

* A Chronicle of Conquest. By Frances C. Sparhawk. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price, \$1.25.

† Little St. Elizabeth, and other Stories. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

‡ As 'Tis in Life. By Albert Delpit. From the French by E. P. Robins. New York: Welch, Fracker Company.

|| A Romance at the Antipodes. By Mrs. R. Dun Douglass. Price, \$1.00. § The Hammer. By Alfred J. Church, M. A., and Richmond Seeley. Price, \$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

¶ Margaret Ellison: A Story of Tuna Valley. By Mary Graham. Philadelphia: M. G. Connell, La Grange, 27th Ward.

** Briar and Palm. By Annie S. Swan. Price, \$1.00. †† Barbara Leybourne. A Story of Eighty Years Ago. By

Sarah Selina Hamer. Price, \$1.00. * Gems Without Polish. By Alice May Douglas. Price, \$1.25. † Reuben, A Prince in Disguise. By Carlisle B. Holding. Price, \$1.00. ‡ Gold, Tinsel, and Trash. By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones. Price, \$1.00. New York: Hunt and Eaton, Cincinnati: Cranston and Stowe.

|| Harvard Graduates Whom I Have Known. By Andrew Preston Peabody, D.D., LL.D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.25.

§ Matthew Calbraith Perry. By William Elliot Griffis. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$2.00.

¶ Horatio Nelson. By W. Clark Russell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

well written work giving in graphic outlines both the personal history of that great English admiral and the stirring events in which most of his life was passed. Doing full justice to the heroic, patriotic, and other noble qualities of the man, it makes no attempt to gloss over his distressing conduct in his domestic life. The book bears evidence of great care taken in examining all data and may be relied upon as an impartial, accurate work.—A critical and, just biography * of John Jay forms the subject of one of the recent volumes in the series of "American Statesmen." A conspicuous figure in public life, very little is known of his private history, so the book deals almost entirely with the stirring national events of the time. The style of writing is dispassionate, the statements are clear and accurate, the judgments passed are impartial. The whole tone of the book is exactly in keeping with the character of the calm, firm, conscientious, and wise statesman.—"The Happy Days of Marie Louise,"† a work translated from the French, is a fragmentary glimpse into the life of this Austrian princess, during the time she was, as the wife of Napoleon, the empress of the French. In a condensed introduction, the briefest outline of her career is given, which enables a reader not familiar with her history to get the proper setting for the fuller story in the book. Much interest is awakened in reading this; again is emphasized the old lesson that human beings are but the tools of monarchies; quite a new and agreeable light is thrown over the character of Napoleon. Taken in itself, however, the book is unsatisfactory in that it is unfinished; doubtless when connected with a book soon to be published, "Marie Louise and the Decadence of the Empire," this defect will be remedied.

Science. What bacteria are, what they look like, what they do both in

the line of being useful and of being hurtful, how they may be cultivated and studied, what are their relations to the rest of the material universe, are some of the questions answered in "The Story of the Bacteria."‡ To find out these answers the author has thoughtfully wended his way through many mysterious realms of nature and explored many difficult passages; and now, grown thoroughly familiar with the whole field,

* John Jay. By George Pellew. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.25.

† The Happy Days of Marie Louise. By Imbert De Saint-Amand. Translated by Thomas Sergeant Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.20.

‡ The Story of the Bacteria. By T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

he retraces it in company with the reader. The latter put on guard by the warnings and directions of the book, may do much in warding off from himself the dangers and diseases caused by these tiny creatures.—A capital work particularly adapted to the requirements of students is "The Physical properties of Gases,"* Starting out with the molecular theory of the constitution of gases, it enters into a close study of their properties, and gives the opinions held by leading physicists regarding them. Full accounts of the experiments upon which many of these opinions are based are given, and also of the achievements and discoveries resulting from the experiments. The book is fully illustrated with cuts.—The development of the modern philosophy of heat from the myths and theories of past ages, and the present known facts concerning the science are clearly set forth in Prof. Thurston's book, "Heat as a Form of Energy."† Beginning with the crude speculations of the ancients and ending with the latest discoveries and applications, it embodies in a concise form the whole subject.

Philosophy and Doctrine. "Studies in Hegel's Philosophy"‡ is a book purely apologetic in character and its defense is strongly made. The author starts out with a quotation from the renowned philosopher's own words, "The condemnation which a great man lays upon the world is to force it to explain him." He then proceeds to show that it is from the attempts of the various disciples and schools springing from his system, to explain the teachings of the founder, that has arisen the scepticism as to the real worth of the original teachings. The whole field of metaphysics in which the great German made himself master is carefully retraced, and it is contended that at their source his teachings are perfectly consistent with the vital truths of Christianity; that the dissonance begins with the later attempts to transform them into other systems. The author is a teacher in the Seabury Divinity School; and from the standpoint of orthodox Christianity this is quite a new light thrown over the Hegelian philosophy. The book is an able one and worthy of

* The Physical Properties of Gases. By Arthur I. Kimball. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.25.

† Heat as a Form of Energy. By Robert H. Thurston. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.25.

‡ Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion. By J. Macbride Sterrett, D.D. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

careful and wide study.—The author of "Why I am a New Churchman"* stands forth as a strong champion of the doctrines of Swedenborgism. He examines one after another the leading points in that system of belief, clears away some of the difficulties hovering about them, and shows why in his opinion they are superior to other doctrines. If his premises are taken for granted, his arguments are clear and logical; but the trouble lies in the premises.—In "Personal Creeds"† it is sought to show the way in which a man may gain true religious opinions and grow into an abiding faith.

* *Why I am a New Churchman.* By the Rev. Chauncey Giles. Philadelphia: American New Church Tract and Publication Society. Price, 25 cents.

† *Personal Creeds.* By Newman Smyth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

The teachings offered deal with the simple elements of Christian living.

A practical work for teachers, full of suggestions as to how to get out of old ruts and to lead the scholars in bright, sunny paths full of pleasure and profit combined, is "Preston Papers."* Told in the form of letters written to a state superintendent by an assistant teacher who is shocked at the innovations introduced by a new lady principal into a school of long established, thorough going, set methods, it possesses the interest of a novel, and at the same time powerfully impresses its advanced ideas.

* *Preston Papers.* By Miss Preston's Assistant. Rochester, N. Y.: William H. Briggs, Treas. Lawyer's Co-operative Publishing Co.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR JUNE, 1890.

HOME NEWS.—June 2. The work of taking the census begins.

June 4. The Senate passes the Fortifications bill.—Bradshaw, Neb., demolished by a cyclone.—Opening of the negro conference at Mohonk Lake, N. Y.

June 7. The House passes the Substitute Silver bill.

June 10. Corner-stones laid of two new halls for Princeton College.—Dedication of the Monticello woman's college at Godfrey, Ill.

June 11. Opening of the annual session of the International Missionary Union at Clifton Springs, N. Y., and of the National Temperance Congress in New York City.

June 12. Opening in St. Louis of the national convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.—The House passes the Agricultural Appropriation and Urgent Deficiency bills.

June 16. Thirty-two men entombed in a colliery near Dunbar, Pa.

June 17. The Silver bill, with the free coinage amendment, passed in the Senate and the Sundry Civil bill by the House.

June 18. Annual national convention of railway telegraph superintendents at Niagara Falls.

June 20. Two persons killed and thirteen injured by the wreck of an express train near Childs, Md.

June 23. The Senate passes the Agricultural College bill.

June 24. Opening at Pittsburgh of the sixth International Sunday-school Convention.—Annual session in Boston of the National Editorial Association.

June 25. The Louisiana House passes the Lottery bill.

June 26. Annual session of the American Society of Civil Engineers at Cresson Springs, Pa.

June 27. The Senate votes to admit Wyoming.

June 29. The Shawnees sign the treaty receiving lands in severalty and \$100 per capita.

June 30. Many deaths caused by the excessive heat in the cities of the Mississippi Valley.

FOREIGN NEWS.—June 3. Germany, France, Russia, and Switzerland have signed the treaty for the repression of anarchy.

June 4. King Humbert appoints Krupp, the gunmaker, commander of the crown of Italy.

June 9. Opening of the library presented to Edinburgh by Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

June 13. A commercial convention between Germany and Morocco is signed.

June 18. The King of Belgium appoints H. M. Stanley governor of Congo Free State.

June 21. The Colonial Government modifies the Bait act in favor of American fishermen.

June 22. President de Fonseca signs the new constitution of Brazil.—Death of President Francisco Menendez of San Salvador.—Five thousand people left homeless by the burning of Fort de France, Martinique.

June 24. General Carlos Ezeta is made provisional president of San Salvador.

June 27. The Anglo-German agreement regarding East Africa is concluded.

June 30. The Norwegian Storting votes 200,000 kronen for Dr. Nansen's polar expedition.

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ON PLEASURE BENT.*

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

Author of "All He Knew," "Helen's Babies," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"HOOORAY!" shouted eighteen year-old Will Bradford one morning, dashing into the family dining-room, in which he had finished a hasty breakfast only five minutes before so that he might look at his traps in the back lot.

Old farmer Brewster looked encouragingly across his second cup of coffee, and asked:

"What did you find, bub? A mink, or only a rabbit?"

"Pshaw, grandpa, I haven't seen the traps yet. I looked up the road when I went out, and saw a carriage coming just over the top of the hill, and as sure as I live there sat Uncle Clinton beside the driver!"

"Uncle Clinton!" exclaimed Will's twenty year-old sister Kate, springing from her chair and clapping her hands. "Oh, oh! Now for some fun!"

"Dear May's husband!" ejaculated the old farmer, who also rose. "Jack Clinton!"

"Clinton?" echoed Mrs. Bradford, the old farmer's widowed daughter. "Why, if he had been coming he would have let us know. You must be mistaken, my son."

"Not a bit of it, mother. I signaled him and he answered. I waved my hat, he waved his; I threw out my right arm sideways, so did he. He taught me the tricks himself long ago, so there can't be any mistake. Besides, he was sitting up straight with his head well thrown back; nobody who isn't a soldier sits that way in a buggy in these parts. I could even see his mustache as plain—"

B-Sept.

"The divinest mustache," murmured Kate, "that ever—"

"Child—child!" interrupted the farmer sharply, "don't use sacred words in that way."

But Kate was already out-of-doors, and the whole family followed her. They reached the piazza just in time to see a village hack pull up at the steps and a handsome, middle-aged man offering them a military salute. A second or two later he was distributing embraces and hand-shakes among the group, while the driver unloaded a small trunk marked "Captain J. C., U. S. A."

"Nobody this side of heaven could be more welcome, my son, said the farmer. "I wish you'd let us know you were coming, for we'd have been extra happy that much longer."

"I wasn't quite sure of a leave," said the captain, "until—"

"Oh, Uncle Clinton!" exclaimed Kate, who already was nestling against the soldier's side, "it's just providential. There's to be a County Ball this week, and grandpa has been doubtful about my going, but now—"

"But now the reliable family watch-dog having returned, you think grandpa's mind will be easy, eh?" said the captain, sweeping a small but very brown hand over the girl's golden crown until it reached an ear-tip, at which it stopped with a pinch, which elicited a small scream. "Well a County Ball is about as bad a place as you can find in this vicinity, so it's good that I—"

"I've almost enough mink skins to line you an overcoat, I guess, uncle," said Will, dragging the trunk up the piazza steps.

"I've a pot of your favorite carnations in bloom in the window, brother," said Will's mother. "You shall have a fresh one each day for your button-hole."

"Thoughtful old girl!" murmured the captain throwing his disengaged arm around his sister-in-law.

"Major Meuse is in town, too," said the farmer, "and the sidewalk from here to the village is in good condition all the way. I saw to that myself, as soon as the major came—I felt it in my bones that you'd turn up too."

"Thoughtful as ever,—always a father to your son-in-law," said the captain, dropping his feminine charges and taking the farmer's hand.

"Will," said the farmer, as the party entered the house, "take Jack's trunk into the sitting-room. Get into your slippers, my son, and we'll have some hot coffee up stairs by that time."

"Thank you," said the captain, "I'm as hungry—"

"Will!" shouted the farmer the instant he heard the trunk drop.

The boy returned to the dining-room, into which all but the captain had gone. The farmer took his place at the head of the table, raised his hand and closed his eyes. The family understood him; over the fire-place in the sitting-room hung the only oil painting in the house—a portrait of the captain's wife, the farmer's daughter, dead nearly ten years, yet alive in the memories of all. They knew where the captain's eyes and heart were as he parted abruptly from the others and entered the room where his courting had been done, and why the old man's lips moved silently. Yet a moment later there was a great clatter of plates and teacups, and when the captain finally entered the dining-room no one eyed him curiously.

"Draw a chair wherever you like, Jack," said the farmer; "'wherever MacGregor sits is the head of the table,' you know."

"He's to sit right beside me," said Kate. "Oh, Uncle Clinton, the County Ball this week is to be—"

"Kate, Kate," groaned the farmer, "can't you ever think of anybody but yourself?"

"Let her chatter, father," said the captain with a laugh; "'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

"Yes, that's so," the farmer replied, "but I wish there was something else, in one dear little heart that I know of, besides rubbish."

"Oh, well, give the rubbish a chance to get out of the way, and something else may have a chance—eh?" said the soldier.

"Thank you, uncle; you know girls," Kate whispered.

"I ought to, for nobody ever had a finer specimen to study," said the captain, "and you look and act just like her. If you knew how much that means you'd be too conceited to live."

Then there was silence for a minute, after which everybody, all at once, tried to change the subject, and succeeded so well that old acquaintances, sitting hens, Indian stories, and recipes for soup were soon in an inextricable tangle of conversation. Enough plans were made for the captain's benefit, to occupy a year of leisure instead of a ten days' leave of absence. As they were offered one by one, and the guest pronounced each one delightful, Kate's pretty face grew longer and longer; finally she exclaimed:

"But you must distinctly understand, uncle, that whatever is or is not to be done, you've to escort me to the County Ball, first persuading grandpa to let me go."

"Certainly, my dear,—if grandpa lets you. If you're really to go, I'd rather take you than be made major-general."

"Oh, Jack!" groaned the farmer, "I hoped you'd got over such nonsense by this time."

"Is that so?" asked the captain, with a quizzical look. "How's an old fellow to get over it while there are a lot of precious girls that need watching, when they get into those mixed crowds?"

"I don't need to be watched," said Kate with a pout.

"Don't, eh? You blessed little goose, there are some subjects your old uncle knows a thousand times as much about as you, and that's one of them. He'll take you to the County Ball,—if you're to go, but he won't leave his eyes off of you for a single second."

Kate's most faithful admirer would not have seen any thing pretty in her face as she replied:

"I'm sure I don't mean to do any thing dreadful there."

"So am I," said the captain. "I don't believe in dueling, but if any fellow should have such a notion, I would call him out, unless, as is more likely, I should first kick him industriously."

"Then why am I to be watched?"

"Because, besides being always longing

for a good time, you're an innocent, simple-hearted, unsuspecting little girl."

"I'm not! I'm a woman; I came out two years ago."

"That doesn't make the slightest difference; it simply couldn't. It takes more experience than any girl—any good girl—usually gets, to teach her to watch herself properly in society that admits every one who dresses well."

"Uncle Clinton," said Kate, with really fine dignity, "you've lived West too long. You seem to think Preston with the surrounding country is full of ravening wolves. It isn't."

"Of course not, my dear girl. No place is; not even 'out West,' as you call it. Still wherever there's a single wolf there are some lambs who suffer—unless carefully guarded, for when it comes to guarding themselves they haven't any more sense than an asylum full of lunatics. Dear, pretty, innocent, well-meaning things, all of them, but what can you expect of the most innocent of innocents, when it hasn't any idea in its head except that it is to enjoy itself?"

Kate still pouted, her mother looked grave and troubled, while the farmer replied:

"That's the reason I say such gatherings are no place for a girl like Kate—a child of many prayers."

"That depends, dad," said the captain.

"Depends upon what?"

"Upon the care her natural protectors exert. Can you tell me of a place on earth where girls, and boys too, are not subjected to danger? Personally, I haven't any taste for County Balls, or any other, but I don't believe there's any more harm possible or likely there than in the schools here in Preston. You're still a school director, I suppose?"

"Certainly," said the farmer.

"Seriously, do you know of any other place on earth in which young people of the impressible age meet more bad company and are under less restraint than in school?"

"Our public school system," said the farmer, unconsciously taking the tone in which he often had publicly announced the same sentiment, "is the nation's bulwark against ignorance and consequent vice."

"It certainly is," the captain admitted. "I shall always defend it until I can discover something better. But that isn't the point. All children in Preston go to the public schools and meet all sorts of other children;

our young people meet even in Sunday-school and church some acquaintances who are not over good. On the street, in social gatherings of every sort, they meet some people whom we would rather they would not know. Why, then, draw the line at places of amusement?"

"Because," said the farmer, raising a fork and shaking it to emphasize his statement, "because when their hearts are bent on amusement, their consciences are not likely to be wide-awake and ready for business."

"Good point! Well put!" exclaimed the captain, while Kate, who for several moments had been gratefully eyeing him as a champion, relapsed into a condition which with a girl less intelligent and pretty would have been called "the sulks." "But," the soldier continued, "there's no use in treating young people as automatons, or boys and girls of straw. There's no straw about you, Kate, eh?"—this with a vigorous nip of Kate's shoulder with finger and thumb. "The better they are, the redder their blood and more abundant their spirits, the fonder they are of amusements of every kind. Seriously, dad, did you ever hear of any thing short of bolts and bars that would keep young folks from wanting to take part in all fun which wasn't repulsive at sight? I don't suppose you've ever put Kate under lock and key—"

A general laugh interrupted; Kate's eyes danced defiantly at her grandfather, who arose, took a chair beside the girl, and drew her head to his breast, caressing it tenderly.

"As I was saying," resumed the captain, "I don't suppose you've ever forcibly constrained her, but if not, what has there been to protect her from such bad influences as chance to reach her?"

"Good blood!" the farmer almost shouted, "and her mother's teachings, and thousands of prayers."

"All good—all good so far as they go. But let's suppose a parallel case. When I went to West Point I had pretty good blood in my veins; I meant to become a good soldier, I had any amount of good instruction, a great deal of which you gave me in Sunday-school, and I didn't lack the prayers; but when I graduated, and was regarded as a man, and placed face to face with the enemy, what would I have been good for if it hadn't been for the constant supervision and advice of the older men about me? Yet I'd rather leave an inexperienced officer on the frontier than an unguarded girl in society. Perhaps his character wouldn't be in-

jured, but his reputation would be likely to suffer. Ignorance makes quite as much mischief as sin. There was a great deal of sound sense in Talleyrand when he said that something that some one did was worse than a crime—it was a blunder. It is the blunders of a girl that make her misunderstood, and there are plenty of people ready to help her to blunder."

"Then she shouldn't go where such people are," the farmer declared.

"There are no other places—except home and heaven," said the soldier; "though," he continued, "some are worse than others—County Balls, for instance."

"Now, uncle!" exclaimed Kate.

"What are parents—and grandparents—to do, then?" the farmer asked.

"Accompany their darlings wherever they want to go."

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Kate's mother, who never had doffed her widow's weeds.

"I, nearly seventy, and a deacon, at the County Ball!" said the farmer, extending a heavily shod foot and eyeing it grimly.

"Yes; if it's good enough for Kate it's good enough for you. Besides, you'd be the finest gentleman present, and all the young men worth knowing would be glad you'd come."

Kate threw back her head, looked up archly, and said:

"Come along, grandpa. There's time yet for me to teach you a dance or two."

"Stop making fun of your grandfather, daughter," whispered the mother.

"But I'd like to dance with him," persisted the girl, "he's the truest gentleman in all Preston."

"That should encourage you, dad," the captain remarked with an argumentative shake of his head.

"It's too late," the farmer replied, "I'm too—"

"It's never too late to mend," the captain interrupted. "Do you know what I'm going to do when I retire from the service on account of age?—that'll be only thirteen years hence, you know. I'm going to do my best to be elected deacon of a church, unless I get myself transferred to the Methodist branch of the Lord's service for the sake of getting a vacancy in the class-leader grade. I'm going to make myself prominent in all good works, so far as retired pay and my savings will allow. I'm going to set a good personal example to all the boys—you know I don't

drink or smoke, yet I won't allow any youngster to get the better of me at riding, swimming, shooting, or any other healthful exercise. But here's the main point; after living the best and most religious life I possibly can, and not surrendering my moral principles in any way, I'm going to make myself the foremost figure in the decent amusements of the town—this very town of Preston."

"See here, my boy," said the old farmer, drawing his chair toward his son-in-law, "are you sure you know what you're talking about? When you retire you'll be sixty-three years old, you'll feel a good deal older than now; you'll begin to look ahead and think a great deal about a better world than this."

"Like enough, dad; indeed I'm sure of it, for by that time I'll have more friends there than here. But don't you see that the more I may think about that final home, the more anxious I will be to have every one else reach it too? You think people are likely to go astray through their love of pleasure; so do I—indeed, I'm sure of it; but that sort of love is never going out of human nature, and it is strongest in many who are weakest in moral principle that is in proper shape for use. You want these people saved—the whole church wants them saved, but won't do a thing for them unless the imperiled ones themselves ask for help. Probably you say the poor creatures ought to take a serious interest in themselves; I say those who first see the danger—I mean the church people—should be the first to move. What would you Fathers in Israel—and America—think of us soldiers if in time of war we were to remain in masses by ourselves and leave the weak places of the line unguarded until residents complained? You, my dear dad, would be one of the first men to say we weren't living up to our duty."

"Jack," said the farmer, after a momentary wrinkling of his forehead, "the cases do seem something alike, but can't you realize how trivial and weak and contemptible, and sometimes how really abominable, are the situations in which the young people of the present day sometimes place themselves through their love of pleasure?"

"Dad," replied the soldier, "can't you realize that it isn't any fun to chase Indian fiends through a country without food or water, and so full of vermin that sometimes

the only question is whether you shall be shot to death by an Indian or bitten to death by a rattlesnake? You don't suppose we go about our work through love of the surroundings, do you? We do it for the sake of the innocent and respectable people who are in danger and don't seem able to help themselves—the honest settlers, with their precious wives and children, whose lives are threatened by the savages. As you remarked a moment ago, the cases do seem something alike, very much alike, in fact, except in the way they are treated."

"You don't really think, Jack, that Kate and other good girls are in serious danger through their amusements, do you?"

"No, not all the while. You haven't believed any one day in the past twenty years would be your last, have you? Yet I'll warrant you haven't allowed your life insurance policy to lapse. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty—and every thing else. You church people turn most amusements over to young folks to manage for themselves, and then you sit at home grumbling and full of suspicion. Suppose I were to turn my recruits loose to train themselves; how long do you suppose it would be before I'd be court-martialed for neglect of duty and general laziness?"

"Grandpa," said Kate, "take your choice; either blush for shame, or go to the County Ball with us."

"Really, dad," the captain resumed, "the County Balls weren't made for young people alone. Where they originated and were conducted properly, they were intended as gathering-places where young and old should meet, for social purposes, each according to his taste. It isn't the fault of the young folks that they've degenerated—as they certainly have—into mere dancing parties for the youngsters and a few old rakes of both sexes—it's the fault of the older people who stay away because they imagine that whatever is amusing is wrong. If you don't want to be obliged to distrust them, regulate them yourself. Your character and influence are enough to do it."

"Uncle Clinton won't ever see the mink skins I've got for him if you don't stop talking about that stupid old County Ball," suggested Master Will.

"Stupid old County Ball!" echoed Kate, with a withering glance at her brother; "Oh, uncle, you *will* go in full uniform, won't you? How jealous all the girls will be of me!"

"They shan't remain so—if we go. I'll dance with each of them, if there are enough dances or few enough girls."

"As I was saying about the mink skins—" resumed Will.

"I beg your pardon, old chap, let's look at them at once. Where are they?"

"Drying on the carriage-room wall at the barn," said Will. "Come out."

The soldier and his nephew retired to the barn, the farmer buried his face in his hands and the daughter leaned over him and tried to kiss the wrinkles from his forehead. As for Kate, that young woman went sedately enough into the sitting room, where at once she changed her gate to a lively waltz step regardless of the many chairs and tables that encumbered the floor.

CHAPTER II.

"JACK," said the farmer just before supper one evening, "I wish you'd come down to the pasture and take a look at my new Jersey and her calf. A man who has spent years in the country of the cow-boys ought to know something about cows."

This was meant for a joke, so the family laughed, while the captain replied:

"It's astonishing how much a man may see without knowing any thing about it. I'll follow you, though."

The two men were scarcely out of the house when the farmer stopped so near the well that he could rest his elbow on the curb and lean in a farmer-like position. Then he said:

"I've got a remarkable Jersey cow, and I'm not sure about the calf having the same natural points as her mother; still, that isn't all I wanted to talk with you about. This family of mine is so given to clustering together—bless it! that it's next to impossible to find a chance to chat quietly with any one member of it. I want you to size up a couple of young men who come here, off and on. Of course I don't need to tell you that each has his eye on Kate; both are too old to drop in merely to see Will, and too young to care for me or Kate's mother. The girl admires both, after a fashion; she isn't in love with either, unless I've forgotten the signs, but I'm awfully afraid the one who is least of a man will be most attractive. He's a young lawyer, well educated, sharp as a steel trap, and getting pretty deep into politics. The other is square, good, and manly,—I've known

three generations of his folks,—but he doesn't put on any style."

"His education has been neglected—eh?"

"Not a bit of it; he's a college graduate, quite as good as the other. Somehow, though, he isn't as forward; he never attempts to force his own notions on Kate, and he—well, I don't know—"

"Are the Jersey and her calf down the well, grandpa?" came Kate's voice from the piazza.

"I do believe that girl can see through any thing," said the old man, rallying from a moment of confusion and blowing a kiss to the family mischief-maker as he hurried the captain toward the barn.

"She can't help it, dad; she's your grandchild," said the captain.

"Much obliged, my boy. As I was going on to say, neither of these young fellows has called since you've been here, but it's about time for them to drop in. I can't help suspecting that Wrung—that's the young lawyer—is wrong, though, and that he knows I think so; still, I shan't wonder much if you insist that the bad young man is the good one. You've been upsetting my ideas a great deal, since you came home."

"Perhaps," said the captain, "I should have held my tongue, but—"

"Nonsense, boy; you know I like to hear you talk. You're a man of the world; I'm not, and sometimes I can't help seeing that I run in a groove. I wouldn't consult you if I didn't believe in you,—if you hadn't always seemed just what I hoped, many years ago, you'd turn out. You'll have to be the head of the family before long, and I hope—"

Then the old man's voice failed him. The captain slapped him on the back, as if to restore his voice, and as they had just reached the pasture, exclaimed:

"She's a splendid cow, dad. There's nothing like her on a Western ranch."

Then both men went into the house where, after supper, Kate talked County Ball, and Will described various successful efforts to trap animals, while their elders tried to find intervals in which to exchange reminiscences of old acquaintances. The sound of the door-bell caused Kate quickly to touch her hair in two or three places, re-adjust the ruffle at her throat, and bend closely over her needle-work. A moment later as a young man entered the room, Kate arose, with a radiant

smile which also attempted to be a look of surprise, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Wrung!" Then she continued, "Let me make you acquainted with my uncle, Captain Clinton, of the army."

The young man extended his hand in fine form and said:

"It's a rare honor to meet a soldier in a land so stingy with its army."

"Thank you," replied the captain. "It's very pleasant for soldiers to meet any one who appreciates them."

"Our country," said the young lawyer, after greeting the remainder of the family, "is very mean regarding its army. It keeps the force so small that a civilian can't see a soldier unless he chances to live on the border or at a sea-port. The people should be enabled to keep in touch with their army, and sympathize with it. In time of trouble the popular heart goes out to the army, but in peace the government separates them at once. It's wrong, entirely wrong!" As Mr. Wrung spoke, his eyes flashed and his features, which were large and expressive, became animated. Kate looked at him admiringly, while the captain replied:

"I don't believe any soldier would contradict you."

Then Kate looked more pleased, and the lawyer engaged the soldier in conversation, displaying considerable knowledge as to the whereabouts and duties of the branch of the service, to which the captain belonged. The door bell rang again, and again Kate arose to greet a visitor.

"Good evening, Charley. Uncle Clinton, do you remember Charley Cheerleigh? He used to—"

"Why, my dear fellow!" exclaimed the captain. "Bless me! How fast these boys do grow!"

Cheerleigh, though nearly as old as the lawyer, blushed and looked rather uncomfortable until the captain gave him a chair and said:

"Now, tell me all about yourself."

"There's not much to tell, captain," the young man replied. "I'm through college, and attempting to do something as civil engineer. It's slow work—"

"But sure," the soldier interrupted, "for the fellow who'll stick at it patiently, and keep his eyes open."

"Then it shall be sure for me," said the young man quietly. "By the way, has

Will shown you his collection of native furs?"

"You may be sure he did, before uncle had been here an hour," said Kate, with a glance at her brother which was returned by what children call "a face."

"Engineering certainly is a fine profession," said the young lawyer, in a tone so evidently condescending that Cheerleigh frowned a little, "but it is slow. In the law, now, there is always so much business to be done that an able man finds his hands full almost from the start. It's really annoying to me to have so little time that I can call my own."

"I hope business isn't going to keep you from the County Ball," said Kate.

"It certainly shan't, Miss Bradford, if you are to be there."

"How self-sacrificing!" murmured Kate, trying to be sarcastic but not entirely succeeding, for she was also eyeing her grandfather narrowly.

"Are you going to the County Ball, Charley?" asked the captain.

"I don't know, I'm not much of a dancer."

"That doesn't matter; the ladies won't know the difference, for scarcely any man is a good dancer nowadays, unless there's some monkey in his blood. Ball-room grace and manners have been going out of men ever since round dances became fashionable, until even square dances at balls are romps—a great deal of the time."

Kate looked indignant; so did Wrung; while Cheerleigh brightened as he said:

"I've been conceited enough to suppose I was the only man who saw dancing in that light."

"You can atone for your conceit, my dear boy, by going to all the respectable dances and setting a good example, which means that you must become a good dancer."

Then the farmer frowned, though he did not take part in the conversation. Mrs. Bradford also was silent, but Kate said:

"Uncle, you needn't think by abusing dancing you're going to keep *me* from being fond of it."

"I'm not so silly as that, my dear," said the captain with a laugh. "Besides, I'm not abusing dancing, but only certain kinds of it, and in mixed companies. Girls would dance if men were bears."

"'Cause they like to be hugged," suggested Master Will, who had only begun to

learn to use his tongue in the presence of company, and who generally misused it.

"Will!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradford.

"You'd better retire," pouted Kate.

"I wasn't alluding to that sort of girl, bub," said the captain. "The dancing girl, in good society, the girl who will dance with any fellow rather than sit and chat with the good company, is she who insists that dancing is exercise, and who never takes any other."

"Why not?" asked the farmer.

"Principally because her proper guardians haven't insisted upon it, and provided the means."

"No other exercise!" exclaimed Kate indignantly after two ineffectual efforts. "That's all men know! You'd think you were exercising a great deal if you had to sweep all the rooms on this floor every morning, as I do."

"Poor child!" sighed the captain, "I wouldn't though. Sweeping isn't exercise; it's hard, awkward, exhausting work. I've had to do it myself, once in a while, and I've made up my mind that if I were a woman I'd use Indian clubs, or a rowing machine, just to get my physique in proper condition to use the broom. Don't you attend the gymnasium, Kate?"

"The Preston gymnasium is only for men and boys," the girl replied.

"Oh, Miss Bradford, I beg your pardon," exclaimed the lawyer, "Wednesday afternoons the place is restricted to ladies only. I myself made the motion and forced it through the board of governors."

"One afternoon a week!" said Kate with a sneer.

"Well, reforms must be made gradually, you know," said Wrung.

"Why isn't there a gymnasium expressly for ladies and girls?" asked the captain, looking so fixedly at his father-in-law that no one else ventured to reply. Recent discussions had taught the farmer the inner meaning of the question, so the only reply was a deprecating look.

"There ought to be one," the captain continued, "and it could be had through a small subscription from each man who cares enough for the women of his family. Women are kept in the house altogether too much for their good—kept in so much that they haven't the spirit to go out of doors, unless there's some special inducement."

"Well," said the farmer, "they go out a good deal to make calls; then, one afternoon in the week there's the mother's prayer-meeting, another afternoon there's the young ladies' sewing society, and there's the Thursday morning lecture club, also for women, and there's the Tuesday afternoon Bible class—that's all for women, too. It seems to me there's scarcely a day when Kate and her mother don't go out somewhere."

"All well enough, as far as it goes, but so far as exercise is concerned, there's nothing to it but a walk, a walk in closely fitting clothes, too. In a gymnasium a woman could put on a light, loose suit, so as to feel entirely at ease; she could swing clubs and dumb-bells, roll ball at ten-pins—splendid cure for weak backs, that is—she could use every appliance that is found in men's gymnasiums. I had to spend a few days, several years ago, at a town which had a woman's gymnasium, and I found that I could easily identify the members at sight by the grace with which they carried themselves."

"'Twould be just glorious to have one here," said Kate. "Do follow Uncle Clinton's advice, grandpa, and make the people build one."

"You talk as if your old grand-dad could do any thing he liked," said the farmer, smiling at the girl.

"So he can," said Kate. "Just think of all the money you've raised for the church and the heathen, and how you argued the rich men into voting to pave the roads and—"

"Yes, yes," sighed the farmer, "but with a new-fangled notion I shouldn't know whom to go to first."

"I'll save you the trouble," said the captain, "by heading the subscription list with a hundred dollars."

"Oh, good!" shouted Kate, clapping her hands.

"Put me down for a hundred also, deacon," said Mr. Wrung.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Kate, with a smile which should have made the young man feel fully repaid. Cheerleigh was silent and thoughtful a moment. Kate looked at him pityingly, while the young lawyer's face put on the expression which it wore whenever he made a point on an opponent in court.

"I think, deacon," said Cheerleigh, "that I'll stand a hundred for each of my sisters."

"Three hundred dollars more!" exclaimed

Kate with a glance at Charley which made the young lawyer solemn. "Oh, grandpa, do get out your pencil and memorandum book—quick! Oh, I do wish somebody else, —*every* body else, would call, right away. How much more money will it take? How soon can they build it? Where shall it be? When—"

"You poor child!" said the old man, with a tender, solicitous look at his granddaughter, who sat with eyes dancing and cheeks aflame, "do you really wish so much that you could go to a gymnasium?"

"Oh, I've always just been dying for one!"

"Well," said the old man, dropping his head and looking meditative, "in that case I guess I'd better try to bring it about. At any rate, I'll put five hundred dollars into it myself to show folks I'm in earnest about it." Then the farmer looked appealingly at his son-in-law, but before he could read the answer in that gentleman's face something came between them; it was Kate, who had flown to her grandfather, put her arms around him and kissed him again and again. The other subscribers looked as if they would like to be rewarded in the same way, but were sure they wouldn't be. Then a messenger came for Mr. Wrung, who was wanted at his office, and the lawyer departed after a general leave-taking and an impressive, almost theatrical, bow to the captain. Two or three moments later Cheerleigh said he had called to ask if Kate wouldn't spend the evening with his sisters, who wanted her advice about some apparel in course of making.

No sooner were the young people gone than the captain exclaimed:

"'Twas a splendid beginning!"

"Altogether too good not to be followed up," said the farmer. "Besides," here the old man stopped to utter a sigh of relief, "it's a comfort to act upon at least one of your many suggestions. I suppose the thing ought to be started and managed as a stock company, like the old gymnasium?"

"I suppose that is the better way; it offers people a chance of getting their money back."

The old man was quiet two or three moments, looking as sedate as usual; then he arose and said:

"Come to think of it, I've a little business in the village this evening. Don't sit up for me."

"What a splendid soldier he'd make!"

said the captain a moment or two later, as the old man's footsteps were heard on the flagged walk to the gate.

"Father's a dear, good man," said Mrs. Bradford, "but I'm afraid he's too slow for a soldier."

"Nonsense! All soldiers who amount to any thing are slow, in the way father is. Only geniuses make up their minds quickly. The man who acts promptly when he knows what to do is the one who amounts to something. Dad's face—bless his honest heart!—is as easy to read as a book. He's gone to the village to strike while the iron is hot; he'll see every store-keeper, lawyer, and doctor in town before the lights are out, and tell them of the money pledged in two minutes for a woman's gymnasium."

"The idea!" said Mrs. Bradford, with a quizzical look. "You're so used to men who are quick in their ways that you forget how old father is."

"My dear sister, dad isn't any older, in his ways, than his daughter, who is a remarkably young and handsome woman to be the mother of a grown-up girl."

"Jack!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradford angrily.

"I beg your pardon, dear girl, if I am wrong," said the captain rapidly, "but you're allowing yourself to rust. Why don't you help me in my effort to take the dear old man out of some of his ruts? It's for your children first of all, that I'm doing it, but you're as quiet as if you had no interest in the subject."

"Jack," said the widow, as tears came to her eyes, "you know that one-half of me is in the grave."

The captain quickly kissed the tears away, stroked the brown head in which there was not a single gleam of silver, and replied, with uncertain voice:

"Who has better reason to feel for you than I? Still, there's exactly twice as much reason why the remaining half of you should be very much alive. Why, I'd rather be owner of your two children than commander of the army. You ought to be wide-awake to every thing they like and want."

"I can't take an interest in the pleasures that are all the fashion—I daren't. It would seem disrespectful to the dead," said the widow.

"Wouldn't Phil take an interest in them, for the children's sake, if he were alive?"

"Yes, but as for me, now, people would

think I did it for my own sake. You know how folks talk about widows who lay off their black."

"Dear girl, they wouldn't talk so of you. You've tact enough to prevent any such gossip."

"I can't bear to oppose father's ideas in any way. He's been so unspeakably good to me and the children. Besides, I owe him a daughter's respect."

"There's no danger that you won't pay it to the uttermost, dear girl. But you must see plainly that I am right about amusements, and that your father is at least half convinced. Just think what a tremendous influence for good the dear old man would be in this community if he were to take an active interest in the amusements of the people! You know his force of character draws all the better men toward him. Do help me to get him at work."

"Grandpa's a buster when he gets started at any thing," said Will.

"Another thing you should do, sis," said the captain, "is to make this youngster useful to his sister. He's as tall as a man, and I've no doubt is a man among his own sex. He ought to go into society with his sister, and—"

"I don't want no swallow-tail coat on," said Will from the depths of his throat.

"'Twouldn't be in entire accord with your grammar, my boy, I'm afraid; still, you're old enough to know what honor means, and that one of its first demands is that a boy shall be his unmarried sister's best friend and protector."

"It's awfully tiresome to be around with girls; they don't talk about any thing but dress and other girls—and fellows."

"But they would if there were any one else to start some other subject—at least they would, if the somebody else were smart, wouldn't they? Try it, and see."

Will avoided further discussion of the subject by sauntering off to bed; then his mother extracted from the captain many stories of women's lives in the far West. Time flew so rapidly that when Kate returned, soon followed by her grandfather, the clock struck eleven.

"I didn't imagine it was so late," said the farmer as he removed his hat and coat and seated himself to begin the family's evening devotions. He took the big Bible on his lap, adjusted his glasses, and opened the book.

Mrs. Bradford shook her head negatively at her brother-in-law, who raised his eyebrows incredulously; then the farmer looked across his glasses, without raising his head and said carelessly:

"Pretty good evening's work, Jack. Seven thousand dollars promised for the gymnasium." Then he changed his tone and continued, "The Ninety-first Psalm."

The captain looked at his niece and wondered whether she heard a word that was read.

CHAPTER III.

"SAY, Uncle Clinton," said Master Will, bursting into the cozy sitting-room one evening and interrupting a reading aloud of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," "do you know there is going to be a theater-play in town to-morrow night? There is! It's 'The Valley Scout,' and there is pictures on Twickett's barn about it; there is lots of soldiers and the American flag splendidly printed. You're going to see it, I suppose?"

"I might," said the captain, "if it is only to see how play-soldiers look, compared with the real article."

"If you *do* go," Will continued with a stealthy, side-long glance at his grandfather, "won't you take me along? I never saw a play in all my born days. If it is about the army it can't be wicked."

"You think that follows, eh?" said the captain. "But Will, there's nothing so good that a bad play can't be made from it."

"Good for you, Jack!" exclaimed the farmer. "I've heard lots of talk about plays, and there was always something bad, if I listened long enough."

"I wish there might be one good one," said Kate, "so grandpa would let me go."

"There are some good ones, little girl," the captain replied, "and if any of them come here while I'm in town, I'll take you to see them, if dad will let me."

"I don't believe they'll come," said the farmer. "I know a man who likes theaters; he came here from New York, and used to take his family; but he says nothing decent is played in a country town like ours. I don't see why not, if there really are any."

"I suppose," said the captain, "that is because it wouldn't pay. Decent people in the smaller towns don't go much to the theater, they've too much elsewhere to occupy

their time, so the managers play what they think will best please the class that come to them. Theaters aren't benevolences, you know; they're business enterprises."

"They might be in better business than making money out of vice," said the farmer.

"Oh, they don't intend to do that," the captain replied. "Few of them are worse than rude. They're not teachers of manners, but, on the other hand, don't intend to be teachers of vice."

"I do think," said the farmer. "that there must be something awfully wrong in a business that doesn't take decent folks into account. I've seen respectable plays myself, in Boston and New York, when I was a young man; I've read a good many, too, in Shakspeare and other books; but the things that are played in this town—why, some of them are so bad, if the pictures they put around in the windows and on the fences are any sign, that I wonder that our trustees give them a license to play."

"Like enough—like enough," drawled the captain. "But, dad, why don't you and the other good people put a stop to it?"

"How?"

"Why, take charge of such affairs yourselves. Organize a local amusement association, and subscribe money enough to offer a surety to the manager who will bring something good. It can be done. Get a good play or two a week to come here, and the poor ones will stay away, for they know there is no money in overdoing a small town. I know what I'm talking about, for I've chatted with managers about it. One thing you must do, though, to make the plan succeed, you must go yourselves and take your families, or be willing to lose the money you've subscribed. The reason that good plays, plays of high character, don't come here is that the best people enjoy themselves too much at home to go out to any such entertainment, so the audience is made up of those who haven't any other place to go, or whose homes are so unattractive that any thing is a relief. If I were a Father in Israel, like you, I'd see to it that the floating, dissatisfied class should be sure first of entertainments that would do them no harm and then of some shows that would do them good."

"I'd rather keep them out of the theater entirely," said the farmer with a decided growl.

"Probably, but you can't do it. People

who like the theater are going to it, in spite of any thing you can do or say. You regulate by law the liquor traffic, the use of dynamos, the speed of horses in the street, and every thing else that has any chance of harm in it; why don't you regulate the theater?"

"It ought to be done," the farmer admitted, "but I'm not the man to do it."

"Excuse me, but you are. You and the other deacons of your church, the Methodist class leaders, the officers of the churches, the county judge, the lawyers, physicians, teachers, and merchants, are just the men to do such work. Among you, you should secure the ownership or controlling stock of whatever building the shows are given in, and determine what shall be played. Don't be afraid that you'll make the performances so select that common people won't come; there's no show that will keep theater goers away when they must choose between that and nothing."

"I should like to see grandpa at the theater, hearing Camille," said Kate. "Cousin Rood took me to hear it, when I was visiting in New York. Miss Brunt played the part. She was just splendid."

"I wouldn't have thought that of Rood; he shouldn't have taken you, and I hope you will never see your grandfather at such a play. Miss Brunt is a good actress, but no amount of art can make such a vile story fit to listen to."

"Now uncle! She was just lovely! She didn't say or do any thing the least bit offensive."

"Then she wasn't true to the part. It's an outrage upon human decency that such plays are produced at all, and that young people are allowed to see them."

"Now you're talking!" shouted the farmer emphatically.

"True, but why don't you good people prevent it? You know that young people go to the theater, and will continue to go; a few may be kept away, but the majority do as they please and the others want to. Control the theater in your town, and you'll be able to prevent hundreds from seeing or hearing any thing improper. Such action on your part would, in time, develop a new class of plays devoid of present faults."

"The idea of a lot of old church members managing a theater!" sneered the farmer.

"Then call it by some other name, but provide entertainments. You used to manage

the lecture courses, when I was a youngster. I suppose you still do it?"

"No, people stopped going to lectures when theater companies began to come. Besides, managing shows is a different business."

"I don't see why. There was nothing in those lectures that most of the leading citizens didn't already know. You subscribed a guarantee fund, which you seldom had to pay, so that the less intelligent folks, including the young people, could have an evening out once in a while, and learn something unexpectedly."

The farmer looked thoughtful. Master Will, who had been looking expectantly from one speaker to the other, found his first opportunity to speak a word, and made haste to say:

"I believe grandpa would like 'The Valley Scout.' I tell you the pictures are just boss. They're all about the army, and you know, grandpa, you spent lots of money for the army during the war, and you hang out the flag every holiday."

"I'll take you, dad," the captain suggested. "I don't believe your moral nature can suffer while you are in my care, and at a mere military play."

"The idea of grandpa at a theater!" exclaimed Kate, with a ringing laugh which made the old man flush and leave the room.

"Sh-h-h! You little goose," whispered the captain. "Thoughtless youngsters like you, who want to say and do every thing that comes to their minds, do more than every thing else to keep old people's hearts from mellowing."

Kate subsided, and went in search of her grandfather, to whom she apologized in honest granddaughterly manner, while the captain said to his sister-in-law:

"That girl of yours is dad's principal stumbling-block in the way of amusements. Why don't you suppress her, or teach her not to let so good a man feel that she can think of him as ridiculous? A really good play would be a great blessing to the dear old man sometimes. He's like all other very earnest people—drops into fits of depression once in a while, from which a really good, decent comedy or a fine tragedy would rouse him. Either of them would do you good, too, dear girl. Help me through, now."

"Oh, brother, I'll try, but do you realize how quiet a life I have led for years? Father would be simply amazed to hear a word from

me in favor of amusements of any kind. I care for nothing but him and my children."

"You can't care as you should for them unless you care properly for yourself. For the children's sake, you should know all about every thing that interests them. It's by losing grip on what they call 'earthly joys' that some most loving parents lose grip of their children just when the youngsters most need their sympathy. If—"

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Kate with bated breath, though she had dashed into the room like a whirlwind, "what do you think? Grandpa is going to 'The Valley Scout' with you and Will! Don't tell him that I told you, but what do you think he said? Why, 'twas this: 'If Jack Clinton thinks that theater-show won't hurt Will, I don't believe 'twill injure me!'"

"Right he is," said the captain.

Farmer Brewster, as he sat between his grandson and son-in-law at the theater waiting for the curtain to rise on "The Valley Scout," looked as he would if he had found himself in a church of a faith other than his own, and about to listen to a doctrinal sermon with which he knew he would disagree. His lips were compressed, a frown was on his brow, and the angle of his eye was as sharp as that of a professional marksman. He felt, too, that he must preserve his dignity, for he knew the ways of the town well enough to be sure that a number of ungodly folk were nudging one another's elbows and calling attention to his first appearance in the local play-house.

His face broke up, though, in spite of him, when the orchestra played an overture composed of national airs. There were not many instruments, nor were they well played, but such as they were they made a great deal of noise. The first five notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" made the old man look more soldier-like than his son-in-law; to "Hail Columbia" he beat time with his head; and he had difficulty in keeping from waving his hands when the refrain to "The Red, White, and Blue" was reached. As the overture concluded with "Yankee Doodle" the old man fixed his gaze admiringly on the snare-drummer, who certainly was earning his pay, and the old eyes swam until they could not see any thing. After the scream, roar, boom, crash, and rattle of the last bar concluded, he breathed a long sigh, turned to his son-in-law, and said:

"Jack, I don't mind saying, to you, that I believe I wouldn't have made a bad sort of soldier, if I'd been caught early."

"Sh-h-h—!" whispered Will, "the curtain's going up—it really is!"

So it was, and the captain smiled contemptuously as the first scene displayed an infantry soldier, in cavalry trowsers, standing guard, with an artillery saber, in front of a very small tent supposed to be a general's headquarters. But none of these things troubled the farmer; each represented to him his blood-bought country, and weren't the glorious stars and stripes hanging from a pole behind the tent? The play throughout was about as bad, regarded as a military drama, as any thing the captain had ever seen, but the by-play of his two relatives was worth many times the price of admission. The hero was highly heroic; the villain deserved all the misery that came to him; the prairie belle in distress—and in fashionable city clothes—had one narrow escape after another; the funny soldier, who like all funny stage soldiers was an Irishman, was very funny, and there was no bad language or sentiments of any kind. Between the acts Will plied his uncle with questions, while the farmer wondered aloud what would happen next—a wonder which the captain, who had seen military plays before, dared not answer according to the dictates of military common sense.

Finally, when the last curtain came down on the relief of the beleaguered homestead by the United States army, represented by six soldiers with muskets, led by the Valley Scout himself on horseback, and in fringed buckskins, with a national flag in each hand and a revolver dangling from each wrist, the captain burst out laughing. So did the farmer who rubbed his hands gleefully and exclaimed:

"Jack, I envy you noble fellows, and—"

"Oh, 'twas splendid!" interrupted Will. "I wish they'd play it over again—right away!"

"Will," said the farmer, "you took the words out of my mouth. I declare, I haven't been so worked up since the war was ended. Our glorious army!"

Then the captain's face grew sober, and he was glad for his own sake he had seen the play. For years he had assumed, on general principles, that people in the older parts of the country held the military service in fair

esteem, but at the play of "The Valley Scout" he had for the time seen a proof of it.

As they went out, arm-in-arm, the captain found himself suddenly stopped, but only for an instant, for the pictures, announcing the next play, which had caught the old man's eye, were not such as decent men care to gaze at.

"There!" muttered the farmer, "that shows what Will and other boys would see next time if they went to our theater."

"Not if you and the other decent citizens did their duty and either controlled the theater or suppressed it," the captain replied.

CHAPTER IV.

"I DON'T know what to do with that boy, sometimes," said Farmer Brewster to the captain one morning, at the farm, after Master Will had suddenly departed with a long face and a big basket.

"What has he done, now?" the captain asked.

"Nothing, special; it isn't what he does, but what he doesn't, that troubles me. I sent him to Levi Whitehead's to borrow a peck of shelled corn—I suddenly ran out of chicken feed. Levi happened to be in the same condition, so the boy came back without any, though there were several other houses in the neighborhood where he might have got it. He knew I needed it, and why; he knew that any one would have gladly obliged me, for I do twenty times as many such favors as I ask. He couldn't think long enough to see what he ought to do in the matter, but he had mind enough to study the doings of a couple of squirrels and bring their whole family of young ones home with him."

"Umph!" ejaculated the captain. "Evidently he needs to be taught to use his mind quickly, and keep at it until he reaches a decision. How does that meet your views?"

"First-rate—seeing I'd already come to the same conclusion myself. But how am I to teach him? I suppose a college course would answer, but he has no taste for hard study as yet, and I'm delaying to send him until he does. It's sure to come to him in time—it's born in him."

"There's no doubt about that," the soldier assented, "but in the meantime, if I were you, I'd get his mind at work at something that requires prompt thought and decision. You might teach him whist."

"Jack," groaned the farmer, "you know I think every thing of you, but I must say that once in a while you say something that makes me wonder if you haven't lost your senses. Do you suppose that I'm going to teach that boy—my only grandson—to be a gambler? I'd rather his mind should rot away in a lunatic asylum!"

"My dear old dad," said the captain, "I'd rather die, or have Will die, than see him a gambler, but whist isn't a gambling game. Besides, you ought to know there's no likelihood of his taking to bad ways through cards. I've played whist for thirty years and never yet risked a cent. I learned the game at home, with my mother and sisters, so I learned the manners and morals of card playing at the same time. Now if you will teach Will whist—"

"I? Are you crazy, Jack? I don't know one card from another."

"That's unfortunate. It shows your early education was neglected. Perhaps Will's mental trouble is a result of heredity—eh?"

"Don't joke about it, Jack. It's a serious subject. Both subjects are serious."

"True. Regarding Will, however, if you can't teach him whist yourself, I'm willing to do what I can in the matter, during the few days I shall be here. There's no reason why I shouldn't teach you at the same time."

"What! Teach cards to a deacon of the First Church of Preston? Jack, I believe you respect and love me, but really, you hurt me."

"I'm awfully sorry, dad—I won't say any more about it, though I know preachers who play whist for recreation and are none the worse for it. But let me ask you a question, just for information. Doesn't any one in the family play, neither Kate nor her mother?"

"I believe," said the farmer, "that Kate is a member of a club of young people who sometimes play cards. I never entirely approved of it, but her mother seemed to think the girl needed more society, and the games were merely a pretext for bringing young people together, so I kept quiet."

"Who accompanies the girl to this club, which, I suppose, meets in the evening?"

"One young man or another, members of families we know."

"Don't you think it would be better for her to be under the protection of her own brother? He has the stature of a man, and has good manners; young men are probably scarce in the club, as they always are in the

vicinity of a large city. He would be very welcome, if he knew how to play, and his mother would be all the happier to know that a member of the family was always present with her daughter. Kate would feel happier, too, no doubt, when she realized that she had some one to fall back upon, should any thing unpleasant occur. It's hard to find any dozen or two of young people in which there isn't some fellow who's too forward, to put it mildly. Girls are like the rest of us; their best thoughts generally come a little too late, so the impudent chaps aren't always snubbed as they should be."

"If my granddaughter is subject to insults she ought to be kept at home."

"You can't keep her there, dad, girls aren't made that way any more than boys."

"But why should she like to be with a lot of silly young people, with some bad ones among them?"

"Because she doesn't know any others, I suppose, and doesn't imagine any of them are bad. It's one of the penalties of being a superior creature, as a descendant of Kate's mother and grandfather is sure to be, that she must find many of her associates beneath her in morals and manners. She won't believe it, though, until she finds it out for herself. If her brother went about with her, and knew all her acquaintances, she would have a better counselor than you or her mother could be—that is, concerning the people near her own age, whom she most frequently meets. Boys are better judges of human nature than girls—better judges of masculine nature, at least. Young women judge men entirely by their manners; I suppose the poor things aren't to be blamed for it, for they've no other means at hand. Boys are likely to know other boys' tastes and habits."

"Well," sighed the farmer, "I'm glad they can do something besides forget things."

"Easy, dad, easy," the soldier remonstrated. "You and I were boys once, and probably as careless and provoking as Will; but now you're a tower of strength and sense in a big community, while I stand fairly well in the esteem of hard-headed men of my own profession."

"But why can't Kate take *my* word about the young fellows?"

"She does, without doubt, if you ever express it, and know the crowd well. Do you?"

The farmer extracted a straw from a fra-

grant heap near him, chewed the end of it meditatively, and replied:

"I can't say that I do."

"I'm sorry for that. Will and Kate need your counsel on that subject above all others."

"Except the one above all," said the farmer earnestly.

"It's part and parcel of that, my dear dad," the soldier replied with equal earnestness. "If 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' and 'a man is known by the company he keeps,' one's daily associations have immense influence upon the spiritual life."

"Well, I know a good many young men," said the farmer. "I teach the young men's Bible class very often."

"I'm glad to hear it, but that contains only a few of many. How long since you've umpired a game of ball?"

The farmer looked helpless. The soldier continued:

"Just as I thought; yet when I was a boy you swung a mighty bat. Do you know that's what first made me admire you? That was thirty-five years ago. How time does fly!"

"Why, Jack," said the farmer, "you were in my Sunday-school class at that time!"

"Yes." The word was a short one, but the captain uttered it with a drawl that seemed to last a full minute—a drawl with some inflections which made the farmer look suspicious and then indignant, before he replied:

"Jack, I don't suppose I've told you this before, there being no special reason to tell it, but I want to say now that for two years I worked, thought, talked, and prayed particularly to teach you the truths necessary to salvation."

"God bless you for it!" exclaimed the captain, throwing his arm around the old man. "I can understand it, now that I am a mature man myself, but then I was only a boy, and I cared more about men than methods. Do you remember when I joined the church?"

"I never shall forget that day—not till the end of eternity, I hope," the old man said.

"Neither shall I," the captain responded. "But do you remember what happened the day before?"

The farmer rubbed his forehead, interrogatingly, and finally shook his head. The captain continued:

"You were one of the bats in a game of town ball down on the common; all of us boys were there; so was your wife with her two little girls. Notty Higgins pitched to you for the third strike—and Notty was a great pitcher. He made a fair throw; you braced yourself for it; your wife and the young ones looked at you; so did all the rest of us. Dad, you looked like the picture of Hercules that was in our school reader."

"Go on, Jack," said the farmer. He seemed for a moment to have ceased being an old man. His head was thrown back; he raised his shoulders, and closed each hand tightly.

"The ball came; you met it with the bat—"

"Yes," shouted the farmer, "and knocked it across Widow Murray's barn. 'Twasn't found until the next spring, when Tom Carpenter cleaned out his well. We had to borrow a new ball before we could go on with the game. Gracious!"—here the farmer turned on his heel and went through the motion of striking a ball. "Jack, do you know the remembrance of that game comes to me in church sometimes, right in the middle of a sermon."

"Dad, 'twas that bat and not your Bible-class teachings that made me join the church next day. Your teachings were all right, I know, but I didn't know it then, for they were above me. But you, the man who hit that ball, I was sure I understood *you*. You were in the church, so I followed you there, when you asked me. Human nature hasn't changed since then. Life is a game of follow-my-leader; the man who *can* lead *ought* to lead, and not hide his light under a bushel. Teaching is very good and necessary in its place, but example is what takes strongest hold on men. Now let Kate and me teach whist to Will and you."

"I'm not sure that I see the connection," said the farmer.

"It's simply this: you beat Will at whist, as of course you will, as soon as you know the game, and he'll think you know every thing. He believes it now of course, on general principles, but what you want is to get a tighter and more practical grip on his amusements as well as his work—one that will hold him without being watched. When you've taught him, pledge him to play with no one you disapprove of. By the way, I think I'd better go in and write a letter or two before breakfast."

As the captain entered the house he chanced to look back a moment and saw the old farmer standing alert, with an ax-handle poised like a ball club, and looking into a black walnut tree as if he were waiting for a ball to drop in his direction.

CHAPTER V.

"WHICH of those two young men is to marry Kate?" asked the captain as he walked home from church Sunday noon with his sister-in-law, leaving Kate at the church door among some young people, Wrung and Cheerleigh being of the number.

"I wish I knew," sighed Mrs. Bradford, looking much concerned.

"Doesn't Kate know?"

"Oh, no—I'm sure she doesn't."

"She will, in the course of time, I suppose?"

"Probably; girls usually do."

"Isn't her mother to have any influence in the matter?"

"Well, brother, my principal desire is that the dear girl shall marry happily."

"Certainly, but is her knowledge of human nature to be trusted to bring that result?"

Mrs. Bradford seemed doubtful, as she replied:

"Girls don't know much of human nature, and women aren't much wiser. I've thought of speaking with father about those boys, but I don't like to seem, even to him, like one of the silly mothers who imagine each young man who calls is going to fall in love with her daughter."

"I don't see how any man can help adoring Kate," the captain said, "and I suspect dear old dad thinks so, too, so he wouldn't misunderstand you. In fact, I chance to know that he himself is wondering about what may come through those two young men. Doesn't Kate really show any preference?"

"Oh, she's like other girls. She thinks Charley is real good—he is every thing to his mother and sisters. But Wrung seems so much more of a man; he is very positive, talks well, reads a great deal, and is really quite prominent and successful in business, while Charley seems to Kate a mere boy; she's always known him, you see. Wrung keeps horses, and takes Kate to drive sometimes, and sends her books, and shows her many other attentions that I don't suppose Charley can afford, poor boy, for he doesn't

earn much, as yet, though he has a little legacy laid by."

"You like him better than you like Wrung, don't you?"

"Yes, a great deal, yet it's not I whom the boys come to see; it's Kate, and her taste must rule."

"But you won't deprive her of the benefit of your judgment, will you? Presents, and rides, and talk, and even a good business, aren't enough to marry on. Plenty of women have married men with all these attractions, and been miserable forever after."

"I know it; still I haven't the heart to blame the dear girl for wanting to have a good time. A girl hasn't many years to enjoy herself in. Life's cares come soon enough and heavy enough."

"And bring no pleasures with them, to good women happily married? While Phil lived I used to imagine you, in spite of much hard work, were happier than any unmarried woman in town."

"I was—oh, I *was*!" the widow replied, her eyes filling. "How many, many times I told my husband I was glad I wasn't merely a girl, or even an engaged girl! But I did so long for some comforts and luxuries that richer women had!"

"These women seemed happier than you, did they?"

"No!" said the widow with great emphasis, and rudely wiping her eyes, "I never saw one who looked happier than I felt."

"I knew it. Now, Kate is your daughter—and Phil's. She has the stature of a woman, but she's not much wiser than a child—no girl is, at her age. Don't let her drift into any man's arms without a word to guide or restrain her."

"'Twill only worry her and make her blue if I try to put her on her guard. Why, brother, you are inconsistent. Ever since you've been here you've seemed to want her to have a real good time; now you want me to upset her mind about one of her principal sources of pleasure."

"Dear girl, aren't right and wrong to receive any attention, just because a girl wants a good time? Do you think it entirely delicate for a girl, your daughter, to receive special attentions under false pretenses, merely that she may enjoy herself?"

"Brother!"

"That is how men will regard it, my dear sister. She may not know it, but *you* know

Mr. Wrung is not being so attentive merely from an unselfish desire to please Kate. I don't believe he is any too good at present; his character certainly won't improve if he finds out that a charming young woman, member of as fine a family as the world contains, has allowed him to devote himself to her merely because he amused her."

Mrs. Bradford was so silent and serious at the dinner table that her father and daughter rallied her, but the captain came skillfully to her defense and diverted conversation to other topics. Then Kate became silent and could not be rallied. After dinner she succeeded in getting the captain away from the family, and said:

"Uncle Clinton, what am I to do? Mr. Wrung insists that he is coming this afternoon to take me to drive."

"Well?"

"Oh, don't make believe! You know what the trouble is. Grandpa will be horrified."

"Umph! Well, which do you love best—grandpa or Mr. Wrung?"

"Uncle! I'm not in love with Mr. Wrung?"

"I'm glad to know it, dear. Then you ought to know which you can best disappoint."

"I don't think you're very sympathetic," said Kate, looking much aggrieved.

"Now, Kate, I—"

"Well, Mr. Wrung can seldom drive any other day—he's dreadfully busy, and he needs out-door exercise—the doctor says so."

"And the poor fellow can't take it, I suppose, even with two horses to help him, unless you go, too?"

"You've seemed real anxious that I should have a good time," said Kate, looking sullenly through the window at nothing in particular, "and now—"

"And now I'm real mean because I won't ask grandpa to abandon a principle,—not a fancy—of a life-time so you may oblige a man whom you never saw until two years ago, and whom you say you don't love. Oh, Kate!"

"Well, 'twill be awfully awkward to decline when he comes."

"My dear little girl, if you haven't learned when and how to say 'no' you ought to get back into mamma's apron strings until your education is completed. It's no fault of yours, I suppose, you're young yet. Un-

pleasant duties *are* awfully unpleasant, aren't they, dear?"

But Kate would not be mollified.

"Let me see him for you, when he calls," the captain continued.

"And be horrid to him? I know you don't like him."

"Don't imagine me being uncivil to any one, little girl, or it will be my turn to be hurt. Any friend of yours shall always receive the greatest courtesy from your old uncle."

Kate apparently assented, for she walked slowly away, but she was not interesting company during the next two hours, although her uncle whispered to her, on his return from a stroll to the gate, that Mr. Wrung had taken his disappointment gracefully. Kate sauntered off to the parlor windows and looked longingly toward the disappearing carriage. The captain followed and said:

"Dear little girl, you really wouldn't have allowed him, or any other man, to carry you off, half against your own will, and entirely against your guardian's, just that you might enjoy yourself, would you?"

"It's such a lovely afternoon for a drive," Kate replied.

"It certainly is," said the captain, "but that's no answer. You don't think Sunday pleasure driving is right, and Mr. Wrung knows it. How much true respect do you suppose a man has for a woman who allows herself to be over-persuaded or managed against her own principles? He may think her a very pretty and desirable plaything—desirable enough, perhaps, to marry—but he won't respect her as a woman."

"I think you're real horrid," muttered Kate.

"I suppose so," sighed the captain. "Every thing must give way to a good time, even the inheritance of ten generations of good character."

"You know I don't believe that, Uncle Clinton."

"I suppose not, but it amounts to the same thing, little girl, if you act as if you did."

Then there was a new coolness between uncle and niece, and the captain spent the remainder of the afternoon discussing with his father-in-law the explorations in ancient Zoan and the probable proportionate gains of the different denominations in the sparsely settled portions of the West, topics in which C-Sept.

Miss Kate did not exhibit a particle of interest. But after the day was done, and the family, as was its Sunday evening custom, spent an hour or two in the fire-light singing familiar hymns, in which the captain joined with great earnestness and an effective tenor voice, Kate stepped gently behind her uncle, leaned over the back of his chair, and whispered, between the hymns:

"It was real mean of me to be cross with you."

And the captain, whose eyes had been resting on the portrait over the mantel, whispered back:

"You're a dear, good girl—so good that you look just like *her*."

CHAPTER VI.

THE night of the County Ball came at last, though for days and days, each seeming a month long, Kate felt as if it never would come. Her grandfather's permission, though long delayed, had been obtained, but for that ball only. She had prepared herself, mentally, a dozen times beforehand, and after deliberation which was simply tremendous in its earnestness. Should she go in plain Swiss muslin, which looked lovely but rustled a great deal, or should she wear a creamy nun's veiling which fitted her much better than the Swiss, yet gave the impression that she was very slight? Might it not be that she was too tall to appear to best advantage while looking slight? She agreed, with herself, to leave the decision to her mirror, but though she "tried on" the dress and posed in it a full hour, the mirror would not decide to her satisfaction. She might wear over white a pink velvet bodice which was simply lovely in itself, but suppose she were to have a great deal of color that night, as occasionally she did, without any reason she could see? Black velvet was wonderfully becoming to her, but how would black look over white while one was dancing? She had a handsome skirt of Nile green, but suppose she were to wear the pink bodice with this and were attacked by a flush of high color afterward, how would she look?

And what flowers should she wear? The little conservatory near the house, in which her grandfather experimented with almost every thing named by his favorite journal of horticulture, contained flowers of all hues and tints, and there were still in the garden

plenty of chrysanthemums, white, golden, and bronzed, but it was dreadfully hard to decide which to wear with what, even after experiments in which flowers and fabrics were combined under artificial light.

And with whom should she dance? Of course all the young men would want to dance with her, and as there were about forty of them, while the dances numbered only about twenty, she would be obliged to decline regretfully. There were some young men who danced delightfully but weren't a bit nice any other way; there were others who were eminently respectable and also very awkward. If she danced with the first, she would not feel entirely at ease, for she was afraid of what the other girls would be saying; with the others she was sure she would be very uncomfortable, for some of them would tread on her toes; and she knew the other girls would be laughing at her.

So, for days and days, this estimable young woman gave most of her waking thoughts to the County Ball, and almost dreamed, sometimes dismally, sometimes delightfully, over the same subject. She forgot her household duties, allowed her grandfather to grope for his slippers, and served sour cream by mistake with some stewed pears on the supper table.

"Clinton," said the farmer one evening while the feminine contingent was clearing the supper table and the captain was looking over the newspaper, "did you ever see the like of that girl? She was religiously born and reared, yet she's thinking more about that—that—that infernal, devilish—"

"Dad!"

"Well, that—that—that—coming County Ball than about her immortal soul."

"Like enough. She isn't worried about her soul, for she gave it to the Lord long ago according to the usual forms; you were one of the witnesses of the formal transaction, in the dear old church. On that subject she has no doubts or fears, but the ball is an unknown quantity, with a lot of unknown possibilities. Don't *you* ever find yourself frightened in the face of the unknown? I do, though I've been a soldier nearly thirty years."

"Well," said the farmer with a sigh, "I wish she didn't need to be bothered that way."

"She wouldn't," the captain replied, with a desperate look, "if there was any man among her relations who loved her enough

to befriend her in such perplexities—and particularly to provide substitutes for balls. I'm glad I can be with her during the next few days, but after that—"

"See here, Jack," exclaimed the farmer, springing from his chair and approaching the old sofa on which the captain was lounging, "that isn't fair. You've known me of old; you know I'd go through fire and water for the sake of that girl, if it were necessary."

"No doubt," the captain replied, without change of countenance. "So would a tramp on the street. Anybody can and will do great things for a young, pretty woman, especially if he's started by a great deal of force—hit by a sledge-hammer, so to speak. Trashy novels and newspapers are full of such gallant deeds."

"Jack," the farmer whispered, after a moment of surprise, "again I say that isn't fair. You ought to know perfectly well that I love Kate better than I love my own life."

"Yes; I don't doubt it. But you haven't always looked out for your own life as carefully as you might, have you? You're a good deal like the rest of us; you leave to the Lord a great deal that you ought to attend to yourself. You let worry take the place of work sometimes. Now here is a matter, right at your hand, in which a few minutes of active interest would have done more good than hours of worry. Dad, you're much older and better than I, and it's a shame for me to be criticising you in any way, but, honestly now, you have worried for hours about the County Ball, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied the farmer with deep emphasis, and fixing his eyes on the harmless family cat as savagely as if she were the ball, and might be disposed of by drowning.

"But you haven't asked Kate what you could do to make such affairs less attractive to her, have you? It hasn't occurred to you to have her mother get up some harmless little dancing parties at home, to which only young people of known good character should be invited?"

"No." Then the farmer shifted his eyes from the cat to the full glare of the sitting-room lamp, as if he were in search of light.

"It's all wrong, dad; think it over and see if I'm not right."

"Grandpa," said Kate, invading the sitting-room, carrying a bit of china in one hand and a towel in the other, "may I have just one of your yellow carnations with crimson

edges, to wear to the ball? I know its your darling plant, but I—"

"You may wear them all, my dear; wear the whole conservatory, if you like. Only—don't give one of those flowers to any young man."

"I won't, grandpa. It isn't manners to give away flowers that have been given you, especially when the person who gave them is the best man in the world, Uncle Clinton not excepted." So saying, Kate hurried back to her work, humming a waltz as she went.

"Jack," said the farmer, rising to assure himself that the girl was out of hearing, and then closing the door to make assurance doubly sure, "you seem to think I hate amusements. I don't. But I don't like the idea of my darling, my only granddaughter, being handled at a ball, by a lot of fellows who wouldn't be welcome if they came to my house. Here they're not good enough to sit in the same room with Kate, but at the ball they may dance with her, squeeze her hand, and put an arm around her waist. It isn't nice; it isn't right. I was brought up to regard women as only a little lower than the angels; the feeling was born in me—it's been in the family for generations, and—"

"And its highly creditable to you and your ancestors. But why don't you live up to your principles? Of course there are young men at every social affair who aren't worthy to touch the tips of the fingers of a little angel like Kate, but by this time you ought to have put her on her guard against all of them. So good a girl wouldn't need a second warning."

"I leave that sort of thing to her mother," said the farmer.

"Then you warn the mother instead, do you?"

"Well no; I—"

"You put it off, I suppose, the subject being rather delicate."

"Jack, you have a keen insight into human nature."

"Much obliged, but don't mind me for the present. If you, a good man, a man of experience, the head of the family and loving your daughter and her children with your whole heart, haven't the courage to handle a delicate subject skillfully and firmly, for the dear child's sake, who is to do it? Tell me that!"

The farmer arose and paced the floor, wrinkling his brow, pursing his lips tightly,

shaking his head, and gesticulating with his hands. Two or three minutes later Kate entered the room, tossing an apron behind her and arranging the ruffle at her wrists. On noticing her grandfather's attitude she stopped and exclaimed:

"Why, grandpa! what awful deed are you going to do?"

The old man stopped, slowly unwrinkled his face, which required a great deal of effort, and put on a smile which finally took entire possession of his countenance. Then he said:

"You're right in calling it awful, my dear. I'm going to the ball with you."

"Oh, good! good! good!" shouted the girl clapping her hands. "You and Uncle Clinton too! I'll feel prouder than any other girl there."

"And while we're at it," said the farmer, "we'll take your mother, too. Jack says such affairs were designed to be general social gatherings, and I'm going, just once, to see if they are what they profess to be."

Kate was too surprised, for some seconds, to interrupt, but at last she laughed merrily and exclaimed:

"Mamma at the County Ball? Does she know it? No? Oh, what fun!" Then she started to break the news, but the captain overtook her, drew her back and declared that unless she left that duty to him he would withdraw his promise to go.

"You will spoil every thing, you thoughtless little wretch," he said. And Kate admitted that probably he was right.

CHAPTER VII.

THE County Ball was a grand success; every one said so, and the opinion was expressed, also, that Captain Clinton did much toward making it an improvement upon the affair of the previous year. The soldier neglected many dances, but he did not forget any of his old acquaintances; he found time, too, to see that his father-in-law should not feel uncomfortable or out of place. Still, the old man found so many middle-aged friends present that he confided to the captain, before the evening was an hour old, that except for the continuous dancing and the presence of some people of unsavory reputation, a County Ball didn't differ much from a neighborhood sociable. The captain paid much attention at first to his sister-in-law, but that lady, dressed in plain white and with her hair

"done up" by her daughter in a fashion which that young woman had long urged upon her mother, soon had so many old friends about her that the captain felt entirely at ease.

As for Kate, she was the happiest girl in the room, and the old man found himself in hearty sympathy with her in her enjoyment. She imagined herself having every thing her own way, but two pairs of eyes regarded her closely, and more than once her uncle found excuse for taking her away from some young man who was more admiring than reputable. The farmer observed these operations and approved their purpose when it was explained to him; but he whispered to his son-in-law:

"Who's been telling you who's who?"

"No one," the captain replied. "I know some of these young men of old, or I know their families and the blood that's in them; as for the others, it's every man's business to know human nature pretty well at sight."

"Well, that means the ball is as bad as I expected. I noticed that twice you took her away from Wrung."

"Yes; that sort of fellow seems possessed to put on an air of proprietorship, and frighten better men away from a girl. Kate ought to be warned against them and have some way to escape."

"Girls didn't have to be watched that way when I was young," sighed the farmer.

"No; society didn't offer so many opportunities for impudence. Fashionable parties with a large proportion of professional flirts of both sexes were as rare in those days, as—well, as revivals of religion now. There were no well-to-do, lazy, luxurious people then, to treat love-making as a mere amusement; no married men who made love to their neighbors' daughters."

"The world has grown a great deal worse," the farmer sighed.

"Oh, no; it's better as a rule, but it has become more thickly populated—and mixed—at worst, it has only changed its ways, so we must change our ways of guarding against it. By the way, what has become of that youngster now?"

"I don't know," said the farmer, looking helplessly around. "I saw her only a moment or two ago walking—promenading, I suppose you call it, with Mary Colton's husband."

"Then Mary Colton is miserable," said the captain with a frown.

"Why, Jack, she's one of Kate's dearest friends; I believe army life has made you suspicious."

"Nonsense, dad," said the captain, changing his frown to a laugh. "It needs no suspicion to see that Mary Colton, though as good as gold, is most unfortunately homely, and has a weary way besides, while Kate is remarkably handsome and bright. Mary's husband is like his father before him and his grandfather too; always fluttering about some pretty woman who isn't his wife and taking advantage of his wife's acquaintance to be over-familiar. Mary will die broken-hearted over it, sooner or later, but her own friends shouldn't help hasten the end. Besides, no amount of goodness can keep a girl's reputation from being smirched by that sort of fellow, for everybody knows what's in his blood. Any man can read his face when he's talking to a woman; it's strange to me that women can't see it, too."

"Gracious! that's just the sort of thing I expected at a County Ball. Go find her, Jack," exclaimed the farmer, looking anxiously about the room.

"You may be sure that I will," said the captain. "But don't look so miserable. Kate isn't to blame, and she won't do it again."

The captain sauntered off, stopping two or three times to speak to other guests. The farmer looked about and saw Mary Colton sitting alone on the other side of the room. Moved by a sudden impulse, he started to tell her that his granddaughter never again should be a cause of jealousy or any kindred feeling. As he approached her she recognized him, smiled, and extended an ungloved hand, a hand which the farmer, little though he noticed women's hands, could not help seeing had been clinched, for the prints of the finger-nails were still upon the palms. Yet the poor woman bravely told him how pretty Kate was looking, and that she wished the dear girl might always have her grandfather accompany her to sociable affairs—the child would feel so much happier than if she merely went with friends.

As for the captain, he traced Kate by her merry, over-loud laugh, to a partly curtained bow-window, to which Mary Colton's husband had led her, and where she was listening to nothing worse than nonsense.

"Excuse me," he said with a bow to the sportive husband. "Little woman, I must ask

you to help me cheer your grandfather ; this is his 'coming-out' party, you know." He offered the girl his arm, and after conducting her a few steps continued, "Dear little girl, aren't you old enough to know that its fair neither to others nor to yourself to allow the husband of a homely woman to pay you special attentions, and take you off, before a hundred pairs of eyes, to a hiding-place behind a curtain?"

"Uncle Clinton!" murmured Kate, flushing violently as she spoke, "how can you? I never think of hiding from any one."

"I'm sure you don't," said the captain, pressing the girl's arm closely to his side, "but *he* does."

"Why, uncle, his wife is my dearest friend."

"All the more reason, then, why you shouldn't torture her. She would die rather than tell you what is killing her; besides, she knows you are as good as gold. But she knows her husband too; so do half the people here. That woman's life is a tragedy; you're the last person who should be one of the characters."

"Why, uncle, her husband never talks any thing but the merest nonsense to me. He's awfully funny, but that's all."

"Yes, I know. His father and grandfather before him had the same reputation, at first, but the women of whom they were fond always suffered in the esteem of better people."

"Uncle!" said Kate, withdrawing her hand from the captain's arm, "you're just horrid. You've spoiled my evening's pleasure."

"Which is of more consequence, I suppose, than the many evenings of pain which Mary Colton has suffered on your account, honest and innocent though you are? Is that the sort of thing you women regard as friendship?"

Kate again took the captain's arm, and gasped:

"Uncle, I—I—"

"I know," said the captain soothingly; "you didn't imagine any thing of the sort, and you don't like to think of it now. As for me, I'd rather meet a lot of hostile Indians in the rocks than talk to you on such a subject; but—well, you see now why I said, a few evenings ago, that you ought to have some member of the family with you when you go into society, and especially if you *must* attend mixed gatherings like this."

But Kate would not be pacified. She

looked displeased, almost defiant, and her countenance moved a spiteful little maiden to remark to another young woman, that soldier uncles might be all very well in their place, but nieces did not seem as happy with them as with younger men—men who weren't members of the family.

"You took me away from Mr. Wrung, too," said Kate, "I suppose there's something mysterious and awful about *him*."

"No, at least, not that I know of. But he assumes an air of ownership that no self-respecting girl should endure. If you stand that sort of thing, other young men won't call on you. You're still young; you ought to have many acquaintances, and be able to form your own estimates of men, but how are you to do so if you don't meet them? Many a girl as sweet and good as you has been literally obliged to marry some undesirable fellow who has scared all the other young men away. As to the girls who allow married men to flirt with them—well, they never marry, no matter how good they are."

"Well, I don't think at all about marrying, but it's all just horrid," exclaimed Kate.

"So it is, poor child, but you can't make it any better by giving up to it. Be as angry about it as you like, but don't stop at that, and don't lose your temper over it now, but enjoy yourself. There's enough that *isn't* horrid to fill your entire time. Come across the room a moment before the next dance and chat with Mary; she'll be grateful enough to give you one of her sweetest smiles, which are very sweet, you know."

As her uncle crossed the room with her, Kate could not help looking guilty, much though she assured herself that she had done nothing wrong. Mary Colton's thin, anxious face always had pained her; the mere thought that she might have been a cause of its lines and hollows made her wish she never had seen her friend's husband, and might never see him again.

"Your grandpa has been confessing to me," said Mary, with the smile which the captain had promised. "He says he has neglected his duty toward you, but that hereafter he intends to be your escort, when you have to go out to large parties, until Will can be trained as a substitute. I'm so glad!"

Kate looked searchingly into her friend's face, but there was no sign of jealousy in it, so she felt grateful and wondered if her uncle might not be mistaken after all. As for

Mary's husband, he was not the sort of man to take a disappointment easily. Bravado was one of his principal stocks of trade; he applied it successfully in business, where he generally succeeded in having his own way; so he used it in social life also. He approached the group and said to his wife, with an insolent smile:

"My dear, I wish you would scold Captain Clinton for dragging Kate away from me."

The old farmer's eye shot an indignant glance under which the young man changed countenance and seemed disconcerted. The music began; partners claimed both ladies, the husband moved toward a bowl of lemonade and the captain whispered:

"Bravo, dad! You've begun well, though you've been late about it." Then he found his own partner for a quadrille, and joined Kate and her mother after the dance, to find Mr. Wrung inviting Kate to accompany him to the coming performance at the local "Opera House."

"Mamma?" said Kate.

"You had better ask your grandfather, replied Mrs. Bradford, 'he's the family authority on theaters.'"

"I'd earnestly advise you not to mention the subject to him," said the captain. Then he turned to Mr. Wrung and continued, "The truth is, her grandfather has seen the company's show bills."

"They are rather startling, I must confess," said the lawyer; "managers are so anxious to put their best foot forward that often they 'put their foot in it,' as the saying goes. I've seen such pictures before, but the performance which followed was entirely decorous—indeed, very dull."

"I don't doubt it," the captain replied, "but the piece for this week doesn't pretend to be any thing but a succession of dances such as wouldn't be tolerated here, at the County Ball, or in any family circle."

"But, my dear sir," argued the lawyer, "you can't expect mere family or social scenes on the stage."

"I don't see why not. There's more comedy, emotion, and tragedy in real life than the stage has ever portrayed."

"I grant you that," the lawyer replied, "but dancing—why, you must admit that there are many graceful dances besides those which society practices, and they cannot be given except by experts who have plenty of room in which to move about. Dancing is a

recreation, but not that alone; it is an art."

"Yes," drawled the captain, "I suppose that is so, and explains why so few people do it gracefully."

"Exactly," said the lawyer, who seemed to be getting along finely. "It is the poetry of motion, and *poeta nascitur, non fit*; the poet is born, not made. In the coming company is Araquita, one of the most marvelous exponents of the art. She has danced before all the royal families of Europe, and is said to be the embodiment of grace and beauty."

"Yes, I've seen her," said the captain, "and she is always, on the stage, the center of a lot of under-dressed, over-painted women whose faces could be depended upon either to enrage or to sicken a man of proper respect for womanhood."

"A man must sometimes endure a great deal for the sake of art," the lawyer admitted.

"Yes, if he insists that the game is worth the candle. But really, who but an actor ever studies art in a theater? People go to the theaters to be amused, only that and nothing more. Not one in a thousand goes to study art, or ever will."

The orchestra ended the conversation by announcing another quadrille. Wrung had to hurry away in search of his partner. Clinton had persuaded his sister-in-law to walk through the figure with him, so he had no excuse, for an instant, to escape the reproachful eyes of his niece; still worse, he was obliged to hear her say:

"You've robbed me of another chance of pleasure. I hope it's made you happy!"

"Why, you blessed, silly child, do you mean to say that you would find any enjoyment in seeing a lot of half-dressed, sad-eyed women capering about a stage?"

"It isn't that; Mr. Wrung wanted me to go."

"And you're willing to oblige him at any expense to your sensibilities? What devotion!"

"I'm not devoted, but I hate always to appear as if I were a mere child, with no mind of my own."

"That sort of man, in spite of whatever good qualities he may have, will stop caring for you when you *have* a mind of your own, dear girl, no matter whether it's really mind, or only obstinacy. Look pleasant now; here comes your partner."

A second or two later Charley Cheerleigh told himself that Kate never looked so unin-

teresting as when he led her into that quadrille. Yet when the great ball of the year ended, as all such ecstatic affairs must do, and all the revelers reached their homes, the captain lounged in an easy chair and encouraged Kate to chat of every thing that had interested her. He told her how gracefully she had danced, and what a distinguished air Mr. Wrung maintained, and how graceful Cheerleigh was in the quadrille with her, and how many complimentary remarks he had heard about Kate herself. Finally the girl exclaimed :

"Oh, Uncle Clinton ! How I wish you were here all the while !"

"Eh? What? After I've been horrid, and spoiled your pleasure, and made you feel like a child, and—"

"Uncle ! Please ! It was real mean of me to say those things, but I'm not an angel just come down from heaven—I'm only a girl."

"Quite right," said the captain arising, with a yawn. "Just my own idea. That's why I'm so anxious that you shall enjoy yourself, and be kept from making a fool of yourself. Good-night. Pleasant dreams and a noon-day breakfast."

"Jack," said the farmer, after Kate and her mother had left the room, "it's just as I expected. A County Ball isn't a fit place for any decent woman."

"I agree with you," the captain replied.

"What took Mary Colton there, for she certainly is a woman of high character, I can't imagine," the farmer continued.

"She had to go, poor thing—had to watch her husband."

"Goodness ! And that is the fellow who is eternally making himself agreeable to Kate !"

"Well, whose fault is it that he has done so ?"

"Mine, of course," sighed the old man, leaving the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

PEOPLE arose late at the Brewster homestead the morning after the County Ball ; indeed, only Master Will appeared at the breakfast table when the bell rung, and when he reached the barn to look at his puppies, the horses, cows, and chickens, each one after its kind, united in an indignant protest at having gone hungry so long, for the old farmer had never before neglected to feed them all before the signal was sounded for

his own breakfast. The family's one servant, who had been in the house fifteen years, and had originally been selected as much for her godly walk and conversation as for her working capacity, found herself in a dismal daze, and informed Will, as she poured his coffee, that she hoped that dreadful man of blood, by whom she meant Captain Clinton, was not going to ruin the family's regularity of habit.

"Hum !" said Will between two mouthfuls of broiled chicken, and losing all recollection of grammar lessons in the meantime, "he's doing grandpa more good than a whole revival of religion. Why I ain't seen grandpa look so young and lively since I was a little boy as he did last night. I just tell you, he's made a fresh start in life ; he'll get to be a hundred years old if he keeps on."

The farmer woke when the sun was half way to the zenith ; looking at his watch, he dressed rapidly and sneaked down stairs, but finding no one he took the dining-room bell to the chamber floor and rang it so vigorously that within a quarter of an hour the family was breakfasting on some much dried dishes and warmed-over coffee, and talking about the affair of the previous night, while Master Will, who had already acquired a new appetite, dropped in to take part in the meal and the conversation.

"Jack," said the farmer to the captain, "if I go into evening amusements, as you want me to, I'll have to go out of the farming business. I haven't overslept so late since Joe Belton's barn burned down, five years ago. I was up till three o'clock that morning."

"Fine old man !" murmured the captain. "I'll warrant you helped save a lot of Joe Belton's stuff."

"Grandpa worked like a steam-engine that night," said Will. "He got out lots of Joe's hay and oats."

"You've never been sorry for it, either, have you, dad ?" asked the captain.

"No, indeed," the farmer replied. "I'd do it over again, to-night, if it should be necessary."

"I'm sure you would. But which is worth most ; some neighbor's hay and oats, or your own flesh and blood, that you were looking after last night ?"

"See here, Jack !" exclaimed the farmer, "that isn't fair. A fire like Belton's doesn't occur every night."

"Neither do evening affairs," said the captain.

"There's always something."

"Not always, grandpa dear," Kate remonstrated.

"You're always talking about something, anyway," said the farmer, in an aggrieved tone.

"You must allow people the pleasures of anticipation, dad," suggested the captain. "You don't expect to die and go to heaven but once, but you'd think it cruel to be deprived of the pleasure of looking forward to it."

"Jack!" exclaimed the farmer reproachfully, "don't! The idea of comparing the bliss of eternity to such enjoyment as there may be of an evening of amusement."

"I'm not doing any thing of the sort," the captain replied. "I'm merely talking of the human way of enjoying anticipation of every thing, no matter if it be great or small. It must be a wiser man than you or I who can say it is wrong."

"It seems as if there was nothing else to think about, when a girl has any pleasure in view."

"Now, grandpa!" protested Kate, "I think I work real hard about the house every day—I *think* about my work, too."

"Indeed she does, father," said Mrs. Bradford.

"I don't forget my work in thinking about pleasure. If I don't talk much about work it's because it's an old story and I know all about it, but the amusement, whatever it may be, is something new, something to come. Don't you see?"

The farmer looked hard at his plate, as if looking for what he had been asked to see.

"I'm only a rough soldier," said the captain, "with rough men under me, but the harder my men work, the harder I try to provide amusements for them. The consequence is, my men don't desert or get ugly. It's merely common sense for me to look after their recreations. Everybody needs recreation. When President Lincoln was carrying this whole nation on his shoulders, he used to break off work once in a while and give himself up to fun. I know of a man whom he once sent for, a man whom he'd never seen, and who lived several hundred miles away. The man hurried to Washington and sent his card to the President, who was at a cabinet meeting. The meeting was adjourned

at once. The President took the visitor into a room, locked the door, and said:

"Mr. A——, I am told you are a first-rate Union man, and that you know all the good stories in New England. If you want to save the Union, now's your chance. 'Twon't cost you much; just sit down here and tell me all the good stories you can recall, so I can forget this awful load of mine for awhile. I think I shall go crazy if you don't."

"Did old Abe do that?" asked the farmer.

"He certainly did," the captain replied, "and the effort succeeded. Do you suppose there would ever have been any Spanish Inquisition if Torquemada and his associates had been able to find any harmless diversions, say base-ball or ten-pins? Do you imagine there would have been any witchcraft horror in New England if our forefathers had had foot-races, or tugs of war, or even been supplied with humorous newspapers, or had local post-offices in which to exchange jokes? People who work must also play, if their minds and bodies are to be kept in proper condition."

"Jack," said the farmer impressively, "there are people in this town who don't think of any thing but pleasure. They neglect their duties of every kind for the sake of enjoying themselves; they underfeed their children so as to have fine clothes to go visiting in; they don't pay their honest debts, but they go to big cities to plunge into all sorts of pleasure; they—"

"I'm not talking about dissipated people," said the captain. "A person without self-control is as contemptible in pleasure as in business. If you give a boy a gun or a horse you teach him to use it, not abuse it; any other pleasure should be treated in the same way. Why, you even warn religious people, old as well as young converts, that the joys of religion shouldn't be taken by any one who hasn't a full and constant sense of duty. Kate enjoyed the ball, Will enjoyed 'The Valley Scout,' but if they were to want such amusement at the expense of their duty and character, I would think them a disgrace to the family. I've no doubt they may sometimes feel inclined to shirk duty for the sake of pleasure, but there's enough of the instinct of resistance in any human being to fight down any such temptation. The ugly stuff that we call obstinacy, that is so strong in most young people and a great many older ones, is merely the heaven-given quality

of resistance, diverted from its proper use."

"But suppose they don't use it properly?"

"Then warn them and teach them. What are parents and guardians for? It isn't only in what you call trifling diversions that people indulge themselves to the extent of neglecting their duties. I used to know men, in this town, who made a business of neglecting their daily duties to attend protracted meetings, camp-meetings, and morning meetings, until they didn't earn enough money to pay their weekly bills. They did it simply for enjoyment's sake, for they weren't sinners under conviction, nor were they of any value as exhorters or helpers; they were simply men who regarded the religious efforts of the people as a means of enjoyment, and they gave themselves up to it to an extent that made it mere dissipation."

"You're right, Jack," said the farmer after a moment of silence. "I know whom you mean. They do it now just as they did then. You can buy the note of any of them at about twenty-five cents on the dollar. But coming back to evening parties, do you really think it's right for a lot of young folks to sit up, for pleasure's sake, till one or two o'clock in the morning, when they wouldn't allow any honest occupation to keep them out of bed past ten or eleven?"

"No; I don't think it right," the captain answered, "though they're sure to do it if left to themselves. But why should they be left to themselves? You wouldn't give that much discretion to a colt or calf in a new, rich pasture, would you? The question returns, you see, every time, to the same starting point; amusements should be managed by those whose sense of propriety is fully developed, as you can't expect it to be in a set of very young men and women. If I were head of a family in this town I'd start a 'Ten O'clock Club' or a 'Ten-thirty Club' and I'd see that each father or mother who belonged to it should see that the fun, no matter what it might be, should end at the appointed hour. If you'll do that, every decent head of a family will arise and call you blessed; so will all young men who have to go to business in the morning."

"How about the young women?" asked the farmer, with a glance from under his upper eyelids at Kate, who was keeping quiet though she seemed to be listening intently.

"The young women, too, would approve my plan, if they could see themselves at a

party about midnight. I'm not talking of the class of city girls who have nothing to do but enjoy themselves and who don't get out of bed till noon, but of the nice, good, sweet home-bodies, like many who were at the ball last night. All people begin to look either weak or wild before they have long passed their usual bed-time. There were young women at that affair last night whom at midnight I wouldn't have known, except by their dresses. All the strong lines of their faces were gone; they had reached the place where

Mirth doth into folly glide,
And folly into sin,

as Walter Scott says in one of his poems."

"You don't mean to say I looked that way, uncle?" said Kate, finding her tongue.

"N-n-no," said the captain, "but you didn't look your best self after midnight, and you wouldn't have looked well even that long if you hadn't been scared by—"

Kate put her finger to her lips and the captain stopped abruptly; the Mary Colton affair was not a subject for general family chat.

"Mamma didn't look badly, anyway," said Kate, throwing a kiss to her mother.

"No, indeed," said the captain, "but you must remember that to her it was all new and very exciting."

"I haven't seen Mary look so handsome in ten years," said the farmer.

"Thank you, father," said Mrs. Bradford, with a becoming blush, "I haven't had such an entire change in ten years."

The farmer looked at his daughter inquiringly and then penitently. He turned his eyes toward his son-in-law and met a reproachful look which caused him to drop his eyes and exhibit general consciousness of guilt.

CHAPTER IX.

THE time for the captain's departure came before any one realized it, although all had been sadly looking forward to it for many days. On the morning of the last day the old farmer woke his son-in-law, the first time he had ever been guilty of such a breach of courtesy, and said:

"Jack, I wonder if you realize what a tremendous lot of contracts you have been leaving on my hands?"

"They couldn't be in better hands, dad,"

said the captain rousing himself, and leaning on his elbow.

"Much obliged to you for your good opinion, my boy, but you must remember that time is flying and I'm an old man, and you've given me enough to busy a wiser man for many years to come. Every thing you've been talking to me about has been bothering the heads of the soberest men in the world for hundreds of years, indeed, I suppose the same things were talked about from the time men first began to think about being decent."

"You're undoubtedly right about that, dad," said the captain, "but the longer they've been neglected the more reason there is why they should receive prompt and thorough attention at the present time."

"Yes," said the farmer, "that sounds reasonable, but the load is an awful one to put on one pair of old shoulders. Let me see, now, I'm to provide amusements for that growing boy Will; I'm to be Kate's chaperon at all the big affairs that it's proper to attend; I'm to see that Mary has many more diversions; I'm to get up a board of management for the local theater so only decent plays shall be given; and as for that gymnasium, I suppose I shall have to do more talk in informal meetings about that than I've been called upon for in all church meetings in the past five years."

"Well, dad," said the captain, "it's worth it, isn't it? If not, I beg you won't begin, because I have too much respect for you and your opportunities for usefulness to be willing to see any work imposed upon you that isn't entirely necessary and that you can't do better than any one else."

"Well, Jack," said the old man, "I tell you frankly that if all these suggestions had come from any one else, or even from you, if I didn't know you for a very square man, and an earnest Christian besides, I should have treated them as utter nonsense, but I've been watching you carefully for nearly half my lifetime and nearly all of yours; I didn't give you my daughter without reasons that seemed to me amply good and sufficient, and I've kept my eye on you sharply ever since. Only Heaven knows how closely I have observed your life in every respect ever since you became a member of my family. If I can't trust you, there's no one on the face of the earth in whom I have a right to have any confidence whatever. So, although I don't understand much of what you've been

urging me to do, I am going to attempt it, every bit of it, my boy, simply on your say and opinion."

"God bless you, dear old man," said the captain, "I wish I could see my way clear to resign, remain here, and be your lieutenant. I should like to work under you at just that sort of duty."

"If you could give your time to it, Jack, I should resign at once," said the old man, "for you seem to know exactly what you're talking about, while my old brain is misty about it in a great many important particulars."

"Never mind about the particulars," said the captain; "I'll cheerfully trust you for them so long as you have the principles clearly in your mind."

"Well, Jack," said the farmer, after a moment of silence, "I may as well own up that this isn't all I've come up to ask you about. There's a question on my mind that I can't answer for myself, and as it is about you, perhaps you'll answer it for me."

"Certainly; fire away; you know you always can command me."

"Well, it's this. Do you mean to tell me that you, a man of high character, a Christian, and though I don't say it with any feeling but what's complimentary, a man that's toward the turning point of life, do you really enjoy all these things so much?"

"What things, dad?"

"Why, all these you want me to interest myself in, dancing, and cards, and —"

"Bless you, no," exclaimed the captain. "I shouldn't be the least bit unhappy, for my own sake, if I never again saw a card or took part in a dance. I amuse myself in other ways when I have any time to myself, and haven't to consult the tastes of others."

"Then you don't think they're really necessary to human good or happiness?"

"Not I. I've known hundreds of people who never danced or played cards or went to theaters or any other artificial amusements, yet who carried happier faces than any fun-hunting youngster in the world. But not all people are made alike, and the man who doesn't realize this should leave the management of amusements to those who do."

"Haven't you seen people whose only joy came from religion and right living, who seemed quite as happy in thought, word, and deed as any, well, as any of the young folks we saw at the ball the other night?"

"Why, certainly, dad. What a strange question to ask a man who's known *your* genial face and cheery life and influence nearly fifty years."

"Thank you, thank you, my boy. I want—"

"Just a moment," the captain interrupted. "I want to tell you, as I've told a great many other people when this same subject has been under discussion, that the most charming lot of girls I ever saw in my life, girls who looked unusually nice, pretty, sweet, modest, vivacious, attractive, and every thing else that good girls like to look and be, was a party I once saw on a railway train, coming from a neighboring town, where they had been attending—what do you suppose? Why, a monster home-missionary meeting. I took them at first to be a theater party, as there were two or three young men along, and a well-dressed lady or two whom I supposed were chaperons. Still, there was something so unusual, in short, so specially refined, in the general air of the entire party that my curiosity put me up to doing a little discreet questioning, and I soon learned what I have told you."

"Praise the Lord!" shouted the farmer. "I wish you would tell that to Kate."

"It's too late to wish that, dad, for I've told her already. Don't imagine that all I've said to her has been heard by the whole family. Lecturing and advice-giving isn't very pleasant work to do in public, or in private either, but that young woman has had to listen to a great deal of it while I've been here, and to do the child justice she has listened to most of it very patiently. But don't forget or overlook this fact; she, although she is a member of the church and as good a girl of her age as ever lived, still has all the imperfections, which aren't vices, of youth. She would probably have let all my talk go in at one ear and out of the other if she had not believed me in sympathy with her regarding a number of amusements which she and many other good people believe to be entirely harmless and even beneficial."

"But you don't think them so?"

"I won't admit that, for I know too many people who seem to really improve their characters under the influence of such amusements or through experiences gained while amusing themselves. I don't hesitate to say that I know others who have been harmed by them, but I can say the same of many things

entirely good in themselves, ranging all the way from bread and butter to devout religious observances."

"Oh, Jack!"

"Don't be horrified, there's sometimes a great difference between religious observances and true religion."

"But a County Ball, Jack. I'm quite willing that Kate and her mother—God bless their honest, industrious hearts—shall have a great deal more of variety and amusement in their lives than they have been having, and I'm more thankful than I can tell that you have opened their eyes to the necessity of it; but do you mean to tell me that a County Ball, where all sorts of people go, is the proper sort of place for two such noble-hearted, dainty-souled women to go?"

"Certainly not, if, as you say, all sorts of people go to those balls. As I said when the subject first came up, such affairs should be managed and regulated by the best, most trustworthy people in the community; if they are not, they are full of possibilities of mischief. I shouldn't have taken Kate to the ball at all if I hadn't known that she never had been allowed to have a dance of her own friends in her own home. What people can't have in natural and right ways they are likely to seek in others. You will remember that I urged that if the child was to attend such affairs, you or her brother should go with her, not to keep her from doing any thing wrong, but to protect her against bad influences and bad company, neither of which she understands for herself."

"Then if I let her have plenty of dancing parties at home, the company being selected from people whom we know and trust, you'll let me off from the County Ball, and let Kate off, too?"

"Oh, dad! You know perfectly well that you're not under obligations to do a single thing I've suggested. You and I have been merely discussing the subject, looking at both sides of the question of popular amusements. You don't for a moment imagine that I am setting up my judgment as to social morals and proprieties as superior to yours, do you?"

"Well, Jack," said the farmer, "to tell the truth, you've said so much that I've agreed with, and needed to hear, that I—"

"Never mind any view merely because it's mine, dad; improve upon it if you can, and nobody will be gladder over your success than

I. My only criticism of tremendously earnest people like you is that they shut all doors that lead to existing amusements and open none to take their places. They expect to find old heads on young bodies. They seem to forget the apostolic injunction, 'milk for babes.'"

"Then you think that if enough pleasures and recreations are provided for youngsters in their own homes they won't want to go to all sorts of wild affairs outside?"

"I certainly do, and I know that at least there will be good and sufficient reason for restraining them."

"Jack," said the old man, preparing to depart, "you've taken a great load off my mind. I really had got the notion that you talked up these fashionable amusements because you were very fond of them yourself. I didn't see exactly how it could be so, either."

"Set your honest heart at rest," said the captain. "Though I'm very fond of seeing people get together, and sometimes endure very poor means to that end, I'm no fonder of most of the amusements we've talked most about than you. I'm fond of them about as I am of fighting, which isn't fond at all, but when it has to be done I go in with all my might and do it, for the sake of those most concerned. These amusements exist; they are not necessarily bad in themselves, but they are very likely to be abused. It's your duty and mine to see that they do no harm to any one for whose soul and body we are responsible, or to any one else whom we are able to shield. In the meantime, get up something better to take their places, and count upon me to help you as far as my time, brains, and money can go."

"Something else *shall* be got up," said the farmer, through set teeth, "if I and some church people I know have as much head-piece as I think we have; for, to tell you the truth, neither Kate nor her mother shall ever again attend a County Ball with my consent. You don't know of half the mischief and disgrace that have been begun at those balls in this neighborhood; I *do*. My decision isn't formed from mere notions, it's based on hard facts, facts that have ruined a great many reputations and lives, right here in our own little community—facts that have put some people in the state-prison and compelled others to disappear. If everybody were by nature or grace decent, self-controlled, and

more desirous of character than pleasure, I suppose a general ball might be a safe place of amusement. But everybody isn't that way, and won't be so until the millennium; you know, as well as I, don't you, that the people most fond of such sport are not the best, not the strongest, but the weakest?"

"Certainly; that's why I've been so persistent in saying that older and stronger people should control amusements. It is the impressionable class that supplies most of the attendants at all places of amusements. Some members of this class are entirely innocent and full of good principles, but the great majority are self-indulgent young animals, with no control except while they are under the eye of some one who may have authority over them."

"And yet you would allow them to have their way."

"You're entirely wrong. I would restrain and control what cannot be prevented, and I insist that it is the duty of the better part of society to exert such restraint. You seem to imagine that I am pleading for more liberty for those who already are too free; on the contrary, I want to see liberty lessened in proportion to the increase of opportunity. I fully believe that the majority of young people care for little but artificial pleasures, and seldom, of themselves, know when and where to stop. The tendency of human nature is to abuse amusements, not to use them rightly; to dissipate, instead of to recreate. So back I come to my hobby; the better class, the people of highest character, should control the amusements of the vicinity, first taking care to provide them in ample quantity and variety, but afterward making and enforcing custom and rule for those who cannot or will not do so for themselves."

"I really don't see," said the farmer, after a moment of silence, "that we disagree in principle after all. But how about Will's whist? I can't be easy in my conscience to let that boy go out to play cards with a lot of young people. I've made some inquiries and I find that most of the young men of the whist club of which Kate is a member don't confine themselves to the game you think so innocent and beneficial. Every one of them plays other games, for money, and some of them have got into difficulties through their gambling craze, for it is a craze with them. If Will plays whist with them they will want him to join them in their games for money."

"Then stop his learning whist, unless you can depend upon his character and his word of honor to keep him from yielding to temptation. But here's the question that we're compelled to ask in all such matters: if good teaching, good example, and good guidance cannot make and keep a young man superior to such temptations, and also make him an influence for good among his fellows, of what use will he be in the battle of life, where inducements to do wrong are greater and more numerous?"

"Well, I guess Will and Kate will have to do their card playing at home for the present; I'm not going to turn lambs loose among wolves."

"Right you are, dad; no company is preferable to bad company. If *you* select their associates there'll be nothing to fear."

"I must tone Will down, too, about theater going," continued the old man. "That 'Valley Scout' has got him so excited that he's looking at all the theater advertisements in the city paper I take."

"Well, take him to two or three plays, as they come along, and show him their bad features. Make it part of his education to be able to recognize the bad when he sees it. It won't take you long to disgust him with the general run of plays, for there are very few that aren't wrong in manners or morals or both. Many a time have I looked through a city full of theaters without finding anything fit to listen to. You anti-theater people can't truthfully say half as much against the theater as those who have oftenest attended it. There ought to be an entirely new, clean variety of dramatic entertainment, and I believe we will have it in time, if good people will do their duty; and when the new is pitted against the old, the latter will have to give way."

"Well, Jack, you and I seem to be of one mind about most of these matters, after all," said the old man, leaving the room, "but I don't believe my animals in the barn will stand it to have me talk any more until they get their breakfast."

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN CLINTON returned to his regiment, and for several days it seemed at the Brewster homestead that he had carried the spirits of the family with him. The farmer was the first to recover from the general de-

pression, and he lifted the others by suggesting that they could best keep the captain with them in spirit by living up to some of his injunctions; then he proceeded to act industriously according to his own advice.

A year later the captain made another visit East, and although he was not a conceited man he could not help believing that he had been the first cause of some gratifying changes that were visible. His sister seemed several years younger, in looks as well as manner, and Kate was merrier and prettier than ever, although a new ring that sparkled on her finger assured him that he was not the only man who had assisted in improving the young woman's manner. Master Will was no longer a boy, but a young gentleman, and evidently quite popular among the young women who were at the house almost every afternoon and evening, yet Will seemed lavish of courtesies to his mother and sister.

As for the old farmer, he was the life of every party that gathered on the lawn or in the house. He played tennis in a manner that astonished the young folks who did not know what strong muscles and quick nerves belong to a man whose whole life has been spent out-of-doors; and the captain learned that he had again been active as base ball umpire. In-doors, the deacon always took part in games about the sitting-room table, and the captain told himself that never before had he known how many of such games, aside from cards, were in existence; indeed, he began to feel himself an old fogey by his ignorance of one game after another in which he was asked to take part. The captain asked no questions, but during the first quiet evening that the family spent together the old farmer remarked, with a most inquisitive look:

"Jack, do you see any thing unusual about this family?"

"It seems rather brighter and more cheerful than of old," the captain replied. "What has happened?"

"Oh," said the old man, "we've merely been following your advice, following it in spirit, though we've gone back on some of the particulars."

The captain looked quizzically at Kate, then at the deacon, and said:

"For instance, County Balls?"

"Exactly," the old man replied. "You know what I thought about them before you went away, but I changed my resolution

enough to let the girls decide for themselves. I wouldn't have done it with most folks, but I knew Mary had a very sensible head and that Kate was her daughter, and I was curious to see the people and fun through their eyes."

"Well?"

"Well, their eyes agreed with mine. Just as soon as the novelty wore off they began to notice that the people they liked most didn't attend the balls at all, and never had done so. They also found that all members of the wild set in town did attend. They were compelled to form some acquaintances that they didn't like, and were expected to take part in other fun that the same crowd got up, and which these two women didn't like and couldn't endure. I haven't asked many questions, and don't care to know particulars, but I do know this, any thing which two natural, warm-hearted, high-spirited women like Mary and Kate are a little suspicious of, can't be entirely right."

"The whole trouble," said Mary, "with the County Ball set of people is that they seem to live for pleasure and nothing else, and nothing pleases them unless it is artificial and highly flavored. Some of my old schoolmates, of whom I hadn't seen much in a long time, are in that set; I was very glad to meet them and renew old acquaintance, but somehow we had scarcely any interests in common. For a long time I tried to think the fault mine, but I had to change my opinion. All enjoyments that are dear to me appeared stupid to them; the men they liked most seemed to me coarse and sometimes no better than so many monkeys. Finally, when a lot of us were talking in the dressing-room one evening, talking about men, and one said that while some men must be respected they were not the men to have merry times with, and the others all agreed with her, I thought it time to withdraw forever from that set and take Kate with me."

"Couldn't you have exerted a good influence by remaining?" the captain asked.

"I tried to think so, but oh, you don't know what a woman is when she gets to the place where she thinks pleasure the only thing worth living for, and that home and its duties are merely to be endured, not enjoyed, and that her children are cares rather than comforts, and that husbands are good or bad according as they earn much or little money. I tried to influence some of them; I'm sure I didn't do a bit of preaching or lecturing

either, but I was only laughed at, or called a dear, old-fashioned thing. I know most of them like me, but I can't be of the slightest use to them nor can they be of any to me."

The captain looked anxiously at Kate, and the young woman, catching his eye, exclaimed:

"I know what you're thinking, Uncle Clinton; you suspect mother had a hard time in dragging me away. But she didn't. Charley—"

"O, ho! I see! Well, Charley—"

"Charley complained that the nicer fellows in town didn't attend the balls, and when I asked him why he didn't bring his sisters, he said they didn't care to come. Then he asked me, as a favor, not to dance with this and that man; it wasn't jealousy, for none of them were fit to hold a candle to him, but he said they were not gentlemen. Then, Mary Colton stopped going to balls after her husband joined the church, and—"

"Wh—a—a—a—at," drawled the captain. "That fellow joined the church?"

"Yes," said the farmer, "and I must say that, much as I always disliked him, it has been a genuine change. His disposition is as lively as ever, but there's nothing offensive in the way it works itself out."

"Colton," mused the captain aloud, "Colton with generations of bad blood in his veins, a fellow who can't understand honesty in man or honor in woman, an animal on two feet, a dissembler, a sneak, joined the church? Dad, some dangerous sickness must have frightened him. It's against all rules of heredity for—"

"Thank heaven!" said the farmer, "there's a Power greater than heredity!"

"There certainly is," said the captain, "and the new convert is one of the most astounding evidences of it that I ever saw or heard of."

"I wish some more of that crowd might have been converted at the same time," said the farmer, "for you can't imagine the variety of mean things that were said about me when I declined to subscribe to a new series of balls, to be given during the coming winter. My pocket-book has been open to every decent request made in this town in the past forty years, yet ever since last winter I've been called the stingiest man in Preston, besides some names a great deal less polite. Tell you what it is, Jack, you never know how mean and venomous man and woman can be

until you differ from them about their pleasures. There's no sin they think so awful as that. Just as they were getting tired of heaping abuse on me, I got a fresh load."

"Indeed! For what?"

"Oh, because Kate and Will retired from their whist club."

"What was the trouble there?"

"Simply that Will found a crowd of fellows with whom he'd never associated anywhere else except at school, where he was compelled to meet them. They weren't young men whom we care to have at the house, and both Kate and Will began to feel uncomfortable about it."

"Why didn't your youngsters try to change the set, or organize a new one?"

"Bless you, they tried both plans until they were tired, but 'twouldn't work. Meanwhile, the boys tried to get Will into all sorts of other games of cards."

"Every fellow in the club gambles, on the sly," said Will. "They only come to play whist for the sake of the supper and dance afterward. Each of them says there's no fun to be got out of cards unless there's money risked."

"And you couldn't make up a party to take their places?" asked the captain.

"No; I tried my hardest. Somehow the nicest fellows in town don't take any interest in cards, so I soon began to feel somewhat ashamed of myself, and stopped trying."

"The fault must be in cards themselves, and their possibilities, Jack," said the farmer. "'Twas so, they said, when I was a boy, and, just as I suspected, it seems to be so now. To few—comparatively few—people of mature age playing whist is no fair sample of the general use of cards and of the temptations that games of cards bring to young people and to excitable natures generally. Because physicians sometimes prescribe alcohol as a medicine, you wouldn't have liquor offered freely to every one, would you?"

"Certainly not," said the captain, "but—"

"But because you, a man of clean heart and unusual strength of character, never were harmed by cards or tempted to gamble you think every one else should be equally right-minded and strong. Jack, you know I believe you about as near faultless as any one alive, but you make a dangerous, awful mistake when you trust the weak, which means nearly everybody, to take any unnecessary risks merely for the sake of amusing them-

selves. No one has any right, just for fun, to run into temptation after praying to be delivered from it."

"Quite true, dad, but please remember that I didn't advise cards for the general crowd; 'twas for some one of your own blood, and right under your eye, some one whom I didn't believe cards or any thing of the kind could injure."

"They could hurt others, though, through his example," said the farmer, "and I should have stopped it on that account if both of the children hadn't already withdrawn of their own free will. I wasn't going to be abused, though, as a solemn, straight-laced old Puritan, who hated on principle whatever was amusing; you see I knew just about what would be said, so I told the youngsters to look up any thing and every thing else, at my expense, that would be a pleasant pretext for bringing decent young people together evenings. They didn't succeed very well, so your old father-in-law deliberately went to the city and searched all the stores in which in-door games were sold. I don't hesitate to say, Jack, that 'twas one of the hardest jobs that I ever attempted in the purchasing line, but I got enough to make a fair start, and if you can find a nicer, jollier lot of young people than are here two or three evenings every week, why let me know. I'll pay big money for a chance to look at them myself. It does make me groan though, to think of the work it was to hunt up a few games that weren't absolutely stupid; the dealers themselves said that nobody seemed to care for any thing but cards, and there was very little encouragement to get up anything else."

"He's had his pay, though, uncle," said Kate, "for he gets quite as much fun as anyone else out of those games, unless mother is an exception. I do believe our minister was frightened by the reports of our 'goings on' out here."

The farmer had a long laugh to himself and said:

"Yes, the good man made several calls, only a day or two apart, before I realized what he was up to; when I understood it, however, I coaxed him to take part in the fun. It did him a great deal of good, too; I wish you could have heard the sermon he preached afterward on the need of home amusements; it reminded me of you all the way through, though he didn't recommend cards and County Balls."

"How about the gymnasium?" asked the captain.

"Ah!" said the old man, "that's been a grand success in every way."

"Yes," said Kate, "and the women have put a handsome tablet on the inner wall, with this inscription on it: 'In Honor of Captain Clinton, U. S. A., at Whose Suggestion This Building Was Erected.' What do you think of that?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the captain with a frown, "when dad deserves all the credit."

"The tablet is exactly as it should be," said the old man; "I ought to know, for the women consulted me about it, and I wrote the inscription myself. You simply can't imagine, Jack, the amount of good that gymnasium has already done. It is bad for doctors, though they do, at their own loss, send a great many women there, telling them it will do more good than medicine."

"And mother," said Kate, "is the most faithful member."

"Yes," said the farmer, "though at first her old father had to simply drive her there, for the first few weeks. She insisted that 'twas a waste of time. Ah, that gymnasium has been the most successful, satisfying enterprise that this town ever carried through. I can't say as much for the theater."

"What?" exclaimed the captain. "Did you attempt to reform the local drama? Why didn't you write me about it?"

"Because," said the old man, his face becoming gloomy at once, "I'd rather tell no news than bad news. A lot of us took a long lease of the Academy of Music, where all the shows have been held for years, and announced that we would give a good, harmless play once a week. For the first time in my life, Jack, I had to break my word. I say 'I' because all the others went into it on my representations of what you had said."

"That looks as if it was *my* word that had been broken, if any one's," said the captain. "Where was the trouble?"

"Everywhere!" was the reply. "In the first place we couldn't get the plays. We went to work in thorough style, asking all men who go to the city what there was that was good to put on the stage here. All of them named something, but as soon as we had asked a few leading questions, and dropped from the list all plays that turned on some mischief between man and woman, there weren't many left to choose from. Of the

rest some that were very amusing were also vulgar; the men who had laughed over them admitted that they wouldn't like the young people of their own families to see them. Of course we had to drop these too, for young people are the principal theater goers. Some pieces with which no fault could be found could not be played without loss except in large cities; others, which are 'on the road,' as they call it when theater companies travel, couldn't afford to come to a town as small as this. Some of our merchants went to see prominent managers in the city; they got plenty of civility and sympathy, but very little encouragement, and one of them was told that New York itself couldn't find the sort of plays we wanted, or make them pay if they were to produce them. We did succeed in putting on two or three pieces, but only the first one paid expenses, and we were soundly abused each week when we couldn't produce any thing. And that wasn't the worst of it. As soon as we failed to do as we had promised and the reason was known, two or three saloon men leased the old skating rink and set up a rival house, so right away the old line of coarse, vulgar shows came to town again. We fought them with all our might; we hired good concert companies, panoramas, any thing that was decent and entertaining; but then we struck a new trouble,—most of the people who might enjoy such things stayed at home, where they enjoyed themselves better, and the other class scarcely came at all, so we had our expenses for our pains and were laughed at for being a lot of old fools."

The captain looked troubled and the old man made haste to say:

"Don't feel bad, Jack. I know you believed all you said, and I don't begrudge my share of the cost, for my mind has been set at rest on the theater subject for the remainder of my life. If the mass of decent people won't go to the theater, what is there to encourage men to write decent plays? Why, even in the city some of our committee were told by managers that theaters wouldn't pay there if it weren't for the thousands of strangers in the hotels and boarding houses, who haven't any where else to go in search of amusement."

"Of course managers know more about it than I," said the captain with a sigh and a very long face. "I suspect you wish I had left my tongue behind me when I came East last year. You've found the balls objection-

able, cards dangerous, and my theater idea impracticable. I want to say in self-defense that I advocated only a proper use of these amusements."

"We all know that, my dear boy, but if the great majority of people abuse them, what is to be done but let them alone? If all people were saints, or as strong and conscientious as you, things might be different; but all people aren't; nearly all are just the reverse, and those who aren't shouldn't give others an excuse to offend. Therefore I and my family are done, for life, with such public means of amusement."

"I didn't imagine," said the captain with a grim smile, "that at my time of life I should have to feel something like a whipped school-boy, but—"

"Tut—tut! No more of that, Jack," exclaimed the farmer earnestly. "If you've been mistaken about some of the means, you're entirely right about the desired end, and I never can thank you half enough for the shaking up you gave me last year. I needed it, I assure you, and I suppose a million other men just like me are needing it to-day. I don't know whether it's care or carelessness that makes mature men forget the days of their youth and the steady flow of animal spirits, innocent enough in itself, which needed some outlet besides work. Play-

fulness is as natural to the young as breathing, and when I see a boy or girl who hasn't it, I say to myself, 'There's a case for the doctor.' People don't seem to realize, either, that the harder men and women work and think, the more they need change and relaxation; when they do see it, regarding themselves, they generally are so helpless that they have to accept whatever they can find. You made me see all this, regarding my own family, too, and you've done more good, directly and indirectly, than you ever can know about until you die, for I've talked every conviction that's come to me. There's been a great awakening in this town on the subject of amusements and recreations; scores of tired wives and mothers and hundreds of young people have been made better and happier by it, and the good work is bound to go on. If many men, like me, are distrusting the influence of the theater, the card table, and the ball, they are searching all the more earnestly for other recreations for their families. It is the hardest work that some of them ever did, but it is doing them a great deal of good, and none of them are sorry at having been roused on the subject."

"Then I may console myself," said the captain, "by thinking—"

"That you started it all," exclaimed Kate.

"Exactly so," said the farmer.

(*The end.*)

IN THE WORLD TO COME.

BY LUCY C. BULL.

WHILE Poetry lives to dip her dainty brush
 In crumbling earth and variable sky,
 She will by no means let a brook run dry,
 A cloud at evening lose its tender flush.
 More brilliant than it was upon the bush
 Will be her gathered rose that cannot die,
 The flash of her arrested butterfly,
 Her hawthorn's whiteness and her holly's blush.

But when she bends her gaze on bower or glen
 Of the celestial country, powerless,
 For the first time, her passion to express,
 Who in her place will paint what meets her ken?
 Who, if not Music, she who from excess
 Of utterance may not speak her mind till then?

ON THE NATURE AND VALUE OF FOLK-LORE.

BY L. J. VANCE.

THE student of folk-lore is constantly asked, what is this folk-lore of which we hear so much and know so little? Pray tell us, what is the *use* of folk-lore study? Again, has it any educational or scientific value at all? Once more, what is the true place of folk-lore in the history of mental and social evolution? These are pertinent questions which enthusiastic students of folk-lore must satisfactorily answer ere they can bring others round to their favorite study. Hence, I take it that a plain and matter-of-fact statement of what we are driving at may here be made.

The English Folk-Lore Society had been established some six years when, somewhat unexpectedly, an animated discussion arose as to the true meaning and the exact scope of folk-lore. Quite a wide difference of opinion showed itself between what we may call the "archæological" and the "anthropological" students of folk-lore,—between those who took a literary and antiquarian view of the subject and those who regarded folk-lore as the study of a particular part of human culture.

Now, frankly speaking, the work of the English Society was, at first, largely antiquarian, as the early volumes of the *Folk-Lore Record* bear testimony. Some members, following the lead of the founder of the society, the late W. J. Thoms, were inclined to restrict their studies to the lore of "folk,"—meaning by "folk" simply the uncultivated classes of a civilized community. Others, following the lead of Mr. Lang and Mr. E. B. Tylor, gave to the word "folk" a far wider significance, so as to include the savage. Practically, however, archæological and anthropological students now agree that the lore of savages is of the same *stuff* as that retained to this day by the folk, by the classes which have shared least in progress. Both say that when people possess any particular bit of lore in common, it is fair to conclude that the cause must be sought in the relative mental conditions which are common to those peoples. In other words, this lore represents beliefs and usages out of which our civilization has been evolved.

Happily, the American folk-lorist can have no need of entering upon a discussion of this kind. The nature of folk-lore is now pretty well understood. In the first number of *Journal of American Folk-Lore* the term was so well defined that he who runs may read. Thus, "Lore must be understood as the complement of literature, as embracing all human knowledge handed down by word of mouth and preserved without the use of writing. . . . Formerly applied to all knowledge, it is now becoming limited to such information as is orally transmitted from age to age." In a single sentence, this knowledge is now termed "lore" in contradistinction to book-lore or scholastic learning. Still, it is not always easy to determine what is folk-lore and what is not.

The very first rule of our society reads as follows: "The American Folk-Lore Society has for its object the study of Folk-Lore in general, and in particular the collection and publication of the Folk-Lore of North America."

Now, what is folk-lore in general? That is to say, what is the scope of folk-lore? It may be well to enumerate in logical order the materials for the scientific study of folk-lore:

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| I. <i>Traditional Narratives</i> | II. <i>Traditional Customs</i> |
| [a] Folk Tales | [a] Local Customs |
| [b] Hero Tales | [b] Festival Customs |
| [c] Ballads and Songs | [c] Ceremonial Customs |
| [d] Place Legends | [d] Games |
| III. <i>Superstitions and Beliefs</i> | IV. <i>Folk Sayings</i> |
| [a] Goblinom | [a] Popular Sayings |
| [b] Astrology | [b] Popular Nomenclature |
| [c] Superstitions connected with material things | [c] Proverbs |
| | [d] Jingle Rhymes, Riddles, etc. |

Such is the scope of folk-lore. It is the common factor of a common source that gives us the right to speak of different materials like these as one study.

But the question is asked, is folk-lore a science? I reply, no; but the study is. The study of folk-lore requires an intimate acquaintance with strict scientific methods, with logical methods of inquiry in detecting the truth and in eliminating error. The whole fabric of folk-lore falls to the ground unless we admit that like

effects imply like causes. The results obtained in this way will be of almost equal value with those of the exact sciences.

A great deal has been said about the *method* of folk-lore. The importance of the comparative method is thoroughly understood and appreciated by folk-lore scholars of all degrees. The student of folk-lore in general, will place the stories or superstitions of the Southern negro, for example, side by side with similar stories and superstitions found current among the Red Indians and other savage races. He soon finds many of the notions and usages of folk surviving in our midst. Indeed, he need only read newspaper reports of clairvoyants, mediums, etc., to see primitive ideas still flourishing—to see credulous maid-servant and keen-witted lawyer alike persisting in the belief that “wise women” can foretell fortunes, that a DisDebar can paint “spook pictures.”

And now as to the value of folk-lore. For the purposes of this inquiry it is enough to select a few special instances bearing on the main question.

The study of civilization, culture-history, as the Germans call it, is largely indebted to the materials supplied by the study of folk-lore. The ethnologist, the student of morals, and the student of religions, each finds in folk-lore a different value and a different interest. It is hardly too much to say that from folk-lore can be gathered certain facts in the history of man which cannot be gathered from any other single source. Witness that, without folk knowledge to guide us, we may entirely miss the meaning of some of the most important facts of human culture. For example, it was the evidence supplied by folk traditions and folk-customs that led Bachofen to discover mother-right and descent by the female line in the ancient family.

The student of culture-history need not be told the nature of the materials used by E. B. Tylor in his researches into the “Early History of Mankind.”

Again, folk-lore becomes of itself an important aid to the historian, as a means of reconstructing the lost records of early times. Thus, it was popular lore, *pur et simple*, that enabled Mr. Gomme, to reconstruct the “Relics of Early Village Life” in England. In “Myth, Ritual, and Religion,” Mr. Lang has fully shown that all Greek village life below the surface was rich in institutions now found among the most barbaric peoples. Human sacrifices, savage rites, and mysteries

survived long after the Greeks had gathered into walled cities.

Consider, for a moment, the present scientific study of folk-tales. What is rather neatly termed “the scientific satisfaction of curiosity” about traditional folk-tales, *contes* or *Märchen*, was not provoked till the brothers Grimm published their collection of Household Tales. That is to say, by drawing the attention of students to the remains of primitive thought that lie imbedded in folk-stories, the Grimms laid the foundations of a scientific study of popular tales. When Mr. Lang traces the *motif* of the well-known Cupid and Psyche legend to a wide-spread rule of savage marriage ceremony (forbidding the wife to see the face of her husband for a time) he connects the story at once with people where such rude forms of nuptial etiquette were in vogue.

It is necessary only to point out that the psychologist finds abundant material for studying the problems of mind-history in the lore of simple-minded folk. In noting this material the following considerations may be advanced.

First, what is known as Anthropological Psychology is largely based on the lore of rude and primitive folk. In the savage notion that all nature is personal and animated; in the frame of mind to which all things animate or inanimate, plants or animals, seem on the same level of life, passion, and reason; in the mental *status* which assigns human speech and human feeling to the heavenly bodies no less than to beasts, birds, and fishes; in the manufacture of lore to explain the facts of the visible universe and to satisfy that primitive curiosity which is the parent of scientific inquiry; in the crystallization of superstitious habits into ritual, and the queer survival of savage ritual among people as cultivated as the Greeks,—in these processes and products of mental action, the anthropological psychologist finds his most interesting data concerning the mind history of the human race.

Secondly, what is known as Comparative Psychology connects the study of the child with that of primitive man. Reference has already been made to that stage of savage thought in which no line is drawn between organic or inorganic, personal or impersonal, dumb or “articulate speaking.” Such a mental stage is reflected in the psychology of our children. Mr. Sully, for instance, gives a

case of this when he cites the saying of a little girl of five: "Ma, I do think this hoop must be alive; it is so sensible; it goes wherever I want it to." That is exactly what the savage would be apt to say. The point to which I would call attention is this: working folklorists postulate mental evolution in man.

Once more, folk-lore supplies abundant material to the department of Morbid Psychology. The fantastic confusion which the savage makes between visions and solid facts; the hallucinations which beset half-starved folk; the ravings of the medicineman and the delusions of the wonder-working magician,—these things, so familiar to students of folk-lore, are included in the department of Morbid Psychology. This department includes, further, the natural history of error, the subtle processes by which illusions give place to hallucinations and mental contagions which break out in psychic epidemics,—for example, in witchcraft movements. Human nature and human nerves are the same the world over. Compare the ghost stories of savages and those that appear in the Christmas numbers of our magazines. The difference between them is simply one of degree, not of kind. No one has been able to successfully maintain that the savage *séance* is a whit different from the modern spiritualistic *séance*. Consult the records of the Society for Psychical Research, if you doubt it.

Folk-lore may be studied with two objects; first, simply to acquire a knowledge of many curious items; secondly, as a means of developing and training the mental faculties,—for example, the powers of observation, of comparison, and of inductive or deductive reasoning. Considered as a means of mental discipline, few studies quicken the observing powers or sharpen the judgment in a better way than a scientific study of folk-lore.

Indeed, the introduction of folk-lore into our scheme of general education is now strongly hinted at. For, aside from the worth which folk-lore has in common with all scientific study, it has a well-defined use and place in any scheme of elementary or primary education. The child's mind, its workings, its directions, and its capabilities, has of quite late years become better understood than at any time before. A child's imagination, as Mr. Newell points out in his collection of "Games and Songs of the American Children," is more on the alert than the grown-up mind, and thus our educators have found

that one of the best means of imparting instruction to children is by games and songs and stories. The eminent educator and psychologist, President G. Stanley Hall, for some years has been making an extensive and systematic collection of children's stories based on *their* preferences: "A collection of their games as actually played, from actual study, including formulas (often rhymes) of the Mother Goose order." "A good, *graded* collection of proverbs in rhythm or otherwise, and also of maxims, as one element of moral training." Such a collection, again, might well take the place now filled by many of our so-called "Readers," with their thin prosaic tales, and "moral lessons" tacked on at the end.

Now it is highly characteristic of the childish mind to cherish and preserve ancient rites and observances that have been handed down from generation to generation. Or, as Mr. E. B. Tylor in his "Primitive Culture" remarks, things which occupy an important place in the life-history of grown men in a savage state become playthings of children in a period of civilization. To cite a trivial instance, children the world over use "counting-out" rhymes in order to determine who shall be "it," but the explanation of their doing so is not to be found in any thing in modern life. However, the folk-lorist sees in this curious custom of counting-out a survival of sortilege or divination by lot; that is to say, a child's counting-out doggerel is a relic of the spoken or written charms used by sorcerers in ancient times as part and parcel of their mystic incantations. Thus, when the leader in the game repeats the queer doggerel beginning,—

"One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann,"

he is simply repeating in playful ignorance the practice and spell of a sorcerer in a by-gone age.

As to the literary value of folk-lore all are agreed. The great bulk of the world's literature has sprung from germs planted by the folk. There can be no doubt as to the origin and nature of the materials out of which the national romances and epics have been shaped by the highest human genius. The most inspiring songs, the finest ballads, the most stirring epic poems have all come from one and the same source, namely—the people. Popular tales are the literature of a class for whom every incident in *Volksleben*, every incident in the old rut of love and joy, of pain

and sorrow, is not infrequently invested with a touching truth and beauty. The savage makes his heroes beasts or birds; 'Uncle Remus' says Brer Rabbit or Brer Terrapin; the German peasant tells about "a poor boy" or "a soldier"; the French countess dresses up princes or princesses; the epic poet sings of Knights of the Round Table.

A popular story has the wings of the morning and can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. Sometimes the story wins its way into the national literature and sometimes it fades away into a simple nursery, or household, tale. "Until within the present generation," says the Rev. Sir Geo. W. Cox, "boys read the Iliad and Odyssey and worked their way through the dramas of the Greek tragic poets under the fixed impression that

they contain nothing with which children in our nurseries are familiar in other shapes."

It appears, then, that folk-lore is both a measure and a record of people's joys and sorrows, their wisdom and their folly, their aspirations and their short-comings. The whole warp and woof of folk-life, the mode of thought, the philosophy of their living are interwoven in their lore. For this reason, if no other, we urge the study of folk-lore as indispensable to the complete rounding out of the mind.

We do not urge folk-lore as a "bread and butter study." As a matter of fact, the study of folk-lore bakes no bread, but it puts in man's own hands the secret of the magical power over himself, over his fellows, and over the "choir invisible."

ON MOUNT MANSFIELD.

BY BRADFORD TORREY.

I WENT up the mountain from the village of Stowe in very ignoble fashion, in a wagon, and was three hours on the passage. One of the "hands" at the Summit House occupied the front seat with the driver, and we were hardly out of the village before a seasonable toothache put him in mind of his pipe. Would smoking be offensive to me? he inquired. What could I say, having had an aching tooth before now myself? It was a pleasure almost beyond the luxury of breathing mountain air to see the misery of a fellow-mortal so quickly assuaged. The driver, a sturdy young Vermonter, was a man of different spirit. He had never used tobacco nor drunk a glass of "liquor," I heard him saying. Somebody had once offered him fifty cents to smoke a cigar.

"Why didn't you take it?" asked his companion in a tone of wonder.

"Well, I'm not that kind of a fellow, to be bought for fifty cents."

As we approached the base of the mountain, a white-throated sparrow was piping by the roadside.

"I love to hear that bird sing," said the driver.

It was now my turn to be surprised. Our man of principle was also a man of sentiment.

"What do you call him?" I inquired, as soon as I could recover myself.

"Whistling Jack," he answered; a new name to me, and a good one; it would take a nicer ear than mine to discriminate with certainty between a white-throat's voice and a school-boy's whistle.

The morning had promised well, but before we emerged from the forest as we neared the summit we drove into a cloud and, shortly afterward, into a pouring rain. In the office of the hotel I found a company of eight persons, four men and four women, drying themselves about the stove. They had left a village twenty miles away at two o'clock that morning in an open wagon for an excursion to the summit. Like myself, they had driven into a cloud, and up to this time had seen nothing more distant than the stable just across the road, within a stone's toss of the window, and even that only by glimpses. One of the party was a doctor, who must be at home that night. Hour after hour they watched the clouds, or rather the rain (we were so beclouded that the clouds could not be seen), and debated the situation. Finally, at three o'clock, they got into their open wagon, the rain pelting them fiercely, and started for the base. Doubtless they soon descended into clear weather, but not till they were well drenched. Verily the clouds are no respecters of persons. It is nothing to them how far you have come, or

how worthy your errand. So I reflected, having nothing better to do, when my wagonful of pilgrims had dropped out of sight in the fog—as a pebble drops into the lake—leaving me with the house to myself; and presently, as I sat at the window, I heard a white-throated sparrow singing outside. Here was one, at least, whom the rain could not discourage. A wild and yet a sweet and home-felt strain is this of “Whistling Jack,”—a mountain bird, well used to mountain weather, and just now too happy to forego his music, no matter how the storm might rage. I myself had been in a cloud often enough to feel no great degree of discomfort or lowness of spirits. I had not decided to spend the precious hours of a brief vacation upon a mountain-top without taking into account the additional risk of unfavorable weather in such a place. Let the clouds do their worst; I could be patient and wait for the sun. But this whistling philosopher outside spoke of something better than patience, and I thanked him for the timely word.

Toward noon of the next day the rain ceased, the cloud vanished, and I made haste to clamber up the rocky peak—the Nose, so called—at the base of which the hotel is situated. Yes, there stretched Lake Champlain, visible for almost its entire length, and beyond it loomed the Adirondacks. I was glad I had come. *I* could sing now. It does a man good to look afar off.

Even before the fog lifted I had discovered, to my no small gratification, that the evergreens immediately about the house were full of gray-cheeked thrushes, a close colony, strictly confined to the low trees at the top of the mountain. They were calling at all hours, *yeep, yeep*, somewhat in the manner of young chickens; and after supper, as it grew dark, I stood on the piazza while they sang in full chorus. At least six of them were in tune at once. *Wee-o, wee-o, tit-ti-wee-o*, something like this the music ran, with many variations; a most ethereal sound, at the very top of the scale, but faint and sweet; quite in tune also with my mood, for I had just come in from gazing long at the sunset, with Lake Champlain like a sea of gold for perhaps a hundred miles, and a stretch of the St. Lawrence showing far away in the north. During the afternoon, too, I had been over the long crest of the mountain to the northern peak, the highest point, belittled in local phraseology as the Chin; a delightful jaunt of two miles, with

magnificent prospects all the way. It was like walking on the ridge-pole of Vermont, a truly exhilarating experience.

All in all, though the forenoon had been so rainy, I had lived a long day, and now, if ever, could appreciate the singing of this characteristic northern songster, himself such a lover of mountains as never to be heard, here in New England, at least, and in summer-time, except amid the dwindling spruce forests of the upper slopes. I had never before seen him so familiar. On the Mount Washington range and on Mount Lafayette it is easy enough to hear his music, but one rarely gets more than a flying glimpse of the bird. Here, as I say, he was never out of hearing, and seldom long out of sight, even from the doorstep. The young were already leaving the nest, and undoubtedly the birds had disposed themselves for the season before the unpainted, inoffensive-looking little hotel showed any signs of occupancy. The very next year a friend of mine visited the place and could discover no trace of them. They had found their human neighbors a vexation, we may presume, and on returning from their winter's sojourn in Costa Rica, or where not, had sought summer quarters on some less trodden peak.

Not so was it with the myrtle warblers, I venture to assert, though on this point I have never taken my friend's testimony. Perfectly at home as they are in the wildest and most desolate places, they manifest a particular fondness for the immediate vicinity of houses, delighting especially to fly about the gutters of the roof and against the window panes. Here, at the Summit House, they were constantly to be seen hawking back and forth against the side of the building, as barn swallows are given to doing in the streets of cities. The rude structure was doubly serviceable,—to me a shelter, and to the birds a fly-trap. I have never observed any other warbler thus making free with human habitations.

This yellow-rump, or myrtle bird, is one of the thrifty members of his great family, and next to the black-poll is the most numerous representative of his tribe in Massachusetts during the spring and autumnal migrations; a beautiful little creature, with a characteristic flight and call, and for a song a pretty trill suggestive of the snow-bird's. Within two or three years he has been added to the summer fauna of Massachusetts, and as a

son of the Bay State I rejoice in his presence and heartily bid him welcome. We shall never have too many of such citizens. I esteem him, also, as the only one of his delicate, insectivorous race who has the hardihood to spend the winter—sparingly, but with something like regularity—within the limits of New England. He has a genius for adapting himself to circumstances; picking up his daily food in the depths of a mountain forest or off the panes of a dwelling-house, and wintering, as may suit his fancy or convenience, in the West Indies or along the sea-coast of Massachusetts.

One advantage of a sojourn at the summit of any of our wooded New England mountains is the easy access thus afforded to the upper forest. While I was here upon Mount Mansfield I spent some happy hours almost every day in sauntering down the road for a mile or two, looking and listening. Just after leaving the house it was possible to hear three kinds of thrushes singing at once,—gray-cheeks, olive-backs, and hermits. Of the three the hermit is beyond comparison the finest singer, both as to voice and tune. His song, given always in three detached measures, each higher than the one before it, is distinguished by an exquisite liquidity, the presence of *d* and *l*, I should say, as contrasted with the inferior *t* sound of the gray-cheek. If it has less variety, and perhaps less rapture, than the song of the wood-thrush, it is marked by greater simplicity and ease; and if it does not breathe the ineffable tranquility of the veery's strain, it comes to my ear, at least, with a still nobler message. The hermit's note is aspiration rather than repose. "Peace, peace!" says the veery, but the hermit's word is, "Higher, higher!" "Spiritual songs," I call them both, with no thought of profaning the apostolic phrase.

I had been listening to thrush music (I think I could listen to it forever) and at a bend of the road had turned to admire the wooded side of the mountain, just here spread out before me, miles and miles of magnificent hanging forest, when I was attracted by a noise as of something gnawing—a borer under the bark of a fallen spruce lying at my feet. Such an industrious and contented sound! No doubt the grub would have said, "Yes, I could do *this* forever." What knew he of the beauties of the picture at which I was gazing? The very light with which to see it would have been a torture to him.

Heaven itself was under the close bark of this decaying log. So, peradventure, may we ourselves be living in darkness without knowing it, while spiritual intelligences look on with wondering pity to see us so in love with our prison-house. Well, yonder panorama was beautiful to *me*, at all events, however it might look to more exalted beings, and, like my brother under the spruce-tree bark, I would make the best of life as I found it.

This way my thoughts were running when all at once two birds dashed by me—a black-poll warbler in hot pursuit of an olive-backed thrush. The thrush alighted in a tree and commenced singing, and the warbler sat by and waited, following the universal rule that a larger bird is never to be attacked except when on the wing. The thrush repeated his strain once or twice, and then flew to another tree, the little fellow after him with all speed. Again the olive-back perched and sang, and again the black-poll waited. Three times these maneuvers were repeated, before the birds passed out of my range. Some wrongdoing, real or fancied, on the part of the larger bird, had excited the ire of the warbler. Why should he be imposed upon, simply because he was small? The thrush, meantime, disdaining to defend himself, would only stop now and then to sing, as if to show to the world (every creature is the center of a world) that such an insect persecution could never ruffle his spirit. Birds are to be commiserated, perhaps, on having such an excess of what we call human nature; but the misfortune certainly renders them the more interesting to us, who see our more amiable weaknesses so often reflected in their behavior.

For the sympathetic observer every kind of bird has its own temperament. On one of my jaunts down this Mount Mansfield road I happened to espy a Canada jay in a thick spruce. He was on one of the lower branches, but pretty soon began mounting the tree, keeping near the bole and going up limb by limb in absolute silence, exactly in the manner of our common blue jay. I was glad to see him, but more desirous to hear his voice, the loud, harsh scream with which the books credit him, and which, *a priori*, I should have little hesitation in ascribing to any member of his tribe. I waited till I grew impatient. Then I started hastily toward him, making as much commotion as possible in pushing through the undergrowth. It was a clever scheme, but the bird was not to be surprised

in uttering so much as an exclamation. He dropped out of his tree, flew a little distance to a lower and less conspicuous perch, and there I finally left him. Once before, on Mount Clinton, I had seen him and had been treated with the same studied silence. And later, I fell in with a little family party on the side of Mount Washington, and they, too, refused me so much as a note. Probably I was too near the birds in every case, though in the third instance there was no attempt at skulking nor any symptom of nervousness. I have often been impressed and amused by the blue jay's habit in this respect. No bird could well be noisier than he when the noisy mood takes him; but come upon him suddenly at close quarters and he will be as still as the grave itself. He has a double gift, of eloquence and silence,—silver and gold—and no doubt his Canadian cousin is equally well endowed.

The reader may complain, perhaps, that I speak only of trifles. Why go to a mountain-top to look at warblers and thrushes? I am not careful to justify myself. I love a mountain-top, and go there because I love to be there. It is good, I think, to be lifted above the every-day level, and to enjoy the society—and the absence of society—which the heights afford. Looking over my notes of this excursion, I came upon the following sentence: "To sit on a stone beside a mountain road, with olive-backed thrushes piping on every side, the ear catching now and then the distant tinkle of a winter wren's tune, or the nearer *zee, zee, zee* of black-poll warblers, while white-throated sparrows call cheerily out of the spruce forest—this is to be in another world."

This sense of distance and strangeness is not to be obtained, in my case at all events, by a few hours' stay in such a spot. I must pitch my tent there for at least a night or two. I cannot even see the prospect at first, much less feel the spirit of the place. There must be time for the old life to drop off, as it were, while eye and ear grow wonted to novel sights and sounds. Doubtless I did take note of trivial things, of the call of a bird and the fragrance of a flower. It was a pleasing relief after living so long with men whose minds were all the time full of those serious and absorbing questions, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

I remember with special pleasure a pro-

fusion of white orchids (*Habenaria dilatata*) which bordered the roadside not far from the top, their spikes of waxy snow-white flowers giving out a rich, spicy odor hardly to be distinguished from the scent of carnation pinks. I remember, too, how the whole summit, from the Nose to the Chin, was sprinkled with the modest and beautiful Greenland sandwort, springing up in every little patch of thin soil, where nothing else would flourish, and blossoming even under the door-step of the hotel. Unpretending as it is, this little alpine adventurer makes the most of its beauty. The blossoms are not crowded into close heads, so as to lose their individual attractiveness, like the florets of the golden-rod, for example; nor are they set in a stiff spike, after the manner of the orchis just now mentioned. At the same time the plant does not trust to the single flower to bring it into notice. It grows in a pretty tuft, and throws out its blossoms in a graceful, loose cluster. The eye is caught by the cluster, and yet each flower shows by itself, and its own proper loveliness is in no way sacrificed to the general effect. How wise, too, is the sandwort in its choice of a dwelling-place! In the valley it would be lost amid the crowd. On the bare, brown mountain-top its scattered tufts of green and white appeal to all comers.

To what extent, if at all, the sandwort depends upon the service of insects for its fertilization, I do not know, but it certainly has no scarcity of such visitors. "Bees will soar for bloom high as the highest peak of Mansfield"; so runs an entry in my note-book, with a pardonable adaptation of Wordsworth's line; and I was glad to notice that even the splendid black-and-yellow butterfly (*Turnus*), which was often to be seen sucking honey from the fragrant orchis, did not disdain to sip also from the sandwort's cup. This large and elegant butterfly—our largest—is thoroughly at home on our New England mountains, sailing over the very loftiest peaks, and making its way through the forests with a strong and steady flight. Many a time have I taken a second look at one, as it has threaded the tree-tops over my head, thinking to see a bird. Besides the *Turnus*, I noted here the nettle tortoise-shell butterfly (*Vanessa Milberti*—a showy insect, and the more attractive to me as being comparatively a stranger); the common cabbage butterfly; the yellow *Philodice*; the copper; and, much more abundant than any of these, a large

orange-red fritillary (Aphrodite, I suppose), gorgeously bedecked with spots of silver on the under surface of the wings. All these evidently knew that plenty of flowers were to be found along this seemingly barren, rocky crest. Whether they have any less sensuous motive for loving to wander over such heights, who will presume to determine? It may very well be that their almost ethereal structure—such spread of wing with such lightness of body—is only the outward sign of gracious thoughts and feelings, of a sensitiveness to beauty far surpassing anything of which we ourselves are capable. What a contrast between them and the grub gnawing ceaselessly under the spruce-tree bark! Can the highest angel be as far above the lowest man? And yet (how mysteriously suggestive would the fact be, if only it were new to us!) this same light-winged Aphrodite, flitting from blossom to blossom in the mountain breeze, was but a few days ago an ugly, crawling thing, close cousin to the borer. Since then it has fallen asleep and been changed, — a parable, past all doubt, though as yet we lack eyes to read it.

I have spoken hitherto as if I were the only sojourner at the summit, but there was another man, though I seldom saw him; a kind of hermit, living in a little shanty under the lea of the Nose. Almost as a matter of course he was reputed to be of good family and to read Greek, and the fact that he now and then received a bank draft evidently gave him a respectable standing in the eye of the hotel clerk. Something — something of a very romantic nature, we may presume — had driven him away from the companionship of his fellows, but he still found it convenient to be within reach of human society. Like all such solitaries, he had some half-insane notions. He could not sleep in-doors, not for a night; it would ruin his health, if I understood him correctly; and because of wild animals—bears and what not—he made his bed on the roof of his hermitage. I had often dreamed of the enjoyment of a life in the woods all by one's self, but such a mode of existence did not gain in attractiveness as I saw it here in the concrete example. On the whole I was well satisfied to sleep in the hotel and eat at the hotel table. Liberty is good, but I thought it might be undesirable to be a slave to my freedom.

Two or three times a wagon-load of tourists appeared at the hotel. They strolled about

the summit, admired the prospect, picked a bunch of sandwort, perhaps, but especially they went to see the snow. They had been at much trouble to stand upon the highest land in Vermont, and now that they were here, they wished to do or see something unique, something that should mark the day as eventful. So they were piloted to a cave mid way between the Nose and the Chin, into which the sun never peeped, and wherein a snow-bank still lingered. The mountain was grand, the landscape was magnificent, but to eat a handful of snow and throw a snow-ball in the middle of July—this was almost like being at the North Pole; it would be something to talk about after getting home.

One visitor I rejoiced to see, though a stranger. I was on the Nose in the afternoon, enjoying once more the view of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks, when I descried two men far off toward the Chin. They had come up the mountain, not by the carriage road, but by a trail on the opposite side, and plainly were in no haste, though the afternoon was wearing away. As I watched their movements, a mile or two in the distance, I said to myself, "Good! they are botanists." So it proved; or rather one of them was a botanist,—a college professor on a pedestrian collecting excursion. We compared notes after supper and walked together the next morning, enjoying that peculiar good fellowship which nothing but a kindred interest and an unexpected meeting in a lonesome place can make possible. Then he started down the carriage road with the design of exploring Smuggler's Notch, and I have never seen or heard from him since. I hope he is still botanizing on the shores of time, and finding many a precious rarity; and should he ever read this reference to himself may it be with a feeling as kindly as that with which the lines are written.

That afternoon I followed him, somewhat unexpectedly. I went down, as I had come up, on wheels; but I will not say in ignoble fashion, for the driver—the hotel proprietor himself—was in haste, the carriage had no brake, and the speed with which we rattled down the steep pitches and round the sharp curves, with the certainty that if anything should break, the horse would run and our days would be ended,—these things, and especially the latter consideration, of which I thought and the other man spoke, made the descent one of pleasurable excitement. We

reached the base in safety and I was left at the nearest farm-house, where by dint of some persuasion the house-wife was induced to give me a lodging for the night, so that on the morrow I might make a long day in Smugglers' Notch, a famous botanical resort between Mount Mansfield and Mount Sterling, which I had for years been desirous of visiting.

I would gladly have stayed longer on the

heights, but it was pleasant also to be once more in the lowlands; to walk out after supper and look up instead of down, while the chimney swifts darted hither and thither with their merry, breathless cacklings. How welcome, too, were the hearty music of the robin and the carol of the grass finch! After all, I thought, home is in the valley; but the whistle of the white-throat reminded me that I was not yet back in Massachusetts.

TWO CHIEFS OF THE GREAT LEAGUE.

THE CHAUTAUQUA COUNTRY IN HISTORY.*

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE, PH. D.

MEN are still living who remember with what interest they heard at their mother's knee the story of General Anthony Wayne's victory over the Indians in 1795. That victory gave peace to the Chautauqua country, and began its long era of prosperity. Allured by flattering prospects the immigrant came into the country; but he found the land in litigation, controlled by speculators, and the possibility of acquiring title almost hopeless. Congress had paid the revolutionary loan from Holland in land warrants at thirty-two cents an acre, and the Holland Company received all the land now comprised in the ten western counties of New York and the greater part of Erie, Warren, and McKean Counties in Pennsylvania. A new war of claims set in. Huron had struggled with Algonquin in ancient days for the possession of the Chautauqua country; England and France had fought for America on that soil; five American commonwealths had claimed that land under their shadowy charters; the United States had redeemed its financial honor with Chautauqua land; and at last, after centuries of storm and stress, a new contest, a miniature civil war, a war of claims—and among the first American settlers in that land—broke out.

To the confusion of titles the Pennsylvania legislature contributed, in 1792, by offering land along Lake Erie at seven pounds ten shillings the hundred acres, with payment in soldiers' claims or in depreciated state script.

The contesting population companies in Pennsylvania met a contesting claimant in the great Holland Company whose prior right to the Chautauqua country was at last decided by the United States Supreme Court. The burden of paying twice for the land crushed many pioneers, and deserting their claims, they and their families moved into Ohio. Soon a great part of the Chautauqua country was again a wilderness. The wild game once more roamed the field and forest, and evil reports concerning the region spread far and wide.

While yet the settlers were few in number, and were arriving on foot, on horse-back, or in ox-carts, with farming tools few and rude, and a scanty supply of seeds; with the blue chest, brought from New England, packed with clothing, and serving as table, bureau, box, and bed-stead; with the loom and the bake kettle in the wagon box, and the tired cattle and the self-conscious farm dog toiling on behind; with untouched forests to the south, the east, and the west, and Lake Erie gleaming to the north; with the sound of wild beasts at night and the flutter of the leaves by day making a lonely land more lonely to those who entered it,—the entire Chautauqua country was subject to the invisible but almost supreme authority of two native princes of the Seneca nation: Cornplanter, the warrior, and Red Jacket, the orator of his people. Born in 1732, Cornplanter's life extended over more than a hundred years, linking the events of the old French war with a period within the memory of living men. He had fought in ambuscade, when Braddock fell—coolly directing his braves to pick off

* Articles in this series already published are: "Chautauqua in History," in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for July, 1888, and "Chautauqua Life in 1800," in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for July, 1889.

the English officers; and it was he, who after repeatedly aiming at Washington, had at last desisted, exclaiming that "that man's life is charmed." Washington was the only commissioned officer who escaped on that fatal day, and the chieftain's prophecy was fulfilled in many a later fight.

Pontiac and Red Jacket and Joseph Brandt were his friends, or his enemies, as fortune ruled, but for more than half a century his attachment to the Americans was unswerving. His own domain extended from Buffalo to Pittsburgh, from Chautauqua Lake to Cleveland. In the councils of the Six Nations, among whom he was the senior chief, he always favored the Americans. A native prescience told him that the lords of the land had come, and that he and his people must soon waste away. Brandt and Red Jacket repeatedly accused him of bribery; they said that he spoke with gold in his mouth. Counseling peace, he advised his people to sell their lands—and his name appears on every Indian deed of land in the Chautauqua country from 1784 till his death in 1836—and all that land traces a title by Indian deed.

In 1794 his personal authority prevented the destruction of Meadville, and many anecdotes may be related of his magnanimity toward the whites. To-day, near the city of Warren, the traveler may see the ancient estate of Cornplanter, secured to Cornplanter and his heirs forever by the state of Pennsylvania, in recognition of his services in the peaceful acquisition and survey of the Chautauqua country. On Howell's map of 1792 a large portion of the country on the upper waters of the Conewango, near Chautauqua Lake, is marked: "O'Beals-Cayentona, i. e., Cornplanter's, the O'Beal-Senekas." On the 9th of January, 1789, the last vestige of the Indian empire in the Triangle was signed away by Cornplanter to the United States. The chieftain's home was a low house of princely dimensions with a broad piazza along its entire front. It stood amidst an estate of thirteen hundred acres, six hundred of which encircled his house. If a white visitor came, Cornplanter himself took charge of the horses, himself went into the field, cut the oats, and fed the animals, although many were around him to obey his commands. The Rev. Timothy Alden, president of Allegheny College, visited him in 1816; he described Cornplanter's countenance as strongly marked with intelligence and re-

flection, and he thought the chieftain might be about sixty-eight years of age; he was actually about eighty-five.

In 1822 the authorities of Warren County attempted to levy taxes upon him and his clan; the old chief had never before been called on for that purpose and he objected to their payment. An armed sheriff's *posse* was called out to enforce the payment, but arriving near Cornplanter's town it was deemed prudent to send forward a few of their number to confer with the chief. When they came to his house they noticed quite a number of Indians lounging about, while others were partly concealed in the bushes near by. Cornplanter received the committee with great dignity. The interview took place near his house, and around the sides of it were about a hundred rifles. When asked for the payment of the taxes the old man sternly refused, and pointing to the guns said, "An Indian for each rifle," and in response to his call his clansmen sprang forward to the house. The sheriff and his men withdrew without enforcing the claim. Cornplanter afterward for the sake of peace went to Warren to give his note for the amount of the taxes. This note was never collected. The Legislature of Pennsylvania released the taxes and exonerated him forever from the payment of taxes on the lands granted him by the commonwealth.

Chief Justice Thompson has left a description of Cornplanter as he saw the old chieftain in 1836 (1835), a year before the Indian's death. "I once saw the aged and venerable chief and had an interesting interview with him about a year and a half before his death. I thought of many things when seated near him beneath the wide-spreading shade of an old sycamore on the bank of the Allegheny; many things to ask him; the scenes of the revolution, the generals that fought its battles and conquered the Indians, his tribe, the Six Nations, and himself. He was constitutionally sedate, was never observed to smile, much less to indulge in the luxury of a laugh. When I saw him he estimated his age at over 100 years. I think that 103 was about his reckoning of it. This would make him near 105 years old at the time. His person was much stooped and his stature was far short of what it once had been, not being over five feet six inches at this time. Time and hardship had made dreadful impression upon that ancient form. The chest was

sunken and his shoulders were drawn forward making the upper part of his body resemble a trough. His limbs had lost their symmetry and become crooked. His feet, too, (for he had taken off his moccasins), were deformed and haggard by injury. Most of his fingers on one hand were useless, the sinews having been severed by a blow of the tomahawk or scalping knife. He had but one eye, and even the socket of the lost organ was hid by the overhanging brow resting upon the high cheek bone. His remaining eye was of the brightest and blackest hue. His ears had been dressed in the Indian mode and all but the outside had been cut away; on the one ear the ring had been torn asunder near the top and hung down his neck like a useless rag. He had a full head of hair, white as snow, which covered a head of ample dimensions and admirable shape. His face was not swarthy, but he was half Indian. He told me that he had been at Franklin more than eighty years before the period of our conversation, on his passage down the Ohio with the warriors of his tribe on some expedition against the Creeks and Osages."

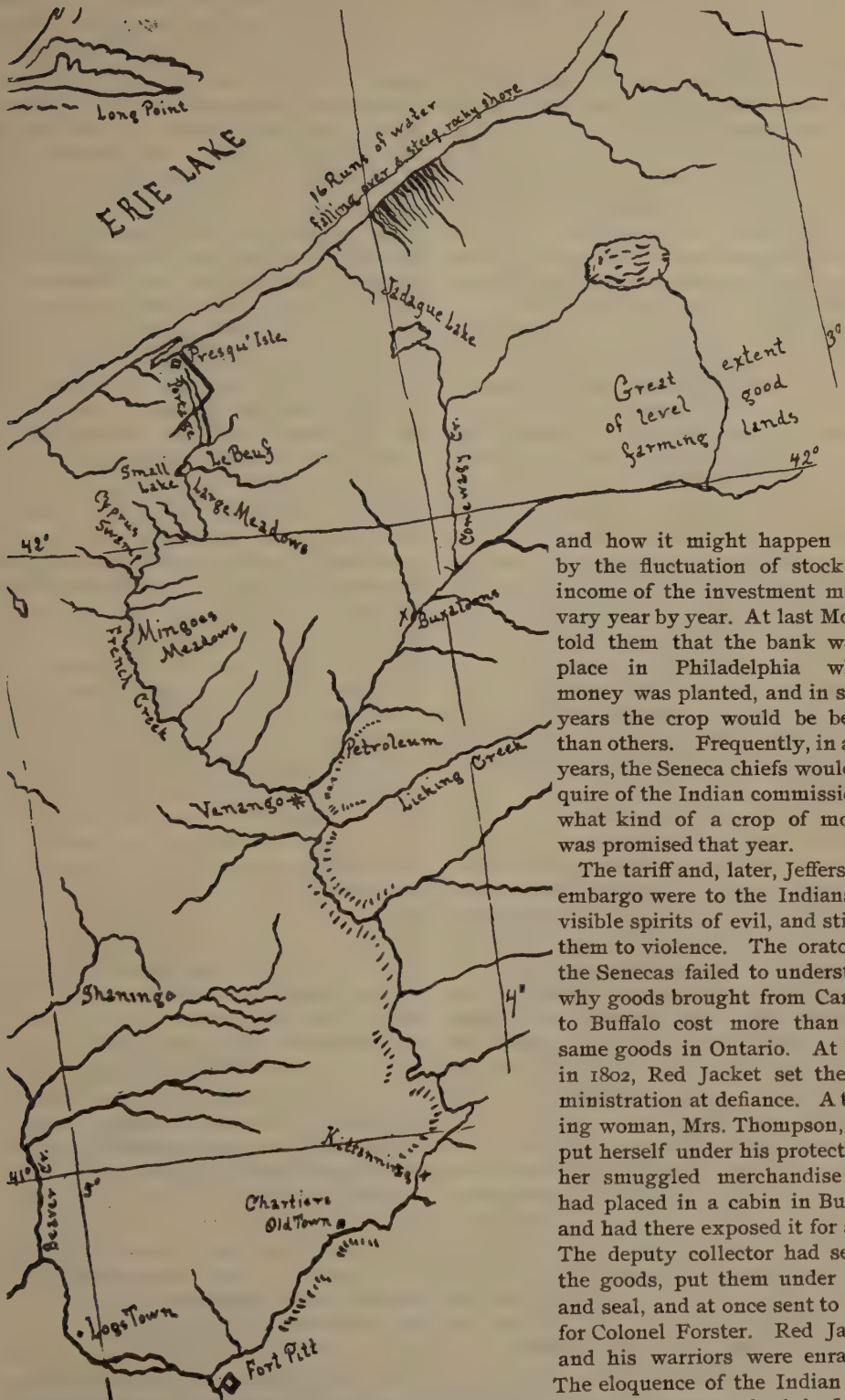
At another time Cornplanter dwelt particularly on the virtues of Washington, "the great and good White Father." He brought forth from a well-covered valise in which were carefully wrapped in linen cloth two or three "talks" as he termed them, on parchment, to which was appended the autograph of Washington. He said he had met Washington a number of times and treated with him. His single eye sparkled with animation when that name was mentioned, and gleamed again with the unconquerable fire that had enkindled three generations of men to deeds of savage bravery. When a little more than half a century ago Cornplanter passed away, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania erected a suitable monument to his memory.

Before the Holland Company secured title to lands in Western New York, Robert Morris and others of Philadelphia had organized a land company and had extinguished the Indian title by a purchase consummated at Big Tree (Geneseo, N. Y.). The Holland Company purchased from Morris. As Cornplanter took a leading part in the land negotiations at Presque Isle when the Triangle was ceded to Pennsylvania by the Six Nations, so Red Jacket figured at Big Tree in the cession by the Six Nations to Morris and

the Commissioners in 1797; equal in authority with Cornplanter as a Seneca chief, Red Jacket differed from him in contradictions and vices of character, and he was his junior by nearly a generation. At the conference at Big Tree, Red Jacket was haughty and boastful, and to take the conceit out of him, the son of Morris assured the chieftain that the Senecas were not of so much consequence as some of their chiefs supposed, in proof of which Morris reminded Red Jacket of the small consideration shown a deputation of Seneca chiefs during their recent mission to the Miamis, where they were treated with such indifference that the Senecas had returned home deeply mortified. To this Red Jacket replied, with Indian stoicism, that the reason for this ill-treatment was that the Seneca braves were in bad company; had they made the journey to the westward alone they would have been received with the consideration "due the watchmen of the western lodge," but they had made the journey with the Commissioners of the United States, which explained the contempt in which the chiefs were held by the Miamis.

After a long conference the decision of the chiefs was against selling their lands to Morris—a decision brought out by the inimitable eloquence of Red Jacket, but reversed by a dexterous appeal by Morris to the cupidity of the Seneca women who persuaded their men to sell. Red Jacket at once forsook the council and feigned great abhorrence of the cession, but after speaking with wonderful power against parting with the Chautauqua country, he came, late in the night of the council day, and awakening Morris, requested that a place be left on the deed of cession "high up for him," that when General Washington saw it he might say, "Sa-go-ye-wat-ha (Red Jacket) is yet a man." But the real cause of Red Jacket's departure from the council was to put the entire responsibility of the sale upon Cornplanter, who had re-opened the council fire after Red Jacket had put it out.

Among other obstacles in the way of a powerful acquisition of the Chautauqua country were the instructions of President Washington that no treaty could be made unless the purchase money be invested in the Bank of North America, in the name of the President of the United States, in trust for the Seneca nation. It was found impossible to make a bank intelligible to the Indians,



The Chautauqua Country according to the Map of T. Hutchins made in London in 1778.

and how it might happen that by the fluctuation of stock the income of the investment might vary year by year. At last Morris told them that the bank was a place in Philadelphia where money was planted, and in some years the crop would be better than others. Frequently, in after years, the Seneca chiefs would inquire of the Indian commissioner what kind of a crop of money was promised that year.

The tariff and, later, Jefferson's embargo were to the Indians invisible spirits of evil, and stirred them to violence. The orator of the Senecas failed to understand why goods brought from Canada to Buffalo cost more than the same goods in Ontario. At last, in 1802, Red Jacket set the administration at defiance. A trading woman, Mrs. Thompson, had put herself under his protection; her smuggled merchandise she had placed in a cabin in Buffalo and had there exposed it for sale. The deputy collector had seized the goods, put them under lock and seal, and at once sent to Erie for Colonel Forster. Red Jacket and his warriors were enraged. The eloquence of the Indian was kindled and burst forth in flame.

"The chain of friendship is getting rusty ; General Washington is asleep and his children can not hear." And with his tomahawk Red Jacket broke down the door of the cabin, and with the help of his braves carried the goods to a boat and conveyed them to Canada. The Indian explained his conduct, to his own satisfaction, by saying that the collector had seized the blankets because Mrs. Thompson had sold them two shillings cheaper than the Buffalo traders. The incident illustrates some incidents in free trade and protection.

The eloquence of Red Jacket was his source of power among his people, but it was spent in vain. Unlike Cornplanter, he opposed every advance of civilization. At last he was deposed from his office by his people on account of drunkenness. In order to regain his former place of influence among the Senecas, he journeyed to Washington in 1829 to visit the President. The "reign of Andrew Jackson" had begun and democracy was for the first time triumphant. On his return to Albany, word was given out that the famous Seneca orator, Red Jacket, who had just visited the new President, would pronounce a panegyric upon him. The Democratic legislature of New York was in session, but it speedily adjourned to join the enthusiastic multitude assembled to hear their political idol extolled by the eloquent Seneca. Excited partisans who had paid an extravagant price for standing room were chilled to the bone when they heard, instead of a panegyric on Jackson, a maudlin Indian recount a previous visit to George Washington—that Federalist—to whom Jackson was compared to the serious disadvantage of Jackson. Feelings of impatience soon changed to disgust, and only a few lonely Federalists remained to the close of the speech, and they speedily published an account of the affair as an excellent joke. Red Jacket returned to his people and soon after died.

At the time of their discovery by the whites, government among the Iroquois was a pure democracy, maintained "by superior intellectual abilities or their extraordinary prowess and success on the war path," writes General Ely S. Parker, himself a Seneca chief, successor of Red Jacket, chief of staff to General Grant during the Civil War, and still living to wear the medal given to Red Jacket by Washington as a symbol of authority.

In the confederacy of tribes to whom belonged the Chautauqua country, the Senecas maintained a supremacy due to the intellectual and physical powers possessed by their greater chiefs, such as Cornplanter and Red Jacket. Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, "The Keeper Awake," in allusion to his powers of eloquence, was the Indian name of Red Jacket. He was fierce in temper, defiant in language and in manner, and without a peer in Indian subtlety. His marvelous memory carried all the Indian treaties, but not always as they were written. Cornplanter, foreseeing the triumph of civilization, labored to ease the descent of his people into oblivion ; Red Jacket, conscious of the inevitable supremacy of the whites, maintained an unequal and pitiable struggle to keep the land of his fathers and the nationality of his people. Vain, stoical, bold, subtle, melancholy, passionate, intemperate, Red Jacket—"the last of the Senecas"—was a type of his race, reserved until the last, that the conquerors of his people might behold the intellectual stature of the greatest of the vanquished. Restless, unhappy, his life was a requiem of failure, and rest was denied his bones. The antagonistic powers which for ages had in succession contended for the lordship of the Chautauqua country, seemed to haunt the bones of Red Jacket. His remains, resting in 1852 in the old Mission Cemetery at East Buffalo, surrounded by several of his race renowned in the history of the Senecas, were marked by a plain marble slab—erected by the comedian Placide—but the tombstone had been nearly half chipped away by relic hunters. Here he had been buried in 1832.

What strange vicissitudes destiny decreed his body ! It was exhumed by friendly hands at the instigation of Mr. Wheeler Hotchkiss, and, placed in a new coffin, was deposited in the cellar of Hotchkiss' residence. The few surviving Senecas, discovering the mutilation of the grave, hastily visited Mr. Hotchkiss, who, seriously alarmed, told them where he had buried the body. It was taken by them to Cattaraugus and placed in the keeping of Ruth Stevenson, the favorite step-daughter of Red Jacket. She secretly buried the body and for years concealed the place of sepulture from all persons. Years passed and the red woman revealed to the missionary, the Rev. Asher Wright, the place of burial, and at his suggestion delivered the relics to the Buffalo Historical Society,

which, with the approval of the Seneca Council, had undertaken to provide a fit resting place for the remains of Red Jacket and of several chiefs of his nation. In 1879 the body was given in trust to the society and was deposited for safe keeping in one of the vaults of the Western Savings Bank of Buffalo, until its final burial in Forest Lawn, October 9, 1884. The obsequies on that day were solemn and appropriate. The President of the United States, the Governor of New York, Bancroft the historian, members of learned societies, and above forty chiefs and sachems of the Six Nations were present or were represented in the obsequies. Sagoyewat-ha was at last at rest. It was the burial of the vanquished by the victors. Over the grave of the Demosthenes of the ancient Chautauqua country, the orators, the historians, the poets, of the victorious race pronounced eulogy, but it was the eulogy of the conqueror over the conquered. More eloquent than the speech of any of the whites was the low, mournful chant sung in the Onondaga language by the surviving chiefs of the once powerful Confederacy :

Now listen, ye who established the Great League,
Now it has become old—
Now there is nothing but wilderness,
Ye are in your graves who established it—

Ye have taken it with you, and have placed it
under you,
And there is nothing left but a desert.
There you have taken your intellects with you.
What ye established ye have taken with you.
Ye have placed under your heads what ye es-
tablished—The Great League.

Woe! Woe!
Harken ye!
We are diminished!
Woe! Woe!
The clear land has become a thicket.
Woe! Woe!
The clear places are deserted.
Woe!
They are in their graves—
They who established it—
Woe!
The Great League.
Yet they declared,
It should endure—
The Great League.
Woe!
Their work has grown old.
Woe!
Thus we are become miserable.

The Great League, ancient master of the Chautauqua country, has vanished. Upon a few small reservations in that land a few of the Iroquois still remain. The League and its two mightiest chiefs are a memory.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

BY L. H. BOUTELL.

SARAH MARGARET FULLER was born at Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, May 23, 1810. Her father, the son of a clergyman settled at Princeton, graduated at Harvard with high reputation as a scholar, practiced law, and was for eight years a representative in Congress. A proud, ambitious man, he set himself resolutely to work to develop to the utmost the intellectual powers of Margaret, his oldest child, and was for some time her only teacher. According to the notions then prevalent, he thought education consisted in becoming an accomplished classical scholar; and, as but little attention had been given to the laws of health, he thought the earlier a child began its studies, the better. Margaret was a precocious child, and so we find her conjugating *amo* when she should

have been making mud pies. At six years of age, she began to read Latin, and she kept up its study daily till she could read it fluently. Very early, too, she became familiar with French. Her father's library was well stocked with the English literature of Queen Anne's time and the French literature of the eighteenth century. In this library she seems to have been allowed to forage at pleasure.

The result of this excessive mental stimulus was that her constitution, naturally robust, gave way, and she became a victim of all sorts of nervous diseases,—headache, spectral illusions, night-mare, somnambulism. She never entered into the sports of children, save as a means of working off her nervous excitement, and then she plunged into them with such a frenzied energy as to make her-

self an object of ridicule or terror to her companions. Living in an ideal world with the heroes, gods, and demi-gods of Greece and Rome, drinking with feverish thirst the impassioned sentimentalism of Rousseau, her imagination filled with the pomps and splendors and stately manners of courts and palaces, she became disdainful of home and home-life, despised the plain, sensible people she saw at church, and fancied she was not her father's child but some princess driven by fate and the anger of the gods on the bleak shores of New England.

Alas for Margaret's pride,—nature so lavish to her in intellectual gifts, had denied her all outward graces. And so when she left the seclusion of home, where she was petted and spoiled, and went to school with other girls, while her marvelous acquirements and talents excited astonishment, her pride and pretention and sarcasms disgusted her schoolmates, who thereupon made fun of her awkward manners and homely face. In after years, these school-days seemed very dark to her; but they helped to dispel some of her illusions, taught her where her true strength lay, and led her to devote herself, with new energy, to the cultivation of her mind. Finding she was not handsome, she made up her mind, as she says, "to be bright and ugly."

As to the manner in which she employed her time, take this extract from a letter, written when she was fifteen: "I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practice on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next I read French—Sismondi's 'Literature of the South of Europe'—till eight, then two or three lectures in Brown's Philosophy. About half past nine, I go to Mr. Perkins' school and study Greek till twelve, when, the school being dismissed, I recite, go home, and practice again till dinner, at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half an hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian, but I am often interrupted. At six, I walk or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing, for half an hour or so, to make all sleepy, and about eleven retire to write a little while in my journal, exercises on what I have read, or a series of characteristics which I am filling up according to advice."

The impelling motive to this industry she thus describes, in the same letter: "I feel the power of industry growing every day, and be-

sides the all-powerful motive of ambition, and a new stimulus given through a friend, I have learned to believe that nothing, no, not perfection, is unattainable. I am determined on distinction, which formerly I thought to win at an easy rate; but now I see that long years of labor must be given to secure even the *succes de société*, which, however, shall not content me. I see multitudes of examples of persons of genius, utterly deficient in grace and the power of pleasurable excitement. I wish to combine both. I know the obstacles in my way. I am wanting in that intuitive tact and polish which nature has bestowed upon some, but which I must acquire; and, on the other hand, my powers of intellect, I suppose, are not well-disciplined. Yet all such hindrances may be overcome by an ardent spirit."

At sixteen, she appears to have left school, and thenceforward, with only occasional help from a teacher, to have pursued her studies by herself. I have said she early read Latin fluently. She also knew something of Spanish, and a little Greek. But French and Italian literature she studied thoroughly. Dante and Petrarch remained through life her favorite authors. At the age of twenty-two, she learned German. In three months she could read it easily, and from that time on she was an enthusiastic student of German literature. Probably Goethe influenced her mind and character more profoundly than any other genius. A critique on his genius, which she published in the *Dial*, is said to be one of the best things ever written on that subject. Strange to say, Margaret was not a thorough student of English literature, and she never acquired a good English style of writing. At the age of twenty-five, R. W. Emerson found she was "little read in Shakspeare"; and says: "I believe I had the pleasure of making her acquainted with Chaucer, with Ben Jonson, with Herbert, Chapman, Ford, Beaumont, Fletcher, with Bacon, and Sir Thomas Browne."

The seven years succeeding her school-days were the most brilliant, the happiest, in many respects the most interesting, of her life. Apparently more exempt from pain than at any other period, and free from care and anxiety; at liberty to study what and when she chose; each day bringing with it new consciousness of power, and revealing more clearly her mission in life; mingling constantly in the most intelligent and refined society in

this country, creating for herself an ever-widening circle of friends from among the most beautiful, the most highly cultured, in the land ; astonishing her friends and herself by that wonderful conversational power on which her fame most securely rests,—this was the meridian splendor of a life which rose and set in storm and darkness.

Had Margaret been a man, she would, she said, have been an orator. Being a woman, conservatism led her to choose conversation in which to display her talents and her acquirements. Accordingly, she made conversation a fine art. Into it she poured all the wealth of her nature, all the treasures of her knowledge. How shall I describe her conversation? Let us consider some of the elements which entered into it. The fundamental elements of her character, which made one forgive and forget her faults, were her good sense and her womanliness ; and these qualities gave to her conversation its chief dignity and value. Then her vast and varied reading filled her retentive memory with an endless wealth of illustration and anecdote. Add to this a wonderful command of language, ready wit, sparkling fancy, and a contagious enthusiasm. She had that quickness of perception, and that delicate intellectual sympathy which enabled her to divine the thoughts which others were unable fully to express, and she had that magnetic power which thrilled and charmed and made her presence an inspiration. Her conversation was rarely what Coleridge's almost always was, a monologue. For her to do her best, others must take part. The excitement of conversation stimulated her, but there must be an interchange of thought.

She says of herself, "There is a mortifying sense of having played the Mirabeau after a talk with intelligent persons. They come with a store of acquired knowledge and reflection on the subject in debate, about which I may know little and may have reflected less ; yet, by mere apprehensiveness and prompt intuition I may appear their superior. Spontaneously, I appropriate all their material, and turn it to my own ends, as if it were my inheritance from a long train of ancestors. Rays of truth flash out at the moment, and they are startled by the light thrown over their familiar domain. Still they are gainers, for I give them new impulse, and they go on their way rejoicing in the light glimpses they have caught. I should despise myself if I

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purposely appeared thus brilliant, but I am inspired by a power higher than my own."

Emerson, in summing up his account of her character, says, "All those powers and accomplishments found their best and only adequate channel in her conversation,—a conversation which those who have heard it, unanimously, as far as I know, pronounced to be, in elegance, in range, in flexibility and adroit transition, in depth, in cordiality, and in moral aim, altogether admirable ; surprising and cheerful as a poem, and communicating its own civility and elevation like a charm to all hearers. She was here, among our anxious citizens, and frivolous fashionists, as if sent to refine and polish her countrymen, and announce a better day. She poured a stream of amber over the endless store of private anecdotes, of bosom histories, which her wonderful persuasion drew forth, and transfigured them into fine fables. Whilst she embellished the moment, her conversation had the merit of being solid and true. She put her whole character into it, and had the power to inspire. The companion was made a thinker, and went away quite other than he came. The circle of friends who sat with her were not allowed to remain spectators or players, but she converted them into heroes, if she could. The Muse woke the muses, and the day grew bright and eventful."

At this period of her life, Margaret was a diligent student of character, no less than of books. She was not content with a superficial knowledge of persons, but sought to explore the innermost recesses of life, the hidden springs of action. Few persons have ever succeeded so perfectly, in securing the confidence of others, and in unlocking the secrets of the heart. The confidence reposed in her was never violated, and she repaid it by sensible advice and by imparting something of her own enthusiasm for whatever was excellent and noble.

This fondness for studying characters, combined with her love of society, led to the formation of those friendships which constitute a unique chapter in her life. She eagerly sought the acquaintance and friendship of those, especially the young, who exhibited any love for a higher culture than they found around them. I say, she sought these friends ; she did not wait to be sought. Indeed, some of those who finally became her warmest friends, at first avoided her society ; but this did not discourage her ; she persevered in seek-

ing them, till they finally yielded to the magic of her sway. Absence did not diminish her interest in her friends. She retained her hold upon them by a constant correspondence. And these letters are worth more than all her books. The best part of herself shines in them. In the last years of her life, though sick and worn out with care and anxiety, she would not relinquish one of her hundred correspondents. Indeed, so large a part did these friends seem to form of her life, that it was at one time proposed to entitle her memoirs, *Margaret and her Friends*.

In the year 1833, her father, having met with some pecuniary losses, removed to Groton, where he purchased a farm. It was painful to leave the brilliant circle of Cambridge, and apply herself to domestic drudgery. At the end of two years her father died. As he left no will, it made the settlement of the estate more complicated; and, as she was the eldest child, business cares were thrust upon her, for which she had had no training. The death of her father broke up a plan for a journey to Europe; and though her relatives and friends urged her to go, she determined to remain at home and assist in maintaining the family, and enabling her brothers to complete their education. So we find her teaching for a year in Mr. Alcott's school in Boston, and then for about two years in the Green Street School in Providence. She had many excellent notions about education; but teaching was not her forte. She had not the requisite patience, perseverance, and method. Her chief value as a teacher was in awakening enthusiasm for culture.

In the summer of 1839, she removed with her mother's family to Jamaica Plain, and the year after that to Cambridge. In 1840 the *Dial*, a quarterly magazine, was started, as the organ of the New England Transcendentalists. Margaret became its editor, but at the end of two years she was obliged by ill health to relinquish this post.

In the fall of 1839, she established in Boston her conversation classes, which were kept up with unabated interest for five successive winters. Some twenty-five of the most highly cultivated ladies of Boston and vicinity (and gradually ladies from New Haven and New York were attracted hither) met once a week during the winter months to discuss the varied themes connected with literature, art, and education. Margaret thus states the object of these meetings: "It is to pass in review

the departments of thought and knowledge, and endeavor to place them in due relation to one another in our minds; to systematize thought, and give a precision and clearness in which our sex are deficient, chiefly, I think, because they have so few inducements to test and classify what they receive; to ascertain what pursuits are best suited to us, in our time and state of society, and how we can make best use of our means for building up the life of thought upon the life of action." And again she says: "Women are now taught at school all that men are; they run over, superficially, even more studies, without being really taught any thing. When they come to the business of life they find themselves inferior, and all their studies have not given them that practical good sense and mother wisdom and wit, which grew up with our grandmothers at the spinning-wheel. But with this difference: men are called on from a very early period to reproduce all they learn. Their college exercises, their political duties, their professional studies, the first actions of life in any direction, call on them to put to use what they have learned. But women learn without any attempt to reproduce. Their only reproduction is for the purpose of display."

The method of conducting these conversations is thus described: "I am so sure that the success of the whole depends on conversation being general, that I do not wish any one to come who does not intend, if possible, to take an active part. No one will be forced, but those who do not talk will not derive the same advantages with those who openly state their own impressions and can consent to have it known that they learned by blundering, as is the destiny of man here below. And general silence or side-talks would paralyze me. I should feel coarse and misplaced, were I to harangue overmuch."

A member of the class thus describes one of the meetings: "Christmas made a holiday for Miss Fuller's class, but it met on Saturday at noon. As I sat there, my heart overflowed with joy at the sight of the bright circle, and I longed to have you by my side, for I know not where to look for so much character, culture, and so much love of truth and beauty, in any other circle of women and girls. Margaret, beautifully dressed, presided with more dignity and grace than I had thought possible. The subject was beauty. Each had written her definition, and Margaret began

by reading her own. This called forth questions, illustrations, and comments, on all sides. The style and manners in this age are different, of course; but the question, the high point from which it was considered, and the earnestness and simplicity of the discussion, as well as the gifts and graces of the speakers, gave it the charm of a Platonic dialogue. There was no pretension or pedantry in a word that was said. The tone of remark and question was simple as that of children in a school class; and I believe every one was gratified."

Margaret thus speaks of the class: "I was so fortunate as to rouse at once the tone of simple earnestness, which can scarcely, when once awakened, cease to vibrate. All seem in a glow, and all quite as receptive as I wish. They question and examine, yet follow leadings; and thoughts, not opinions, have ruled the hour every time." Again she says, "So even devoutly thoughtful seems their spirit, that from the first I took my place and never had the feeling I dreaded, of display, of a paid Corinne. I feel as I would, truly a teacher and a guide."

Margaret had found her throne at last. Well might she say at the close of this period, "Life is worth living."

In the fall of 1844, she accepted an offer from Horace Greeley to write for the *New York Tribune*, and to reside in his family. Here she remained for a year and a half.

It may interest you to know what these two persons, so unlike, and in different ways so famous, thought of each other. But first let us look at a picture which Margaret draws of Mr. Greeley's home at that time:

"This place is to me entirely charming; it is so completely in the country, and all around is so bold and free. It is two miles or more from the thickly settled parts of New York, but omnibuses and cars give me constant access to the city, and while I can readily see whom and what I will, I can command time and retirement. Stopping on the Harlem road, you enter a lane, nearly a quarter of a mile long, and going by a small brook and pond that locks in the place, and ascending a slightly rising ground, get sight of the house, which, old-fashioned and of mellow tint, fronts on a flower garden filled with shrubs, large vines, and trim box borders. On both sides of the house are beautiful trees, standing fair, full-grown, and clear. Passing through a wide hall, you come out upon a pi-

azza stretching the whole length of the house, where one can walk in all weathers; and thence by a step or two on a lawn with picturesque masses of rocks, shrubs, and trees, overlooking the East River. Gravel paths lead by several turns down the steep bank to the water's edge, where, round the rocky point, a small bay curves, in which boats are lying. And owing to the currents, and the set of the tide, the sails glide sidelong, seeming to greet the house as they sweep by. The beauty here seen by moonlight is truly transporting, I enjoy it greatly, and the *genius loci* receives me as to a home."

She thus describes Mr. Greeley: "Mr. Greeley is a man of genuine excellence, honorable, benevolent, and of an uncorrupted disposition. He is sagacious, and of great abilities. In modes of life and manner, he is a man of the people, and of the American people. He is in many ways very interesting for me to know. He teaches me things which my own influence on those who have hitherto approached me has prevented me from learning. In our business and friendly relations we are on terms of solid good-will and mutual respect. With the exception of my own mother, I think him the most disinterestedly generous person I have ever known."

On the other hand, Mr. Greeley thus speaks of his guest: "Though we were members of the same household, we scarcely met, say, save at breakfast; and my time and thoughts were absorbed in duties and cares which left me little leisure or inclination for the amenities of social intercourse. Fortune seemed to delight in placing us two in relations of friendly antagonism, or rather to develop all possible contrasts in our ideas and social habits. She was naturally inclined to luxury and a good appearance before the world. My pride, if I had any, delighted in bare walls and rugged fare. She was addicted to strong tea and coffee, both of which I rejected and condemned, even in the most homeopathic dilutions; while, my general health being sound, and hers sadly impaired, I could not fail to find, in her dietetic habits, the causes of her almost habitual illness; and once, while we were barely acquainted, when she came to the breakfast table with a very severe headache, I was tempted to attribute it to her strong potations of the Chinese leaf the night before. She told me frankly that she declined being lectured on the food or beverage she saw fit to take: which was but reasonable in one who had ar-

rived at her maturity of intellect and fixedness of habits. So the subject was thenceforth tacitly avoided between us ; but though words were suppressed, looks and involuntary gestures could not so well be ; and an utter divergency of views on this and kindred themes created a perceptible distance between us."

After paying a glowing tribute to her noble and brilliant qualities, he closes with this passage of exquisite beauty and tenderness :

"Her love of children was one of her most prominent characteristics. The pleasure she enjoyed in their society was fully counterpoised by that she imparted. To them she was never lofty, nor reserved, nor mystical ; for no one had a more perfect faculty for entering into their sports, their feelings, their enjoyments. She could narrate almost any story in language level to their capacities, and in a manner calculated to bring out their hearty and often boisterously expressed delight. She possessed marvelous powers of observation and imitation and mimicry ; and had she been attached to the stage, would have been the first actress America has produced, whether in tragedy or comedy. The faculty of mimicking was not needed to commend her to children, but it had its effect in increasing the fascinations of her genial nature, and heartfelt joy in their society. To amuse and instruct them was an achievement for which she could readily forego any personal object ; and her intuitive perception of the toys, games, stories, and rhymes best adapted to enchain their attention was unsurpassed. Between her and my only child then living, who was eight months old when she came to us, and something over two years when she sailed for Europe, tendrils of affection gradually entwined themselves, which I trust death has not severed, but rather multiplied and strengthened. She became his teacher, playmate, and monitor, and he requited her with a prodigality of love and admiration.

"I shall not soon forget their meeting in my office after some weeks' separation, just before she left us forever. His mother had brought him from the country, and left him asleep on my sofa, while she was absent making purchases, and he had rolled off and hurt himself in the fall, waking with the shock in a frenzy of anger, just before Margaret, hearing of his arrival, rushed into the office to find him. I was vainly attempting to sooth him as she entered ; but he was run-

ning from one end to the other of the office, crying passionately, and refusing to be pacified. She hastened to him in perfect confidence that her endearments would calm the current of his feelings, that the sound of her well-remembered voice would banish all thought of his pain, and that another moment would see him restored to gentleness ; but, half-wakened, he did not heed her, and probably did not realize who it was that caught him repeatedly in her arms, and tenderly insisted that he should restrain himself. At last, she desisted in despair ; and, with the bitter tears streaming down her face, observed, 'Pickie, many friends have treated me unkindly, but no one had ever the power to cut me to the heart as you have.' Being thus let alone, he soon came to himself, and their mutual delight in the meeting was rather heightened by the momentary estrangement.

"They had one more meeting, their last on earth. Aunt Margaret was to embark for Europe on a certain day, and Pickie was brought into the city to bid her farewell. They met this time also at my office and together we thence repaired to the ferry-boat, on which she was returning to her residence in Brooklyn to complete her preparations for the voyage. There they took a tender and affecting farewell of each other. But soon his mother called at the office on her way to the departing ship, and we were easily persuaded to accompany her thither, and say farewell once more, to the manifest satisfaction of both Margaret and the youngest of her devoted friends. There they parted, never to meet again in time. She sent him messages and presents repeatedly from Europe, and he, when somewhat older, dictated a letter in return, which was joyfully received and acknowledged. When the mother of our great-souled friend spent some days with us, nearly two years afterward, Pickie talked to her often and lovingly of Aunt Margaret, proposing that they two should take a boat and go over and see her ; for, to his infantile conception the low coast of Long Island visible just across the East River was that Europe to which she had sailed, and where she was unaccountably detained so long. Alas ! a far longer and more adventurous journey was required, to reunite those loving souls ! The 12th of July, 1849, saw him stricken down, from health to death by the relentless cholera ; and my letter announcing that calamity, drew from her a burst of passionate sorrow, such

as hardly any bereavement but the loss of a very near relative could have impelled. Another year had just ended, when a calamity equally sudden, bereft a wide circle of Margaret, her husband, and her infant son. Little did I fear, when I bade her a confident good-by on the deck of her outward-bound ship, that the seas would close over her earthly remains ere we should meet again; far less, that the light of my eyes and the cynosure of my hopes, who then bade her a tenderer and sadder farewell, would precede her on the dim pathway to that Father's house whence there is no returning! Ah, well! God is above all and gracious alike in what He conceals and what He discloses; benignant and bounteous, as well when He reclaims as when He bestows. In a few years, at farthest, our loved and lost ones will welcome us to their home."

In the spring of 1846, she sailed for Europe. After visiting other countries, she settled in Rome in the fall of 1847. Here she met and married an Italian nobleman, the Marquis D'Ossoli, seven years younger than herself. Here she beheld the dawn of that national life, which, struggling on through difficulties and disaster, has at last worked out the unity and independence of Italy. In the revolution of 1848, she played an important part, and while her husband fought from the walls of Rome, she nursed and cheered the wounded and dying. With the fall of Rome, perished her proudest hopes. After spending a few months in Florence, she sailed with her husband and child, from Leghorn, in the barque

Elizabeth, for America. They crossed the ocean in safety, and were within a few hours' sail from New York, when a terrible storm arose, and the vessel was wrecked off Fire Island, on the 19th of July, 1850. And so, in sight of home, Margaret, with her husband and child, perished in the waters. She was urged to take the means of escape which had proved effectual in the case of the only other lady passenger, but she would accept of no provisions for her own safety, in which her child and husband could not share. Standing by the mast of that ill-fated vessel, clasping the hands of her husband and her child, with a Roman courage she met her fate. "Nothing in her life became her like the leaving it."

In this brief sketch, I have been able to give but a faint outline of the life of this accomplished woman. Enough has been said to show that, in many respects, her life is of value rather as a warning than as an exemplar. As I think of her wonderful natural gifts, and the terrible mistakes of her education, she seems like a beautiful torso, a splendid possibility. Spite of her defects, there are many who will remember her with gratitude, as the one who first woke in them the love of a higher intellectual life, and kindled in their young hearts an enthusiasm for the beautiful, the good, and the true. If I were to express in a single sentence what seems to me to be the legacy she has left to the young women of America, it would be this: Strive to be accomplished;—remember that you are immortal.

SACRED TREES.

BY DR. FERD. ADALB. JUNKER VON LANGEGB.

Translated for "The Chautauquan," from the "Deutsche Rundschau."

TO what degree the religious systems and mythologies of the cultured people of antiquity were influenced by the story of the Creation and the Fall, can hardly be ascertained; yet in all, certain analogies are surprising.

Representations of the tree of life and knowledge are found in the oldest art works and paintings of the Egyptians and Africans as well as in those of the people of the far East. The sacred tree appears as an emblem of the universe and of the system of creation, but most frequently as the tree of life, whose

fruit fills believers with divine strength and prepares them for the joys of immortality. Its oldest representatives are the date-tree, the fig, and the fir or cedar.

The earliest representative of the palm is the genuine date-tree (*Phoenix dactylifera* L.) of the Nile valley and of the great alluvial plain of Babylon. This tree is of surprising height, of august dignity, and great beauty, when, at maturity, the golden fruit-clusters shine under the canopy of dark green feathery fans. The palm is represented as the tree of life on an Egyptian obelisk, which probably

belonged to the time of the eighth dynasty (1701-1447, according to Lepsius) and which is now set up in the royal museum at Berlin. Two arms reach from the top of the tree, one of which offers to a dead body a dish of dates, the other, the water of life. They are the arms of the Egyptian household goddess, Neb-hat, goddess of the nether world. In other and later representations, her entire figure appears.

In another column, copied by Rossellino, is a similar picture, in which the Egyptian fig-tree (*Ficus sycomorus* L.), the fig-tree of sacred writings, figures. There is also the fig-tree of India (*Ficus religiosa* L.) under which Vishnu was born and which Brahma made king of all trees when he appointed the kings of animals, birds, and plants. This fig-tree is also sacred to Buddha.

The tree which is represented by Assyrian painters as sacred, resembles the date-palm. It were scarcely possible to select more appropriate representatives of the mythic tree of life, whose fruit gives strength and wisdom, than the date and fig-trees, both of which are the most important producers of food in the East. "Honor your paternal nurse, the date-tree," said Mohammed, "for it was created from the same dust in Paradise as Adam."

A later Mohammedan legend relates that Adam was allowed to choose three things from Paradise: myrtle, the sweetest scented flower; corn, the best food; and dates, the most agreeable fruit in the world. These dates were brought in a wonderful manner to Hejaz, and thence sprang all date-trees in the world; and Allah assigned them for the food of all true believers who should conquer all lands where they grow.

The tree of life in several old mosaics in the apses of the Roman basilicas was represented by the palm. In the hands of martyrs it signified not only victory according to the heathen type, but more directly "the wood of life," whose leaves "serve for the healing of the nations."

Palm branches were brought home by the crusaders, and, later, great masses were fetched from the coast plains of Palestine by travelers to the sacred tomb. From this custom they were commonly called "Palms" and were thus distinguished from pilgrims to other places, as Rome, Compostela, etc. About that time palm-leaves were first used as ornaments on the carved capitals of

churches in Northern Europe. It is surprising, therefore, to find the date-palm in its oldest forms introduced into several French churches at an earlier period. This may have been effected by the extended commerce which during the Merovingian period existed between Gaul and the eastern sea-board of the Mediterranean. These unique and beautiful designs were imitated by Romish and native artists of Gaul in the decoration of their churches. Thus the African tree of life is seen between two lions standing guard, on the pediments of many church portals. The shape of the tree is curiously diversified and sometimes in place of lions are dragons and other winged monsters. But the original African form can be recognized in spite of all modifications.

Since the Middle Ages, palm leaves have been employed in Catholic lands in church decoration at Easter-time and on Palm-Sundays in memory of the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, and carried in the procession which in former times was formed in the church-yard. Catkins of willow are used mostly, especially of round-leaved willow (*Salix caprea* L.) which, according to old monastery verses, also were called palms.

The third of the oldest sacred trees of life, the fir or cedar, represents entirely different ideas. These firs unite elegance and flexibility with strength and durability, and those of upper Africa and Persia, although they nowhere attain the gigantic height of the deodär of the Himalayas, offer a striking contrast to the date-trees and tamarinds, which the prevailing tree-flora of the alluvial countries exhibit. All their varieties possess that grave, lofty character, which reaches its highest development in the venerable cedar of Lebanon.

It is probable that the cedar of the East in very early times was represented in the West by a different variety. Its peculiarities, height, and durability, were found among European trees, most pronouncedly in the oak, and upon it were conferred the attributes which at first were connected with the firs. Like the cedar of the East, it became a symbol of supernatural might and power. *Quercus Jovi placuit*, the oak was sacred to Zeus, because he first taught man to approach him from the oak. Oaks overshadowed his oracle in Dodona; from its smoke priestesses expounded the will of God. The Northern oak like the cedar at-

tracted the flash of lightening, and was the tree sacred to Donar or Thor. In the land of the Hessians there stood a giant oak of Thor, which was greatly venerated by the people. St. Boniface, on the advice of a few new converts, began to fell this tree. The people, amazed at such mischief, broke forth in loud curses but dared not hinder the deed. When Boniface had hewn half through the trunk, a supernatural storm arose, caught the top with all its branches and hurled it, broken into four pieces, to the ground. The heathen recognized the miracle, and the majority were immediately converted. From the wood of this tree St. Boniface built a chapel, which he dedicated to St. Petrus.

The destruction of the oak sacred to Thor, was necessary in order to break the way to the new doctrine; and numerous decrees and resolutions made by the papacy up to the thirteenth century against the practice of heathen ceremonies and rites under trees and in groves, show how stubbornly the people clung to the old traditions.

Holy trees often were afterward dedicated to great saints, by the Celts, especially in the north-west of France, and in Ireland. In Ireland a celebrated oak was dedicated to St. Columbus (550-615), a splinter of which, carried in the mouth, pardoned a suicide. Many of these old heathen trees were consecrated by means of a hewn out cross, and in this way were rescued from the ax. Such trees are found in England where formerly they served as landmarks; for example, the gigantic "Shire Oak," which stands on the place where the three counties, York, Nottingham, and Derby, join. Its top surpasses that of the celebrated chestnut-tree, called *Centro cavalli*, at Ætna, under whose branches two hundred thirty riders can find shelter. A noted tree is the "Crouch-oak," at Addlestone in Surrey Shire, a landmark of the royal forest of Windsor, which owes its name to a cross formerly hewn out in the bark. By the cross such oaks were deprived not only of the might of Woden and Thor, but also of elves, and other goblins, and they guaranteed protection against every evil spirit, a superstition which was broadcast over all Germany.

In former times and even until lately all manner of omens were connected with the changing color of the oak-leaves. The ensign of the royal house of Stuart was considered unfortunate by the Highlanders, because it was

a sprig of oak, not evergreen, an omen which the fate of this family verified only too well. The earlier or later development of the leaves, in many places even now, is a weather sign, and in England an old maxim is current among the country-folk, in which the oak shares this peculiarity with the ash :

If the oak's before the ash
Then you may expect a splash ;
But if the ash is 'fore the oak,
Then you must beware of soak.

From the little we know of the old Druids, their high veneration for the oak and the mistletoe growing thereon, is firmly established. The white mistletoe (*Viscum album* L.) was valued as a mighty talisman and was gathered by them with mystic rites and great solemnity in the forests of Gaul and Britain. It was considered sacred, for it was dropped from heaven upon the branches of high trees. Yet long before the Druid times, we encounter the mistletoe in Scandinavian myths. Baldur, the earliest of the gods, was killed by a branch of it, after Freya had obtained an oath of all the creations of the earth never to harm the Light-god. Only one little plant that budded eastward of Walhalla (the paradise of the Scandinavians, to which only those could gain admittance who had died a bloody death) had not given the oath ; it did not grow on the earth, but on the tree-tops, and was so wee and insignificant that Freya had overlooked it. Loki, the destroyer, put the forgotten branch in the hand of blind Hodur, who hurled it at Baldur, as the gods were amusing themselves at the time of the winter solstice, by throwing at each other the creations sworn by Freya ; Baldur was pierced by the slender branch and fell dead upon the earth.

The mistletoe possesses a hidden magic power, and banishes evil spirits; therefore, in Wales at Christmas time it is hung over the doors. In England, it, with the holly (*Ilex quifolium* L.) and the evergreens, serves for Christmas decorations in the home, and gives to him who catches a maiden under the white spray of berries, the right to kiss her,—a custom which is descended from a Northern myth. When, at the request of the gods and goddesses, Baldur was called back to life, Freya, the goddess of love, took in charge the plants of omen, and every one who came under this branch received a kiss as a token that in the future the mistletoe

was to be a symbol of love and not of death. Yet, singularly, mistletoe, the customary ornamentation for Christmas festivals, is debarred from the churches, and is wanting, too, in the sculpturing of old ecclesiastic buildings, for which its symmetrical form would be especially suitable. Even yet in the North lurks the old superstition of its magic powers.

Like the oak, the ash (*Fraxinus L.*) was an object of high veneration with the Celts and Germans, but especially with the Scandinavian races, in whose religious myths this tree took a prominent part. The Northern people valued the sacred ash as the symbol of the universe. Always young and dew besprinkled, it connects Heaven, Earth, and Hell, and has three roots, one of which leads to the home of the gods, one to the abode of the giants, the other to the regions of darkness and cold. Under each root is a wonderful spring; each spring is sacred and gives a yellow color to all it touches. At the first spring sit the three destinies who hold judgment, and who each day draw water to pour on the branches of the ash. A wise man guards the second spring. From the ash falls bee-nourishing dew, called the fall of the honey. On the branches and the roots sit and spring a variety of animals—an eagle, a squirrel, four harts, and a snake. The eagle is subtle and wise, sits on the tree top, and between his eyes sits the hawk, friend of the eagle. The snake lies at the third spring, which feeds it, and the squirrel vanishes up and down the tree and seeks to excite a quarrel. At last Surtur burned down the tree, yet it was renewed fresh and green, and the gods assembled as formerly under its branches.

The ash which the scalds chose as a tree symbolic of the universe, is found farther north than the oak. It is the most abundant tree beyond the Baltic, and its wood served for many purposes for which the pine trees of the North were not suitable. The saga heroes fashioned their long spear-handles and ax-hafts from ash-wood, from which also they usually built their boats. This may have been the reason why the learned Bishop Adam of Bremen, who lived in the eleventh century, calls the Danish and Norwegian vikings, *Aschman* (ash-man), or, because, as the Edda narrates, the first man was fashioned from a block of ash.

The Edda relates that the universe tree was the sacred ash. Though an ash, yet it was

an evergreen tree, and there were many sacred trees scattered over all Northern Europe which remained green summer and winter, and were highly esteemed. According to the account of Adam von Bremen, such a tree stood before a great temple in Upsala; and in Ditmarsh, carefully hedged in, was a similarly honored tree, which was bound with the destiny of the land in a mystic manner. When Ditmarsh lost her freedom, the tree withered. But a magpie, one of the most distinguished birds of omen of the North, came and nested on it and brooded five all white young ones, a sign that the land would one day win back its freedom. Other kinds of evergreen trees may have been dispersed here and there, the ilex, or scattered *Quercus Cerris* of Southern Europe (mentioned by Virgil in the Georgics) which retained its old leaves yet long after the new ones were developed, and which, therefore, may have been considered an evergreen in Northern lands.

In contradiction to the old adage, according to which the roots of the sacred ash were half destroyed by snakes, the leaves and the wood of the ash in Northern Europe were considered a mighty protection against snakes and other vermin. If one draws a circle around a viper with an ash stick, the viper is doomed to remain in it, and no more to leave it.

In the early Middle Ages it was believed that there were four kinds of woods in the cross.

In cruce fit palma, cedrus, cypressus, oliva.

The Venerable Bede constructed the cross of four kinds of wood, the beam of cypress, the arms of cedar, the head piece of fir and the foot piece of box-wood. According to the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, the cross was made from the palm and the olive fastened together; a plan which was considered orthodox. Costly crucifixes were made in this way. The godly Chrysostom recognized only three varieties of wood, quoting Isaiah 60:13, as authority:

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine, and the box tree together; to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious.

Out of what kind of wood the cross actually was made must remain an open question. We can accept the testimony of Lepsius that in his time the pieces of wood which were exhibited as relics of the cross were of oak.

He writes, "Of what was the cross made? Necessarily of a common wood lying close at hand. Of what was that of our Savior? We think it was of oak, first because trustworthy men pronounce the little pieces of holy wood which exist to-day to be of that kind of wood; second, because that tree was common in Judea and still is so; third, because its wood was strong and adapted to burdens. Though writers of an early day supposed there were three or four kinds of wood in the cross, still we think that their opinion was more for the sake of its peculiarity than its truth." The legend which mentions the trembling poplar as the tree from which the cross was made, and whose leaves since that time have never stood still, is of earlier origin and is confined to limited districts. This trembling, so it is said in many parts of Germany, is the punishment of the tree for its pride. It refused to bow before the Lord, as all other trees did reverentially, when at one time He wandered through the Northern forests. This legend recalls the wonderful palm in the Apocryphal Gospel of the child Jesus, which refused the crown in order to offer its fruit to the Virgin when she rested under its shadow, and which was rewarded by the Holy Child with the words:

Lift thy head, O Palm, and be the companion of the trees which are in the Paradise of My Father.

Still more local than the legend of the

aspens, and scarcely known outside of the middle shires of England, was the story that the elder had furnished the wood for the cross. On this account, fagots of this wood were not bound into bundles of fire wood or used for other common purposes. This is the more noteworthy for the reason that the elder, in the Middle Ages, was in bad repute because Judas Iscariot hung himself from such a tree. The particular elder, according to common report, was thus pointed out in Sir John Mandeville's time (1341-42). "Under Mount Zion, opposite the Valley of Jehoshaphat is a spring called the Pool of Siloam, where our Lord bathed after His baptism and where He restored the sight of the blind. The prophet Isaiah is also buried here. Near by the Pool of Siloam is a statue of ancient work which Absalom had erected, and near it stands the elder tree on which Judas hung himself because he had sold and betrayed our Lord." This common report well explains many of the superstitions clustering about this tree, which descended, without doubt, from the paganism of the North and exist to-day in Denmark and Friesland. It is unlucky to see an elder on the border of the forest when at twilight its great white clusters of flowers seem to give forth a light. It is dangerous to break off branches or flowers without uttering a prayer. No household article is made from elder, especially no cradle, lest bad luck come to the child or it be strangled in its sleep.

MORAL RECOVERY.

YOUNG MEN WHO OVERCAME ADVERSE HEREDITY.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

AMONG the heroes of the world none have done a better work for mankind than those who by obeying the spiritual laws of God have changed evil heredity into good heredity. Happy is his lot who has had good ancestors. "There is born in man an essence that makes him the kind of being he is," says a writer on heredity, and to purify life and make its tendency high and noble is more than to gain wealth or fame. "Character is every thing," said Charles Sumner when dying. The best legacy a man can leave those who come after him is moral strength and a renewed life. What a

true man would wish his children to become, that he will be for the sake of his children.

There was published in France some years ago a book of startling analysis of family life. It has been republished in America under the simple title "Heredity." No right thinking man could ever read this work without hungering for righteousness, and praying to be delivered from his evil desires and inherited weaknesses. One shuts the book, appalled at the power that lies within him to bless or curse the future, to create happiness or misery, to be merciful or cruel to unborn generations. He is made to see that the strength

of his own overcoming is likely to be the moral strength of his offspring, and that righteousness is the one crown of life. The book is scientific, but its unconscious moral teaching is the ancient declaration of Moses in regard to sin and holiness.

Many of my readers are doubtless familiar with that popular scientific work, Galton's "Hereditary Genius." Such are able to see clearly that genius produces its own children, and that great minds in literature, statesmanship, and the arts, are the results of predisposition. The evidence is overwhelming. It is an agreeable thing thus to follow the rising tide of literary ability until there comes out of such favored ancestry a genius of such open vision as to lead and influence mankind. But the laws of the degeneracy of the mental capacity and perceptions are as real. A muddy tide bears impure water through all its course, and the low tide runs out. The unrestrained temper of the grandparent may become a murder in the inherited weakness of a grandson, for the weakness of evil traits often skip one generation.

"Where did the crime begin?" asked a warden of a prisoner.

"In my ancestors"; was the reply, "in me their weakness sunk into a felony."

A young man who studies the influence of evil on family life and character will resist the earliest tendencies to sin. He becomes very restrained and sober who is made to see that what he is, his life work will be, and his offspring's will tend to be.

"I can not resist this evil," once said a young man to me.

"You are about to marry," said I, "would you have your children slaves to the passion that holds you?"

"No, never," said he. "I must overcome. I will overcome. How could I ever look into a cradle and feel that my child was a slave?"

It is a principle of moral evolution that any one can overcome evil if he have a sufficient motive.

One bright autumn day I was asked by a stranger in Boston to go with him to Mt. Auburn, and to act as guide to the historic graves. I love to visit this last resting place of illustrious benefactors; it inspires life to do so, and, it impresses one with the brevity of the opportunities of time. "Be true to thy best self, for the time is short," is the voice that the soul hears everywhere among these blossoming marbles. Mt. Auburn it-

self is one great poem, as well as a resting place of poets.

My friend and I passed under the imposing Egyptian portal into a wide flower garden of the dead, and went to the notable graves near, among them, to those of Spurzheim and Longfellow. Then returning to the main way we bent our steps toward the chapel to see the statues and rose windows, and to walk around the Sphinx. We were passing the bronze statue of Nathaniel Bowditch, when my friend paused and said, "Did you ever read an English book called 'Turning Points in Life?' I am reminded of it by an anecdote of the early days of Bowditch. Although he became a man of science, and among the greatest of his time, he was in youth a great lover of the violin. The violin was not a popular instrument among the best people then, although it is becoming so now. The young man's love of the instrument led him into the company of idlers, and he made some unprofitable friends in this way, people of light character and of no earnest purpose even in their own art. One day he saw the tendency of his life. 'What am I doing,' he said, 'keeping company with men of unprofitable influence, simply because they love my favorite music? I will do so no longer. I must follow my highest inspirations and seek to do my best in life.' He turned from light music to science as his better calling; he mingled with the best men of his times; and the record is here, or rather in human progress. What a mistake it would have been had he become an ale-house fiddler."

Bowditch was too grand to have become a low type of a man, but he owed much of his greatness to this correction of life, and to a like spirit in all that he did. He was careful not to make second mistakes.

A student of history once said, "If I were to choose the character among all men that I would most wish to become, it should be John Hampden."

I was recently sitting in Harvard Memorial Hall, amid the walls filled with statues and portraits, and windows beautiful with effigies of heroes and benefactors. A window brightened in the sunlight, its colored glass making the figure in it gleam like a vision. The picture or statue in glass was that of John Hampden.

What does not English and American liberty owe to this man! How clearly he saw

the cause of the people! How he pleaded for soul liberty, and how earnest was his life! He may be said to be the father of the liberties of the English race. The oft-quoted lines of the poet Gray came to me, and then I recalled that the historians gave a picture of a period of his life when he began to give himself up to selfish pleasures, gratifications, and ambitions. He saw the harvest of such courses, and turned his back firmly upon every dissipation that would tend to waste the time of others or to weaken his own powers. From the gayest of men he became one of the most thoughtful, and so prepared his heart to receive the great inspirations that came to him.

There are three orders of young men in the course of moral gravitation. The first are those who are able to resist every allurements of vice, and who are little tempted by what they so grandly refuse to learn; men like young Gladstone, or Bishop Heber, or Wendell Phillips. The second are those who make mistakes, but who do not make second mistakes; who correct life. The third are those who repeat evil until it becomes habit, and habit, character, and a weak character, the probable destiny of a family.

The second class claims our attention here. The young man who finding an evil tendency in his life corrects his mistake, has not only saved his own reputation and spiritual power; he has given to the future an influence and tendency. Some of the noblest characters in the world have been developed from young men who have corrected mistakes.

RESISTING EVIL TENDENCIES.

In the early days of American art there went from Boston to London a young man of luminous genius and a pure heart. He was poor in everything but character. The inspiration of the great masters of painting which he saw filled him with a high sense of his calling; he desired to paint nobly, to live nobly, and leave an influence that would help mankind.

Among the pictures that he painted was one that was in itself pure, but such as a sensuous mind might pervert by an evil interpretation. To a good mind its influence was good; to an evil imagination it might be made food for evil.

A connoisseur of rank and wealth came to this young man's studio, saw this picture,

and purchased it. The money relieved the young artist from pressing needs, and the compliment at first made him happy.

But when the picture was gone, the artist began to think of the bad influence it might have over the weak and tempted; his conscience began to torture him; he could not rest. He went at last to his patron:

"I have come to buy my picture back."

"Buy it back? Did I not pay you well for it? Do you not need money?"

"Yes, I am poor. But my art is my life. Its mission must be good. The influence of that picture is not good. I cannot be happy with it before the eyes of the world. It must be withdrawn if I can recall it."

The patron admired the heroic purpose of the young artist's life, and sent back the picture. The dialogue was like that we have given, though not in the exact words. The young artist became great, and his character came to command the respect of the two nations.

One day there came to him a young pupil whom he felt was in moral danger. He gave the young man his first lesson in almost these exact words: "Young man, if you would succeed in art, you must be pure, for nature does not reveal herself to those whose eyes are clouded by any known fault or grossness of character."

This man corrected his first mistake in life, and never repeated it. He died full of years and honors, and was buried by torch-light in the old cemetery in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is said that the moonlight fell upon the bier as the last rites were being performed, revealing a face so morally and spiritually beautiful as to be of itself an artistic inspiration.

The principle that one can overcome evil if he have a sufficient motive, and that religion is the highest of all motives, has made the evangelist powerful in his work. It is true of all life. Bolingbroke left his dissipations when the vision of the crown rose before him. Shakspeare thus pictures the altered life of Henry V.:

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seemed to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

It is especially true of art. It is those who root out the weeds of evil tendency that

make life most fragrant with roses and lilies.

His strength was like the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.

Two men stand side by side in a profession. They seem equally capable, equally aspiring, equally moral. Suddenly one of them advances before the other, and becomes a greater master of life and opportunity. In most cases like this, it is the one who has kept his spiritual vision most clear, that has seen the larger field of success, and the royal way to it. His life is eclipsed already, whose spiritual sight is dimmed.

This last principle was the one so clearly recognized by Allston and given to a pupil, who became an eminent Christian painter, of the Claude school, an impressionist.

The impressionist is one who receives impressions, uses them in art, and gives them to the world. The School of Impressionists is a distinct one in France in all branches of art. It differs from the schools of the creative imagination, or the romantic and fictitious schools.

Wordsworth was an impressionist in poetry, while his friend Southey was a realist; and Coleridge dealt in creative art. "The Excursion" is a series of impressions, while the "Ancient Mariner" is creative fancy, a something made of nothing. Schubert was an impressionist in music; Rossini's overture to "William Tell" is an impression of the Alps. Most landscape painters and many orators and preachers are impressionists.

The highest power to receive impressions in any art or calling comes from clear seeing, the open vision of a pure heart and life. Any evil is a speck in the mental eye; any disturbance of the conscience means a loss of clear perception and mental power. Out of all human efforts it is only the spiritual that lives; and when a man loses his spiritual force, he loses his crown, the immortality of his influence.

The Hebrew societies of the Nazarites, the Rechabites, and the Essenes, understood this principle. These people wholly or in part abstained from flesh and wine, lived in tents, and wore long hair, and practised self-denial for the sake of spiritual power. The prophet promised immortality to the house of Rechab for this pure seeking for spiritual light.

Noble minds in all ages have perceived the principle, and overcome evil for the sake of

their mission in life. "Every man is a debtor to his profession," says Bacon. Longfellow guarded his inspiration like a vestal fire. Whittier has ever sought seclusion for the best thought. Emerson left the most conspicuous pulpit in Boston and fled to the Concord woods. "All that I have I give to this cause," said Charles Sumner in his speech on universal liberty. The prophets of old came down from the mountains, Paul schooled himself in the Desert of Arabia. The overcoming of self and sin is the first principle of all free, true, and inspirational living.

Young William Penn dreamed of liberty and equality, and the dream was fulfilled in Pennsylvania. He began life in an age of license, wit, and insincere politeness, the days of the gay court of the Merry Monarch and the Cavaliers. Shocked at the immorality of Christ College he cloistered his serene intellect amid the unstudious gayeties around him, clarified the eye of his conscience, and began to see that the only principles worth living for were righteousness and charity as taught in the Gospels. He heard the old Quakers preach, and inclined to their doctrines. His father, the admiral, a favorite of the Duke of York, kept a jovial table, and resolved to bring his son to London and destroy his seriousness. He was sent to the theaters, given dog and gun, and tempted with "hard dancing and late dining." Young Penn yielded to the influence of the dissipation for a time. One day he went to hear Thomas Loe, the Quaker apostle, preach. The subject of the discourse was "Overcoming." Penn heard him say, "[T]here is a faith that overcomes the world, and a faith that is overcome by the world." It seemed a message to him. He resolved to follow the faith that overcomes the world, and from that hour he became a solitary wanderer in the world. He had corrected life, and desired no second taste of the vanishing dissipations of camp, college, or court. He overcame the world, and left to it an empire founded on the principles of righteousness and peace.

The world is full of disappointed men. They made second mistakes, and formed habits that drew down their wings to the earth.

OVERCOMING ADVERSE HEREDITY.

The young student of adverse heredity who should study Galton, would close the

book with a feeling of regret and sorrow. All men may not have pious ancestors, but all may be the founders of worthy families, or at least leave to posterity an honorable example and name. Bridges, the missionary to the Land of Fire, was of unknown parentage, but the world honors him. Henry M. Stanley is perhaps the most useful man of his generation, but his childhood's home was a house of charity. Thomas Todd made the name of his poor insane mother precious; it was in a lucid interval of madness that she told him that he must become a minister of God. Africanus under his roof of human skulls, prayed and received a changed nature. Thomas Walsh, who wrote the sublime hymn, "The God Abram praised," overcame the most terrible propensities to evil and prayed so long in the struggle that his knees became stiff. "He was the worst boy in all that country round," one said of him; but his sainthood became the example of his times.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was scrofulous, and his life was a constant struggle with inherited tendencies to idleness and sloth. You would hardly expect such an heredity and such a temptation from one of the most useful men of his age. He understood the power of habit, and strove to resist every wrong tendency in his life that might become a habit. "I cannot drink a *little* wine," he said, as a reason why he should drink none at all. He dreaded the influence of sloth, which was always besetting him. Regretting that he had not done more during one of the years of his life, he wrote in his journal: "This is not the life to which heaven is promised." Yet he rose superior to the weakness of his animal nature, did the most exact and painstaking work, became a benefactor, and left an imperishable name.

William Howard, mayor of Drogheda, was a slave to the worst passions and degrading dissipations. He felt that in himself there was an irresistible gravitation to evil, but he believed all things are possible to God. His faith saved him. The power of the Holy Spirit came upon him, and made him a new

man. One writes of him, "Mr. Howard lived in a state of joyful communion with God. Not a day passed, he told me, without some exquisite taste of heavenly bliss."

Said Jerry McAuley, the wharf rat, the river thief, to whom the power of regeneration came in prison, "Jesus saves me to-night from being a drunkard, a gambler, and a thief. He saves me every day; and he can save any man."

There is a tendency to-day to undervalue what are called revivals of religion, but no influence in the past has been more potent in changing evil heredity to good heredity than the work of the evangelist. The old Methodist preachers of Kingswood and Cornwall, and like places of hard and ignorant men, were the means of changing the spiritual current of families. Some of the best people of England to-day are the descendants of families whose heredity was changed under these influences. The work of Mad Grimshaw at Harworth lives to-day and will live forever in changed heredity. The missionary field is one vast testimony to the truth that the work of the Holy Spirit is a new creation.

He who destroys an evil in his own nature gives a good influence to all time. He who reverses adverse heredity is a benefactor of generations. Temperance is now taught in schools by physiology, and ethics will one day be taught largely by studies in heredity. What Moses proclaimed, the teacher will explain.

The cure of evil heredity is the new spiritual nature and the engrafted word. The new creation is the hope. "Any man," said poor Jerry McAuley; and poor Charles Lamb,

For ills like this
Christ is the only cure.

Over all the terrible facts that science reveals in regard to crime, is the antidote of faith and spiritual renewal. And he is indeed a celestial knight who changes the currents of evil heredity into streams of good, and it is such moral heroism that the new era will recognize and crown.

A SPRUCE BARK CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

ONCE upon a time a denizen of the great American metropolis, a man with the tastes of a prince and the purse, alas, of a pauper, found the summer season almost upon him while as yet no preparations had been made for a vacation for himself and family. By dint of those little economies which to rightly balanced minds are a pleasure rather than a pain, he and his wife had managed each year to save from \$100 to \$150, which they felt able to expend for the privilege of living with their two children, a boy of twelve and a girl of ten, for a brief interval in some place out of town. They had gone to the sea-side and lived with sea-side farmers and boarding-house keepers; they had gone to the hills of Connecticut, to the plains of Long Island, to the sands of New Jersey; and they had lived near the banks of the Hudson. But when they came to sit down by the open fire in the parlor of their up-town flat and think it all over, they could not for the life of them see very much difference between the various resorts in which they had sojourned. The old farmers who chewed tobacco, the farm wives who looked very much over-worked, the old parlors that smelled musty when first opened, the old bedrooms with excruciating prints and faded mottoes on the wall, the old wells with pools of kitchen slops near by, were as much alike in the various localities as peas in a pod. Memory went further and called up pictures of the other boarders, who were very much alike, also, but here the subject becomes painful. The one thing that the souls of this couple longed for was something new.

By a lucky chance, while they were talking about the matter one evening, the door-bell rang, and after madam had gone to the speaking tube and said, "Who is it?" in a voice familiar to all who live and visit in flats, they had the satisfaction of welcoming a young friend who had hunted and fished and traveled in no end of places. When he had heard the story of their troubles he said with an assurance that was charming:

"I can tell you just what to do. Go up to the Adirondacks and build a camp of your

own. Why, I'd rather own a camp in the woods than an estate on the Hudson. You see, I couldn't pay the taxes on the estate, if I owned one, but a camp doesn't cost anything."

How this proposition was received with enthusiasm, how the latest map and guide-book of the Adirondacks were purchased next day, how the family passed their evenings chiefly on the parlor floor with the map spread out where all could see it, how they lived in a dream of brooks and creeks and woods and mountains, need not be dwelt upon, but must be referred to because such doings form a very delightful prelude to a vacation in a spruce bark camp, and serve to brighten the whole period between the forming of the project and its consummation.

Eventually, although they knew nothing about the country there save what is told in the guide-books, this city family decided to go to the westerly side of the great forest, because they rightly inferred that the woods would be quite as attractive and the expenses much less there than on the easterly side where society people go.

So it was, that on a certain day in the last week of May they found themselves in a Hudson River train bound for Utica and thence to Prospect Station on the Utica and Black River Railroad. It is worth saying that no such delightful journey on the cars had they ever made before, and this was due solely to the fact that they were on a voyage of discovery.

It was nightfall when they reached the hotel at Prospect village, a mile and a half back in the country from the station, and they were all tired. But, although the hotel was very much like other village hotels, the sauce of a novel project made the supper taste wonderfully well, while the tucked-up little parlor seemed very inviting afterward.

When supper was over, the city man got the landlord into the parlor and took him into the confidence of the party. The landlord understood the matter fully. He had built and lived in spruce bark camps and expected to do so many more times. Plenty of experts in such matters were to be had as guides, but

one good man would serve the purpose. "Bill" was just the man, and Bill was in the bar-room at that minute. He was called in, and found to be awkward and shy, but he had an honest face and a rugged frame, and the whole family liked him on sight. They engaged him at once, after which there was a long consultation over the outfit needed. Then the livery-stable keeper was engaged to carry the party up to the location which Bill had decided upon, subject to approval; after which the two very tired but contented parents and two very tired and excited children went to bed and slept soundly until seven o'clock the next morning.

The sun was shining brightly. A robin sang among the half grown leaves on a maple just opposite the window. A gentle breeze was swaying the branches of the tree. One glance from the window made the family impatient to be on the way to the woods, and they quickly dressed and went down to breakfast.

Everybody else in the house had been to breakfast; but a great platter of broiled steak, and a deep dish full of mealy potatoes, and a plate heaped up with the lightest of bread, and a glass pitcher full of milk—Ha! it seemed to the children and the parents, too, for that matter, that they had never seen a better breakfast.

When it was all over, the man with the livery team came to the door. He had a great three-spring wagon that was ample in size to carry the party and the outfit, and, bundling themselves in very quickly, away they went.

The village of Prospect stands on the banks of a stream called the West Canada Creek. Alas, that the beautiful Kany-a-hoo-ra of the Indians—the "Leaping-water"—should have received such an appellation from the white man. But the name of the stream is quickly forgotten in the beauties of the region, when at this season one drives over the road that winds in an easterly direction along up the valley. The views of fields divided by old lichen-covered fences, of groves of birch and maple and spruce and balsam just spreading their pale green verdure, of stretches of tumbling water, of grass and tree covered hills, with now and then, as the road rises over a knoll, a glimpse of the mountains, blue and dreamy in the sunshine, are pleasing to the accustomed visitor, but altogether lovely to one who sees them for the first time. As the party drove along, the guide and the driver pointed out hills where

they had seen, or perhaps killed, foxes; woods where partridges could be found in season; brooks where no end of speckled trout could be caught by any one; rifts and still waters in the river where big fellows—three-pounders—were to be taken by the skilled and lucky; and, finally, a field where an old she bear and a cub had come one night and killed and eaten a calf, and "it wasn't no more'n twelve years ago, either."

By this time they were approaching the little hamlet of Northwood, where there is a post-office and a daily mail, and, what seemed very comforting to the madam, a telephone line to the village. She was thinking what a great comfort the 'phone would be should either of the children be taken sick, for a doctor could be sent for very quickly.

A mile and a half beyond the Northwood post-office the party found only a narrow clearing on the left and north of the road. Beyond that was the great forest stretching away unbroken for more than a hundred miles. To the right was a forest also, but it was not a very large one, for the creek could be heard roaring over the rifts not far away, while the driver told them that the clearing extended from the road to the creek not far above them. It was in this patch of woods, between the road and the creek, that the guide had proposed to build the camp.

They turned into a grass-grown road that led into the woods. There were ruts and rocks and logs and roots plenty in it, but no one minded the jolting, and pretty soon they emerged into a little open space that had been cleared no one knew when, and had never grown up to trees again. It was almost an acre in extent, facing the creek, and was carpeted with grass. There was an icy brook running along one side, a long stretch of deep, still water in the creek above it, and a longer stretch of rifts below. Into this clearing they drove and then stopped that they might look about. A gentle breeze was drifting along through the forest heavy with woody odors. The sunshine flashed through the swaying tree tops and danced on the tumbling waters. An old partridge sitting on a log in the thicket hard by, unconscious of the presence of strangers, began to beat his breast with a stately thump that quickly merged into a whirring roll.

Would that place do for a camp? They scarce could find words to answer, so lovely did it seem to them.

The camp kit was taken from the wagon, the driver was paid his fare, and then the real work of building a spruce bark camp was before them. With a brief interval for luncheon, this work kept them all busy until night.

First of all, they selected a spot for a site for the camp from which there was a gentle slope in all directions so that, since the ground had to be the floor of the camp, no water could flow across that floor in case of rain-fall. Then the guide went into the woods and cut two stout forks which he brought to the site of the house and drove into the ground about twelve feet apart. A ridge-pole was laid across the forks. Then a spruce tree about a foot in diameter, which stood near by, was felled into the clearing, and the bark was stripped off in six-foot lengths and laid aside. A twelve-foot length of the butt was cut off and rolled around until about twelve feet from the forks and parallel with the ridge-pole. This log was to be the rear wall of the house. Stout poles were laid from the ridge-pole to this log for rafters to support the roof, and, this done, the bark of the tree was spread out over the rafters. The one spruce did not furnish half enough bark for the roof, but two other trees were cut and stripped and enough bark obtained to complete the roof and close in the sides as well. The front was left open. It faced the south. This part of the work was, of course, done by the two men. The wife and youngsters had a plenty to do as well. Their part was to make the bed. And such a bed!

With a good knife each, they attacked the boughs of the fallen spruce and cut great armfuls of the twigs, being careful that none with a stem thicker than a lead pencil was taken. These twigs were laid with their butts to the front of the camp all over the floor, until they formed a bed a foot deep. Then a great stack of hemlock boughs was cut and the twigs torn off and spread over the spruce. On top of these a deep layer of fine balsam twigs was placed, so that, at last, when all was complete and supper was over, the tired family dropped down upon that bed, while such fragrant odors as Solomon in all his glory knew not of, arose to soothe and comfort them.

Then the shadows of twilight fell. A huge fire of drift-wood with a length of spruce for a backlog was built before the camp. The darkness increased. The flames of the fire

leaped and flared about, half lighting, half concealing with black shadows, the view of forest and stream. The last song and chirrup of the birds were hushed, and only the tumbling water on the rifts and the snapping of the fire were heard to break the silence of the night. Care had fled and peace was nigh. With such hearty thanks to a kind Providence as are seldom uttered elsewhere, the man with the tastes of a prince and the purse of a pauper drew a blanket over the wife and little ones and closed his eyes to sleep in utter content.

The spruce bark camp is a simple structure. Two upright forks, a ridge-pole, a backlog, a dozen rafters, a roof and side of barks, a carpet eighteen inches thick, of fragrant evergreens, and there you are. But that is not all that the camper needs. For comfort he must have a table and seats about it. Four forks are driven into the ground to represent the legs of the table. Over these poles are laid and over the poles breadths of bark. Other forks but half as high are driven near these and stout poles laid over them to serve as benches in place of chairs. For a stove, nothing better is known than a yard square piece of sheet iron supported on rows of stones, say five or six inches large. A very small fire under the sheet iron will serve to boil the coffee or fry the fish. There are books in plenty which tell one all about camp kits and quantities and qualities of food to take into the woods, but the wise man takes the simplest of outfits. A few pails of different sizes, a couple of frying pans, a few tin cups, knives and forks, and an abundance of wooden plates and saucers that can be thrown away and so save dish washing—what more would you have?

Mayhap the cost of this outing will be of interest. The railroad fare from New York to Prospect was \$5.59 for each adult and the children at half-fare brought the fares of the family to a total of \$17.77. From the railroad to the hotel the hack fare was 45 cents. The hotel bill over night was \$3.00. The livery man charged \$2.50 for carrying the party to the camping ground. The guide was employed for two days and his bill was \$5.00. The cooking utensils purchased in Prospect cost nearly \$3.00. The kit could be had for less by one who knew what he needed. The ax was borrowed of the guide, but a new one can be had for \$1.50. Blankets (three double ones at least should be taken in May

for a family of four) were carried from home. Only old clothing, and that all of wool, was taken.

The question of what one shall eat in camp is all important, for nowhere else in the world are appetites keener. If the camp be located properly, that is to say within walking distance of a farm-house, one may live on the fat of the land. Here is the fare of the party just described, for one day :

For breakfast ; oat meal and milk, boiled eggs, flap-jacks with butter and maple sugar, and coffee with milk and sugar. For dinner ; broiled trout, fried raw potatoes, roast beef, bread (baked at a farm-house) and butter, strawberry short-cake, and coffee. For supper ; cold beef, bread and butter, strawberries and cream, and tea. This was in June, when wild strawberries are everywhere abundant about the Adirondacks. The milk was purchased at a farm-house about a quarter of a mile away at 15 cents a gallon. It was kept in a large pail with a cover over it, placed in a shady pool in the brook. Some of the strawberries were picked by the members of the party and some were purchased at 10 cents a quart, all nicely picked over. They were had in any quantity for weeks. The average cost of food for the family was a dollar a day.

The trout were caught in the brook chiefly, though even a tenderfoot may take them from the West Canada if he will try. A butcher drove up over the road from Prospect twice a week. By leaving word for him at the post-office the party were able to get beef, mutton, and Bologna sausage—and good Bologna sausage is not to be despised when camping out in the woods. The best cuts of beef cost 14 cents a pound. Eggs cost from 10 to 14 cents a dozen. Potatoes that year were 50 cents a bushel. At first only steaks of beef were purchased. How to cook a roast was a problem, the solving of which proved one of the chief delights of the outing.

There were some features of the camp life which to some people would not be wholly agreeable. Wood for cooking and for the camp fire at night had to be gathered. The cooking had to be done and the dishes had to be washed. A rain storm came now and

then. They were dry enough in their camp, but the cooking was done out-of-doors, and woe betide the cook when it rained. As a matter of fact, a roof should have been built over the stove, as the sheet iron arrangement was called. Then, there were mosquitoes and black flies, though not so many as had been seen in boarding-houses. But those ills were not counted ills. All shared the work alike. They were living out-of-doors where the air was more than pure—it was deliciously sweet and fragrant. They roamed the woods and examined every tree and shrub and weed they saw. They studied the habits of the birds and squirrels, and even made friends with them by spreading crumbs near the camp for them to eat. They found that a porcupine was making himself too much at home in the camp when they were away, and they made a trap of a box and caught him and had a great lark examining him before they let him go.

They got acquainted with the natives, and, if the truth be told, made a study of them as was done with birds and squirrels and porcupine, and the study was found interesting. They made a trip nearly every day to the post-office, where they got their favorite New York daily, only twenty-four hours old, and so kept the run of the world, which at that time seemed a very long way off.

On Sunday they went down to Northwood and heard the sermon that was preached at 2 o'clock in a neat little church that stands there. They remained to attend Sunday-school afterward. The gratitude which the people showed for the help which the strangers rendered in these services, forms one of the most pleasing recollections of the outing. Indeed, from the day that the ground was reached until the day, seven weeks later, when, with tears in the eyes of wife and children, they drove away, the days were all too short and the nights were all without heaviness.

There are two kinds of people in this world—those who do not know any thing about spruce bark camps in the Adirondacks, and those who do ; and those who know feel very sorry for those who do not.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

THE true glory of America is not found in our material progress, great and wonderful as it has been, but in our free, noble, and enlightened institutions, which have taught the world that at least one country, one nation, one united people, is capable of self-government. Alexander was greater than Cæsar, for he was not only a great conqueror but a great civilizer also. He led his invincible phalanx to the conquest of the world, and spread the blessings of civilization to the most distant peoples. It required Cæsar the conqueror and Augustus the civilizer to form an Alexander. The conquests of imperial Rome lasted only a few centuries, but the laws of the Roman republic have inspired every free people since the days of Cato, and are the foundation of our own free institutions.

Of all American institutions, the Supreme Court is the most admirable, the most conservative, the most important. It has been truly called the "guardian of the ark of the Constitution." It is the most impressive department of the Government. The House of Representatives has been pronounced a turbulent town meeting on a velvet carpet; the Senate is sometimes spoken of as an aristocratic debating society; the White House has become the "executive mansion," a mere business office; and the President of the United States is approached with little more ceremony than is observed in calling upon a bank president or the president of a railroad. The Supreme Court is the only department which upholds the dignity and power of a government which has in its keeping the lives and fortunes of sixty-five millions of people.

The Constitution provided for the establishment of the Supreme Court, but did not mention how many judges should compose it. At first, there were six judges; there are now nine—a Chief Justice, with a salary of \$10,500, and eight associate justices, each receiving \$10,000 a year. They are nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and hold office during good behavior, and can be removed only by impeachment. During the century of its existence, only one of the jus-

tices of the Supreme Court has been impeached, (Samuel Chase, of Maryland), and he was declared not guilty. The Supreme Court sits in the Capitol at Washington, in the chamber once occupied by the Senate. Its session begins in October and closes in July of every year. Six judges constitute a quorum; a less number cannot pronounce a decision.

John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, was appointed by Washington in 1789, and, in the letter enclosing his commission, the latter said it was a pleasure to address him as "the head of that department of the Government which must be considered as the key-stone of our political fabric." The first session of the Supreme Court was held in New York, at that time the seat of the Federal Government, in February, 1790. The court sat with four judges: John Jay, Chief Justice, William Cushing, of Massachusetts, James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and John Blair, of Virginia, associate justices. Robert H. Harrison, of Maryland, declined the honor. James Iredell, of North Carolina, was appointed in his place, but did not take his seat until August, 1790. It was not until August, 1792, that James Johnson, of Maryland, qualified, and thus completed the full court of six judges.

No man stood higher in the estimation of Washington than John Jay. He gave him the choice of all the Federal offices and was much pleased when he chose the chief justiceship, for which his legal training and judicial experience admirably fitted him. Jay presided over the Supreme Court until July, 1794, when he was sent to England as envoy extraordinary. Upon his return, the next year, he resigned the chief justiceship in order to become governor of New York. Very little business was transacted during the four years that John Jay presided over the Supreme Court. At first, there was a court, with officers and seal, but no bar; and, when there was a bar, there was no business before the court. In fact, it was more than a year after the organization of the court before a case was brought before it; in the meantime, the Government had removed to Philadelphia, where the court followed in February, 1791.

Chief Justice Jay's successor was John Rutledge, of South Carolina, a man of distinguished reputation during and after the American Revolution. He sat on the bench only a few months ; he was appointed in July, 1795, and when Congress met in December, the Senate refused to confirm the appointment, as the condition of his health was such that he was not deemed fit for so important a position. After his rejection he returned to South Carolina, became hopelessly insane, and died a mental wreck at the age of sixty-one. Washington next named William Cushing, one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court, to be Chief Justice. He was unanimously confirmed by the Senate, but, after holding the position for one week he resigned, and resumed his former position as associate justice, which he retained until his death in 1810. Washington's fourth nomination for Chief Justice was Oliver Ellsworth, United States senator from Connecticut. He took his seat in 1796 ; but very little important business came before the court during the three years he presided over it. In 1799, President John Adams sent Patrick Henry, William Vans Murray, and Oliver Ellsworth, special commissioners to France to negotiate a treaty with the First Consul. Upon Ellsworth's return home in 1801, he resigned the chief justiceship. He was a solid rather than a brilliant man ; he read few books, and was not adapted either by habit or tastes to the studious life of a judge.

President Adams had the honor of appointing the greatest Chief Justice that ever presided over our highest tribunal of justice, when, on the 31st of January, 1801, he nominated John Marshall for that exalted office. Marshall was a young student of law, twenty years old, when the Revolution broke out. He threw aside his books, and enlisted for the war, fighting bravely at the battles of Germantown, Brandywine, and Monmouth, and was with Wayne at the storming of Stony Point. After the war, he resumed his law studies, was admitted to the bar, and soon had an extensive practice. Like most Virginia gentlemen of that period, he entered politics ; became a member of Congress, secretary of state, and envoy to France, distinguishing himself in every position which he held. But his fame as a soldier, politician, and diplomatist, has been cast into the shade by his illustrious fame as a judge. The brilliant William Pinkney said, "Marshall was born

to be the chief justice of any country in which he lived." At the time of his appointment he was forty-five years old, and in the splendid prime of his physical and intellectual life. He was tall, thin, ungraceful, but with an eye and brow which proclaimed the imperial power of his mind. During the thirty-four years he presided over the Supreme Bench, he was called upon to decide some of the most important constitutional questions that have ever been brought before our highest tribunal of justice. In all those cases his opinions have been pronounced masterly, and his logic unexcelled. He was not so learned in the mere matter of precedents and authorities as his associate, Mr. Joseph Story, but he knew the law. A tradition has come down to our time that, once when he had delivered an opinion in a case, he said, "I have stated the principles of law on which this case is decided ; I refer you to Brother Story for the authorities."

One of the most celebrated cases decided by Chief Justice Marshall was that of Aaron Burr, charged with high treason. From Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, down to the humblest citizen, there was an almost universal feeling of hostility to Burr, who had made himself detested by killing Hamilton, who, after the death of Washington, was the idol of the nation. The greatest lawyers of the country were engaged on one side or the other ; the arguments were brilliant and exhaustive on both sides. Burr was acquitted, but left the court a ruined man. In the then excited state of the public, Judge Marshall was at first severely criticised for the decision rendered, but the sober second thoughts of the people afterward prevailed, and the judgment of the court was generally accepted. Marshall, anticipating that the decision would meet with disfavor, said, in his opinion, "No man is desirous of placing himself in a disagreeable situation. No man is desirous of becoming the peculiar subject of calumny. But if he has no choice in the matter ; if there is no alternative presented to him but a dereliction of duty or the opprobrium of those who are denominated the world, he merits the contempt as well as the indignation of his country, who can hesitate which to embrace." It was in the course of this case that William Wirt made his famous speech in defense of Blennerhasset, who was indicted jointly with Burr. Wirt's oration, profusely embellished with the flowers of rhetoric, was

for many years a favorite piece of declamation for school-boy speakers, but in this practical age, it has lost its flavor and its favor.

During Chief Justice Marshall's long term of service upon the Supreme Bench, the fame of that high tribunal was heightened by the learned and eloquent consul who appeared before it. Harriet Martineau furnished a very interesting pen-and-ink sketch of a scene in the Supreme Court, when Marshall was delivering an opinion, a few months before his death, he being at the time in his eightieth year: "I have watched the assemblage while the Chief Justice was delivering a judgment, the three justices on either side gazing at him more like learners than associates; Webster, standing firm as a rock, his large, deep-set eyes wide-awake, his lips compressed, and his whole countenance in that intent stillness which instantly fills the eye of the stranger; Clay, leaning against the desk in an attitude whose grace contrasts strangely with the slovenly make of his dress, his snuff-box for the moment unopened in his hand, his small, gray eye and placid half-smile conveying an impression of pleasure, which redeems his face from its usual unaccountable commonness. These men, absorbed in what they are listening to, thinking neither of themselves nor each other, while they are watched by the group of idlers and listeners around them,—the newspaper corps, the dark Cherokee chiefs, the stragglers from the West, the gay ladies in their waving plumes, and the members of either house, who have stopped in to listen,—all these have I seen at one moment constitute one silent assembly, while the mild voice of the aged Chief Justice sounded through the court."

Chief Justice Marshall died July 6, 1835; and, although eighty years old at the time of his death, his mind was bright, clear, and luminous to the last. He was succeeded by Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, who was at the time of his appointment the attorney-general of the United States under the administration of Andrew Jackson. Taney had been an able member of the bar for thirty-five years, and a prominent Democratic politician. He had won the friendship of Jackson by his active zeal as a party man, and the admiration of the bar by his splendid legal talents. History will assign to Chief Justice Taney a place on the Supreme Bench next to Marshall alone. Unlike the latter, Taney was an ardent state rights man. He was

fifty-eight years old when he became Chief Justice, and occupied the chair for twenty-eight years. He was called upon to decide many cases of great importance, and his opinions are distinguished for their simplicity of language and their sound reasoning. His decisions on constitutional questions are considered by the profession correct and masterly, except when they are judged from a party point of view. The most celebrated case decided by Chief Justice Taney was the Dred Scott Case, in which the majority of the Supreme Court held that a free negro, whose ancestors were slaves, could not be a citizen of the United States. Dred Scott was a negro, whom his master, an army officer, took into a free state. This act entitled the slave to his liberty, and when his master took him back to Missouri, he sued for his freedom. The case was taken to the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice Taney declared that such a person was not a citizen of the United States, and could not sue in any court. This decision was received with a shout of triumph in the South, but caused in the North a feeling of disappointment and indignation. The Civil War, with its deluge of blood, wiped that decision forever from the statute books. Taney was a slaveholder, but a most humane and generous master. His decision in the Dred Scott Case was not caused by want of human feeling, but was the natural result of his political principles, and few at this day doubt that he was thoroughly honest in his convictions.

Chief Justice Taney lived eight years after the decision in the Dred Scott Case was rendered. He died at Washington, in 1864, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, performing all the arduous duties of his high office to the last. He died poor, and one of his daughters was glad to earn her living by work in a Government office in Washington. Maryland, Taney's native state, recognizing the purity of his public and private life, and his exalted character as a judge, has placed his statue in bronze before the state-house, at Annapolis; and Baltimore, the city which first honored Washington in marble, has recently erected the figure of Taney in bronze in one of the most beautiful squares of the Monumental City.

When President Lincoln appointed Salmon P. Chase as the successor of Chief Justice Taney, the country was at first astonished and disappointed. Mr. Chase was a man of

commanding ability; he had been a leader of a great political party, a distinguished senator, governor of a great state, a brilliant secretary of the Treasury, but, as a lawyer, he did not rank very high, and he had practically abandoned the practice of his profession for fifteen years, when he was suddenly raised to the highest judicial tribunal of the United States. But Chase was equal to the occasion, as he had always proved himself equal to any position to which he had been called. He went back to his law books, studied twelve hours a day, made himself master of the Supreme Court reports, familiarized himself with the duties of his new position and with the routine business of the court, so that when he took his place as its presiding judge, he was fully equipped. He was a man of commanding appearance, of great dignity, and stainless honor. He presided over the Supreme Court with a stately courtesy, and an impartiality which won universal respect.

Chief Justice Chase's valuable services on the bench were cut short by his untimely death in May, 1873, at the age of sixty-five. He sat in the Chief Justice's chair a little more than eight years, but he proved himself an able judge and a worthy successor of Marshall and Taney. His original and vigorous mind was shown in the opinions which he wrote, and they are distinguished by a singular clearness and felicity of language. He devoted much time and patience to the preparation of his opinions. He spent the whole month of January, 1870, in writing the opinion on the *Legal Tender Cases*, re-writing portions of it over and over again. He had the courage to declare the *Legal Tender Act*, of which he was the author, simply a war measure, and therefore void when peace was restored.

President Grant appointed Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, as the successor of Chief Justice Chase, in 1874. He was at the time fifty-eight years old, and had won an excellent reputation as a sound and solid lawyer. He sat on the bench a little more than thirteen years, and was much admired by his associates and members of the bar for his kind and courteous manners, his legal learning, and his clear expositions of the law. He was not called upon, like his predecessors, to de-

cide many important constitutional questions, but his opinions gave satisfaction.

The present Chief Justice, Melville W. Fuller, was appointed by President Cleveland, and commissioned July 20, 1888. It is the first important public office he has ever held; but he was a lawyer of high standing at the bar of Chicago, and greatly esteemed for his personal and intellectual qualities. The Supreme Court now consists of a Chief Justice and eight associate justices. In 1869 a law was passed, allowing a justice who had served ten years, to retire with full pay. A seat on the Supreme Bench seems to insure a long life; Marshall and Story each served thirty-four years; Wayne and McLean, thirty-two; Bushrod Washington, thirty-one; Taney, twenty-eight; Catron, twenty-eight; and Nelson, twenty-seven. During the century of its existence, the Supreme Court has had only seven clerks, two of whom resigned after a very short service. D. W. Middleton, the last clerk before the present incumbent, was in the office fifty-five years, during seventeen of which he was the clerk.

No person can enter the Supreme Court, when it is in session without being impressed by the quiet dignity which pervades the apartment. The chamber is semi-circular in form, its ceiling a half-dome, through whose sky windows a subdued light falls on crimson curtains and hangings and on the gray tint of the walls. Upon the wall are busts of Jay, Marshall, Taney, Chase, and other Chief Justices. A large part of the floor is reserved for members of the bar; outside of the railing are sofas for other persons. At noon, on any day when the court is in session, a dozen lawyers may be seen sitting within the bar, and a score of spectators occupying the crimson sofas, awaiting the opening of the court. Soon, a rustle of silks is heard, and there enters a procession of nine grave and dignified gentlemen wearing black silk gowns with wide sleeves. The Chief Justice heads the procession, followed by the associate justices in the order of their time of service. They stand before their chairs, bow to the bar; the lawyers who are also standing, return the salute. The crier then announces that the Honorable Supreme Court of the United States is now sitting, and the business begins.

NATURE.

BY OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON.

O BOUNDLESS benefactor, Mother Earth !
Year after year the corn out-tassels tall,
The golden grain rears bearded head to fall
Before the reaper's hand ; at springtime's birth
Thou mak'st the waste to blossom, wealth and worth
From never failing treasure house for all
Unfolding, with a power magical,
Giving new life and joy, O bounteous Earth.

Nor dost thou leave the soul of man unfed :
The violet blooms for prince and peasant's eye ;
With ceaseless roll the wave breaks on the beach ;
The cataract falls in foam ; for all and each
A living beauty, breathing harmony
O'er field and forest, moor and mount, is shed.

EXPERIMENT STATIONS: WHAT IS AN INVESTIGATION?

BY PROFESSOR BYRON D. HALSTED, SC. D.

Of Rutgers College.

EACH year as it comes and goes we more nearly apply to our daily living the all important Biblical precept, "Prove all things ; hold fast that which is good."

Some walks of life are more largely experimental than others ; thus farming in all its branches, from the raising of a peck of clover seed to a million bushels of wheat, is largely the combining of certain forces and conditions with no more than a reasonable expectation that profit will ensue.

The soil varies, the seasons change, the seed is not always uniform, and a thousand other factors, many of which are almost unknown, enter into the problem and modify the results. The successful crop-grower therefore must make a study of the peculiar conditions with which he is surrounded ; let one season's outcome serve as a partial guide to the next year's work. In other words, in his own way he must be an experimenter.

Other crafts and callings are not so experimental, because the conditions, laws, and principles are better understood. The shoemaker, after he has once learned the trade, can make shoes, so to speak, with his eyes

shut. In fact, shoes, like a vast multitude of other manufactured products, are in large part made by machinery, and what experimenting there is to be done nowadays is with new appliances. The business of the banker is established in large part by the government and the customs of the people, and in like manner a groove has been deeply worn for the baker and candlestick-maker.

The relation of agriculture to the prosperity of a nation is so intimate that any fostering of this mighty productive industry, upon which all other pursuits depend, works a beneficial influence over the people as a whole ; and in view of this fact, so slowly to be recognized, and the other before mentioned, namely, that crop-growing and stock-raising are so largely experimental, it follows that the establishment under the state and government of stations for the special purpose of carrying out tests of various sorts, was a move in the right direction, and one that, not having been made centuries ago, is a matter of great surprise to all who now give any thought to the matter.

It is only forty years since the first government experimental station was estab-

lished, and this was a small affair in the village of Möckern, near Leipsic, in Germany. As an indication of the growth of the idea then put into shape it may be said that at the present time there are over a hundred experimental stations in Europe, and many of these are large institutions, and growing stronger and more useful each year.

In our own country the growth of the experimental station has been even more rapid, and the nation may well be proud of her work in this direction, if it is proper for her to be proud of doing her duty. In 1875 we had one station established by a state, now there is one or more in every state and under the direct support of the general government. Most of these are new, for Congress did not appropriate the fifteen thousand dollars for each state and territory for the establishment of stations of experimentation until 1887. These stations are located at the several agricultural colleges or the universities to which the agricultural colleges are attached, and form a part of the college or university, but for the special purpose of instituting lines of research that will lead to a better understanding of the laws which govern the growing of crops, feeding of live stock, and for answering an endless number of questions as to soils, seeds, fertilizers, fruits, etc., while the diseases of animals and plants enter in for their share of attention at the hands of the station workers.

The results of the investigators, whether in the field with growing crops, the stall with fattening cattle, the dairy with milk, the laboratory with diseases, or the analysis of fertilizers, etc., appear from time to time in pamphlets issued from the stations and known as bulletins. These bulletins are distributed free to all within their respective states, who wish and can make use of them, and at least four such publications are required from each station annually.

The corps of workers varies with the different stations, largely because the demands are not the same. Thus in the Eastern States the chemists are most needed to work upon commercial fertilizers, while in the West the stock interests are predominant, and the feeding of farm animals demands the attention of the stations. The work, for example, of the station in Maine is necessarily very different from that in Ohio, Florida, or Oregon.

In order to give the reader a better idea of

what an investigation is as prosecuted at an experimental station, the writer will call attention to some of his own work during the past season, simply because it is better known to him in its various details and, therefore, can be discussed more clearly.

In an investigation there are several factors which need to combine. It is self-evident that there must be the thing to be investigated and the investigator; besides these, there are the necessary conditions for the investigation, among which are the equipment of the investigator, his knowledge, books, and apparatus. In the instance that has been selected to illustrate the processes of an investigation it can be safely assumed that the reader knows little or nothing of the matter, for the subject is one about which almost nothing was even heard at the time the investigation opened.

Three years ago in a cranberry bog in the central part of New Jersey, it was observed that some of the vines in one portion of the bog were tinged a red color, and upon a closer inspection the stems and leaves were found to be dotted with minute outgrowths of a reddish color. A year passed, and the area exhibiting this gall structure increased and the crop was correspondingly diminished. Some of these infected plants fell into the hands of the President of the American Cranberry Growers' Association, who sent them to the entomological division of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington. A reply quickly followed stating that the trouble was due to a gall mite of the genus *Phytoptus*, and that it seemed to be something new. In a second letter it was stated that a long flooding of the bog would result in the destruction of a great number of the mites. This correspondence appeared in *Insect Life*, a publication of the United States Department of Agriculture. Six months later Dr. Fr. Thomas, of Germany, to whom in the meantime specimens of the cranberry galls had been sent, published in a brief article in *Insect Life* the statement that the galls were not produced by an insect, but were the work of a fungus—and here matters rested until early last summer, when the writer, having been placed upon the staff of the experiment station of New Jersey, took up the subject as one needing an investigation.

It was an easy matter to verify the determination of Dr. Thomas; and this leads me to say a word of explanation about fungi in

general for the benefit of those readers who may not be sufficiently familiar with that term. Good illustrations of the more conspicuous fungi are furnished by the toadstools, puff-balls, mushrooms, and other forms of that character. All of these fungi grow upon lifeless substance, as the dead bark or wood of old stumps, fallen trees, etc. But there is a greater number that are much smaller and prey upon living plants and are most frequently spoken of as rusts, mildews, molds, smuts, blights, and similar terms. These consist of fine threads which run in all directions through the plant preyed upon, and finally make their way to the surface and bear a multitude of minute bodies that are known as spores. These spores, although exceedingly small sized, and very simple in structure, perform the same office for the fungus that a seed does for the flowering plant. In short, the fungi which have been so briefly described, constitute one group of plant life of a very low order which makes up the larger division known as flowerless plants. To this latter assemblage belong the ferns, mosses, lichens, sea-weeds, and fungi.

After satisfying myself as to the nature of the trouble and finding that it was of a fungus nature and not due to insects, and therefore fell into my province and not that of the station entomologist, the bog was explored. During my first visit in early July the bog was found to be so badly infested that over scores of acres but few flowers or flower-buds could be found, and the owner was much exercised over the impending loss of his crops and the ruin of the bog as a source of profit. After satisfying myself as to the abundance of the gall fungus, attention was next paid to other plants upon the bog along its border. Before the day was over several other plants than the cranberry were found having their stems and leaves covered with galls of a similar character. It was also observed that only those plants that belong to the same family as the cranberry, and therefore closely related to it, were afflicted by the gall fungus. A thorough microscopic examination of the galls of these several plants led to the reasonable assumption that they were all of the same kind or species, although there were some striking variations. Another fact of observation was that the susceptible plants along the border of the bog were attacked only up to a height marked by

the drift-wood and dried leaves left by the water at the highest flood. If a shrub of azalea or huckleberry, for example, had its branches extending above this level, the galls might be abundant below the high water line, but none were above it. From this observation the inference was natural that there was some connection between the water and the gall fungus; in short, it seemed to indicate that the infection was carried by the water, and did not pass through the air and, therefore, unlike that which takes place with the great majority of the minute, invisible spores of all flowerless plants.

This view was strengthened by what was determined shortly after. Twenty-five or more years ago one corner of the bog was severed from the main body by a railroad filling several feet above high flood water line, with no passage-way between for the flow of water. In this small isolated bog the cranberry vines were entirely free from the galls, while only two or three rods to one side but beyond the railroad, the fungus had already ruined the bog. It will be seen that here was found corroborative evidence that the fungus is carried by the water. Negative evidence in a case like this is very strong, but of course, in itself, gives no clue as to the time of year when the water is impregnated with the germs. Evidence of this is furnished by the galls themselves, for they were found upon the shore-plants up to a height marked by the greatest flood and, therefore, the inoculation took place at that time, which was in early spring.

The stream that flows through the center of the bog is made up of water that comes from the brooks which join near the middle of the upper half of the bog. The letter Y roughly represents the position of the streams and their union into one within the area of the bog. An exploration of these streams brought out the fact that the gall fungus was along the borders of only one and extending up the other for only a few rods, or about as far as the water of one stream would mingle with the marsh water of the other. By continuing up the infested stream a point was reached above at which no galls could be found and it seemed safe to conclude that the primary point of infection had been determined. By means of a wide correspondence in all cranberry growing regions of the United States it was shown that the explored bog above mentioned is the only one known to be infested. We have, therefore, in the fungus in

hand a case of a destructive disease that in all the world is at present limited to a small area. Why it should be there and nowhere else is only a matter of conjecture; the question must be relegated to that large group of observed facts for an explanation of which nothing definite can be offered. The next point in the investigation was to prove the identity or otherwise of the galls found upon the various species of plants. Under the microscope they exhibited considerable variations in structure, but when the essential elements were considered, a remarkable similarity prevailed. Proof of identity rests very largely upon structure, but in this case, if doubt is entertained, there is a method to be employed of a most convincing sort. Thus, if the galls can be propagated from an infested plant to another species, it seems clear that the two, although differing in structure are of the same species. To illustrate, a branch of huckleberry bearing many galls could be taken to a cranberry bog before free from the galls, and should infection result from this, the relationship is established for the huckleberry and cranberry; and in like manner all the susceptible species could be tested. A consideration of the development of the germs that escape into the water in spring time and alight upon the new, soft parts of the plants bathed by the contaminated water, while very interesting as a part of the investigation, must from necessity be omitted here because it would need a series of engravings to make the subject clear, and it is not necessary for the purpose of this paper, which was simply to touch upon some of the points in an experimental station investigation.

The practical side of the question is, what

to do with the pest? This is the one that interests cranberry growers, as it is possible for the fungus to spread to other bogs and become ruinous. For example, the disease may be carried by birds, in mud adhering to their feet or feathers, and it is also possible for the winds to drift the infested fallen leaves of the shore plants over the snow-crust in winter to a neighboring bog several miles away, and should it get into the head waters of a stream feeding several bogs, it would then spread rapidly to them all.

It is quite certain from the nature of the trouble that it can not be drowned out as was first recommended when a mite was the supposed cause. It is a water-loving fungus and would thrive under such treatment. Any thing short of extermination is ill advised. This may be most thoroughly attained by a burning of all the infested area. To stop at the shore line of the bog would be but to half do the work, for the border plants, up as far as the high flood, must also be cut and burned not only on the edge of the bog, but along the water course below it. It may be said in closing that the importance of immediate and heroic treatment seems so imperative that the American Cranberry Growers' Association at its last meeting passed resolutions and appointed a special committee, looking to state legislation upon this matter. The gall-infested bog is not only a failure to its owner but a bed of infection that may spread and is sure to bring ruin wherever it goes.

Thus briefly and very incompletely it has been my purpose to illustrate in a popular way the nature of the work that is being done at the nearly fifty experiment stations now in active service in the United States.

THE PASSION PLAY IN 1890.*

BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

IN the year 1633 that terrible scourge, the plague, raged in upper Bavaria. Young and old, rich and poor, alike, were stricken down by its dreadful ravages. The citizens of the larger towns dropped dead by hundreds in the streets. Many a man left his home in the morning, apparently in perfect health, who never returned. In vain his

loved ones waited and watched for his coming, or perhaps searched for days for traces of him, or for his unmarked grave, until they themselves, filled with grief and despair, fell victims to the foul disease. Death walked abroad and reaped his awful harvest on every side.

But in one spot, in the Bavarian highlands, in the beautiful valley of the Ammer, and under the shadow of the peak of the Kofel,

*An article describing the Passion Play of 1880 will be found in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for January, 1881.

nestled a little village, whose sun still rose and set in tranquillity. No sign of the dread messenger had yet disturbed the peace of these simple peasants, and with light hearts they went to their morning work in the fields or to their wood-carving; for the authorities had given strict orders that no stranger from the outside world should be allowed to enter the village until the danger was past.

The serpent found its way into this little paradise at last, however, for there was one man who considered of more importance his own plans and schemes, than the welfare of the community. He was a peasant, Caspar Schüchler by name, who had been at work in a neighboring town. Wishing to visit his wife and children, he did so stealthily, eluding the vigilance of the authorities. Sad were the consequences for the village of Ober-Ammergau, for he had already the germs of the disease in his system, and in two days was dead. In the course of a month the epidemic had spread with such fearful rapidity that eighty-four of the villagers were dead, and many more were affected.

Then it was that the purely religious character of the peasants and their unwavering trust in Divine mercy shone forth in the strongest light. In their distress and anxiety they met together, and with prayer and intercession offered up a vow. If God would deliver them from this fearful scourge they would perform the Passion Tragedy every ten years in token of their gratitude to Him; and from that time, so tradition says, all those who were ill, recovered, and death found no more victims in that place. In accordance with their vow, the first performance of the Passion Play took place in 1634, and the descendants of those who first made the vow have with few interruptions faithfully performed the drama every decade.

In the midst of the season of the Passion Play in 1870 the Franco-Prussian war broke out and put an end to the performances for that year, as forty men from the village, many of whom took prominent parts in the play, were called to fill the ranks of the Bavarian army. The late King Ludwig II., who had always shown a deep interest in the village and its religious drama, interfered in behalf of Josef Mayr, who was taking the part of the Christus, and had him appointed to clerical work in the War Office at Munich instead of the field duty of a common soldier. He was also allowed to retain his beard by

the special favor of the King, as otherwise, according to the army rules, he must have been close shaven, and thus incapacitated for this rôle for some years. After peace was declared the good villagers of Ober-Ammergau decided to give another celebration in 1871, as a token of gratitude to God for the blessings of peace and victory.

That these Scriptural plays existed before the year 1634, there is no reason to doubt; for soon after Germany embraced Christianity, the old plays, symbolic of the heathen rites and religion, were discontinued and sacred dramas were introduced. They were called Mysteries or Moralities, and were founded on the life and sufferings of Christ, or on the historical events of the Old Testament. But the leaders of the Reformation soon put an end to these plays, and they fell rapidly into disrepute among towns and cities, though holding their ground in all their original simplicity for some time among the smaller villages, shut away in retired valleys from the advancing spirit of the times.

The late King of Bavaria was a warm admirer of these peasants, and he gave them a substantial proof of the high estimation in which he held them and their work, after his visit to the Passion Play in 1871. In 1875 he presented them with a colossal marble group of the Crucifixion, by the sculptor Braun, of Munich. This beautiful monument looks down upon the village where Christ's name and His sufferings are held in such constant remembrance. The figures of Mary and John stand below Him, one on each side.

Another tragedy of more recent occurrence is connected with this statue. As the marble figures were in process of transportation from Munich, the wagon containing them was stopped at this spot to rest the horses. The wheels slipped and the figure of St. John was thrown from the back of the wagon upon the sculptor and his assistant who were walking just behind. Braun was killed instantly and the assistant died the following day.

Very extensive arrangements have been completed this year to make the play more successful than ever before. A new theater has been erected at a cost of 40,000 marks by Karl Lautenschläger, the head machinist at the Royal Theater in Munich, and an eminent expert in stage engineering, and all the scenic machinery is under his direction. The decoration and side-scenes are all new,

having been painted by Burkhard of Vienna. 14,000 marks, or about \$3,700 have been expended for new costumes, as the materials must be of the best quality, because the broad glare of daylight does not gloss over imperfections or give the effect of gold to tinsel imitation, as in artificially lighted theaters.

The new building, arranged in the form of an amphitheater, is 168 feet long and 118 feet wide, and will hold 5,000 people. Although only one-third of the seats are under cover, it is so well arranged that every spectator has a good view of the stage. The arrangement for securing seats for the play is a most unsatisfactory one, and to the practical and business-like American visitor the management seems very incomplete in this respect. As the villagers have a great desire that no money-making motive shall be imputed to them in the giving of this play, there are no tickets sold outside of the place, and no speculation is allowed.

The morning of the performance each landlord is given as many tickets as he has guests at his house. Consequently it is impossible to ascertain before you leave Munich, whether you can be sure of the best seats, even if you desire them, or whether it will fall to your lot to take four-mark seats without cover. That will depend entirely upon what your landlord happens to have when you arrive. It is, therefore, advisable to reach there a day or two before the performance. As the village is beautifully situated, the scenery charming, and the peasants interesting, the time spent there will not be lost.

The railway formerly extended only to Murnau, from which a seventeen-mile drive to Ober-Ammergau was necessary, the road in places being so steep that one was obliged to leave the conveyance and ascend part way on foot. But during the past year the railroad has been continued to Partenkirchen, though travelers for Ober-Ammergau alight at Obereau and drive about six miles farther.

We decided to reach Ober-Ammergau two days before the play, but I must say that we did so with some misgivings. Having heard so many rumors of extortion at the last representation ten years ago, and of the scarcity of food at that time, owing to the inability of the peasants to manage the provisioning of such immense crowds, we went provided with a basketful of edibles in order to guard against possible starvation. One harrowing tale was told us in Munich of a German baron

who came here in 1880 for two days, but returned to the latter city at one o'clock on the night of the play, and ringing up his landlady, begged her to take him in and give him something to eat. The crowd at Ober-Ammergau had been so enormous and the provisions so scarce, he had been unable to procure a mouthful of food since he left Munich the night before.

After a charming drive from the station at Obereau, surrounded by magnificent scenery, through wild valleys, at the foot of snow-tipped mountains, to the picturesque little village, we were welcomed most cordially, and given a room in the house of one of the peasants who took part in the play. Our windows looked out upon a small park or garden, around which four brothers have built their dwellings. The inclosure was laid out with flower beds, paths, and rose bowers, under which the breakfast and dinner were served. Our room evidently had been newly decorated and refurnished, and seemed quite elegant for a peasant home. The pleasant, cheery-faced hostess served our rolls and coffee in the morning with a porcelain service which would not be out of place in any American dining-room. The food was abundant and good, and the beds clean and comfortable.

Notwithstanding all these comforts of civilized life, the peasants themselves are extremely plain and unpretending in their manners. Strangers are cordially welcomed and waited upon by them, as visitors from another sphere where the habits and requirements are sources of much curiosity to them.

The men, as a rule, wear their beards long and their hair brushed straight back from the face and falling long upon the shoulders. The young dudes of the village wear short trousers, coming only to the knees, and low shoes without stockings. Curious leggings of thick, white, embroidered wool, tied with green ribbons, complete their attire. As these leggings are too short to meet either shoes or trousers, the ludicrous effect may be imagined. Every man and boy has a feather in his hat, usually placed at the back of the crown. The peasant women, when dressed in their best, wear a short, full skirt of gay colors, a bright, folded kerchief tucked into a velvet bodice, a soft felt hat just like the men, and row after row of silver chains wound close around the throat and on their wrists.

They are a kindly people, ever ready to do their best for the stranger who honors them by visiting their home. They lift the hat to all whom they meet and salute them with a "Gott grüss!" (God greet you), to which inborn courtesy will prompt a similar response. Their principal occupation is wood-carving, in which they excel. There is a school for this industry in the village, and nearly all the boys and men as well as some of the women learn this trade.

In the evening we called on Josef Mayr, the Christus of the play, and had a short, but interesting, interview with him. He is a tall, finely formed man, forty-seven years of age, with a very gentle but dignified bearing. His wife took us into his wood-carving shop at the side of the house, where she frankly informed us that her husband had done very little of the work we saw, as his time for the past two years had been so engrossed in the study of the play. But we bought several very well carved articles, which she said were finished under his own superintendence by the workmen in his shop.

The village was crowded to overflowing with strangers from all parts of the world, and I am sure there were no vacant beds in the place that night. There were to be at least twenty-five representations during the season, which lasts from May 26 to October 1, but the people poured into the place from Munich, Innsbruck, and the surrounding villages, as if it were their only opportunity. At nine o'clock of the evening preceding the play, the church bells were rung to call all those home to rest who were to take part in the drama. But the night was of short duration, for we were awakened at four o'clock by the village gun, which is fired as a signal that the play is to be given that day. From that time on there are masses held at the church for all who are to take part, and for any who wish before witnessing the drama to prepare their minds for it in a suitable manner. At 6 a. m. we attended the high mass, which is accompanied by fine vocal music and a large orchestra. And now the moment approaches when the great tragedy is about to commence.

We walked slowly down the village street among the thousands of every nationality who had come from far and near to this beautiful spot to witness the performance. There was no confusion. The arrangements were perfect. All found their places quietly, every

head in the audience was uncovered, and when the signal gun again gave forth its boom perfect stillness prevailed, and the chorus filed out from each side.

Before us in the center of the immense stage, in front of the inclosed and covered space, was a drop-curtain painted with colossal figures of Michael Angelo's Moses, Isaiah, and Jeremiah. Quite a large portion of the stage in front of this inclosed space is uncovered, and upon this the chorus, twenty-four in number, stand, while they sing a prologue for each act, and an explanation at the close. On each side are streets lined with houses, such as were seen in the city of Jerusalem; and at the extreme right and left are the houses of Pilate and Annas.

Nature lends her share of beauty to the scene, for beyond are the rugged mountains, towering high against the soft blue of the the summer sky, and the tender green of the lower hills whose covering of fir trees waving gently in the breeze, forms a most appropriate background. Birds twittered about us, flying in and out of the open edifice, while one little swallow sat upon a beam just near us, and when the chorus began he chimed in, pouring from his tiny throat a melody which seemed to ascend as praise to Him, the representation of whose life and sacrifice we were about to witness.

It seemed as if the very first scene could not fail to jar upon our feelings, that there must be something to offend against our conception of what this play should be. But from the moment when the curtain rose upon the tableau of "Adam and Eve expelled from the Garden of Eden," symbolical of the Fall of Man, while the chorus sweetly chanted,

From Eden and its tree of knowledge bann'd,
See our first parents, sin-benighted, stand,

we knew that our day was to be one of unalloyed pleasure, and that our highest hopes of the Passion Play were to be realized.

The scenery of Paradise in the background, the angel standing with flaming sword at the gate, and the grouping of Adam and Eve in the most natural, and at the same time the most graceful attitudes, made a picture which, for beauty and artistic effect, I have never seen excelled.

There are eighteen acts to the drama, each of which is preceded by one or two tableaux from the Old Testament, typical of the representation about to follow. The tableau of

"Adam and Eve," or the Fall of Man, and the one following, of the "Adoration of the Cross," symbolical of Christianity, precede the scene of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. A sunny mountain landscape forms the background, and from the two side streets and down the slopes of Olivet in the center, approach the multitude, waving branches of palms and crying, "Hosanna! Hosanna!" while they sing the hymn beginning:

All hail! All hail! O David's Son!
Thy Father's throne is all Thine own.

And now the Christ appears, clad in a simple garment, with a crimson mantle over his shoulder. He rides on an ass, and is followed by the disciples. From the moment of his appearance, with bearing so dignified and gentle, so meek yet majestic, all sense of time and place disappears, and we lose ourselves in the joy of his presence. To say that the acting of Josef Mayr, who takes this part for the third time, is marvelous, does not do him justice. It is not acting; it is simply living the character. One can feel this from the time these men come first before us, from the Christus down to the lowliest of the disciples—the faithful young John and the loving old Peter. We live again with those holy men who followed their Master through good and ill report, and we suffer with them when He is taken away from them. These simple peasants, without the aid of artificial device, except in their costumes and the scenery, take their parts in such a true and life-like spirit, that the most finished actor could afford to sit at their feet and learn of them.

I have visited the best theaters and opera-houses in England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and America, and I am compelled to acknowledge that some of the best acting I have ever witnessed compares unfavorably and appears crude by the side of the performance of these peasants. The reason is, that when the different characters are allotted to them, by the vote of the villagers, they endeavor to the best of their ability to live up to the ideal. I understand that Josef Mayr's life must be at least outwardly blameless for the ten years preceding the performance of the Passion Play, for him to be allowed to take the part of the Christ.

From the moment the latter appears upon the scene, he makes us realize the holiness of the character he personates, and his superiority above all the others; and the very

manner in which he bears himself, with head erect, but with love and blessing beaming in his every glance, would seem to pronounce him to the scoffing and money-making throng, whom he presently turns out of the Temple, as the Holy One, far, far above any thing human or worldly.

In this first scene fully five hundred people take part, down to little children only three years of age; and the effect of the intermingling and great variety of the exquisitely soft shades and colorings of their costumes, is very beautiful. Caiaphas, whose character is superbly rendered by Bürgomaster Lang, here appears upon the scene, and with Annas the high priest, and the Pharisees, incites the people to rebel. Here the germs of the conspiracy appear, and the next typical tableau is most appropriate: the "Brothers of Joseph" conspiring to sell him, as he comes down to the plain of Dothan, clothed in his bright coat, the sign of his father's distinction. Here the chorus sing:

Thus, too, is the viper's brood
Thirsting for the righteous blood.

The peasant who takes the part of Judas, has formerly acted the more congenial rôle of the disciple John. He is no longer young enough for that, and it is said to be a severe trial to him to enact this disagreeable character. It is a well-known fact that so great is the detestation of the traitor to Christ that the peasants are almost inclined to vent their hatred upon the man who stands as His representative in the play, and even the little children of the village will pass by on the other side. Johann Zwink acts with power, the part of the false disciple. His conception of the character is perfect. His love of greed, his suspicions and abject fear of poverty, his standing aloof from the other disciples, and his betrayal of the Master for the paltry sum of thirty pieces of silver, are remarkably well represented. But when he realizes the full extent of his treachery, and remorse seizes upon him, so that he rushes to his tempters of the Sanhedrim, begging them to release him from his vow, and take back the price of blood, then his acting is marvelous. He hurls the money at their feet and, denouncing them as the cause of his ruin, rushes madly out, filled with despair. His soliloquy was heart-rending, and when he pathetically cried, "Why did I betray so good a man? He was ever kind to me!"

there were very few of the audience unmoved.

The trial in the Jewish Sanhedrim is extremely imposing. The scenery is fine and the costumes of the Council are rich and elegant. In the tableau of the "Rain of Manna in the Wilderness," preceding the celebration of the Passover, four hundred persons are grouped in the most artistic manner, and all this is done while the chorus are singing one verse. There is no delay between the scenes, and not one tedious wait from first to last. The harmonious blending of the colors must have been presided over by a master mind.

"The Last Supper" is an exact reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated painting in Milan, and is conducted with a simplicity and pathos which are affecting in the extreme. I saw strong men weeping at this scene. As the drama proceeds and we come to the trial, the scourging, and approach the final tragedy, one becomes lost in an agony of suspense.

And now arises the question which will present itself to every reverent mind. Is the final scene too awful, too sacred for human beings to portray? Ought we to witness the close of this sublime tragedy? This question every one must answer for himself. But when we take into consideration the deeply devotional spirit with which it is undertaken, and the hushed and breathless silence with which the weeping audience gaze upon these scenes so full of awe—can it do harm? Does that peasant whose lips are moving in prayer, while he raises his tearful eyes toward heaven, return to his home with a less or a greater realization of all that his Savior has borne for him, after he has witnessed this representation of His sufferings?

We may often gain inspiration from a painting of the Crucifixion by a master hand; then why not as well when we take part in such a devotional religious service as this? Josef Mayr, is in his special vocation what Fra Angelico, the Florentine painter was, in the realm of art. As the latter considered his talent a sacred gift from God, which he consecrated to His service; and as he never commenced painting without earnest prayer and preparation for the work, so Josef Mayr enters upon this representation in an humble and devotional spirit, realizing his inability to stand in such a character, but praying for Divine assistance and consecrating his work to that Savior whose sublime

sacrifice he tries earnestly to shadow forth.

In the next scene the Christ appears bearing his heavy cross, and as he falls fainting under its weight, the two types of mankind appear; first the Wandering Jew, a hideous old man, who rushes out of his own door-way, and drives the weary one away from resting before his house; and secondly, Simon of Cyrene, who lifts the cross from the overburdened shoulders, and carries it on his own, for the devoted love he bears his master.

The tableau of the "Sacrifice of Isaac" comes next, and then the chorus appear clothed in black robes, sadly chanting with deep emotion, in a minor strain of music:

See! naked and with wounds all o'er,
He suffers on the cross for thee—
On Him the godless insult pour,
And gloat upon His misery;
And He who loves each one that lives
Is silent, suffers, and forgives.

Heavy hammer blows are heard behind the scenes; they are nailing Christ to the cross; and when the curtain rises, we behold a picture never to be forgotten. Neither artist's brush nor sculptor's chisel could ever portray this scene as we behold it here.

The two thieves are already suspended. One can see the ropes by which they are attached, and their arms are thrown back over the cross-pieces. But as the cross of the Christ is slowly raised into position, we see him, to all appearance, fastened only by the nails in the hands and feet, and suspended by them. His face portrays the agony of his suffering. After forgiving his enemies and blessing those that cursed him, he looks down lovingly on his sorrowful mother, commending her to the care of the beloved John, and crying out in a loud voice, he gives up the ghost. It seems as if we could bear no more, and when the soldier comes and pierces his side, and the blood flows forth, one feels as if it would be beyond the power of human fortitude to endure any thing further.

For twenty-five minutes Josef Mayr hangs suspended on the cross, while the soldiers divide the raiment among themselves, and the crowd disperse. The thieves whose knees have been broken, are already dead, and are taken away, and now he hangs alone. His mother and John, with a few faithful friends, remain below him, while Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus take his body lovingly down from the cross, to anoint and

bury it. This scene is taken from Ruben's "Descent from the Cross" in Antwerp, and the "Entombment", from Raphael's world-famous picture at Rome.

The audience are completely overcome, and weeping is heard on every side, while many are praying audibly. The "Resurrection" and "Ascension" are beautiful in the extreme, especially the latter, when the Savior, in shining garments, his face radiant with joy, ascends among the clouds, so slowly as to make one almost doubt if he is moving, until he gradually disappears out of sight, and with a long-drawn sigh of relief, the audience quietly disperse.

We went slowly homeward through the quiet lanes and by-paths of the little village, in silence. The setting sun cast its slanting rays upon the golden cross at the peak of the Kofel above us. The soft light of the highland after-glow began to shine upon the pine-fringed hills, surrounding this small hamlet; the birds were twittering in the branches overhead; the peasants dispersed in various directions across the hills; and silence fell upon the valley of the Ammer. Still we spoke not. The heart seemed too full for utterance. We felt as though we had been living in a far-distant land, in an age long passed away; as if we had been taken back in reality nearly two thousand years, and had actually witnessed those occurrences which took place in the streets of Jerusalem, in the garden of Gethsemane, or on the heights of Calvary.

The recollection of the Passion Play of 1890

will ever remain among my most treasured remembrances. I feel almost inclined to assert that the work of these peasants has something unnatural about it. Not only that these simple folk can conceive such a realization of the characters, but that they can carry out that conception in so masterly a manner, is a mystery impossible for us to fathom.

I will acknowledge that we went to this play with some misgiving as to whether such a representation could be made without a shock to one's deepest religious feelings. But from beginning to end there is not a single feature to offend the taste of the most scrupulous spectator. This play does not give one the impression of a theatrical performance. The most consecrated spirit pervades the very atmosphere, and one feels that one is taking part with the peasants themselves in a deeply devotional service, instituted because of a religious vow, and entered upon with prayer and communion, by which they all strive to prepare themselves for the proper observance of this custom.

I should be willing to travel hundreds of miles for the opportunity of witnessing this play, and should not grudge any amount of expense to accomplish the purpose. And were I only a poor peasant, I should do as many of those in the surrounding villages have done—save up every spare sou for two years beforehand and then go to the play with only standing room, and remain standing for eight hours rather than to miss this remarkable representation.

MODERN MAGIC AND ITS EXPLANATION.*

BY MARCUS BENJAMIN, PH. D.

A DISTINGUISHED American has written: "The imagination hath a stage within the brain, whereon he sets all scenery that lies between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and thus his players body forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows, and the tragic deeps of every life." In an article that deals with the effects of imagination—for

whenever we do not understand a phenomenon the imagination is at once appealed to—it may be well at the outset to show how susceptible the mental condition of an individual is to such influences. No stronger evidence of this fact can be shown than the following incident taken from a recent newspaper. It has reference to the effect of hypnotism. A physician handed a subject something which he told him was a pistol and ordered him to shoot himself through the heart. "With only slight hesitation, the young man put the pistol, as he supposed, over his heart and fired. He fell in a heap

*It is proper to say that in no sense is this article an original one. It is simply a compilation from various sources. Some of the data are taken from very recent publications, while other portions are from older authorities.—M. B.

on the floor. His condition was one of almost complete collapse, and we were greatly alarmed. It was a long time before we could revive him." The physician concludes with, "We never tried that experiment again." Thus the effects of imagination produced a collapse that almost resulted in death.

In the following paper—the object of which is to show that magic is simply a delusion of the senses—a number of well known tricks practiced by various prestidigitateurs, necromancers, magicians, or fakirs, will be explained and an effort made to show how the special desire of the expert is to mislead his audience by directing their imagination away from the correct solution of the phenomenon and toward the special supernatural explanation, which is the specific object of the trick. Thus, in the case of the automaton chess-player, originally introduced many years ago in Europe and which is doubtless the same as the more modern so-called mechanical automatons known variously as Ajeeb, Psycho, Zoe, Fanfare, and Astarte, an elaborate series of cogs and wheels is shown in order to confuse the judgment of the spectator. Wires are thrust entirely through the wheels and cogs on each side to prove that no one is concealed there. The deception is further heightened by an ostentatious winding of the machinery before the game begins. By this appearance the imagination of the spectator is almost forced into a belief that it is an automaton. In reality the original figure concealed a legless man.

The "Ajeeb" which has been exhibited for many months at the Eden Musée in New York City, is explained as follows: In this figure the man is concealed in this way: he sits on a seat arranged in the cushion on the top of which the figure rests. To heighten the deception the front is thrown down and a number of cogs and wheels are shown to occupy the entire front of the lower box, and they are arranged in such a manner that it is impossible to look through them. In the back of the box a drawer pulls out that is also a deception, for the back end of the drawer is arranged in such fashion that when it is shoved in, it falls down and the man sits on it. In the chest of the figure a small door is opened and more machinery is shown; and that is the crowning point of the ingenuity of the fraud, because at the touch of a spring these cogs and wheels sink out of sight and allow the hidden player to see through a

wire screen darkly painted. As it is gloomy where he is and bright outside, he, of course, cannot be seen behind the screen. The movement of the hand is likewise arranged so as to convey a false impression; for the thumb joint alone is movable, and the operator catches hold of a lever so that he can take up the chess-men and move them just in the same way as if he handled them with a pair of pinchers.

The ancients were not without their ingenious means of deceiving, and in most instances it was in temples that such exhibitions occurred. The perpetual lamps are exceedingly interesting. Plutarch mentions having seen these in the temple of Jupiter Ammon in Egypt, and in the temple of Venus. The latter, St. Augustine ascribed as due to the intervention of demons. The Arab Schiangia writes: "In Egypt there was a field where were ditches full of pitch and liquid bitumen. Philosophers who understood the force of nature, constructed canals which connected places like these with lamps hidden at the bottom of subterranean crypts. These lamps had wicks made of threads that could not burn (either of asbestos or gold wire). By this means the lamp once lighted burned eternally, because of the continuous influx of bitumen and the incombustibility of the wick." More commonly, however, the lamps were placed so as to communicate with a reservoir in an adjoining apartment in such a way that the level of the oil should remain constant.

There are cases on record, of lamps which have been found burning in tombs, and the evidence seems to indicate that they had been burning protected from the air for one thousand or more years, and that they had been extinguished when exposed to the air. It is probable that the case was directly the opposite, and that such lamps contained phosphides of sulphur or similar chemical substances, capable of igniting on contact with the air. A lamp of this character was found in a tomb attributed to Tullia, the daughter of Cicero.

A curious statue of Cybele is described as consisting of a hollow hemispherical dome supported by four columns and placed over the statue of the goddess of many breasts. To two of these columns were adapted movable brackets, at whose extremities there were fixed lamps. The hemisphere was hermetically closed underneath by a metal plate.

The small altar which supported the statue, and which was filled with milk, communicated with the interior of the statue by a tube reaching nearly to the bottom. The altar likewise communicated with the hollow dome by a tube having a double bend. At the moment of the sacrifice the two lamps were lighted and the brackets turned so that the flames should come in contact with and heat the bottom of the dome. The air contained in the latter being dilated, sought an exit through the hollow columns which connected with the altar and pressed on the milk contained therein, causing it to rise through the straight tube into the interior of the statue as high as the breasts. A series of small conduits into which the principal tube divided, carried the liquid to the breasts, whence it spurted out, to the great admiration of the spectators who wondered at the miracle. When the sacrifice was over, the lamps were extinguished and the milk ceased to flow.

The principle by which this wonder was accomplished had various modifications. It is related that there was at Sais a temple of Minerva in which there was "an altar on which Dionysus and Artemis (Bacchus and Diana) poured milk and wine, while a dragon hissed." The heat from the altar caused the air to expand, which forced out the two liquids from secret reservoirs inside the figures. There are numerous records of holy fire-places that kindled spontaneously. Thus there is an account of an altar in Lydia upon which there were ashes which, in color, resembled no other. "The priest puts wood upon the altar and invokes I know not what god, by harangues taken from a book written in a barbarous tongue unknown to the Greeks, when the wood soon lights of itself without fire and the flame from it is very clear." According to one of the Fathers of the Church (believed to have been St. Hippolytus) the altars on which this miracle took place contained, instead of ashes, calcined lime and a large quantity of incense reduced to powder, and it was only necessary to throw a little water upon the lime, with certain precautions, to develop a heat capable of setting fire to incense or any other material that is more readily combustible, such as sulphur and phosphorus.

Perhaps at this point a word or two about magical pitchers and drinking vessels may be introduced. Heron, who lived in the latter G-Sept.

part of the third century, describes a pitcher which a thin, horizontal, minutely perforated partition divides into two parts. The handle is hollow and air-tight, and at its upper part a small hole is drilled where the thumb or finger can readily cover it. If the lower part of the pitcher be filled with water and the upper with wine, the liquids will not mix as long as the small hole in the handle is closed; the wine can then be either drunk or poured out. If the hole be left open for some time, a mixture of both liquids will be discharged. "With a vessel of this kind," says an old writer, "you may welcome unbidden guests. Having the lower part already filled with water, call to your servant to fill your pot with wine; then you may drink to your guest, drinking up all the wine; when he takes the pitcher, thinking to pledge you in the same, and finding the contrary, he will happily stay away until he be invited, fearing that his next presumption might be more sharply rewarded."

Another old way of getting rid of an unwelcome visitor was by offering him wine in a cup having double sides and an air-tight cavity formed between them. When the vessel was filled, some of the liquid entered the cavity and compressed the air within; so that when the cup was inclined to the lips and partly emptied, the pressure being diminished, the air expanded and drove part of the contents into the face of the drinker. Another goblet was so contrived that no one could drink out of it unless he understood the art. The liquid was suspended in cavities and discharged by admitting or excluding air through several secret openings.

Burning is undoubtedly that kind of pain against which the organism most strongly revolts, and yet there is a series of tricks well known to the public which show a seemingly reckless familiarity with fire. Dipping the hand into molten metal has been practiced from remote antiquity. In lead-works, a workman will unhesitatingly put his hand into a bowl of melted lead, in order to take out a coin that a visitor has thrown into it; and in foundries workmen are often seen dividing with their hands a jet of melted lead or steel issuing from a crucible. The explanation is simple: the multitude of droplets of water that occupy the pores of the skin, coming suddenly into contact with a body whose temperature is exceedingly high, as molten iron for example, assume the

spheroidal state, interpose themselves between the iron and the surface of the skin, and form a protecting glove for it.

The history of those who have been able to resist the direct action of fire upon the body runs back to remote times. Sitah, a Hindoo divinity, in order to clear herself from injurious suspicion, walked barefooted upon a glowing fire. Greek and Roman writers tell us of extraordinary feats of this character and attribute them to divine intervention. Trial by fire was in vogue from the time of the Greeks until the Middle Ages. Harold, son of Magnus, King of Norway, proved his right to the throne by walking with impunity upon red-hot iron. At the beginning of the present century an Italian performer created much interest by his feats. He began by rubbing a bar of red-hot iron over his hair without burning the latter, and afterward passing the same over his arms and legs. He kicked a piece of white-hot iron several times with his toes and heels, placed a piece of red-hot iron between his teeth, drank boiling oil, dipped his fingers into molten lead and let drops of the latter fall on his tongue, and passed a red-hot iron over his tongue, without appearing to suffer in the least. He exposed his face to flaming oil or to the vapor disengaged from sulphuric, nitric, and hydrochloric acids poured upon glowing coal. A Neapolitan chemist resolved to ascertain the secret of his skill and found that after submitting himself to repeated friction with sulphurous acid he was enabled to apply a bar of red-hot iron to his skin without injury. Continuing his experiments he found that a solution of alum had the same property. Later, having accidentally rubbed soap upon the surface of a hand that had previously been impregnated with alum, he found that the hand was still further proof against fire. He then dared to put a red-hot iron upon his tongue. He even discovered that a layer of powdered sugar covered with soap sufficed to render his tongue insensible to heat. With regard to those who first ignite some combustible substance and then exhibit it flaming in their mouths, it is said that the majority of burning materials that are put into the mouth are extinguished as soon as the latter is closed, and that the nature of the gas exhaled from the lungs must still further hasten the extinction. Eaters of burning tow are satisfied to form a little ball of the material which they tightly com-

press and then light and allow to burn almost entirely up. Then, rolling this in new tow in order to guard the mucus membrane of the mouth against contact with the incandescent ball, they breathe gently, taking care while doing so to inhale only through the nose, and thus project smoke and sparks.

Ventriloquism is too well known to be alluded to, but some of the effects of the human voice, when produced from a distance, are indeed startling. The mysterious voice is the name given to sounds that are undoubtedly human, coming from a tin trumpet which is held in the mouth of a negro's head made of wood and suspended by a small brass chain from semicircles of iron supported by a wooden frame. The effect on spectators by this speaking head is one of astonishment, and the mystery is difficult of solution, except to the initiated, to whom naturally the illusion is simple. A person hidden behind the screens speaks into a tube, half an inch or so in diameter, which runs from that point to the wooden frame and through the hollow interior of the horizontal and upright pieces until it reaches an opening directly opposite the trumpet. The voice thus transmitted is reflected from the trumpet, which acts like a sounding-board, and the bewildered spectator is at loss to know whence comes the voice with which he is conversing, of course, at a convenient distance. Almost identical is the so-called "invisible girl," which consists of a suspended glass case from the extremity of which projects a speaking trumpet. The details of the apparatus are somewhat different from the preceding but the principle is analogous.

Of the multitude and variety of optical delusions there is no end. The prestidigitateur surprises his audience with one trick after another, and those which are the most wonderful are frequently the simplest. The enchanted cane, made to stand upright by resting against an almost invisible black thread attached to the trousers of the performer, forms the basis of one of Hermann's most marvelous feats. He holds a small rod in space by two long, very fine, black hairs attached to each extremity.

The so-called magic cabinet is one of the very common and yet always startling illusions. In a small cabinet where no one is allowed to enter, there is shown a slight three-legged table on which appears a large plate containing a human head. This head,

which is apparently that of a decapitated person, can move its eyes, make grimaces, and talk. Although the spectators believe that they see an empty space beneath the table, in reality the individual to whom the head belongs is seated there, his body being hidden by two vertical glass mirrors fitted between the legs of the table at an angle of forty-five degrees with the two side walls. The whole scene is so arranged that those two walls coincide with the visible portions of the wall in the rear of the cabinet. The three walls are painted with a homogeneous color and the illusion is enhanced by the feeble light employed. Within a year a similar trick was used as an advertisement by one of the museums in New York City to attract visitors, and the head was apparently swung in space in the show window facing the street. It is called the isolated bust, and is due to the effect of properly arranged mirrors in which advantage is taken of the law in optics that "an object reflected from a mirror appears to be behind the latter at a distance equal to that which separates it from it."

Usually this trick is shown in a cabinet and a large mirror extends from the line of the curtain to the top of the cabinet in a slanting direction. At about the center there is an aperture through which a properly costumed actor may pass the upper portion of his body, the edges of the aperture being hidden by the folds of the clothing. The mirror then divides the stage into two nearly equal parts, one of which, the front, is visible to the spectators, and the other, the back, invisible and containing the actor's body. The spectators are unaware of any such separation and think that they are looking directly at the floor and back of the stage, while in fact they see only a reflection of the ceiling in the mirror. Still another modification of this trick is the three-headed woman. In this case, the cabinet is protected by a sort of screen behind which is a curtain. When the latter separates there is distinctly seen a woman's body, the lower part of which is hidden by a basket of flowers. The body has three heads; one in the middle and two others grafted at the base of the neck of the first. These three heads move their eyes, stick out their tongues, answer questions, sing a few strains of a popular song and then the curtain closes. The explanation is simple. Where the spectator fancied he saw a phenomenal woman, is a mirror, slightly in-

clined toward the audience, and its edges hidden by drapery. On the stage is placed the basket of flowers from which the body is seen to issue. Then to the front on an inclined board a little above the ground, lie three young girls. One of these, in the center, is dressed in a brilliant costume, and it is she who in the exhibition makes the trunk, arms, and middle head. The lower portion of her body is covered with a black fabric, and she is supported with a cushion so as to permit the other girls to place their necks closely against hers. The bodies of these two girls at the sides are completely covered with material of a dead black color.

Similar effects of reflection are used in theaters to cause the apparition alongside of a living person, either of undecided forms or of bodies not resting on the ground. Aphrodite, the swimming girl, is still another modification of this trick. The reflected figure appearing to the audience is in swimming costume and seems to be cleaving the water with ease and grace. The girl lies on a mirror which is arranged on rollers on a circular table. As the rollers turn the mirror, the girl appears by motions of her arms to be swimming around in a circle. When she makes the dive to disappear from sight the assistant simply turns the table around to where he stands, catches hold of her hands and quickly pulls her off. A background of water and scenery is painted and placed below the glass table. This is moved backward and forward to give a panoramic effect. Of course it is almost unnecessary to add that in every instance the stage effects and descriptions by the attendant or lecturer have much to do with the success of the exhibition.

A common trick which is exhibited to show the power of hypnotism is to take a young girl, and before the audience, make a few passes until she apparently becomes unconscious when she is suspended in mid-air and held there by simply resting her arm on an upright post. In reality a stout piece of iron is fastened to the belt and arm of the girl and attached to a peculiarly made corset. In this aerial suspension only two motions are possible. The girl is gently lifted by the feet until she assumes a position of reclining upon her elbow on a single pole. This trick has recently been considerably improved, and as now shown the girl stands at the back of the stage which is covered with a curtain

of dark material, and then is raised gently in the air. Behind this curtain is a stout iron frame, and from the center of it projects an iron arm that can be pushed forward and to the right and left, slits in the curtain being made to accommodate the movements. The pole is fastened to the girl's belt and the belt is made of stout iron grooved and ringed to admit the end of the arm which is supplied with a ball, so when the end of the iron arm is slipped into the wider opening at the back and locked, she can turn in any direction but forward without hindrance. The draping of her waist is arranged so that no matter what the position the silk will fall over and conceal the belt. To further heighten the deception, Kellar had the girl jump through a rapidly revolving hoop while in the air. The hoop passed the iron at the back by opening, its two open ends being concealed by numerous ribbons with which it was loosely wrapped.

The electric boy when first introduced was considered a remarkable phenomenon. It is based on a simple application of the principles of electricity. A carpet dampened with water is placed on the floor leading to where the boy stands and on which the spectators rest while waiting their turn to shake hands with him. During their brief wait the soles of their shoes become thoroughly moistened. Beneath the carpet on which the boy stands, behind a railing, as well as beneath that on which the visitor stands, are copper plates which are connected with a hidden battery. When any one shakes hands with the electrical boy the connection is made and the shock is received with more or less intensity.

From the foregoing, sufficient evidence has been produced to demonstrate that so-called magic can be very readily explained, but by clever appeals to the imagination the expert deludes his audiences into a belief that the trick is a genuine phenomenon.

JAPANESE ART.

BY T. DE WYZEWA.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

TWENTY years ago Japanese art was almost unknown. Japan had welcomed, in the sixteenth century, Portuguese missionaries, and a century later, Dutch merchants. But the Portuguese missionaries do not seem to have formed any idea of the artistic originality of the barbarians whom they had come to convert; and the Dutch merchants never knew, save in a very imperfect manner, Japanese art properly so-called. Up to the latter half of the nineteenth century the majority of the great public remained in ignorance of the fact that there was in Japan a national art quite independent of Chinese art,—an art having, as that of Italy or of the Netherlands, its history, its monuments, its great schools, and great masters.

In 1868 the gates of Japan were abruptly thrown open by a revolution which seemed wholly political, but which, like the French Revolution of 1789, proved the point of departure for the complete overturning of custom and of society. The ruin of a great number of princely families threw into the hands of unlettered tradesmen works which

for ages had been religiously concealed. At the same time the Japanese were seized with a fever for novelty; they tried to imitate the Europeans in every thing; they assumed their costumes and their manners, and admired only those things, which were foreign to their own land. With a readiness which they afterwards repented, they yielded up the ancient treasures of their race. The occasion was a rare one; and French merchants did not fail to profit by it. In twenty years they drained Japan, taking away all that they found, and sending the treasures, pell-mell, to Paris, to Hamburg, to London, or to New York.

It was in these foreign store-houses that the productions of Japanese art were first revealed; and Europeans formed the same idea of them, that a Japanese, entirely ignorant of our civilization, would form on seeing heaped up in a bazaar in Tokio, a million European objects exported at hazard. We were surprised at the variety and richness of their invention, at their skill; even their faults in perspective and model enchanted us as a protestation against the too rigid rules exacted

in our art. But, with all its richness and its variety, the artistic invention of the Japanese seemed of a low order; it left the impression of an anonymous and impersonal art in which there were neither differences of epoch nor of talent. Gradually we came to look upon it with a slightly scornful favor. It was readily conceded that it excelled in decorative excellence; but that Japan had had a complete and connected artistic development, that at certain periods of her history she had produced works in which were lacking none of the elements of a great art, this would have been difficult even for those to admit, who took the most pleasure in furnishing their homes with Japanese lacquer-work, bronzes, and tapestries.

Unfortunately, the several able writers upon this subject have not succeeded in greatly modifying the established opinion. They err most in not having shown with sufficient clearness the bonds which join the art of Japan to the race which produced it. They have neglected to point out the characteristic traits in the Japanese mind. What psychological reasons make Japanese art to differ from Chinese art? from the art of the Western world? What has been the nature of the life of Japanese artists?

An exhaustive study of Japanese manners leads to the conclusion that the spirit of this people has always been the spirit of a child. That appearance of childishness in their faces with which all foreigners are impressed, is found also in their ways of living, in their thoughts, and in their feelings. They never reach a clear idea of their own personality, nor, indeed, of any reality. They seek only to be entertained, and they find in the smallest things which surround them, endless sources of diversion. The German traveler, Rein, calls attention to their credulity, their taste for novelty, their relish for all sorts of childish plays, and the ease with which they can be amused; are not all of these, traits which they have in common with children? And is it not in accordance with this infantile spirit that they can be at once loyal and full of malice, careless of life, capricious, eager for present enjoyment, indolent, and passionate? Does not this also explain why they are both superstitious and irreligious, exactly carrying out the exterior practices of two faiths, Shintoism and Buddhism, without troubling themselves as to the truth of either?

It is also to their child-like dispositions that they owe their deep love of nature. Having no clear consciousness of their personality they do not know how to distinguish themselves from their surroundings, they dreamily lose themselves, charmed by the details which delight their eyes. The sight of the beautiful world plunges them into a sort of perpetual intoxication. Every year the blooming of the fruit trees is celebrated by a national *fête*; all classes of the people betake themselves to the country to admire this glorious miracle of nature. For them nature is a marvelous painting which is constantly changing. Their souls concentrate themselves in their eyes which acquire a remarkable delicacy, and which preserve as graven images the impressions of form and color. At the same time the higher qualities of their intelligence become enfeebled. The mind grows incapable of seizing upon any thing which is not presented as a precise and colored image. They are unequal to the least efforts at abstract generalization.

From a race thus endowed it is useless to expect great philosophers or great writers. But, as if in compensation, no race is better fitted for the production of painters. And it is certain that the purely visual qualities of this art, clearness of sight, force of expression, passion for form and color, are found in as high a degree among the humblest artists of Japan as among the ablest masters of European painting.

But painting is an art which requires of those who practice it something more than visual qualities. No artist can be great who has not an esthetic theory, a particular conception of art and life. Lacking an intelligence capable of abstracting and reasoning, Japanese painters have followed arbitrary theories which they adopted without seeking to comprehend them. Very early in their history certain traditions were formulated among them, derived chiefly from China; each young artist took them in turn from his master and followed them scrupulously; he developed his personal talent only within the limits imposed by them.

To understand Japanese painting, then, it is necessary to imagine the painter as an obedient child to whom many things have been forbidden, but a child marvelously gifted and possessing a passion for his art. Inside of his barriers he employs all of his genius with a rapture, a fervor, a variety, which

is extraordinary. Perhaps the very absence of superior intellectual strength has contributed to endow him with a special gift of sweetness and serenity. To comprehend the world is to run the risk of finding it less beautiful and less good; this misfortune is always spared to the Japanese; their souls remain tranquil to the end of life, and their works are but the reflection of their innocent simplicity.

Let us picture to ourselves the happy career of a Japanese artist of the eighteenth century. As a child he is the pride of his home, treated by his parents as a little god. After a short stay at school where he learns to read, to write, and to recite the mere outlines of history, he enters in his fifteenth year the shop of a painter. His master teaches him very soon the ten styles of design, and the special processes for each; for they do not paint after the same fashion the *kakemono*—the long narrow wall picture which is mounted on rollers,—the *makimono*—the roll picture, or scroll, intended to be examined in the hand,—the movable partitions, screens, fans, the leaves of albums, etc.

While instructing him in a thousand details, the master also teaches him to love his art, and to find material for it in the study of nature. After having taught him to copy designs and then the famous works of the past, he demands him to paint from memory, it may be a bamboo, a bird, a face; then to produce with a suitable expression a legendary hero or a fanciful landscape.

At twenty years of age the young painter buys his own work-shop and fits it up with great care. His neighbors now give him orders to fill, and he works assiduously. Little by little the orders multiply. The young artist becomes widely known. He himself receives scholars. He marries, and his life remains always tranquil and sweet. His renown still spreads, but neither glory nor fortune can alter his mode of life. He continues to live in his little house, to make his sketches, and, when work is not pressing, to wander into the country and enjoy nature, or to visit other cities. He remains always a child.

In 1882 a Japanese amateur carried to Paris and there exhibited a *kakemono* by the most ancient of the painters of his land, Kanaoka. The picture bore the date of the second half of the ninth century. It represented Dzijo, the god of benevolence, seated and having a lotus flower at his feet. The worthy man who brought it from Yeddo hoped to secure its

admission to the Louvre; and although it might not have appeared to good advantage in that great museum, it is to be regretted that it was not placed there. It was a work of art manifestly primitive, but in that motionless figure with half-shut eyes there were displayed nobility of form, serene purity of countenance, and a vigorous harmony of tones.

An art so remarkable could not have grown suddenly. In the second century of our era, according to the legends, but in any case before the fifth, Korean artists established themselves in Japan and introduced there the knowledge of ancient Chinese art. In the ninth century the temples and palaces were filled with renowned pictures, both by natives and Chinese. The young Kanaoka spent long years in studying them. He devoted himself chiefly to religious subjects, but among his works are to be found also many portraits, figures of animals, and landscapes. Very few of all his works, however, have been saved; that secular enemy of Japan temples, fire, has destroyed nearly all of them.

Not much more is known of the work of his successors. Just as in Italy ancient religious painting, before giving place to the realistic art of the successors of Masaccio, had incarnated in the work of Fra Angelico its mystical and ideal tendencies, so in Japan it embodied in the pictures of the painter-poet, Cho-Densu, its ancient ideal of pure and native beauty. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Fenollosa, who have seen his works in Japan, place him in the first rank of Japanese artists. His designs, it is true, are not correct, but the breadth of his composition, the firmness of his brush, the harmony of his colors, and the grandeur of his sentiments—all suffice to justify the admiration of his critics.

In 1050 a noble of the court, Motomitsou, founded a national school of painting, the *Yamato*, which abandoned religious subjects and pretended to separate Japanese art from all foreign influences. Two hundred years later this school became important enough to be substituted in the place of the old Imperial Academy; and under the name of *Tosa*, it held the monopoly of official artistic instruction until the Renaissance of the fifteenth century. Beyond that time and even to the first years of our century, it maintained its independence and its traditions.

It is impossible for foreigners to appreciate

the true artistic value of the school of *Tosa*; alone among all the Japanese schools it is very imperfectly represented in European collections. Its master-pieces of the first three centuries are, for the most part, kept in the palaces of Japan. Judging, however, from occasional specimens, the importance of the school seems to have been of short duration. Up to the eighteenth century its painters remained the only colorists of Japan, but their colors were always brilliant and artificial. They knew nothing of the science of anatomy or of perspective. It is outside of this school that the monuments of true artistic grandeur must be sought.

Toward the close of the fourteenth century, a priest named Josetsou founded a new school, destined very soon to surpass the former in renown and merit. In the studio of Josetsou there were trained three eminent artists, Shiouboun, Sesshiu, and Kano Masanobou; and as each of these taught celebrated scholars, there existed in a few years, as rivals of the school of *Tosa*, three distinct schools named after these famous teachers. But if the three chiefs differed from one another in the nature of their genius, they had adopted the same manner, the same subjects, the same general principles; so that they soon became blended into one school—the school of *Kano*, the second of the great national academies.

The common principle of all its artists is the superstitious respect paid to Chinese art and to China in general; and upon this point its enemies have not failed to reproach it. But the fact is, that their adoration of China did not prevent the scholars of Josetsou from creating an art purely Japanese. One of them, Sesshiu, went to China; full of zeal he sought a teacher among their most renowned artists. But his biography tells how, disgusted with the instruction received, he resolved to take lessons only of the mountains, rivers, and trees. It is especially in mountains, rivers, and trees that his contemporaries and successors followed his lead. Their minds, incapable of deduction, had need to give a name to their ideal and to fortify themselves with a code of precise rules; so they gave to the ideal the name of China, and to Chinese art they went for rules. It was thus that China became for these painters the pretext of their own idealization of art.

The subjects preferred are the portraits of legendary personages, romantic landscapes *soi disant* Chinese, and animals and plants

always used by them as symbols or emblems. The principles of the school are, the constant subordination of color to design, of exactness to exterior effect, of movement to expression. The three best representatives of Japanese art up to their time were members of this school: the vigorous designer, Motonobou; the impressionist, Tanyu (1601–1674); and his brother, Naonobou (1607–1651), one of the most individual and delicate of all the artists of that race.

It was not until the close of the seventeenth century that other schools began to be formed by students who broke away from the traditionary teachings of the followers of *Tosa* and of *Kano*. The founder of one of them, Korin, by his individuality, made himself and his school the admiration of both European and Japanese critics. There was about him no trace of arbitrary traditions or rules. Whatever he imagined he produced immediately without troubling himself regarding its *vraisemblance* or the justness of effects. His figures, however, lack expression, and his colors are not harmonious. He deserves to be classed in the list of those eccentric geniuses who by the very excess of their personality fail to put at its full value their real talent.

Another school not less famous, the naturalistic school, named *Shijo*, was established about 1750 by Okio. Of a radical mind, and a stickler for truth, Okio separated himself from the school of *Kano*, and resolved to paint directly from nature without trying to embellish his works. He and his school left a great number of works in which realism was pushed to its utmost. His figures possess a charming delicacy, a gracious ease, a naturalness of attitude; but they are painted in a superficial manner; neither he nor any of his school were ever able to represent the inner life, or the profound character of the subjects they attempted.

The more we study Japanese art the more are we struck with the resemblance which its evolutions bear to those of the art of Europe. As in the latter country so in the former, primitive art was a religious art; in both, the fifteenth century was an era of *renaissance*, and of a *renaissance* in which its authors created a new style, while thinking they were imitating classic models. In the seventeenth century the glorious epoch of Genroku in Japan, corresponded to the age of Louis XIV.; while in the eighteenth century

the classical ideal was followed by the realistic tendency in both Japan and Europe.

Matahei who lived in the early part of the seventeenth century was the first who ever tried to represent subjects which his predecessors deemed unworthy of art, the scenes of every-day life; and his attempts, soon followed by those of others, gave rise to the founding of the common school of painting. This, however, was not fully established until one hundred years later, and then, under the influence of two men of genius, Moronobou and Itcho, who adopted the principles of Matahei, and made themselves famous by their *genre* paintings.

Their successors embrace all those masters whom the process of engraving has rendered familiar to all. To name them would be impossible. Each one has some distinguishing trait. Their works, painted or engraved, charm at first sight by the variety of subjects and attitudes which can be found in the productions of no other schools. Many among them have created truly beautiful types, whether they painted sweet young girls with round and laughing faces, as did Soukénobou, or elegant beauties in stately apparel, as Harounobou, or tall figures of an undulating grace, as the admirable Outamaro. Others have been remarkable colorists, among whom are Torii, Kiyonaga, and Shunsho. But even the talent of these men cannot prevent the merited criticism pronounced against the common school. Its work as a whole lacks correctness of observation and depth of expression.

The greatest merit of this school is its having produced Hokousai (1760-1849). All the good qualities of all his great predecessors in all of the schools seem to have been concentrated in his fertile genius. The *Mangwa*, a collection of sketches in fourteen volumes, and the "One Hundred Views of Fouji-Yama" which have made his name popular in Europe, fail to give a complete idea of his genius. They bear witness to his extraordinary sense of the beauty of form, of the elegance of lines, of the harmony of colors; but nothing in them all can equal the sovereign charm of his paintings, numerous enough in the collections of Paris, especially those which represent the human form and the tranquil scenes of popular life.

Yes, Hokousai is a master. Nothing is lacking in him, he possesses ability and

science, invention and sentiment. Like all masters, he always had a profound love of nature and of his art; like them he was always dissatisfied with his own earlier works. He wrote at the age of seventy-five years, "Toward the age of fifty I had made an infinite number of designs; but I am disgusted with all produced before my seventieth year. It was only at the age of seventy-three that I understood the form and the true nature of birds, fishes, plants," etc. Let us add that this man of an artless and tender heart had a remarkable intelligence, that he understood better than any other the idea of vague symbols and the relations which unite movement to thought.

That which prevents and for a long time will prevent Hokousai from occupying in European estimation the high place which he deserves, is the present confused knowledge regarding Japanese art. To-day the general prejudice concerning it is very strong. We are charmed, excited, over these pictures, but we refuse to see in them the results of a superior art.

The works of the scholars of Hokousai, Hokkei, and Kiosai bear witness to his singularity of genius. These gifted workmen seem to have followed him exactly as regards subjects and manner, and, as far as execution goes, to equal him. But they fail in that mysterious creative power which made the works of their master seem alive.

It would be unjust to pass by without mention two other eminent artists, whose works are only slightly overshadowed by those of Hokousai,—they are Hiroshigé, one of the most popular masters in the common school, and Josai, the painter, historian, and poet.

To-day Japanese painting has ceased to be an art. It is necessary to keep children in leading-strings; and all the constraint of rules and traditions has been required to make the Japanese mind produce the artistic beauty of which it was capable. Now these rules and traditions have lost all their value. The people have found in Europe a new China, and, as formerly they imitated that land, so now they dream of imitating European art. Their national quality of obedience to the lessons of masters will necessitate their remaining for some time unproductive in the exercise of an art which requires above all else science and liberty.

A LITTLE THING.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

IN the Alp stillness, on a wild
 Sky-crag, up-piled,
The target for the blazing of the suns,
The monster, snow, lies in a million tons,
Like a white, steadfast creature fast asleep
 Above vales green and deep.

What thing can wake it there,
 In the blue air?
Must it abide the glacier's beckoning flow,
And tarry laggard while the ages go,
Waiting yet icy æons to be free
 At last in the great sea?

Or, quicker fate, shall soon,
 Some blinding noon,
With tinkle of the harness bell, a muleteer
Up toward some difficult rugged pass appear,
His burdened beasts in patient, climbing line,
 Mere shadows in the shine?

And shall that bell from far
 Make just the jar,
The keen vibration with its metal tongue,
To steal, like dreams of meadow-grass among
Its dormant, unstirred particles, till, lo,
 This monster creature, snow,

Rouses, and sheer uplifts
 Its rooted cliffs,
While rocks are powdered, granite bases crunched,
As from the verge th' awakened thing is launched,
With down-turned bow of rime and keel of glaze,
 Like ship upon its ways?

What tempest had not done,
 Nor the great sun,
The mule-bell, with its still, small chime could do,
Piercing with vibrant music through and through,
Till the whole peak of everlasting snow
 Leaped to the vale below!

Now, while the glacier's tread
 Walks its fixed bed,
With centuries for the drum-beats of its march,
Out under tropic skies, that glow and arch,
Our snow runs in the rivers of the plains,
 Or falls in soft, sweet rains.

Woman's Council Table.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN COOK.

BY MARION HARLAND.



THE French woman dresses herself with a view to pleasing the cultivated eye. She consults her complexion, height, figure, and carriage, in color, make, and trimming. Her apparel partakes of her individuality.

The American woman wears her clothes as clothing, and has them made up of certain materials and in various ways, because dressmakers and fashion-plates prescribe what are this season's "styles."

Dissimilarities as marked prevail in the cookery of the two nations. Daintiness and flavor take rank of other considerations with the French cook; with the American *fillingness*! I can use no substitute for the word, that will convey the right idea.

The human machine (of American manufacture) must be greased regularly and plied with fuel or it will not go. And "go" is the genius of American institutions. Cookery with us is a means to an end; therefore, as much a matter of economy of time and toil as building a road. Almost every cottage has specimens of fine art on the walls in the shape of pictures "done" by Jane or Eliza, or embroidery upon lambrequin, *portière*, or tidy. It occurs to Jane and Eliza as seldom as to their foremothers, that cooking is an art in itself, that may be "fine" to exquisiteness. In their eyes, it is an ugly necessity, to be got over as expeditiously as "the men-folks" will allow, their coarser natures demanding more and richer filling than women's. It follows that dishes which require premeditation and deft manipulation, are unpopular. The scorn with which our middle-class woman regards soups, jellies, salads, and *entrées* is based upon prejudice that has become national. Recipes marked—"Time from three to four hours," are a feature of English cook-books. We American writers of household manuals are too conversant with Jane and Eliza's principles to imperil their sale by what will be considered danger-signals. This same desire to dispatch a disagreeable task increases in said manuals

the number of "Quick Biscuit," "Minute Muffins" and "Hasty Pudding" recipes.

It avails little to enter into computations of actual gain, in the long run, of time and labor, by the adoption of more refined methods of cookery and the introduction of novel and inexpensive delicacies into the every-day *menu*. Represent to the notable housewife who is scrupulous in saving minutes, candle-ends, and soap-grease, that a few pounds of cracked bones, a carrot, a turnip, an onion, and a bunch of sweet herbs, covered deep with cold water, and set at one side of the range on washing-day, to simmer into soup-stock, wastes neither time nor fuel and will be the base of more than one or two nourishing dinners; prove, by mathematical demonstration, that a mold of delicious blanc-mange, or Spanish cream, or simpler junket, costs less and can be made in one-tenth of the time required for the leathery-skinned, sour, or faint-hearted pie, without which "father'n the boys wouldn't relish their dinner"; that an egg and lettuce salad, with mayonnaise-dressing, is so much more toothsome and digestible than chipped beef as a "tea-relish," as to repay her for the few additional minutes spent in preparing it—and her skeptical stare means disdain of your interference, and complacent determination to follow her own way.

"Finical notions and fancy dishes do well enough for rich people. Poor and plain folks don't take to them," is the incontrovertible argument that puts down your efforts at reform. She has heard that "country-people in furren parts a'most live upon slops and grass and eggs and frogs, and supposes that's the reason Frenchmen are so small and dark-complected." She thanks goodness she was born in America, "where there's plenty to eat, and to spare," she adds, piously, as she puts the chunk of salt pork on to boil with the white beans, or the brisket of salt beef over the fire with the cabbage, before mixing a batch of molasses-cake with buttermilk and plenty of soda.

The corner-stone of her culinary operations might have been cut from the pillar into

which another conservative woman with a will of her own, was changed. It is solid salt. Salt pork, salt beef, salt fish, relieve one another in an endless chain upon her board. She averts scurvy by means of cabbage and potatoes. I know well-to-do farmers' wives who do not cook what they call "butcher's meat," three times a month, or poultry above twice a year. Dried and salt meat and fish replenish what an Irish cook once described to me as "the *meat corner* of the stomach."

"Half-a-dozen eggs wouldn't half fill it, mem"; she protested, in defence of the quantity of steak and roast devoured daily below-stairs.

Our native housewife does not make the effort to crowd this cavity with the product of her poultry-yard. Eggs of all ages are marketable and her pride in the limited number she uses in filling up her household is comic, yet pathetic. Cream is the chrysalis of butter at thirty cents a pound; to work so much as a table-spoonful into dishes for daily consumption would be akin to the sinful enormity of lighting a fire with dollar bills. She sends her freshly-churned, golden rolls to "the store" in exchange for groceries, including *cooking butter* to be used in the manufacture of cake and pastry.

These she *must* have. Appetites depraved by fats,—liquid, solid, and fried,—crave the assuatives of sweets and acids. "Hunky" bread-puddings, and eggless, faintly-sweetened rice puddings, and pies of various kinds represent desserts. Huge pickles still smacking of the brine that "firmed" them, are offered in lieu of fresher acids. Yet she sneers at salads, and would not touch sorrel-soup to save a Frenchman's soul. For beverages she stews into rank herbiness, cheap tea by the quart, and Rio coffee, weak and turbid, with plenty of sugar in both. Occasionally, the coffee is cleared (!) with a bit of salt fish skin. I was told by one who always saved the outside skin of codfish, after soaking it for fish balls, for clearing her coffee, that "it gives a kind of *bright* taste to it; takes off the flatness-like, don't you know?" We raise more vegetables and in greater variety than any other people; have better and cheaper fruits than can be procured in any other market upon the globe; our waters teem with fish (unsalted) that may be had for the catching. Yet our national *cuisine*—take it from East to West and from North to South—is the narrowest as to range, the worst as to preparation and the least wholesome of any country that claims an enlightened civilization.

COMPETITION BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



OMEN'S advance into all manners of professions, trades, and occupations heretofore pursued only by men, is a subject of too great importance to be fairly discussed, pro and con, in the space to which

this article must be limited. But, nevertheless, I may be able to express the nature of my opinions upon the question, and to explain the causes which led me to form these views. Every question has its two sides.

When I see an ambitious, brainy, and hard working woman tied to an indolent, idle, and easy-going husband, whose only achievement is in being the father of an ever increasing family which he cannot clothe or educate, I find it difficult to object if the wife takes the reins of business into her own hands.

I have in mind several such cases. One woman suffered absolute poverty and need for long years, with a miserly and unambitious husband, who refused an invalid daughter the comforts of life even during her last pain-burdened days. It was this which spurred the wife and mother to final action; and she left her home and husband in the care of relatives, went out into an active business life among men, and to-day has retired from business with an independent fortune.

It would be absurd to say that such a woman should have been satisfied with her domestic life, and that she did wrong to leave her home and children in the care of others while she sought for a career.

There are innumerable individual cases of this kind which can but win our admiring respect. But so far as I am concerned, it is a respect mingled with sympathy.

It is not in the natural order of things that the woman should be the burden bearer and money maker of the family. To educate her for a money maker, and to give her ambitions for business or professions, seems wholly unnatural and shocking to me. Yet I have but to look about me to find the unforeseen and sudden necessities which arise for scores of happy mothers, wives and daughters, in the sudden stroke of misfortunes which send them forth unprepared to fight the battle of life alone.

"Oh, if only I had been taught to *do something practical!*" these women cry, as they look about them, frightened, helpless, and inefficient. The advanced and the progressive woman of the day will point to these examples, and tell you that the only way out of such difficulties is to educate all our girls for business careers. But I am not of her opinion. In spite of the marked progress of woman in all departments of business during the last fifteen years, in spite of the brilliant proofs she is more and more giving us of her ability to *do* and to achieve, I am confident that there is a better and more universal method of aiding society, and providing for unforeseen necessities, than in educating girls to compete with men in business.

"I am going to prepare my girls for adversity," said a mother of two daughters to me one day. "I want them to be able to earn a living independent of their husbands, should they marry." I was visiting in their home at the time, and I noticed that the mother made herself a servant to her daughters, waiting upon them in the smallest matters, "in order to give them a chance to study," she said. But this very treatment was rendering the young ladies inefficient, shiftless, characterless. With no idea of thrift, of money saving, of practical economy of time or forces, with a disdain of small duties pertaining to the home life inculcated by the mother's mistaken treatment of them, they were being educated for thriftless, unsuccessful wives and wasteful housekeepers.

I would have every mother in the land begin at the cradle to teach her daughters self-respect, self-denial, and *thoroughness* in small things. I would have wee tots who grow easily blasé with an embarrassment of toys, taught to deny themselves playthings for the benefit of poorer children. I would have their young minds early instilled with

the beauty of self-sacrifice; and instead of importing costumes for their dolls, I would have them taught to cut, and sew, and make whole outfits for their dolls, and I would bestow prizes and rewards for neat and successful work. In all such early matters would I train the childish mind to a pride in practical achievement. I would have them taught to mend, darn, and fold clothing nicely; and above and beyond any praise for great progress in music, drawing, or elocution, I would give them praise, medals, and public honors for keeping their rooms, their clothes-presses, their bureau drawers, and their personal effects in perfect order; and I would permit no servant to do for them what they could do for themselves. Constantly would I keep before them the need of self-denial in small matters, the necessity of doing things which were distasteful and doing them well, if they would possess character and stamina to meet the inevitable hardships which life presents to every soul.

Let any woman who has been reared in this manner be suddenly thrown from the lap of luxury into poverty and she will show herself capable of self-support, without any previous "business training," or any preconceived idea or preparation for a career. But instead of this, the idea of the day seems to be to teach girls to despise small duties—to leave their stockings to be darned, and their rooms for servants to keep tidy while they study for the stage, for the lecture field, for some profession or some business sphere.

"To earn money" seems to be the ambitious girl's craze now, not to save money by thrift and efficiency in the use of it. That the whole system is utterly wrong and its influence upon society detrimental, I grow every day more certain. While there are here and there to be found in each generation, a few specially gifted women who are called by higher powers to follow some career, as Florence Nightingale, Charlotte Cushman, Rosa Bonheur, Maria Mitchell, and others, have been called to follow theirs, it is a fact beyond controversy that woman was meant by nature to be wife, mother, and housekeeper; and any system which tends to separate her interests from that triple sphere, is an unnatural and unhealthful system for the sex in the aggregate, and for society at large, however beneficial it may be for a few individuals.

(To be concluded.)

FASHIONS FOR THOSE NO LONGER YOUNG.

BY MARY S. TORREY.



WHEN in these days there is a general inclination to ameliorate all the conditions of life, and to make things pleasant for everybody, it seems strange that one class of people has

been persistently overlooked. I mean middle-aged and really old women; and they suffer ridicule, some willingly, and others under protest, because of this neglect. Milliners take no note of them, and to the makers of fashions they simply do not exist. So it is high time for some one to advocate their cause; for the middle-aged woman, unless her digestion and liver be sadly out of order, takes a lively, sometimes far too lively, interest in her bonnet and gowns. Nowhere in the shop windows can be seen bonnets suitable for one who is fifty and looks it,—nothing but beautiful combinations, *poems*, enthusiasts call them, and very short ones, too, for young people. It is by persistent effort alone that one can induce that potentate, the milliner, to get up something suitable for gray hairs. In her eyes a customer is invested with perpetual youth, and some, from lack of constructive ability, are forced to give up entirely to her. These unfortunates weakly don a scrap of ribbon and lace, or a tower of roses, whichever their tyrant may choose. But it is when a woman can neither be called young nor be relegated to the old people that she is apt to commit the greatest follies in dress. Then is the time to see that the bonnet has always a facing of as dark velvet as will harmonize with the rest, black being, par excellence, the best whenever it can be rightly used. If white flowers are chosen they should never be of the blue or dead white tint, but of a creamy shade, with a generous yellow center, and if even then they are unbecoming, a facing of black velvet will invariably remedy the difficulty. Above all, when forty, and you wish to appear younger, do not mount a toque without strings—unless you are fortunate enough to possess short, curly hair. These hot days, when we look upon each additional thread as the fatal last straw, this will be regarded as a hard saying, but only

a fresh young face should wear the stringless toque, and a woman of forty, no matter how round her cheeks, needs something tied under her chin, or at the side. As to large hats, the law can be very distinctly and unmistakably laid down. In cities and towns they should not be worn by any one who looks thirty, and yet I am sorry to say that I have seen gray hair surmounted by a large lace hat, crowned with roses. Of course a large hat is allowable for all ages at a garden party, and for country wear and mountain rambles, a hat as broad brimmed as Nell Gwynn's is just what we want.

In the matter of dresses the older contingent is not so badly off, for though an elderly woman never appears in a fashion plate, there are plenty of models, thanks to the present style of tailor-made garments, that by selecting a suitable color, will be just the thing. And it is not necessary either, to go into mourning for one's departed youth; there are so many pretty medium and dark chevots, such beautiful shades of heliotropes, plum, and gray, that one can well afford young people the monopoly of the very light ones.

In the selection of evening dresses there is a good deal of latitude, but, in my opinion, pale shades of blue and pink should not be chosen. Maize and all shades of yellow are very popular, and combine prettily with the time-honored black lace, either as underskirt or trimmings. Gray silk is effectively made up with gold or yellow and white brocade, and this combination is greatly fancied by Parisians. A pretty lavender, with panels and waist trimmings of plain or brocaded violet of a harmonizing shade, or a lace net of delicate violet with pendants of a deeper shade, is also very becoming, and a pretty fan for such a costume is a large pansy combining in its petals the shades of the gown and trimmings. If the indispensable black lace has a second waist with low or V-shaped lining, a sober street costume, can, at fifteen minutes' notice, be transformed into quite a dressy toilet. Some have two sets of bows ready made for the waist and sleeves, and two sets of pendants in different styles and colors sewed into belts. The fashionable laces are

very light and gauzy; and if the neck is too thin for even a veiled exhibition, an evening waist can be made cool and dressy by having the lining cut out in front, and then wide Chantilly or other lace put on full from the shoulder to the bust, and then folded flat to the points of the bodice; making the edges of the lace meet at the open part. The collar can be of jet, or gold *passementerie*, or it may have ribbon to correspond, with bows, but it must be high and finished with a tiny black ruffle. Of course every woman is anxious to look young as long as possible, but few recognize the fact that there is an essential difference between what is suitable for girlish, and for mature beauty, and that to deck one in the trappings of the other is incongruous and disastrous.

When women have reached the time when their faces are furrowed with wrinkles, and they feel their age, then they can exemplify the Chinese adage, that woman's life is a continued term of obedience; in childhood she obeys her parents, on marrying she obeys her husband, and when old she obeys her children. Our daughters, if we have brought them up properly, will see that the dear, white-haired mother has the finest and softest

Henriettas for winter wear, the prettiest China silk and crêpe for summer, and plenty of breakfast and dress caps.

Some years ago there was a picture at the Academy called "A Study in Black and White," representing an old lady seated in front of an open grate fire, so that the last rays of the setting sun lit up, or rather glorified her silvery hair, the soft gray of her dress, and rested on the listless hands. Through the half-open *portières* you catch a glimpse of a bright faced girl who is keeping some little one quiet, because grandma has gone to sleep. You feel sure she has folded the snowy lace at the neck and selected the cap that frames in the sweet old face. Of course every woman is, naturally enough, anxious to preserve her youth, or the appearance of it, as long as possible, and it is just when she is losing the freshness that the trial is the hardest. Later on we become accustomed to, and accept the unwelcome advent of wrinkles and crow's feet; that is, if we possess common sense. If people only could see that there is a beauty of age as well as of youth, and that any attempt to combine the two is as incongruous as it is disastrous, they would then grow old gracefully.

A TOYNBEE HALL EXPERIMENT IN CHICAGO.

BY EVA H. BRODLIQUE.



THIRTY-FIVE years ago a wealthy citizen of Chicago, named Hull, built for himself a spacious residence on South Halsted Street. At that time Mr. Hull, no doubt, considered that Halsted Street was destined to become the favor-

ite residence avenue of the city. Alas, for his expectations! The fashionable people, and lovers of quiet, drifted toward the lake shore, and Halsted Street soon became the rendezvous of the lower classes. Mr. Hull and his family fled; and the old house was rented and gradually sank into ignominy and disrepair.

A year ago two young ladies, Miss Jane Addams and Miss Ellen Starr, leased the great, decaying residence, had it restored at large expense, and took up their abode therein. The two ladies possessed wealth, posi-

tion, and culture. What could they possibly mean by making their home among the Halsted Street slums?

Just this: they had studied the workings of the Toynbee Hall experiment abroad, and the College Settlement in New York, and felt the need of an equivalent in Chicago. The Misses Addams and Starr believed most emphatically in comfort, and in luxury even, but they also believed that it should be shared. So beauty was evolved out of the chaos of disrepair in the old house. Floors were polished and spread with Oriental rugs. Walls were tinted in ivory and gold, and hung with choice etchings and water-colors. Flowers, books, and music came in abundance, and pieces of choice statuary gleamed from recesses and niches. In short, it was an ideal home set down on the desert of a squalid and insalubrious neighborhood.

And here these two gentle, high-bred women abide precisely in the same manner

as they would on the most fashionable of avenues. They live a social life among their neighbors. These neighbors, be they ignorant or cultivated, native or foreign, are asked courteously and kindly, to share the entertainment, the intellectual and artistic pleasures, which the two ladies themselves enjoy.

The aims and the objects of the womanly occupants of "Hull House" would make the little busy bee blush for its own indolence. They find things for the pleasure and advantage of the children. There is a daily kindergarten, from nine o'clock to twelve, where the waifs and wanderers of the prolific neighborhood (chiefly Italians) are taught their letters and sweet songs. The kindergarten directress, Miss Low, gives her services gratuitously. Two of her assistants are paid by individual members of the Kindergarten Association, and one is doing the volunteer work included in the course of training.

There is, besides, a systematic program for each day. Three times a week there is a girls' cooking class in the kitchen. Three nights in every week are given up to social receptions, one each to the French, German, and Italian nationalities. On those occasions only the language of the particular company entertained is spoken. There are national songs, speeches, and recitations. The German evening usually includes half an hour's reading of German history; the French prefer an occasional lecture on historical subjects; and the Italians enjoy frequent comediettas given by members of the "Circolo Salvini" dramatic club. National dances are indulged in, and an effort is made to render these informal gatherings enjoyable to all. They come—oh, how they come! The irreproachable dress of the high-class foreigner brushes friendlily against the coarse garb of the peasant. There is no false delicacy about being "out." They make their début with no uneasiness, for tiny toddlers and babies in arms come and clap their hands and crow at the unwonted jollity. But it is jollity tempered and refined by the sweet serenity of the women who preside and give their guests such an unfeigned welcome to their pretty home.

Monday afternoons are devoted to Italian girls and children. The elder girls are taught to sew, while some instructive book is read aloud to them in their own language. The younger children and the boys play games and are instructed in work for the

training of the fingers, such as modeling in clay and basket weaving.

Tuesday afternoons are given over to the school-boys' club. The little street Arabs spend a bright hour among books and pastimes. The working-boys' evening class is a cross between a night school and a literary society. Some ambitious members have gone so far as to start a Shakesperian class, others devote themselves to a late study of the "three R's"; and all listen while a physician comes in and gives sensible talks upon "What to do in emergencies."

The Wednesday evening Social Science Club is one of the Misses Addams and Starr's pet classes. All working people are cordially invited, and each evening a competent speaker leads off a discussion on a pertinent subject. To give an idea of the discussions, it is only necessary to review a few of the subjects which already have been handled: "The Eight Hour Movement," "Rights of Children," "Strikes," "Nationalism," "Profit Sharing," and "Domestic Labor." The members all draw from the well-stocked library.

On Thursday afternoons, a lady physician gives talks to women on physiology and hygiene.

Friday evening is reserved for the Working Girls' Club, which is a delightful little affair, largely literary in its tendency.

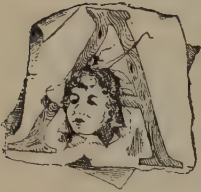
Besides all these clubs and classes, there has come with the month of June the "College-Extension Course." It is on the plan of the University-Extension Course in England, and is taught by college graduates in the evenings. The nominal fee of one dollar is paid for each term of ten weeks. History, languages, political economy, mathematics, physiology, and physics are embraced. The projectors look very hopefully for results from this last and most ambitious venture. It will give those a chance, who have hitherto had a desire, but no opportunity, to rise.

Nor is the inculcating of habits of cleanliness overlooked. Two extra bath-rooms have been added to the roomy old house, and small and swarthy youngsters are urged to try the experiment of soap and water. The kindergarten children are treated to frequent "tubbings," much to the astonishment of the Italian urchins. Stationary wash-tubs are also placed at the disposal of the neighbors. This is indeed being neighborly, and a wise and generous provision which none but a woman would have thought of making.

CHILDREN'S WIT.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

(Concluded.)



FIVE-YEAR-OLD relative of mine, to whom I was much in the habit of telling twilight stories, came to me one Sunday evening with his usual request:

"Auntie, I want you to tell me a story."

"I have told you so many," I replied, "that I think it quite time you should tell me one. Let the Sunday one come from you. Tell me about the good boy Joseph, or the baby Moses, or the little children who hooted at the bald man —"

"Oh, no, no," he interrupted, impatiently, "you know those stories by heart; but I will tell you one that maybe you don't know," and he began very gravely:

"There was a rich planter once who raised such great crops of wheat and corn and tobacco that he didn't know what to do with them, for his barns were not big enough to hold them. There were heaps of poor folks about him, poor white folks that didn't have any crops of their own, but he didn't give any thing to them; he kept all he raised for himself. So he determined that he'd pull down his little barns and tobacco houses and build great big ones; for the Bible says he wanted to store all his goods, and his plantation was as big as Uncle Will's."

"He must have been an unkind, selfish man," I interposed, "not to be willing to help his poor neighbors. What became of him in the end?"

Without a moment's hesitation, the little fellow with eager briskness replied, "*Why—he was run over by a railroad train and killed!*"

The incongruity and anachronism of the instantaneous reply, together with the child's sense of poetic justice, were very amusing.

Many a childish imagination gives expression to thoughts that would do credit to a poet. A little friend only two years and a half old, seeing for the first time a bed of pansies all fresh and bright with the early dew, and sparkling in the golden sunlight, rushed with wild delight to his mother, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, you just must come

and see de fowers in de garden; they'se laughing wif all their might—they'se laughing fit to kill 'emselves!"

Somewhat similar was the expression of a little cousin of my own, who, one day, as a very violent storm came on, cried, "Oh, auntie, I do believe God's hydrant's broke loose!" One of the most distinguished clergymen of his day heard the child's expression, and was delighted with its realism; for, being a city child, the little fellow had seen the bursting of a hydrant and the consequent flooding of house and yard.

The simplicity of the little daughter of a friend, proved, on one occasion, to be very "upsetting." Extensive preparations had been made for an elegant high tea. The toilets of mother and daughter were fully finished, and they were awaiting the first arrival, when the former, somewhat tired out with the burden of preparation, drew a long breath and said:

"When it's all over, I shall feel like clapping my hands and dancing a jig!"

When the five-year-old assistant went the rounds of her mother's guests, she was overheard saying to almost all of them, as they shook hands with her, or kissed her:

"Mamma says, when you all have gone, she will be so glad that she will clap her hands and dance a jig!"

It may well be supposed that the child's announcement had rather a depressing effect upon the high tea!

During the war I was cognizant daily of the way in which the imagination of a bright-minded child yielded itself up to the actuality of things around him. He occupied much of his black mammy's time in cutting out thousands of paper soldiers, and would arrange them in battle array, from one end of the long nursery to the other. When the generals, colonels, captains, surgeons, were all properly placed, and the word of command given for the onset, he would rush upon his lines and tear and destroy until every thing was devastated. After this he would carefully gather up all the soldiers that had lost legs, arms, or heads, and counting them to know which side gained the day, he would lay them in his little ambulances very

tenderly. His older sister entered the nursery and picked up one of the ottomans which he had turned upside down as a field hospital, and seated herself upon it, unaware of the boy's excited imaginings. As the paper soldiers fell out, the boy burst into an agony of tears and shrieked, "Oh, Ibbie, those are all wounded men!"

The only way to stop his passionate weeping was to get the mucilage bottle, paste on the dismembered limbs, and lay them carefully back in his field-hospital, his tears all the time streaming at what he supposed their unspeakable agony.

A little brother of this child, at the age of three, developed a remarkable talent for oratory, and also a passion for poetry. His dramatic rendering of many poems and ballads was sometimes very effective. One day he was reciting, with great animation, the "Burial of Sir John Moore." Before he had completed it he burst into a violent fit of weeping and sobbed out, "Oh, mamma, I'm so sorry for Mr. John Moore!"

Did ever an actor throw himself with truer stress of imagination into his theme?

A friend furnishes me an amusing instance of a wholly unconscious play upon words. To a new boy who had just entered his Sunday-school class, he put the question, "What is the chief end of man?" The boy looked puzzled, hesitated for a little while, then replied eagerly, as if he was sure the right solution had struck him, "Why, I

reckon, sir, it's the end what wears the hat!"

A young mother told me of being called down stairs before she had had her evening prayer with her children, and returning found them engaged in their evening service. She paused outside the door. Little Dimple had chosen one of the longest chapters in Chronicles, and patiently was stumbling her way among the Zechariahs and Zedekiahs. At the conclusion of the reading, she and her little brother kneeled and she offered up quite a touching and lengthy prayer. The moment the "Amen" was uttered, little Harry sprang up, and swinging her round by the waist, exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Well, Dimple, that *was* a daisy of a prayer!"

Another child belonging to this same family, who had not numbered more than four years, was reading his Bible lesson at his mother's side one Sunday morning. The chapter happened to be the one beginning, "And as Jesus passed by, He saw a man who had been blind from his birth."

"What does that mean?" asked the little fellow captiously.

His mother explained.

"What!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to say that God let him be born so when He could have made him see just as well? That isn't any God for me!"

Here was one of the most puzzling problems with which the human mind has ever perplexed itself, tormenting the brain of this little reader.

DELSARTE FOR WOMEN.

BY MRS. EMILY M. BISHOP.



AMERICA is woman's country, says every foreigner who visits this land. Every vocation in life that woman cares to enter, she enters. Unquestionably, it is true that this age, this country, and these opportunities are on woman's side to-day as never before.

But is woman on woman's side? Great responsibilities are born of great privileges; high position demands correspondingly high powers of performance. Is woman qualifying herself to meet her present and prospective opportunities? The answer

must be, in a moral and intellectual sense—yes. Woman's heart always beats in unison with the highest moral movements, and already her intellectual achievements have proved that brain-tissue is sexless.

If woman shall fail to keep pace with the world's progression, the failure will be a physical one. The condition of thousands of our women verifies the text, "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." Better bodies and better control of them are woman's greatest need. The "House-maid Treatment" is recommended by some as being all-sufficient exercise for woman's physical betterment. This view seems prejudiced and unscientific.

Housework is not infrequently an injury instead of a benefit to woman, not because of the work itself but because of the way the work is done. Being uneducated in physical economy she needlessly exhausts body and brain ; like the locomotive, she utilizes only one-fourth of the power she expends. She worries over the innumerable things that "ought to be done this minute," and she hurries in the doing of them. Worry and hurry are physical sins. Housework and manual labor in general increase, rather than diminish, the necessity for rational physical education.

Nor will any training which aims at physical development only, be adequate to woman's present needs. Woman wants power ; but that kind of power which she can utilize ; she does not desire enlarged biceps, or phenomenal muscular development of any kind. Muscle and mustaches she concedes to be exclusively masculine glories. But the woman of to-day does want good health ; she does want to retain the elasticity, flexibility, suppleness of youth ; she does want graciousness of mien as well as of heart and mind ; she does want dignity, gracefulness, self-control, self-possession ; she wants all that shall add to her womanliness, worth, and wisdom.

The physical education which shall achieve all these desiderata must be such as first to emancipate woman from the bondage of wrong habits and from the influence of heredity, of environment, and of one-sided education ; it must teach the easy, natural use of her nerve and muscle machine. Not only must the muscles be disciplined, but through that discipline the nerve-force must, and can, be exercised and controlled, the will become the governor-valve for shutting off as well as putting on steam in this human machine. Moreover, this training must penetrate to, and react upon, the inner being. Woman in her three-fold nature—physical, mental, spiritual—can thus be freed and strengthened.

Such results does the Delsarte System of bodily culture seek. And how ?

Chief among the fetters which enslave woman is her *nerveless* condition. This condition is due to the constant drain upon her vital capital stock. With many, nerve-tension is a chronic state, repose a lost art. Few women realize what an unnecessary amount of nerve-force they squander daily, hourly. They are unconscious of the *little* motions which they constantly make : tapping the feet, hitching the shoulders, jerking the head,

drumming the fingers, pursing the lips, contracting or elevating the eye-brows—more and worse, a nervous tension of the whole body.

The first tenet in the Delsarte doctrine is, *LET GO*. Herein this system differs from all other systems of physical culture ; it begins with an undoing process instead of an up-building one. It seeks first to stop the prodigal expenditure of "that which is more precious than great riches," namely, vital energy. To accomplish this result are given the emancipating exercises. These free every muscle from abnormal nerve-tension ; the nerve-force thus released from the exterior muscles is conserved and reserved at the nerve-centers, and overwrought nerves and brains are thus re-inforced. Delsarte's law, "Strength at the center, freedom at the surface," is exemplified.

When the nerve-tension can be removed at will and the muscles reduced to their natural plastic, free condition, physical regeneration is well begun ; then, indeed, do we "become as little children." As one has said, "the Delsarte training begins by getting 'the old Adam' out of the system as religion would get him out of the soul." The close contact and parallelism of this physical re-generation with spiritual regeneration is evidence of the truth of the Delsarte philosophy.

The emancipating exercises having freed us from the domination of physical sins, we are ready for the re-forming process. All the up-building exercises of this system follow Delsarte's laws of succession and economy. Such exercises are easy, rhythmical movements, slow or rapid, gentle or vigorous, but never hurried or violent, as the nerve-force is controlled and husbanded. Every muscle is called into healthful action, none is unduly taxed. Circulation, respiration, digestion, are given nature's stimulus. In all cases, the maximum of result is sought by the minimum expenditure of force.

Repetition makes habit : ultimately, nerve-conserving movements become automatic, habitual, second-nature. Then by the added influence of the reflex action of the physical upon the psychical nature, does self-possession supplant self-consciousness ; natural expression, artificial repression ; suppleness, stiffness ; elasticity, supposed old age ; buoyancy, languor ; gracefulness, awkwardness ; self-control, nervousness ; repose, restlessness ; strength, weakness.

FIELD FLOWERS IN OUR HOMES.

BY HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.



OME years ago I had the pleasure of entering a delightful Nantucket home so decorated with wild flowers that it has remained in memory as a bower of beauty.

Along the high mantel was a bank of the island's many flowering grasses. In the corners, in windows, everywhere, were masses of them, artistically arranged. There were the wild flowers of the season,—to-day the golden-rod, to-morrow the purple asters, or the snowy daisies. The secret of the great profusion of the grasses and their perpetual freshness puzzled me until it was explained how the "wild-flower artists" had utilized the numbers of sea shells and sponges that had been brought home to them from "beyond sea."

The wide-mouthed conch and the giant clam shells afford excellent receptacles for flowers, to which their varied shapes and tints impart an added beauty. Into these shells had been placed the sponges, and into the little orifices of these had been sown the seeds of the native flowering grasses. A little charcoal under the sponges kept them sweet, the only labor being that of saturating them with fresh water once or twice a day.

We have since found that sponges may be effectively utilized by being placed in window gardens or in jars and dishes which will soon be almost hidden by the rich growth of ferns and grasses, and are much less troublesome than pots of earth.

Green should be the prevailing tone in floral decorations as it is in nature, and with it may be combined either small flowers of a great variety of tints, so blended that prominence shall be given to no one of them, or larger flowers of one color. At some seasons, the quantity of flowers may be such that we can attempt richly variegated effects, like those of an India shawl pattern; at another there may be but few varieties and then great care must be exercised in the arrangement. The fragile beauty of flowers like the columbine, the fringed gentian, or the aster, combines

best with the flowering grasses, producing soft, feathery effects like bits of waving meadow; while the more showy flowers look best against a background of ferns, brakes, or large leaves, like those of the oak.

Vines, like the Virginia creeper, are very effective for decorative purposes and may be made to last for some time by putting the stem ends into large bottles of water in which is a little charcoal. When the bottles have been skillfully hidden behind picture frames or furniture, the vine can be caught to curtains by pins, or to wood-work by matting tacks. It is said that a hop vine will grow luxuriantly all winter in this way. A vine that will look well for a long time without water is the virgin's bower, or clematis, which should be cut when it begins to "feather." The bright scarlet and yellow berries of the bitter-sweet combine well with the clematis, or with prince's-pine or laurel leaves, and will endure the entire winter.

One of the most effective and lasting of the wild flowers of early summer is the mountain-laurel. Its quaintly shaped flowers of delicate pink, and its odd little buds, looking like fluted and pointed pink caps, contrasted with its own rich, glossy foliage, should decorate every room during its season. It shows best in very large and low jars where it can be seen in masses.

Of all our wild flowers, none is more modestly beautiful or faithful than the daisy. From early June to late September its cheerful face is lifted to greet us in the field, and when taken into the house it endures well the new conditions. Ferns and daisies make a charming combination.

The greatest art in the arrangement of floral decorations, whether the flowers be wild or cultivated, is the distribution of color. This should not be left to accident but is a matter for as careful study as the composition of a picture. In a country church we once saw the pulpit and chancel rail nearly hidden by masses of daisies and ferns, which were spotted at irregular intervals with bunches of scarlet columbine and purple iris. Each was beautiful in itself,

but the result of the combination was as far from attractive as that of any association of nature's own darlings can be. Had only the daisies and ferns been used, the effect would have been charming in its simplicity. Had large clusters of the stately iris been placed in the center and at the ends of the chancel, the whole would have gained in dignity and elegance; or the columbine might have taken the place of the iris with less of state if more of grace; but the mingling of inharmonious colors spoiled all.

Most of the wild flowers that lend themselves kindly to decorative purposes are those of late summer. The golden fox-glove; the myriad asters, white, pale pink, and delicate purple; the orange-red lily with dark maroon freckles on its cheek and always standing as erect as an Indian; the more modestly drooping yellow lily of the sandy pastures; the Turk's cap, or superb lily—truly superb!—growing to a height of from three to six feet in its rich, moist lowlands, and showing sometimes as many as twenty golden bells growing now in spikes and now in crown-like circles; the cone-flower, the bright yellow

low marigold of the marshes; the brilliant red or blue spikes of the lobelias; the flat yellow clusters of the pansy; and the rich brown or tawny clubs of the cat-tails are only a few of the many July and August flowers that are suitable for our purpose. Among the most effective of all are the large common thistle, either in its purple bloom, or when its silky seed-down has feathered ready for flight; the pretty yellow stars of the villainous pest known to farmers as hard-hack, and the long, full-blooming plumes of the goldenrod.

Not until September, comes the deep sapphire of the fringed gentian, or the fluffy silk of the milk-weed's bursting pods, or the rich red of the sumach leaves and berries; while the scarlet barberries, the bright fruit and leaves of the wahoo, or—well named!—burning bush, the dark purple of the fox-grape, the flaming red berries of the mountain-ash come later still. With all these berries nothing harmonizes more beautifully than the glossy changing oak leaves and acorns; and decorations made of them all will last well, and add a warm, autumnal glow to our homes in the Northern winter.

SOUTHERN COLORED WOMEN.

HOW OTHER WOMEN CAN HELP THEM.

BY LILLIE B. CHACE WYMAN.



IF any woman would help the colored women of the South she should first cultivate appreciation of the fact that they share with her all the fundamental qualities and needs of human nature. The movement of her sympathy must not be checked by any unkind prejudices of race or aristocratic fancies. In this respect the preparation for useful work among negro women is exactly the same as that necessary to perform any charitable, any friendly, any moral or educational service to any other class of people. The fraternal spirit solves all practical questions as to the best methods of work.

In the remote and agricultural regions, the experiences of slavery imposed upon a savage race, have left numbers of the negroes in a condition of adult childhood. They are impressionable and easily excited to good impulses. They generally seem glad to be

told about elementary morals and sensible ways of managing affairs, if the instruction is given in a kindly manner. Two ladies acting in this spirit, for two winters held weekly gatherings of women and children, in some villages lying about an inland town in Georgia. A little religious teaching was given; prayers were said and hymns were sung; classes in reading were formed; an hour was given to sewing on simple garments; sheets of paper on which were written words and phrases, were distributed once a week, to be copied at home and returned for inspection; temperance principles were inculcated and pledges and badges were circulated among the children. Sometimes the older women were grouped apart from the rest, and some one talked with them privately about the duty of observing the marriage tie,—a tie which had had so little significance in their youth, that they could not be expected to understand it so well, without

especial instruction, as to be able to impress its importance upon their sons and daughters.

Any resident or visitor in the South can do great good by visiting the colored schools. On a stroll among the negro huts picture books carried, attract the children, and, acquaintance once made, small sewing schools can be started without difficulty. Cooking classes are needed. Small libraries can be put into the hands of the more responsible ministers or teachers.

So far as I know, few colored women in the country districts carry on any home manufactures, but baskets are made by the men on the South Carolina islands, and it seems as if the women might be trained in that and similar industries. One colored man, a year or two ago, traveled about in Georgia urging the negro women to undertake poultry raising and such farm work as need not interfere with their home life, rather than to labor in the fields, as they now often do.

White Southern housekeepers could avert much harm if they would take an interest in their young servant girls. In the South, domestics usually go to their own homes each night. Consequently they are frequently obliged to walk long distances through the streets in the evening and are exposed to so many temptations and dangers that it is not strange that they often fall victims to some form of wrong. Other women could here find the noblest opportunity in trying to form such friendly relations with the mothers and the daughters as might help not only to save the girls themselves, but to prevent the spread of an evil which threatens to destroy other homes than those of the endangered colored women.

I found negro women acting as "doctors" in one far Southern village. Their function is largely that of the midwife; their medicines, a stock of herbs. An intimate acquaintance with the rustic negroes might be necessary to reach these women, yet it seems possible that some training could be given to negro women like that bestowed on the French peasant midwives, which would render them fit to perform their medical labors.

I am familiar with one district where nearly all the nurses are colored women, many of whom were once slaves. Ordinarily,

they cannot read nor write and are liable to make mistakes in following oral directions. They receive some instruction as to their duties from the physicians under whom they work; but they need more education in matters of hygiene and physiology. It would not be well at present to attempt to create among them a class of hospital-trained, high-priced nurses, but any lady who has received a hospital training or has taken an Emergency Course could impart her knowledge to such colored women in the South as wish to act as nurses or are trying to "doctor" their own children, in order to save medical fees.

Many influences are too intellectual to benefit large masses of the negro women, but nothing is too good to be of use in their elevation. If good music and good pictures could be brought under their consideration, it would be well. According to the opinion of a New England student, the general presence of copies of the Sistine Madonna in New England homes has not only created there an ideal of womanhood, but has caused its embodiment in many a sweet and serious life. The colored people need to have presented to them similar ideals of beauty and goodness. They are imaginative and emotional and as well fitted as a half uncivilized race can be, to perceive and to be affected by such ideals. The only nourishment which they now have for their fervid imaginations is supplied by the crude religious exhortations of their preachers, most of whom are illiterate, many of whom are undisciplined, morally and mentally,—blind leaders of the blind. "The purification," to use the Aristotelean phrase, of the emotional nature of the negroes, by means of music, art, and literature, would be a task strangely exciting and interesting to any one able to attempt it on a broad scale and according to a deeply pondered plan. Something might be done in this line, by any persons who cared to make an effort in the direction of diffusing throughout the South some of the finer influence of civilization.

Let these things be seriously thought upon by whomever would help colored women to a better life, but let the fact be especially kept in mind, that the first great service that can be rendered to these women is to teach them to know beyond the possibility of doubt that other women are their friends.

A TEN O'CLOCK CLUB.

BY FELECIA HILLEL.



IN September the girls usually come home from their summer outings. Last year they returned tired. They were bronzed and full of enthusiasm. They had had "glorious," "gorgeous," "fine," "perfectly lovely" times — according to the superlative adjective in vogue where they had been. Nevertheless the first three or four days at home were spent mostly in sleep. They had been so busy enjoying themselves that they had not had time to sleep, they said.

When school opened, the girls took up their duties with all the earnestness they had shown at their sports. They were bound to excel. I soon discovered that they were working too hard; that they were taking as little sleep as they could compel their healthy young bodies to get along with. Some of them were hard to get up in the morning, though two or three I suspected got up before daylight. They were always stupid after lunch and complained that for an hour they felt drowsy. Occasionally one of them said that it took her as long to "get down" to her lesson as it did to get it out. When the signs were so positive that I felt sure that I was not wrong, I coaxed the girls to try for a month "A Ten O'clock Club," a club which bound its members to go to bed at 10 p. m. and stay there until 6 a. m. at least, unless under extraordinary circumstances. At the end of the trial period they were to be released if they could not get their lessons. When the first week closed I found that the girls had ceased entirely to be sleepy after lunch. At the end of the second, they were able to get up promptly at the ringing of the rising bell. At the end of the third, they all declared that they could begin to study attentively when they opened their books, and at the end of the fourth, they voted the luxuries of having plenty of sleep and of not having to drive themselves to work, so great that they could not think of giving up the club. So it continued through the year, and the girls write me they have been practicing it, with occasional breaks, through the past summer. I expect them to

come home not only browner and happier than when they went away, but what has not happened before, fresh and rested.

There are abundant reasons why the club succeeded. There is no such despoiler of beauty as lack of sleep, and my girls were sharp enough to see this. Too little sleep is certain to bring wrinkles, and every girl ought to detest wrinkles so much that, like Beau Brummel, she will not allow them to be mentioned in her presence, and that she will take every precaution to keep her health perfect and her mind serene in order to avoid them. The eye soon loses its soft glow, its power of quick expression, if sleep is scanty. The complexion fades. No real beauty is possible long unless one enjoys unbroken, dreamless slumber as long as she wants.

Worse than the ravages on beauty are the inroads lack of sleep makes on good nature. What is more incongruous than a pretty, bright girl showing irritability and pettishness; yet the nervous condition caused by too little sleep shows itself in frowns and pouts, unreasonable tears and discontent. The ignorant victim of her own sin may declare that she doesn't know what ails her, that she can't help being cross, etc., but if she will try sleeping regularly, keeping accurate note meantime of her temper in the two periods, she will soon be obliged to confess that she certainly is more agreeable when she takes eight than five hours' rest.

One reason that the club worked so well with my girls was that they found that continuous vigorous work was out of the question on half sleep. When they began to experiment they soon discovered that they could do in two hours when fresh, what took three when fagged. They were too full of life to have any patience with sleepy, dragging work, and were prompt to act when convinced that the extra hour or two which they took from the night was paid for the next day by a lower grade of work and less buoyancy of spirits. I think their experience is universal among young people who study how to do the *best* rather than the *most* work. An example of interest is that of the girl who has won the famous victory for her sex this year

at Cambridge, Miss Fawcett, the senior wrangler. She is said to go to bed regularly at 11 and to rise at 8, which means 9 hours of sleep.

Besides the gain in beauty, temper, and power of spirited action, I feel sure, too, that girls who practice these habits of sleeping will never suffer from insomnia. Wordsworth had some very ingenious methods of inducing sleep :

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water and pure sky,

were all thought of by him as he lay sleepless. I have heard of a man who when he could not sleep, opens his eyelids wide in attempt to force them to shut; of another who drinks a pint of hot water (think of it!) before every meal and the last thing at night; of another who diets; of another who counts up into the thousands; of another who takes hot foot-baths, and of another who takes cold foot-baths; of one who sits before the fire long; and of another who reads a night-cap author, but I believe a Ten O'clock Club is a surer cure than any of them.

THE ISOLATED AND PERMANENT HOME.

BY MRS. HESTER M. POOLE.



WITHOUT antagonism to any of those popular movements comprised under the terms, Nationalism, Co-operation, and Socialism, it may be asserted that only the isolated family life and the permanent home accords with the spirit of our republic.

Co-operative industries and profit-sharing will find a grand field of operation within the next few years. All hail to every application of the principle of fraternity!

But communities and partnerships belong to the application of mechanical forces, not to the sanctities of affection. That they will absorb much of the work now done in separate kitchens and laundries, no thoughtful observer can doubt. It seems as if by no other means could women be relieved of over-weighted domestic service.

But it is hardly likely that they will ever go further than this. Dear to the infolding, indwelling heart of woman are the four walls of her home. Here are born her babes, here they grow to maturity, here they leave her for life's duties, and here the Angel of Death summons her loved ones or herself to a heavenly home. A community's baby biting the public coral, rocked in the public cradle, and fed from the public pap, is a pitiful thing.

It is alleged that the isolated home tends to selfishness. Not so under a generous nurture. Home should be a living fountain fed by unfailing springs, not a sealed well of self-interest. Its overflowing waters make of

social life an oasis even in desert places. Here come the homeless who are hungry and athirst, to learn how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

Yet in its center, home ought to be fixed, isolated, inviolate. All beginnings of life are sealed in silence and mystery. In the still, small voice, God speaks to each alone and there must be isolation and space for the response of the soul. There must also be room for whatever individuality is breathed into it from its Creator. Even the birds rear their fledgelings apart from their fellows.

In regard to permanence, home justifies the old adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Permanence is an adjunct of civilization. It began when primitive man kindled the household fire by rubbing together two dry sticks, or by sparks struck from flint.

With the establishment of the fireside and the possessions naturally clustering about it, permanence becomes a necessity; agriculture, science, and the arts flourish, and society rapidly grows.

In reverting to the nomadic type, the inmates of the modern hotel and boarding-house lose much that makes life significant and beautiful. Finery, travel, social entertainments, in place of satisfying the soul, waken only an intolerable restless sadness. That delicate reserve which ought to infold each household and individualize it from all others, is dissipated. Public places are social hot-beds, cultivators of artificial growths.

The excitements of fast living to which youths in hotels and boarding-houses are ex-

posed, produce an eager thirst for gain to satisfy luxurious tastes. Girls and boys reared upon piazzas and in corridors are victims of those baleful magnetic influences which are just beginning to be understood. Prematurely old, socially dissipated, pining for new sensations, they know no home but a caravansary. The daughter determines to go upon the stage, the son wishes to rival Jesse James. In the words of Longfellow, they "touch and go, and sip the foam of many lives," and sip only foam till quaffed are the dregs tinged with bitterest rue.

There is but one preventive for dreary worldliness and lack of poesy and of that delicate, misty veil of innocence which ought to inclose the heart of youth, and that is the influence of a permanent home. Let John and Julia, long before they have reached their teens, each have a plot of earth for roses and radishes, too, if they will. In tending roots and shrubs they will learn, as in no other way, the canons of both beauty and botany. While thus engaged, no cosmetic will the girl need, no gymnasium the boy. Exercise in the fresh air, the love of nature, the classification of flowers, minerals, and stars, will impart mental tone as well as physical vigor. Like Carlyle, they will learn to value "real things and not the shows of things."

Then, too, the permanent home fosters friendships that will continue during this life and beyond it, good citizenship, a sense of responsibility, and neighborhood kindness. Without it there can be little development in all that gives charm, individuality, and local atmosphere.

To wrench the tap-root of affection from the soil in which it thrives, not even the communist raises a hand. It is his desire that all shall have part in its allotment.

In conclusion let me urge that the wife and mother be made, if a home can be had, its inalienable owner.

Begin with a three-room cottage if must be, not in the city, but beneath sheltering trees and the broad blue sky. Husband, save the dollar you would spend in foolish indulgence, to go toward making it free from debt. Work with her to secure the roof over your heads and the soil under your feet. With the venerable Whittier you will then agree, "It is a great thing to own a little bit of the Lord's earth up to the heavens." A man feels the better for it.

Help your chosen one to realize the full dignity of a house-holder, not a pensioner. Though she bring you only a brave heart and willing hands, yet, if she be a true helpmeet, she deserves to own the inalienable home.

WOMEN IN THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

BY COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.



ART schools as yet have accomplished but little in the education of women in the industrial arts, a field which hitherto has been entirely usurped by the male sex. Although

owing an intimate kinship to high art, they are in many respects distinct branches of study, involving many technicalities and intricacies not included within the realm of art in its arbitrary sense.

The possibilities are so little understood, that even teachers of long experience appear to have but a vague comprehension of the term Industrial Arts. It may be interpreted as art applied to manufacturing purposes. This includes the designing of patterns for wall-paper, oil cloth, carpets, silks, cottons, table linens, book covers, etc., etc.

The rudimentary principles of high art and industrial are almost identical, a knowledge of free hand drawing being necessary for the illustration of both. The application is, however, totally different, a purely theoretical acquaintance with the rules of art not being sufficient to enable a person to make working designs which can be woven or printed. In order to accomplish this, the student must become familiar with the requirements and limitations of machinery; otherwise her designs, no matter how artistic, are worthless.

In no branch of art or industry is the necessity of a special training so apparent, as is demonstrated by the bitter disappointments encountered by women who believed themselves thoroughly competent to earn a livelihood by the exercise of their talents. Hitherto there has been too much generalization, too little concentration in the methods

of art schools, whose supposed aim is to prepare a woman to be a bread-winner.

A few years since, a woman who had discerned the fallacy of the so-called industrial art training, determined to discover, if possible, some method by which she could receive instruction of a thoroughly practical nature. After many rebuffs she finally succeeded, and was generously accorded a course of lessons by a carpet designer in a large manufactory. After perfecting herself, she found that there were many other women eager to be taught, and she finally decided to establish a school of her own, where they could be qualified to learn the art in its true sense. For this purpose, the "School of Industrial Art and Technical Designs for Women" was founded by Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Cory, the pioneer in this kind of instruction.

The institution is now in its third year, and during that period, pupils from all over the country have been graduated and have either prepared themselves for teachers, or to become designers and colorists in carpet and wall-paper factories, at salaries which they could not readily command in the well-trodden fields of decorative and high art.

As a rule the pupils do not come from the working classes, but are the children of parents in reduced circumstances, or clergymen's daughters, or public school teachers. The pupils have received much commendation and encouragement at the hands of prominent manufacturers, the Minetto Shade Cloth Company having distributed \$175 in prizes, among them, last term, besides purchasing other designs of merit. Designs have been accepted by manufacturers in this country, in Canada, and in Great Britain.

One of Mrs. Cory's pupils instructs a free class at the Young Woman's Christian Union.

Another institution where industrial arts are taught, is Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn, excellent facilities for the attainment of practical knowledge being provided. There are departments in free-hand and mechanical drawing, in technical and decorative designing, in clay modeling, wood carving, etc. The classes are mixed, women being eligible for admission to any of them.

There is, besides, a department of Domestic Science, in which is included millinery and dressmaking. Here also the students must take one lesson a week in free-hand drawing, in order to enable them to sketch drapery and make designs for hats and bonnets.

More girls than boys were taught wood-carving during the past year, some of the girls even taking a course of light carpentry, thereby learning to saw their own wood and join the different portions of a piece of furniture. As an example of what a woman can do, a bench is exhibited which was designed, sawed, joined, carved, and polished by a girl student, without assistance.

An altogether commendable departure is that of architectural drawing, six women having worked side by side with the male students during the last term. The teachings are eminently practical, and after a course of text-book study the embryo architect is required to take measurements of actual buildings. The girls hold their own with the boys, being in nowise behind them in their aptitude to imbibe instruction.

There is a branch in wall-paper designing, rug patterns, tiles, textiles, and almost every thing within the domain of industrial art, being taught.

The normal art course embraces two years, and at the expiration of that time the pupil is presumably able to teach the branches she has learned.

Although the rooms of the associated artists may in nowise be classed as a school, the work executed therein demonstrates the feasibility of women's pursuing decorative and industrial art as a means of support. Interior decoration is the business of the firm, but Mrs. Candace Wheeler and her daughter make designs for textiles, wall-paper, etc. They not only make their own designs, but Mrs. Wheeler has also a distinctive method of weaving, originated by herself. The skill of the artists is evidenced by some lovely specimens of the loom, appropriately called "shadow silks," the outlines being so sketchy and unsubstantial in appearance, as to seem as if fading into the pale tinted background. The effect is inexpressibly beautiful and artistic in every sense.

Stained glass and tiles are also designed here, and entire dwellings are decorated and furnished from garret to cellar in a most charming fashion. The labor is executed entirely by women, and the results achieved are more than satisfactory.

It will thus be seen that women are having new avenues opened to them day by day, and it now remains with them to perfect themselves in the various branches that come within the scope of the industrial arts.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.

FOR nearly four years the vessels of the United States, acting under official orders, have been capturing British sealing vessels in Behring Sea. The grounds on which they have done this were that Behring Sea belonged to us, that we had bought it from Russia with Alaska, and that nobody had a right there unless we invited them to come. The ground on which Great Britain allowed her subjects to take seal in these waters was supposed to be her unwillingness to recognize our claim to complete control, and it was backed up by the statement that before we bought Alaska we denied to Russia what we claimed now, and that of course we could not hold any rights which we did not recognize as her possession. The matter has been the subject of a long correspondence between the English and American foreign offices, which recently has been made public. This correspondence adds some new light to the matter. Mr. Blaine shows quite conclusively that the rights which we denied Russia in 1821 had no reference to any thing north of the 55° of latitude, but that they referred to Russia's attempt to extend her authority southward, and to obtain more of the coast of the continent. We are asking nothing then that we denied Russia. Russia already had what we now claim.

Another point brought out clearly by correspondence is that the United States does not claim Behring Sea to be a closed sea, but that our jurisdiction extends one hundred miles from the coast; that this latter point can be sustained, however, is doubtful. International law says that a nation can control the waters of an open sea for only three miles out. Behring Sea is of a size which certainly it is reasonable to call an open sea. Mr. Blaine does not base the right of the United States to seize British sealing vessels on the one hundred mile limit. He makes his strongest point in the correspondence in demanding that the British in taking seals are doing a thing which is *contra bonos mores*. Another way of saying that they are engaged in a sort of piracy.

The sealing grounds in Behring Sea are the only ones left in the world. All others

have been destroyed by wanton capture of the seals. If these islands are retained for the use of the world it must be by careful restrictions. There are only certain periods of the year when the seal can be captured with safety to the herd. Then they must be taken on the islands—not in the seas as they go toward the islands; only a limited number also can be safely taken. If our Government permits anybody to take seal, in any place and in any way, the inevitable result will be that large numbers will be killed which are not fit to use, many will be killed which will not be secured, and eventually the same fate will come to the sealing grounds in Behring Sea as has in other parts of the world: they will be ruined. Mr. Blaine is correct certainly in claiming that so long as these sealing grounds are ours it is our business to protect the seals as they journey there. He asks the pertinent question, Would Great Britain tolerate a method of taking fish outside of the three mile limit off the Newfoundland fishing grounds, which would inevitably ruin the fishery interests there? Certainly not; and she would be right in saying that such action would be *contra bonos mores*. If any nation should attempt to invade the pearl fisheries off the north coast of Ceylon, what would Great Britain do? She regulates the fisheries there far outside of the three mile limit. Interference would meet with a prompt check, it is safe to assert.

Until a satisfactory agreement can be made between Great Britain and the United States both nations ought to avoid offense. While regulations are pending, is no time for irritating actions. The seal must be protected. It is as much to Great Britain's interests as ours to preserve the industry, since she dresses nearly all the skins. How they shall be protected can be determined peaceably, and should be; and while such negotiations are pending, bluster and swagger about preserving our national dignity, and getting all we asked for, and compelling Great Britain to give in, etc., have nothing to do with the case. The real questions to decide are what rights can the United States claim justly in Behring Sea, and what international agreement can be made for protecting the seal.

CHAUTAUQUA CATHOLICITY.

AT this writing six Sabbaths of the Chautauqua season have been observed. The sermons on these days have been preached by ministers of as many denominations. On July 6, Dr. Geo. W. Miller, a Methodist spoke; on July 13, Dr. Wm. McRobbie, a clergyman of the Free Church of Scotland; on July 20, Dr. Emory J. Haynes, a Baptist, the pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston; the morning of July 27, Bishop N. S. Rulison, of Pennsylvania, a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in the evening, Dr. S. G. Smith, the pastor of an Independent Church in St. Paul, Minn.; and on August 3, Dr. Alexander McKenzie, of the Congregational Church. The audiences which listened to these speakers represented a still greater variety of denominations; how varied, it is of course impossible to tell, but the number of denominational prayer meetings, always as many as twelve, held each week at Chautauqua, gives an idea. The denominational headquarters are an index of the permanent hold of these various churches. The Presbyterians are erecting a brick building for headquarters, which will cost \$12,000; the Methodists have put \$8,000 into their quarters; the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, the United Presbyterians, the Baptists all have their places of meeting. This union of people of different creeds to listen each week to a sermon from one who differs in opinion from the vast majority of his hearers, is not attended by any remonstrance or criticism. The audience is a willing one and the speaker seldom fails to find himself in sympathy with it. This sort of denominational catholicity is not common; indeed in the past and in many parts of the world to-day it has been and is considered impracticable, if not weak and compromising. But has anybody been hurt by large denominational liberality at Chautauqua? On the contrary, a thoughtful observer of the Chautauqua audience over a period of years, will see that pronounced educative effects have been wrought by this catholicity of spirit.

It has demonstrated to those who felt wary about listening to A's theology, which they had heard all their lives savored of heresy, that A has simply been looking at religion from another standpoint from theirs. That essentially he is in harmony with them. It has convinced them that religion is so much broader than men's minds that men will see

things differently and that the only mistake is in attempting to bring religion down to the caliber of any man's mind. Instead of undermining faith, this broader view has strengthened it. It has added tolerance to belief, and breadth of view to fidelity to individual preference. Christian union has been cemented by the contact of the different denominations. Wherever this Chautauqua Catholicity exercises its influence we see men willing to unite for general Christian work, Christians of all denominations joining in the Evangelical Alliance work, in philanthropic and educational undertakings, in every thing that pertains to the general good.

The disposition to regard science, art, music, all beautiful and good things, as the handmaids of religion, and to use them more freely in carrying on the Christian church increases with denominational liberality. There comes a more general appreciation of the value to religion of beauty, of the tonic to religion in strong scientific thought, of the inspiration in beautiful music. A feeling that all things are religion's is the natural conclusion of a mind which has discovered the oneness of the various branches of Christ's church and has begun to comprehend the idea of the brotherhood of man.

The Catholicity of Chautauqua means much more than the fact that its mixed audiences welcome any man who speaks the truth to them. It means that these audiences are centers from which large and liberal influences are going through the whole church.

THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE.

Is the public conscience decaying? We are told so repeatedly. Certain periodicals present their readers in every issue with well proved examples of public rotteness; betrayals of public trust; briberies; abuse of official power; wrongful use of public monies; an appalling show of corruption and greed. Is there any truth in the picture? Beyond question there is a large class in public life who believe that the ten commandments have nothing to do with politics and only enough to do with business to keep one out of the penitentiary. Their political sentiments were voiced by a United States Senator recently:

The decalogue and golden rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To defeat the antagonist and expel the party in power is the purpose.

Commercially the sentiment has a large following. There are newspapers which literally have no opinions but those which will sell. Almost any kind of a paragraph can be placed in their editorial columns if a large enough space is paid for in the advertising columns. There are publishing houses which live like parasites off English brains, and the public is so calloused or so ignorant that it sees no harm in the practice. Hundred of good people undoubtedly will buy this season the edition of the Britannica Encyclopædia, which is offered at \$36.60, and be proud of the bargain, unconscious that they are partners to an act the Bible forbids in one of its ten commandments, viz., steal. The venal bump of the public head is large and well developed. It is little wonder that those who dwell on these facts feel that the world can be had for the buying.

But it is unjust to call the public conscience altogether bad,—it is not. On the contrary, at many points it is true and tender. There is a general desire that all men be justly treated, and have opportunity to provide all the comforts of life for themselves, and to grow intellectually as high as they are capable of growing. The poor, the weak, the sick, the degraded, even the criminals, are considered as public cares. The brotherhood of man is more than a sentiment, it is becoming a practical principle of society. Cruelty, polygamy, licentiousness, intemperance, are persistently warred against. There is a quick conscience on these lines, and public men, the press and parties, claim public favor because of their activity in furthering these causes. It is on the line of common honesty that the public conscience is apathetic. Misappropriation of public money, the buying of votes, the passage of bills by federal or state governments, which have for their objects only the benefit of corporations or individuals,—none of these things stir the general resentment and protest which comes from acts of cruelty or of oppression. We need a society to reinstate the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," to collect facts and spread them with the zeal of temperance reformers and eight-hour agitators. Already, to be sure, there has been much done toward quickening the public conscience. Ballot reform is in the interest of honesty, so is civil service reform. But the public conscience lacks that rigid sense of honor which forbids any man from taking

by any method that which he has not earned by natural and legitimate methods.

THE CLASS OF '94.

THE present growing point of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is the Class of '94. All Chautauquans are watching with interest the opening bud. Its size and strength are variously estimated. At nearly twenty assemblies at this writing organizations of the new class have been completed. At over twenty more they will be completed before the September issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN reaches its readers. The assemblies are doing well for the new class. By their Round Tables, their class meetings, their public explanation of the C. L. S. C., their cordial invitations to all to come in, and their encouraging appeals to the timid to try it, they have given a rousing impetus to '94. They have done their part. But the assemblies, large as they are, are not the greatest part of Chautauqua. The greatest part is the constituency scattered over the world, which never has been at an assembly, but which, nevertheless, has accepted the Chautauqua idea and is loyally trying to prove its might. This at-home constituency ought to be doing something for '94. Individual responsibility is an essential in the Chautauqua plan. The work has been brought to its present magnitude largely by the enthusiastic representation of persons who had caught its spirit and recognized that it was for all men, but if it was to be opened to all men, every soul that knew of it and believed in it must help carry it. Any thing which is for the people must be spread abroad by the people. Education has been for the few, through the past ages, because the few considered themselves chosen, and wrapped themselves in their shell and inspired nobody to work with them. Chautauqua declares knowledge is for the many, and she declares with equal emphasis that every one that has found a way to knowledge ought to *take some one along*.

The individual Chautauquan has a responsibility in regard to this work. There is not a member of the C. L. S. C. undoubtedly but what could, if he would, persuade some one that self-culture is a good and a possibility through the Chautauqua system. But will each one do it?

The local circles many of them have an eye-

on '94. They need new material to supply the places of laggards. They need new blood to quicken their ambition and interest. They need work in expanding the movement in order to keep in touch with the progressive spirit of Chautauqua. September is the month for local circle agitation. By a generous and wise use of the circulars which can be obtained in quantities free by simply addressing the General Office, persons can be acquainted with the plan, who could be reached in no other way. By using the columns of the local press, a new audience is

reached. Social gatherings, to which are invited the persons whom a circle is especially anxious to secure, are often effective. If a local circle has made itself a really desirable organization to join, there will be little trouble in securing new members. The ways and methods, however, will suggest themselves when the circle is convinced that it has a duty in extending the knowledge of the work. The Class of '94 will be filled only by the assemblies, the local circles, and the individual Chautauquans taking a strong pull together.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE lottery in Louisiana has shown itself so strong that Congress has concluded to take a hand in the struggle. A bill has been proposed which will give the Post-office Department power to exclude lottery matter from the mails. Postmaster Wanamaker says that notwithstanding the declaration that no letters and circulars concerning lotteries shall be carried in the mails, every railway, postal car, star route, money order, and registry office is in active daily use by the Louisiana Lottery Company. The business is terribly demoralizing to the postal service because letters to the Company are supposed to contain money and as there is little danger of investigation of losses of letters carried contrary to law, theft can be committed without much risk. It is important that Congress pass stringent enough laws to cripple the lottery in the mails if it should succeed in renewing its charter, which seems probable now.

IN order that every one of our readers who is interested in having a clean, business-like management of public affairs in the town in which he lives, may have a model platform from which to work, we print the following. It is the set of principles on which the new People's Municipal League in New York City is to operate:

- (1) Municipal government is business, not politics.
- (2) Municipal elections should be divorced from state and national politics.
- (3) Municipal officers should be chosen solely for business ability and personal integrity.
- (4) Municipal officers should be independent of political parties, halls, bosses, and factions.
- (5) The care of city property, the management of city franchises, the collection and expenditure of city revenues

the development of systems of rapid transit, and the impartial and vigorous enforcement of labor legislation and of measures for the improvement of the homes of the industrial classes, can safely be intrusted only to officers chosen under the operation of these principles.

THE women of Wyoming have the question of woman's suffrage in their own hands. Wyoming is now a state. It is the first state to allow women to vote on equal terms with men. If they prove that their voices in public affairs work for good sense, for morality, for caution, and for progress, other states will not be long in saying that they too must have the help of women's votes. If the experiment is a failure, the cause will be retarded. It is a serious responsibility, but we do not doubt that the women will prove themselves worthy to carry it.

TORIES in England are having much to make them sore. At the present session of Parliament the government introduced three measures: the Irish Land bill, the Welsh Tithes bill, and the License Compensation bill. All three have had to be abandoned. To add to this the pet regiment, the Grenadier Guards, mutinied and had to be sent out of the country, and the London police and letter carriers have struck for higher wages. Lord Salisbury's brilliant foreign policy has diverted the public somewhat. Securing Zanzibar and a good sized empire in Africa and at the same time keeping Germany contented, ought to atone for some unpleasantnesses at home.

THE Argentine Republic has been acting like a reckless young fellow to whom sudden riches have fallen and who dreams of becoming a "Napoleon of Wall Street."

Twenty-five years ago the country began to prosper extraordinarily. The currency was inflated, railroads were built rapidly, foreign capital was urged to come in. Counting on land values great loans were taken. Speculation, of course, was high. Suddenly the people realized that their prosperity was largely fictitious. At the same time the larger states had worked themselves into political discontent because the president of the republic came from a small province. The result was a revolution and a three days' fight in Buenos Ayres between the insurgents and government. At this writing, order has not been restored. It is not an easy situation to recover from without a financial panic.

ON July 1 the people of Japan held their first parliamentary election and committed themselves to representative government. In November, parliament will assemble. From present reports there will be no lack of parties to make its session interesting. There is the Progressive party, the Radical, the Patriotic, the Combination, the Conservative, all having platforms more or less definite. Every member elected is expected at least to be present. If he does not attend the session within a week of its opening, he is to be expelled. No member may absent himself from the sittings without the president's leave, and that leave cannot be for more than a week. The House may by vote extend the leave, but not for an indefinite period. Any violation of this rule will render the member liable to expulsion.

IN a country where warfare is as much of a farce as it is said to be in Central America, and where revolutions flourish like the vegetation, a squabble between two states would be beneath the *Note-Book's* attention were it not for attendant circumstances. The rupture between Guatemala and San Salvador comes just as there was a promise of a union of the states of Central America. Of course it is postponed indefinitely now. It must not be supposed that this war is a case for the arbitration treaty recently signed at the Pan-American Conference. It is a result of an internal struggle between the union and anti-union parties of San Salvador, and Guatemala is in it because she was bound to support the former.

A RECENT pamphlet on the "Colored People of Maryland Since the War," gives some interesting data concerning the indus-

trial development of the race in that state. In Baltimore, which contains one-third of the colored population of the state, there is supposed to be between three and four million dollars held. Twenty individuals own a half million, in sums varying from \$8,000 to \$75,000 each; \$4,000,000 would not be a large amount for 80,000 white people to hold, but for the blacks, with the circumstances under which it has been accumulated considered, it is a large amount, and it argues loudly that the race can and will overcome the industrial degradation which keeps it down.

JUST indignation has been expressed by many journals that the Senate Committee on Finance should restore the tariff on art, but few practical illustrations of its workings have been given. Here is one, however, from one of our exchanges, which, we think, shows admirably how unjust and narrow the tariff is. It was suggested by the purchase by the British government of three fine works of art, part of the price being paid by private subscriptions, the rest by the government. Suppose that in the United States private generosity had, as in this case, contributed \$150,000 for foreign works of art for public use, the government would tax the donors \$45,000 on their gift. Suppose that the donors had paid the whole amount which the pictures bought by the British government cost, \$265,000, they would be obliged to pay \$79,500 more for bringing their gift into the country.

THE long sitting of the Anti-Slavery Conference at Brussels, is over. All the Powers which took part in the conference, without doubt will stand by its recommendations. They provide that the nations represented in Africa act in concert in suppressing the trade, and that slave-trading and dealing be treated as penal offenses. An office will be established in Zanzibar from which the business of suppressing the trade will be conducted. Slave catchers will not be sold firearms, and slaves escaping to a European war-ship will be freed. There is a determination among a few of the Powers to sustain these recommendations, which authorizes one to believe that the conference will not be in vain.

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK, who died in July, was a high type of the Christian gentleman and citizen. A brevet major-general because of his services in the War, and the possessor of large wealth, he spent his life in active philanthropy. The negro and the

Indian causes were both helped by his energy and good sense. He was a prominent member of the Third party and one of its most charitable members toward those of different temperance opinions. In his church, the Methodist Episcopal, he actively supported the cause of missions. Chautauqua had a warm friend in him, and the Chautauqua periodicals, to which he always kept up his subscription five years in advance, were often warmly commended by him. His name appears on the Chautauqua program for this year, and it will henceforth be one of the names to be remembered with tenderness on Memorial Sunday.

A PICTURESQUE passage in American history is brought to mind by the death of General John C. Frémont, in July. The region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific was first explored by him in 1842, his discoveries winning him the name of "Pathfinder." California was opened to the Union, largely by his energy. So great an influence had his daring adventures upon the popular mind that he was nominated as the first Republican candidate for president, though defeated by Buchanan. General Frémont was a leader in the anti-slavery movement, and he served a short time in the War.

THE SHAW BOTANICAL GARDEN of St. Louis offers six scholarships for garden pupils, its object being to train competent and skillful gardeners. The course extends over six years. This excellent undertaking is sadly needed. Too many of our American gardens resemble those which Arthur Young describes as prevailing in France one hundred years ago:

An object to make a man stare at the efforts to which folly can arrive. In the space of an acre, there are hills of genuine earth, mountains of pasteboard, rocks of canvas; abbés, cows, sheep, and shepherdesses in lead; monkeys and peasants, asses, and altars in stone; fine ladies and blacksmiths, parrots, and lovers, in wood; windmills and cottages, shops and villages, nothing excluded except nature.

If the Shaw garden will turn out a race of gardeners who will regard nature as favorably at least as they do art, it will confer a blessing upon the country.

THE many severe tornadoes of the present summer have made the public look on these visitations with more terror than ever. It is quite certain, however, that the tornado, bad

as it is, has never done the harm credited to it in the public prints. H. A. Hazen has been collecting the most trustworthy accounts of losses in various storms, and he finds that a very liberal estimate of the loss caused by the 2,221 tornadoes between 1873 and 1888 is about \$32,000,000. A "popular" list makes the loss \$941,000,000; so much for imagination. Compared with fire loss that by tornado stands 1 to 14.

STATISTICS assure us of the truth of the uncomfortable fact that cancer is increasing in all civilized countries. A surgeon in an English cancer hospital finds a reason for this increase in the greater nervous pressure of the last twenty-five years. The struggle for life and position has been more intense than ever, and attended by higher nervous excitement. Now in very many cases, cancer is caused by mental distress, indeed it is laid down as an axiom that where there is no mechanical exciting cause, there has been a neurotic, hence with increased nervous pressure cancer must increase; and the writer adds, "until society emerges into some calmer sea—or until the conditions under which men and women now commence their voyage are materially improved—a progressive increase in the prevalence of cancer duly proportionate to the growing severity of the struggle for existence, may be predicted as a matter of course." This is one of the best reasons for taking things easier which has been advanced lately.

THE more the chemists discover concerning the adulteration of food, the more alarming the case becomes. One investigator declares that 40 per cent of tea is adulteration, 80 per cent of cider vinegar, 44 per cent of baking powder; another that 320,000 of every 600,000 pounds of lard is lard compound; another that 255 articles out of 376 in daily household use are adulterated. Probably there is no one who is not resigned to eating his peck of dirt before he dies, but, as Lord Chesterfield said, "no one should be obliged to eat it all at one meal." It is the business of Congress to save us from such a fate.

THE history of food shows some peculiar superstitions and prejudices, but none more pronounced than the popular condemnation of the cucumber. The general opinion of that vegetable resembles Mark Twain's comment on Dr. James' "Dictionary of Medicine," that "if it had been sent against the

Pretender's troops there probably wouldn't have been a survivor." The *London Hospital* is trying to correct this idea, declaring that the cucumber is very digestible, if eaten properly, that is in thin slices and masticated thoroughly.

As evidence that class distinctions are weakening among the Hindoos, there has been cited recently in England a dinner at which three young Hindoos sat with Christians. But it has turned out that the severest penalties have been imposed upon the young men for polluting themselves. In this age, even in India, punishments for disobeying orders which have not the merit of common sense, work in two ways: they intimidate, as it is intended, many of those who are at the point of disobedience, but they arouse some to appeal to reason for justification in disobedience. This dinner party marks a significant stage in the relations of Hindoo and Englishman.

THE new version of the German Bible is to be printed soon. The comparative time spent by the English and Germans in preparing the new versions is a good example of the slower and more cautious methods of German scholars. Though they began work before the English, the revision has been completed only this year, while the new English version was published in 1885. The changes are said to be few, and it is prophesied that the new version will precede Luther's Bible in popular favor but that it will be of less help to critical students than was hoped; the case is the reverse so far with the new English version. The critical prefer it, but the people still cling to the King James Version.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union has secured laws in all but eleven states requiring scientific temperance instruction in public schools. It is now striving earnestly to persuade teachers to take up the White Cross, social purity, movement. Miss Frances E. Willard made a brilliant speech before the National Educational Association, in July, on the question. She does not advise the direct instruction which is used in the case of alcoholic drinks and tobacco, but a course of physical training which shall keep the pupil's

eye fixed on a pure physical life. Unquestionably such training is practicable if begun early and followed out with tact.

THOSE who love fine porcelain will be interested in the announcement that the famous Sèvres works are to be sold by the French government. Since 1756 the French nation has carried on the factory at Sèvres producing some of the finest pottery in the world, but its quality and decoration have been sacrificed of late to quantity. Students of government enterprises will be interested especially in the state of things at Sèvres. The factory costs the government \$150,000 per year, but returns only about \$20,000. It is believed that a national school of ceramics would be a more worthy channel for the money, and such an institution will probably succeed the factory when it passes from state control.

THE number of writers who are substituting dictation for writing has come to be considerable, and it has been intimated that if the practice became common it would have a deteriorating effect upon literature. Oscar Wilde, however, declares that "writing has done much harm to writers," and he advances the ingenious fancy that perhaps Homer was an "artistic myth" intended to teach us that the true poet makes his verse by repeating the lines over and over till they become perfectly melodious. To sustain his theory he cites Milton, whose later poems he claims owe much of their "majestic movement and sonorous splendor" to the fact that being blind he was obliged to compose them with the voice. The value of the phonograph to the poet is settled if this theory can be sustained.

THE third of Dr. Thorpe's studies on "Chautauqua in History" is published in this issue. The material for these articles has been secured by Dr. Thorpe from old records mainly, and at a cost of much time and money. They will form, we believe, when completed, one of the finest examples of local historical study which has been produced in the United States. They are of interest not alone to residents of the Chautauqua Country, but to all readers of American history.

OUTING PROGRAMS.

FOR SEPTEMBER.

A GOLDENROD PARTY.

Can it be the rod enchanted,
Midas used in days of old?

A FORMAL invitation should be sent for an entertainment of this character. On large plain cards should be engraved or written:

Mr. and Mrs. _____

request the pleasure of

Mr. and Mrs. _____'s company
on _____ evening, September _____, at _____ o'clock.

The favor of an answer is requested.

Another form of invitation is the following:

Mrs. _____

At Home

_____ evening, September _____, at _____ o'clock.

In the costumes of the hostess and those whom she invites to help her, a profusion of goldenrod blossoms and fine leaves or trailing vines should be used. Gauzy yellow material would be very effective as dresses.

The next point for the hostess to settle is that of the decoration of the house. An arch wound with goldenrod branches could easily be erected over the door or doors leading from the hall to the drawing-room. Over the grates, in the corners, in windows, and wherever suitable, the goldenrod should be put in masses; vases for mantels and tables should be filled with it; and it should be hung in festoons from chandeliers and over doors, etc. Great care must be taken with the dining-room and the table. From the chandeliers over the table, festoons of trailing vines and the yellow sprays are to be drawn toward the four corners of the room, and fastened to the ceiling at points just over the ends of the table. An open-work table-cloth over a yellow lining would give a very pretty effect, as would also, in place of this, a large mat of yellow velvet laid in the center of the table over the damask table-cloth. On the mat place a mirror leaving only a border of the yellow to show, and entirely conceal the frame of the mirror with leaves and goldenrod blossoms. On the glass place an *épergne* or a large, high vase—a silver one would be best—filled with the yellow blossoms and vines tastefully arranged so as to droop over for the sake of the reflection. Near each corner of the table is to

I-Sept.

be placed a high glass or silver dish filled with fruits and bonbons. For the favors, which are to be laid at each place, Japanese fans would be most suitable, as their variety and richness of color would give tone to the prevailing yellow.

On going back to the drawing-room after supper, the following game may be introduced:

AN IMPROMPTU ACROSTIC SONNET.

Fourteen players are needed for this game, unless some are willing to write more than one line. The leader distributes in the order in which the players are seated, slips of paper on which are written the first letter and the last word of the line required. These first letters should spell "To the goldenrod," and the last words may be taken from any sonnet furnishing words not too foreign to the subject. Wordsworth's sonnet "To Sleep," gives the following:

T	by
O	bees
T	seas
H	sky
E	lie
G	melodies
O	trees
L	cry
D	lay
E	stealth
N	away
R	wealth
O	day
D	health

When these have been passed, the one holding the first, writes at the top of a sheet of paper a line meeting the requirements of beginning with *T* and ending with *by*, and gives the paper to the next, who writes line number two, beginning with *O*, and ending with *bees*. When the fourteen lines are written in this way, the leader is to read the composite production.

After this there is to be a general discussion on the respective claims of the goldenrod and the trailing arbutus to be adopted as the national flower, these two being chosen, as standing the highest in popular favor. To start the discussion readily, cards prepared beforehand are to be distributed to all. Four of these cards should be marked No. 1.; four, No. 2., etc., there being as many groups of four as are required by the company. Two cards out of each group should read:

DISCUSSION.

Resolved: That the Goldenrod should be adopted as the National Flower.

In the other two the word arbutus is to be substituted for goldenrod. They are to be so

arranged that in distributing, a lady and a gentleman in each group will be called upon as the advocates of each flower. When the groups of four are formed, at a given signal the discussion is to begin, and to continue only ten minutes, the aim being to advance as many points as possible in favor of each flower. At its close the two selections to be found in *The Library Table*, "Goldenrod," and "The Mayflowers," are to be given as recitations. After this, the host is to put the question to vote. Music and a general social time will close the evening.

THE CHAUTAUQUA CORNER.

WHEN the Scribe came home from his outing he went at once to see the Occupant. He found that busy person in a brown study *before*, not *in* the Corner. After a hearty greeting, he asked:

"What are you puzzling over, Occupant? Something, I know, from your face."

The Occupant again gazed on the Corner.

"If I am going to do my work alone another year, I am going to have a more convenient Corner. What do you think of this?"

The Scribe was given the sketch below.



"I am having that desk and case made. It costs six dollars. Now I am studying conveniences. I have fixed up five different scrap books. See here," and the Occupant brought forth an armful of what were once government reports. Over the titles on the backs had been pasted strips of red morocco, on which had been printed neatly, "Scraps, Vol. I., II.," etc. About one-half of the leaves had been removed to allow room for the insertions, and an index neatly lettered had been pasted into the back of each.

"What are you going to do with your scraps while collecting let them lie around?"

The Occupant displayed a letter file and said,

"File them in this according to subject; it cost twenty-five cents. Now look here."

From a box came forth an assortment of articles. There were the scissors hung to a long ribbon which was to be tacked to the desk so that it would not wander. There were paper weights made from shot, from pieces of polished native wood, and from handsome granite blocks. There were various articles to be adapted for receptacles for stray pens, pins, rubber bands, and other desk conveniences. There were hooks to be fastened to the end of the desk for holding papers. There were any number of varieties of pens and pen-holders, of pen-wipers and ink bottles.

"I am completely carried away with the fun of devising these conveniences."

"So I see," said the Scribe, rather dryly.

"I am rejoiced to find you are going to have such a convenient and cosy Corner. It ought to be the most charming place in the house after the hearth-stone. But it strikes me that you are in danger of a very distressing malady."

The Occupant looked alarmed.

"You remember Jane? Well, Jane is a bright girl, but two years ago she became interested in furnishing her literary den, and she has been so busy devising conveniences ever since that she has neither read nor written. Every time I go there she displays new kinds of pencils, new blotters, new methods of collecting scraps, new systems of keeping notes. I counted twelve sizes of pen-holders on her desk the other day. Some of them were wrapped in rubber or muslin, to prevent slipping others, were *in puris naturalibus*. She has inks of as many colors as there are in the spectrum. She has blotters of wood-pulp, of a peculiar cloth, of all colors, and from as many insurance companies as there are agents in town. She showed me her collection of recipes for separating postage stamps which stuck together. There was something like seventeen of them. I asked her if she had tried any of them. She said no, that she had had no stamps which adhered since she began her collection. Now, Occupant, beware. Conveniences are excellent servants but poor masters. Do not get so interested in discovering whether a raw potato or a piece of chamois skin is the better pen cleaner, that you have nothing to say with the pen. You remember Coleridge's friend who spoke fourteen languages and could not say a word of sense in any of them. There is such a thing as possessing so many methods of doing a thing that no time or ambition is left for the thing."

The Occupant nodded, "Much obliged. The Corner shall live for the work, and not the work for the Corner."

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1893.

CLASS OF 1890.—“THE PIERIANS.”

“Redeeming the Time.”

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. D. A. McClenahan, Allegheny, Pa.

Vice Presidents—John Lee Draper, Providence, R. I.; the Rev. Leroy Stevens, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; Charles H. Weller, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Dr. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.; Miss Amy L. Sanderson, Toronto, Canada; Geo. H. Iott, Chicago, Ill.; A. T. Freye, Crestline, Ohio; Miss Helen Chenault, Ft. Scott, Kan.; S. M. Delano, New Orleans, La.; Miss Sarah Young, Danville, Ky.; Mr. Seymour Dean, French Creek, N. Y.

Eastern Secretary—Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, New Jersey.

Western Secretary—The Rev. H. B. Waterman, Griggsville, Ill.

Treasurer—Mrs. E. P. Wood, 252 General Taylor Street, New Orleans, La.

Class Trustee—Dr. J. T. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.

Items for this column should be sent to Miss G. L. Chamberlain, Plainfield, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—THE TUBEROSE.

THE Class of '90 will be the first to celebrate Recognition Day at two new assemblies. One in the Black Hills, South Dakota, the other at Lake Tahoe, in Nevada. At both of these assemblies Chancellor Vincent will be present and award the diplomas.

THE '90's are well represented also at the older assemblies. At Acton Park, Bay View, Lake Bluff, Lakeside, Rocky Mountain, Waseca, and Monona Lake Assemblies the number of graduates is considerably in advance of last year's class.

OUR three classmates in Micronesia, in the Pacific Ocean, who receive but one mail in a year, have sent a representative whom we hope to welcome at Chautauqua this year if her health will permit the anticipated visit. She writes of their C. L. S. C. work: “We had so very little time for reading of any sort and were subjected to so many interruptions that it was impossible for us to keep to the forty minute system. If I could give you any adequate idea of our life in Kusaie you could better understand how difficult we found it to get the time for this reading, and yet we were so hungry for it. We have absolutely no outside helps here. No society outside of the half dozen who compose the mission force, no stores, no churches, no roads, no any thing but the beautiful green mountains of our island and the boundless ocean around us. But when people want any thing very much they generally manage to get it, and so we at the end of the year generally found ourselves tired out

but victorious, the reading all accomplished, or so nearly so that we could see the end, and by the time that our boxes had been brought up from the missionary ship *Morning Star* (the one sure link between us and the outside world) and our books unpacked, we were ready to begin again. . . . The Chautauqua course, grand as it is for the multitudes who are taking it up in the home land, is doubly appreciated by those who are isolated and so far away from their ‘ain countrie.’ It gives us a broader outlook, and mentally we clasp hands with the strong and noble writers, and are strengthened and uplifted out of ourselves and our surroundings into a more bracing atmosphere.”

CLASS OF 1893.—“THE ATHENIANS.”

“Study to be what you wish to seem.”

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 33 Oak St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Evanston, Ill.; Miss Kate McGillivray, Port Colborne, Province Ontario, Canada; The Rev. D. T. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas.

Secretary—Mrs. L. L. Rankin, Room 3, Wesley Block, Columbus, Ohio.

Treasurer—Miss Julia J. Ketcham, Plainfield, N. J.

Building Committee—Mr. Dodds; Mr. Rankin.

Assembly Treasurer and Trustee for the Union Class Building—Mr. George E. Vincent.

EMBLEM—THE ACORN.

THE Class of '93 still receives most interesting reports from its prison fraternity, and the class columns are always gladly devoted to the recognition of this work in which all Chautauquans of whatever class, can but feel the deepest interest.

THE Lincoln Penitentiary Chautauquans, though disappointed for the time in the hoped for visit from Chancellor Vincent (as his engagements made it impossible for him to visit the Crete Assembly) were fortunate in securing the presence of Frank Beard, who not only delighted and instructed his audience, but was himself deeply impressed by his visit. A correspondent writes: “He called them his children and promised to come and see them again next year.”

THE Chautauquans at the Stillwater Prison, Minnesota, will not soon forget the Chancellor's visit which occurred on the 22d of June. The *Prison Mirror* gives us the following interesting account:

According to appointment, Bishop John H. Vincent, Chancellor of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, addressed the inmates of this institution on the 22d inst.

The inmates came in from work at 10 o'clock that they might have time to "shine up." At 11 o'clock they were assembled in the chapel where they had to wait but a few minutes, when the Bishop entered, accompanied by a number of visitors from the city.

A hymn was sung by the prison choir, after which Warden Randall introduced the Bishop, who delivered one of the most impressive discourses ever heard in the chapel. The speaker was listened to with the profoundest attention.

When it was learned that we were to be favored by a visit from the founder of the C. L. S. C., our local circle began the preparation of an address of welcome and a suitable token to be presented to him on the occasion. It was decided to have every thing as near as possible of home manufacture. So it was agreed that the token should be a cushion made by a member of the circle, and that the address should be drawn up by a committee of the members. And it was also decided that as Chaplain J. H. Albert was an honorary member of the class, he should present the address. The cushion was presented by a member of the circle; the Bishop expressed his gratification at the unexpected tokens of appreciation in words and looks full of feeling.

It is impossible to give an accurate description of the cushion. It was about two feet square; the top was blue plush and the under side was old-gold satin. In the center of the top was a fanciful variation of a shield and this was of plush the color of old gold; on the shield was worked with various colored silk thread these words:

M. S. P., Stillwater, Minn., July 22, 1890. Presented to John H. Vincent, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor C. L. S. C., by the members of Pierian Circle.

Around the edge was a heavy silk cord and at the corners were small silken tassels. The cord and tassels were also old-gold color.

The address was written on bristol-board and placed in a handsome oak frame with an inside gilt rope border.

GRADUATE CLASSES.

THE new English course for 1890-91 is given below. Graduates will notice that there are two volumes of Ward's "English Poets" required; this is necessitated by the fact that neither the second nor the third volume covers just the period under consideration. The whole of each volume will not, however, be required; only such selec-

tions as are indicated by Professor McClintock. At the end of the three years' course graduates will be in possession of the entire set of four volumes, which will prove a very important and valuable addition to their Chautauqua libraries.

Second Year's Course of the 'Three Years' Graduate Course in English History and Literature. The required books for 1890-91 are as follows:

HISTORY:

1. Green's "Short History of the English People." \$1.38. (This book is used for the entire three years' course.)
2. Seebohm's "Era of the Protestant Revolution." (Epoch Series) 85 cents.
3. Gardiner's "Puritan Revolution." (Epoch Series.) 85 cents.

LITERATURE:

1. Ward's "English Poets," Vols. II. and III. Selections. \$1.00 each.
2. "Typical Selections from English Prose Writers." Vol. II. (Clarendon Press.) 90 cents.
3. Introduction to Minto's "Manual of English Prose Literature." 15 cents. (This is the same book used last year.)
4. George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss." 50 cents.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN, containing special required articles. \$2.00.

THE "Pioneers" believe in keeping the Chautauqua fire burning. At the recent Recognition Day at the Canadian Chautauqua there were more members of the Class of '82 in the procession than of any other class except '90.

THE hatchets for the Class of '82 will be ready for the Chautauqua meeting this year. The design is very handsome. The pin is of solid silver with the figures '82 on the blade of the hatchet. The hatchet will be sold to members of the class at a trifle above cost, probably for thirty-five or forty cents.

THE members of the Class of '84 never forget the class cottage at Chautauqua, which many gifts have come to, in the past from far away members. This year an addition to its cabinet has come from South Africa, Miss Theresa M. Campbell, who organized the first Chautauqua circle in that country, sending a fine herbarium of native ferns. There are twenty-two varieties in the collection, with eleven genera being represented. The collection is a delight not only to the Irrepressibles but to all their friends.

THE SUMMER ASSEMBLIES.

FOR 1890.

CLARION. AMONG the youngest daughters of Chautauqua is Clarion District Assembly, situated among the hills and picturesque beauty of Clarion County, Pa., only three years old, large for her age, a precocious child, and gives promise of a very bright future. Steadily she has emerged from debt and embarrassment, until to-day she stands squarely on her feet. This Assembly, patterned largely after Chautauqua, is taking on a permanent form, and is destined to do great good. Among the leading features of the session were the Chautauqua Normal Union Sunday-School Course, the Children's Department, the Itinerants' Club, the C. L. S. C. work, Music Department, New Testament Greek, and Carrier Seminary Summer School. These were conducted in the order named, by the Rev. C. C. Hunt, a man of superior ability both as an artist and as a Sunday-school instructor; Mrs. A. M. Rice, an old Chautauquan; the Rev. F. H. Beck; the Rev. W. H. Bunce; Prof. J. G. Dailey, an experienced musician and chorus conductor; the Rev. Levi Beers, A. M., and his wife.

The present year remarkable improvements were made upon the grounds: a large and well arranged auditorium, ninety-five feet square, was built, capable of accommodating 1,500 persons; a large tent for the C. N. U. and children's classes; a C. L. S. C. headquarters, and several neat cottages.

The program for this session was varied, interesting, and successfully carried out. Grand Army Day, Temperance Day, Missionary Day, and C. L. S. C. Recognition Day were appropriately observed. Able speakers were greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences. Of the speakers we take space to mention Dr. A. B. Leonard, of New York, Missionary Secretary of the M. E. Church; Dr. Ketler, President of Grove City College; Dr. H. H. Moore, of St. Petersburg, Pa.; the Hon. W. H. Jenks, of Brookville, Pa.; the Rev. Wm. Branfield of Millerstown, Pa.; the Rev. J. B. Neff, of Kane, Pa.

The C. L. S. C. department was conducted by the Rev. W. H. Bunce. The Round Table talks were well attended. C. L. S. C. Recognition Day was the great day of the Assembly. The Camp-Fire and Vesper Services were highly appreciated by all. A large number were enrolled in the Class of '94. The president of the Assembly, Dr. D. Latshaw, has secured a beautiful

portion of the grounds to be set apart as a C. L. S. C. park, and there expects to build, before the next Assembly meeting, a Hall of Philosophy and a school building. A Palestine Park will be laid out.

The outlook for this Assembly is indeed bright, and it is proper to say that much of its success thus far is due to Dr. Latshaw. The session closed July 15.

COLFAX, Iowa Chautauqua Assembly concluded its second annual session of eleven days at Colfax, Iowa, on July 4. The attendance was fair. The program was unanimously conceded to be of a high order of merit.

The Normal classes were successfully conducted by Dr. J. C. W. Coxe, and were well attended. Prof. M. L. Bartlett and wife made the Chorus Classes a fine success. Three concerts were given in which the chorus was assisted by Miss Geneveve Shafer, soloist, Mr. G. A. Preston, soloist, Miss Grace Frisbie violinist, The Young Ladies Quartet, of Iowa College, and a colored quartet from Hotel Colfax. Miss Orie Brown delighted the audiences with her readings.

The special lecturers were Dr. W. D. Middleton, on Physicians' Day; General W. H. Gibson, on G. A. R. Day; the Hon. Geo. W. Bain, on Temperance Day; the Rev. J. L. Hill, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Bain, on Young People's Day; the Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., on Recognition Day. Presidents, J. T. McFarland, Geo. A. Gates, and Chancellor G. T. Carpenter on Teachers' Day; the Rev. P. S. Henson and the Rev. Sam Small, on Patriots' Day. Sermons were delivered by the Rev. James L. Hill, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, and Dr. J. C. W. Coxe, also lectures by the Rev. F. M. Bristol and the Rev. Geo. C. Henry.

Classes in Physical Culture were successfully conducted by Mr. A. K. Jones. A District Convention of the Y. M. C. A. of great interest was held on the grounds, also a meeting of the Epworth League for state organization. The C. L. S. C. department was handled finely. Besides lectures on topics of special interest, there were Daily Round Tables conducted by Dr. Hurlbut and other prominent Chautauquans; Vesper Services; a Chautauqua office, where the publications of the Chautauqua-Century Press were kept, and a headquarters for Chautauqua interests and information, and the *Iowa Chautauqua Herald*. Dr. Hurlbut added greatly to

the interest of the occasion, and at a meeting of the Trustees on July 3d was elected Superintendent of Instruction.

COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA, IOWA. The second session of this Assembly began July 1, and closed July 18. From the opening exercises until the final platform meeting every thing was as delightful as its enthusiastic leaders had hoped. The crowds were large, the weather fine, and the program as rich as lavish expenditure could make it.

The attractions announced for July 4 brought together ten thousand people. The Declaration of Independence was read by Prof. Charles E. Underhill, who is a great favorite at Council Bluffs. A lecture by Prof. J. C. Freeman followed, his subject being Yellowstone Park. Jahu DeWitt Miller was the orator of the afternoon, and the evening was given to a grand concert in which encores and double encores were matters of frequent recurrence.

Among the long list of entertainments furnished in the nineteen days were the following: concerts by Rogers' Band, the Schubert and Orpheus Quartets, Miss Neally Stevens, Mrs. J. G. Wadsworth, Mr. I. M. Treynor, and Prof. C. C. Case; readings and recitations by Prof. C. E. Underhill; lectures by Dr. A. H. Gillet, President William M. Brooks, Leon H. Vincent, the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Mrs. M. J. Aldrich, the Rev. J. W. Geiger, Dr. P. S. Henson, Dr. J. B. DeMotte, Mrs. E. N. Slocum, the Rev. W. J. Harsha, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, the Rev. P. N. Reale, the Hon. R. G. Horr, and Dr. Stephen Phelps. It was estimated that fifteen thousand people were present on the day of Dr. Talmage's lecture.

On Recognition Day the interior of the Tabernacle underwent a transformation; arches twined with flowers and evergreens were erected upon the chorus platform and a golden gate was constructed at the entrance to the speaker's platform; a profusion of flags, bunting, and flowers added gayety to the scene. The Class of '90 had fifteen representatives. Dr. DeMotte delivered the oration, and the diplomas were presented to the graduates by Dr. A. H. Gillet. The special exercises on the morning of Children's Day were conducted by the Rev. J. W. Geiger, and in the afternoon an instructive lecture was given the young folks on "How to Use our Eyes and Ears." A grand concert in the evening closed the program.

Daily Round Tables were held and many new members were secured for the Class of '94. All the departments of work were well attended. Dean A. A. Wright conducted the School of the English Bible and New Testament Greek. The

Normal class was divided into three grades and taught by Mrs. M. M. Bailey, Dr. S. Phelps, and Dr. A. H. Gillet, respectively. Prof. Underhill had charge of the elocution, and Prof. Case drilled the grand chorus.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY. The fourth annual session of the Kentucky Chautauqua Assembly was held in Woodland Park, Lexington, July 1-10, 1890. Woodland Park is a portion of Ashland, Henry Clay's estate; a beautiful Kentucky woodland, of forest trees and blue-grass.

The Kentucky Assembly is a fully organized normal assembly. It is especially right and healthy in its business foundation. Its board of managers is entirely independent of stockholders, and is concerned in no land scheme of any sort. The plan on which it raises its money is a model.

Prof. W. McClintock, Superintendent of Instruction, is an old Chautauquan, and determined from the first to make the Assembly true to the best conceptions worked out in assembly experience.

The popular success of the Assembly is assured. It has the city of Lexington, of 26,000 inhabitants; sixteen towns of 4,000 people each within two hours' ride; and the thickly settled and wealthy Blue-grass Region to draw from. Workers are all impressed with the cultivated and well-to-do audiences. The social element of the Kentucky nature emphasizes this feature of the Assembly crowds.

The following departments were organized and running:

Sunday-School Normal; Assembly Bible Studies; Secular Teachers' Normal; W. C. T. U. School of Methods; Music; Lectures; and Entertainments.

One thing the Kentucky Assembly has made a success of, is the systematic presentation of the modern institutions which assist the church and the school. In the list are, Y. M. C. A. work, Sabbath observances, C. L. S. C., College Associations.

The Assembly gives separate days to these, with conferences for workers, and special speakers. This cultivates the habit of looking to the assembly as the best field for the greater reformatory movements of our time. What can be done to cultivate the college interests is shown in the meeting on our grounds of these associations: Kentucky College Associations, made up of professors of Kentucky colleges; Southern Wellesley Association, for students and graduates of Wellesley, who live in the South; Hamilton College Alumnæ Association; Kentucky Association of Western Female Seminary students

and graduates. An Oratorical Contest, for college students is held.

The study of the Bible was good in the Sunday-school Normal Classes; Dean Wright's scientific Bible studies, and lectures from Prof. J. N. McGarvey, Prof. T. M. Hawes, and Dr. J. M. Buckley excellent. The experience of Lexington shows the great interest in English Bible work, and that here is the line for development.

The C. L. S. C. is gaining rapidly in Kentucky, and the Assembly is its home and rallying ground. The work was under charge of Prof. Williamson, State Secretary. A new feature was the establishment on the grounds of a systematized C. L. S. C. office, with a paid secretary, plenty of Chautauqua published matter, C. L. S. C. books, etc. This was a great success. The office was tastefully decorated, a pleasant place to sit, well conducted. This plan should be continued and developed.

The Chautauqua spirit—banners, processions, badges, golden-gate—develops slowly in the South; but a quiet, dignified, successful Recognition Day was held, with seven graduates, and a good address. The Rev. George Dorsie made a spirited speech on "A Broader Outlook." This graduation at the assemblies is an excellent method of propagating the C. L. S. C. ideas.

The conclusions from the history of Lexington which have a bearing upon the Chautauqua movement as a whole, are these:

(1) An assembly must have a healthy, righteous business management—clear of all speculations in property.

(2) It must be located not according to some town's interest, but where there are enough people near to support it easily.

(3) It must be planned and run for the highest religious and educational purposes.

(4) The school and teaching ideas of Chautauqua—normal, Bible, C. L. S. C., and educational lectures—are the most permanent elements.

(5) Every good assembly increases Chautauqua's popularity and sends people in increasing numbers to the mother of them all.

NEW ENGLAND, THERE was no list SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, the justifiable ex-

MASSACHUSETTS. ultation among the South Framingham Assembly goes that the first session of its second decade was so successful. The ten days, July 15-25, had been carefully planned for, and, with Dr. Hurlbut as director, every thing went off happily.

The lecture platform has eschewed largely the idea of merely popular lectures, and for several seasons has been offering courses. This season Framingham enjoyed one of the finest series which has been delivered this year at any as-

sembly, Prof. John Fiske on Early American History. Prof. Fiske is a profound scholar with a faculty for putting his knowledge simply and directly. His presentation of the work of the Pre-Columbian discoveries, of Columbus, Cortez, Balboa, and Las Casas delighted his audiences. Mr. Leon Vincent gave a course on English authors which was full of merit. Dr. Dickerman, Jahu De Witt Miller, the Rev. L. A. Banks, Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and Dr. H. S. Gumbart were among the other lecturers.

Framingham has a few good features peculiar to herself. Thus there is a daily temperance hour at which some prominent and capable organizer or speaker is always present, and at which much sensible and practical work is done. The Children's Day is another delightful institution. On that day three hundred fifty children formed in line, and headed by a score of eminent people and a *bagpipe*, marched to the Amphitheater where an entertainment of music, recitation, and speeches was provided.

The C. L. S. C. work received special personal attention from Principal Hurlbut. The new Alumni Hall was up and almost out of debt. It afforded a much needed and much appreciated headquarters. At the dedication of the new building Dr. Hurlbut said: "In all my experience in Chautauqua work I have never been called upon to speak on just such an occasion. This is a new thing. I scarcely dare tell the other assemblies what you have done here, for they will all want to do the same. What is the building for? It represents the Chautauqua Literary and 'Social' Circle. The classes will here have a home. I congratulate you on the work that has been done here."

On Recognition day the customary services were held. One hundred twenty graduates received diplomas, one of them a man of 78 years of age, who 52 years ago took a diploma at Amherst College. President Dwight, of Yale, delivered the oration. At night black minstrels and white caps entertained the crowds.

The music was fine throughout the Assembly, being under the direction of Prof. A. H. Schauffler, a leader of large experience and skill. The Ruggles Street Choir, Miss Parks, the cornetist, and others, assisted the chorus. The Assembly had an opportunity to test the new musical instrument, the vocalion. One small boy remarked, "They have the piano, the organ, and the volcano at our assembly."

All the usual work was carried on successfully. The Normal Classes, the out-of-door sports, the Round Tables were provided for and were largely patronized.

OTTAWA, The intellectual "spread" of the **KANSAS.** Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly is over, and by the time this reaches your readers the crumbs will be brushed away, but the "feast of reason" will certainly not be well digested and assimilated before the Assembly of 1891.

Never have the affairs of the Assembly moved more calmly and peacefully than at the last session, June 17 to 27. The weather was pleasant, albeit rather warm, and the average daily attendance on the grounds was larger than ever before, and this without any "special" attractions, if we except ex-President Hayes.

The tone of the various lectures was especially good, the standard high, and they were remarkably well attended. The successive assemblies seem to have cultivated the taste of the surrounding community and raised its standards, a fact appreciated by the stockholders of the Assembly, one of whom remarked that large audiences had this year listened with interest and appreciation to a series of lectures of such a high grade of thought that had they been given here a few years ago they would have been very sparsely attended.

The various classes of Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, Dean A. A. Wright, Mrs. M. G. Kennedy, and Prof. H. S. Jacoby, were better attended than heretofore.

Dr. H. R. Palmer had a large and enthusiastic chorus in charge and they did excellent work.

Prof. W. D. McClintock's critical and analytical lectures on Hamlet and the English romantic poets were so highly regarded that at the close of the session his large Literature Class presented him with a handsome copy of "The Marble Faun."

In the main, the Round Table was conducted as a sort of experience meeting. A pronunciation exercise was an entertaining feature of one session. At other sessions were able addresses on Browning from Prof. McClintock, Dr Hurlbut, and the Rev. G. C. Lorimer, and an address on C. L. S. C. work by the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, who proposed that each person, at a subsequent Round Table, give the name and author of one or more of the books found the most helpful in reading outside the C. L. S. C. course, during the last year; this suggestion was adopted, with pleasure and profit.

Recognition Day passed off with a great deal of enthusiasm. A class of forty-five received their diplomas, three of which were adorned with nine seals. The address to the graduates, a most able one, was delivered by the Rev. G. C. Lorimer, of Chicago. It was suggested that in the future the diplomas and address be given as heretofore, but that the march of the C. L. S. C. and the passing of the

arches take place in the evening by torch-light.

The enrollment for the Class of '94 was not large, but was marked by the accession of the names of a number of persons of high standing and social influence who will spread the work in their several communities.

PACIFIC GROVE, The assembly at Pacific **CALIFORNIA.** Grove, California, opened according to program, July 3, and closed July 17. There was a large attendance and much enthusiasm. The weather was delightful and the beautiful Assembly Hall was filled at least twice a day with appreciative audiences. The morning sessions were not so well attended as classes of various sorts occupied many of the people so much that they could not make time for all the exercises. The classes in botany, zoology, drawing and painting, elocution and Delsarte, photography, cooking, and Sunday-school Normal work, were all largely patronized. A juvenile Sunday-school normal was successfully organized and carried on by Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster and graduated a dozen fine little scholars. Twenty-six were present to graduate on Recognition Day. Over three hundred Chautauquans marched in the procession. All the exercises were impressive and excellent.

The lecturers were the Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, the Rev. Dr. R. C. Hirst, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Matthew, the Rev. Dr. T. C. Easton, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Ormiston, the Rev. Selah Brown, Col. Geo. W. Bain, Col. C. E. Bolton, Prof. Virgil Pinckley, the Hon. J. E. Richards, the Hon. Wm. Armstrong, the Rev. R. Harcourt, D. D., Mrs. Florence Williams, Miss Helen S. Wright, Edward A. Berwick, Esq., Mrs. M. H. Field, and Miss Anna Wallberg.

Dr. Gunsaulus took the Assembly captive with his eloquence; Mrs. Williams was notably the historian of the occasion; and Miss Wallberg was charming in her Scandinavian sketches.

The music was partly from the Orion Club of Ohio. The chorus was under Prof. J. J. Morris.

The Round Tables were delightful. Chautauqua has laid hold of California in the strongest and most enduring fashion. She will soon have three or four assemblies, as she ought to have, with her area. There are 1,300 regularly registered C. L. S. C. members this year.

WARSAW, The Spring Fountain Park **AS-INDIANA.** Assembly closed its first session on Monday evening, July 28, with the performance of every item on the program as published, which certainly is creditable to the management of a thirteen days' meeting at its first session. The attendance was equal to the best assemblies in the country, with perhaps two exceptions.

Such well-known lecturers as Joseph Cook, Dr. A. A. Willetts, Dr. Henson, and J. De Witt Miller were present and at their best. Entertaining lectures on foreign travel were given by Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, illustrated by lantern views. The quartet and chorus were under the direction of Prof. Cleppinger, and won the applause of everybody, and the band of twenty pieces was highly appreciated. The various schools were patronized better than is usual at the first session of assemblies. The Ministerial Institute was a decided success, fifty-three ministers of various denominations being in attendance. The schools of Physical Culture, Philosophy, Fine Arts, Normal work, and other branches were well attended.

The park is one of the prettiest in the country, and the management have expended already about one hundred thousand dollars in improvements, which with Eagle Lake, mineral waters, oak groves, and main line of railroads, will certainly make this a leading Chautauqua.

Dr. Woolpert, pastor of the Methodist Church at Warsaw, within whose charge Spring Fountain Park is located, is President and Superintendent of Instruction, and largely to his efficient, wise, and honorable management is the success of the present year attributable.

WILLIAMS GROVE, CENTRAL and southern PENNSYLVANIA. In Pennsylvania and western Maryland were well represented at the session of 1890 of the Williams Grove Assembly, continuing seven days, from July 21 to 28. The management had provided an excellent program which was successfully carried out. The Normal Classes were under the direction of the local talent of Harrisburg, Lancaster, and vicinity. The Children's Hour, with illustrated talks and primary instruction, was in charge of the Rev. R. H. Gilbert and Mrs. Ella C. Logan. Prof. J. H. Kurzenknak was musical director. The exercises were made up of concerts, lectures, Round Table exercises, etc. Dr. W. L. Davidson's illustrated lectures on "Tramps Through Switzerland" and "In and About Shakspeare's Home," were greatly appreciated. President Reed, of Dickinson College, lectured on "Qualities that Win"; Dr. Justin D. Fulton, on "How Shall Roman Catholics Be Reached and Saved?"; Dr. Willis J. Beecher, "History as Recorded in the Old Testament"; the Hon. Thomas Murray, "Heroism of St. Paul"; the Rev. George B. Stewart, "The Churches and the Working Man"; the Hon. James M. Tanner, "Soldier Life, Grave and Gay"; and others of equal merit. The Lebanon Valley Glee Club and the Steelton Choral Union gave entertainments.

Recognition Day was a great occasion. The C. L. S. C. cause is a leading factor in the work of the Assembly. The attendance from the various circles in the vicinity was much larger than in former years. The procession, badges, flower girls, responsive readings, and class poem were not wanting. Letters were read from Dr. Lyman Abbott, Counselor Wilkinson, and Miss Kate F. Kimball. Corporal Tanner, Will Lindsey, President Reed, and the Rev. H. C. Pardoe made addresses, the latter gentleman presenting the diplomas to the nine graduates. Several of the diplomas were adorned with seals. Much interest was shown by the people in the movement; much good literature circulated, and many persons signified their intention of joining the Class of 1894.

WINFIELD, KANSAS. On the morning of June 24 the addresses were made which ushered in the fourth session of the Winfield Chautauqua Assembly. The special classes began with a goodly attendance, the Rev. B. T. Vincent being in charge of the Normal work, Prof. W. W. Carnes of the elocution, and Prof. Geo. F. Brierly of the music. A Ministers' Institute was held during the session.

Among the lecturers were the following assembly favorites: the Rev. George W. Miller, who spoke of "Our Country and Some of its Problems," and "Eyes, or the Art of Seeing"; Robert McIntyre, who described "Thirty Hours in a Sunless World" and "The Sunny Side of a Soldier's Life," and discussed what he calls "Buttoned-up People"; the Rev. P. S. Henson, who talked about "Backbone," and gave some very unique ideas on the subject of "Money"; A. Miner Griswold, who told of "A Tour Around the World"; the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who debated whether the world is growing better or worse; General Alger, who was one of the attractions on Grand Army Day; and many others who added strength and interest to the program. There was an abundance of good music, which with the dramatic, humorous, and dialect readings of Prof. Carnes supplied the lighter vein.

At the daily Round Tables much good work was done for the cause of the C. L. S. C. The Winfield Society of the Hall in the Grove is an outgrowth of these meetings. The Class of '94 gained several recruits, and all attending from other classes received new enthusiasm.

Recognition Day had the usual accompaniments of decorations, arches, a procession, and the C. L. S. C. Recognition Service. Dr. B. T. Vincent addressed the graduating class.

Editors' Day, Farmers' Day, and Grand Army Day had appropriate programs, and brought together large numbers of congenial spirits.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

THE TORTURES OF A SCULPTOR.

THERE are three kinds of subjects for a portrait. One is composed of the sedate old gentleman or lady who is famous either for the invention of some coffee-machine, or for having been the host or the hostess of some great man. The people who belong in this category pose, accepting the situation as a sacrifice for the benefit of future generations, and they generally go to sleep after a few seconds. Another kind is composed of young married people; they always come together into the studio, ending by forgetting altogether that there is any one else there, and gratifying each other with all sorts of loving expressions and fond caresses. If the wife is rich, it is the husband who gives you the commission for the bust, and vice versa. These people pose, talking, laughing, smoking. While you are trying to catch a line, a characteristic point of your subject, the other element of this type of connubial happiness asks you point blank, this simple question: "Say, Mr. Sculptor, did you ever see such a beautiful nose?" And you must answer, of course, that the nose in question is the most perfect of all the noses, past, present, and future. The model then feels entitled to a good, hearty laugh; and if it is a man, blushes; if it is a woman, does not. The third kind is composed of handsome children, whom you must chase all around the house to be able to see what kind of a head they have. So the best subject for a sculptor to work from is the photograph of a dear dead one, you would say; but it is not so, because all the relatives of the dear dead one, and the friends, too, will come to criticise your bust, and will be good enough to give you hints and suggestions. I made last winter the bust of a very rich baker, from the photographs given to me by two of his sons, who had inherited his artistic taste as well as his business. Those two sons have been for me like two dozens of sons. One would come one day, look at the bust, twist up his mouth, and say, "Yes, it is pretty good, but I think that the mouth is a little too small."

"Well, I will make it larger, if you think so."

"Yes, please make it larger; and then excuse me, I imagine you want me to say just exactly what I think, don't you?"

"Of course, naturally your suggestions will be valuable to me."

"Well, then, from the back, I do not see much likeness."

"Neither do I. Have you a photograph of your worthy parent's back?"

"No, but they say that I look like him, somewhat, and you could perhaps work it up in that way."

"I see, now. Turn your back again, so; thank you, that is enough."

The same day the other brother comes in. When he is in presence of the bust, he takes a red and yellow handkerchief out of his pocket and wipes his eyes and blows his nose, saying:

"Just like him; poor dear father. It needs only to talk to be just like him."

"So you like it?"

"Ever so much. Only I think that his mouth is a little too large. Could you not make it just a little bit smaller?"

"I could, but your respectable brother a little while ago found it too small."

"Oh, my brother is a donkey, you know."

"So you want me to make it smaller?"

"Yes, don't mind what my brother says."

Next day the donkey, the other brother, comes, and I tell him that his respected brother has found the mouth of the bust too large.

"You must not mind what my brother says. He is a fool, he does not understand any thing."

In that very moment the fool comes in, and they have together the most fearful row.

"It is small!"

"It is large!"

"You are a donkey!"

"You are a fool!"

"Sirs, do not forget that you are gentlemen," I say, and so they go away to continue their discussion on the street.

I satisfied both of them, and each of them offered me something extra, in their simple way. I left the bust as it was, telling each of them that I had followed his advice. When they went to take the bust, with what a comical, triumphant look the donkey and the fool glanced at each other!—*Theodoro Serrao*.

THE NOTCH: THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE unpracticed eye is so utterly confounded by the immensity of this awful chasm of the Notch, yawning in all its extent and all its grandeur far down beneath, that, powerless to grasp the fullness and the vastness thus suddenly encountered, it stupidly stares into those

* Brushes and Chisels. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

far-retreating depths. The scene really seems too tremendous for flesh and blood to comprehend. For an instant, standing on the brink of the sheer precipice, which here suddenly drops seven or eight hundred feet, my head swam and my knees trembled.

First came the idea that I was looking down into the dry bed of some primeval cataract, whose mighty rush and roar the imagination summoned again from the tomb of ages, and whose echo was in the cascades, hung like two white arms on the black and hairy breast of the adjacent mountain. This idea carries us back to the deluge, of which science pretends to have found proofs in the basin of the Notch. What am I saying? to the Deluge! It transports us to the Beginning itself, when "Darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

You see the immense walls of Mount Willey on one side, and of Webster on the other, rushing downward thousands of feet, and meeting in one magnificently imposing sweep at their bases. This vast natural inverted archway has the heavens for a roof. The eye roves from the shaggy head of one mountain to the shattered cornices of the other. One is terrible, the other forbidding. The naked precipices of Willey, furrowed by avalanches, still show where the fatal slide of 1826 crushed its way down into the valley, traversing a mile in only a few moments. Far down in the distance you see the Willey hamlet and its bright clearing. You see the Saco's silver.

Such, imperfectly, are the more salient features of this immense cavity of the Notch, three miles long, two thousand feet deep, rounded as if by art, and as full of suggestions as a ripe melon of seeds. I recall few natural wonders so difficult to get away from, or that haunt you so perpetually.*—*Samuel Adams Drake.*

THE MAYFLOWERS.

The trailing arbutus, or Mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be praised," the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossom peer

Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea,
Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then,
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength,
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day,
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And through dead leaves of hope shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

EARLY SCHOOL EXPERIENCES.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—

I think the school that I have come to is a very good school. We have dump-lings. I've tied up the pills that you gave me in case of feeling bad, in the toe of my cotton stocking that's lost the mate of it. The mince pies they have here are baked without any plums being put into them. So, please, need I say, No, I thank you, ma'm, to 'em when they come around? If they don't agree, shall I take the pills or the drops? Or was it the hot flannels,—and how many?

I've forgot about being shivery. Was it to eat roast onions? No, I guess not. I guess it was a wet band tied around my head. Please write it down, because you told me so many things I can't remember. How can anybody tell when anybody is sick enough to take things? You can't think what a great tall man the school-master is. He has got something very long to flog us with, that bends easy, and hurts,—Q. S. So Dorry says. Q. S. is in the abbreviations, and stands for a sufficient quantity. Dorry says the master keeps a paint-pot in his room, and has his whiskers painted black every morning,

*The Heart of the White Mountains. New York: Harper and Brothers.

and his hair too, to make himself look scareful. Dorry is one of the great boys. But Tom Cush is bigger. I don't like Tom Cush.

I have a good many to play with ; but I miss you and Towser and all of them very much. How does my sister do? Don't let the cow eat my peach-tree. Dorry Baker he says that peaches don't grow here ; but he says the cherries have peach-stones in them. In a month my birthday will be here. How funny t'will seem to be eleven, when I've been ten so long. I don't skip over any button-holes in the morning now ; so my jacket comes out even.

Why didn't you tell me I had a red head? But I can run faster than any of them that are no bigger than I am, and some that are. One of the spokes of my umbrella broke itself in two yesterday, because the wind blew so when it rained.

We learn to sing. He says I've a good deal of voice ; but I've forgot what the matter with it is. We go up and down the scale, and beat time. The last is the best fun. The other is hard to do. But if I could only get up, I guess 'twould be easy to come down. He thinks something ails my ear. I thought he said I hadn't got any at all. What have a feller's ears to do with singing, or with scaling up and down?

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

—*Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*

RAINY MONDAYS.

NEXT to a rainy Sunday, a wet Monday is perhaps the most disheartening punishment that the goddess of New England Weather can impose upon those who have failed to propitiate her. It is curious, indeed, that Monday should be so unpopular the world over. However widely people may differ in their theories about Sunday, they agree, with a singular unanimity, that Monday, even under the most favorable conditions, is something of a trial to the spirit.

For those who make Sunday a day of pleasure-seeking, as well as for those who strive to make it a day of grace, Monday is "the day after." If it happens to be rainy, so much the more unfortunate. City streets never look so cheerless as on such a morning, when laborers, demoralized by their holiday, go straggling to their work ; and when even those people who on Sundays have made high resolves and received new inspirations, find their enthusiasm chilled by the sweep of the wind and rain around the street corners, and soiled by the very sight of the sticky, slippery pavements. It seems discouragingly hard to take hold, to begin again, unless it chances that one is lucky enough to be so busy that he cannot give a single instant to the analysis of his feelings.

In the country, too, a wet Monday is universally resented. Even in those dry seasons when the farmers, gathering around the steps of the meeting-house before the Sunday sermon commences, have agreed that it is about time for the minister to begin to pray for rain, they have a suspicion that a showery Monday is too prompt a response to their wishes to be genuinely providential.*—*Bliss Perry.*

GOLDENROD.

MIDSUMMER music in the grass,
The cricket and the grasshopper ;
White daisies and the clover pass ;
The caterpillar trails her fur
After the languid butterfly ;
But green and spring-like is the sod
Where autumn's earliest lamps I spy,
The tapers of the golden rod.

The flower is fuller of the sun
Than any our pale north can show ;
It has the heart of August won,
And scatters wide the warmth and glow
Kindled at summer's midnight blaze,
Where gentians of September bloom ;
Along October's leaf-strewn ways
And through November's paths of gloom.

.....

Herald of autumn's reign, it sets
Gay bonfires blazing round the fields ;
Rich autumn pays in gold his debts
For tenancy that summer yields.
Beauty's slow harvest now comes in,
New promise with fulfillment won ;
The heart's vast hope does but begin,
Filled with ripe seeds of sweetness gone.

Because its myriad glimmering plumes
Like a great army's stir and wave ;
Because its gold in billows blooms,
The poor man's barren walks to lave ;
Because its sun-shaped blossoms show
How souls receive the light of God,
And unto earth give back that glow,—
I thank Him for the goldenrod.†

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THREE SENSIBLE GIRLS.

OLD Holworthy had not much knowledge, neither had his wife, but they both revered the love of it in their daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity.

As the girls desired "schoolin'," the old

*The Broughton House New York: Charles Scribner's Sons

†The Poetical Works of Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.00.

folks worked hard to give it to them, and after they got it, it was a pain to the excellent Holworthys that they could not always keep their "gals to hum." No, they would go off West and South instructing the freedmen and teaching in academies, and only once or twice a year did they then gather under the Holworthy roof-tree. They always came at Thanksgiving.

The sisters had taken possession of the roomy garret which they had partitioned off by cheap curtains when they wished to be alone. The views from all the garret windows were of perfect beauty. Charity botanized and had arranged her herbarium and dried plants in her own part of the garret. When she was at home this section was adorned with an exquisite arrangement of wild grasses, bright berries, ferns, lichens, toad-stools, and rare wild flowers she had gathered in her favorite haunts. The windows of her rustic *atelier* looked far down the valley. She pinned her sketches against the rafters and backed them with bright bits of stuff, giving the artist touch to all she did.

Faith was always writing a little book of reflections and meditations (not for publication), but resembling the French *pensées*; and her little study end of the garret was the book-room fitted up with braided rugs, patchwork cushions, comfortable seats, and bits of old furniture which had been put away as too antiquated and rickety for the lower rooms.

Though in no way very remarkable, the Holworthy girls had their individual modes and manners, which rendered them interesting. When they sent invitations to their friends in the village to come up to the farm to tea, they generally fastened the note with a chicken feather. Charity, the naturalist, had a signature of her own, a zigzag blurred line supposed to resemble the track made by the foot of an ant in wet sand. The billets were generally in rhyme and were often addressed in some peculiar and fantastic manner. The old man, who delivered his daughters' missives, though he was immensely proud of them, sometimes felt it necessary to apologize for their queerness.

"Lordy, now," he would say, with his old face screwed into a puzzled look, "I don't know what them gals are up to. They have so many notions in their heads, I don't pretend to keep track of them."

The Holworthys had their own way for doing every thing. Their hospitality was boundless, but of the simplest kind. The girls from a very early age had set their faces like flint against the diseased New England appetite for pie and sweet-cake. They never offered either to their guests. In the village, not to have pie of every

variety at Thanksgiving, and not to offer cake on the company tea-table was as unorthodox and perhaps as wicked as to deny the doctrine of original sin.

Abel Holworthy, the rich brother in California, died and left the old man five thousand dollars. He was a rich man for the mountain, and he summoned his girls to come and live at home permanently.

Now that the Holworthy girls were at home, with the design of spending the remainder of their lives on the mountain farm, and with a small increase of fortune, they gradually rearranged the house to suit their tastes. The rag carpets were not banished, nor any of the quaint old furniture, but the florid high-colored Scripture prints their mother had delighted in, were removed, and some engravings of a higher order substituted.

The daughters led a simple life of enjoyment of nature, contemplation, and study combined with homely household duties—such a combination as is scarcely to be found out of New England. Charity, the beautiful sister, with her dark eyes, abundant curling brown hair, and lithe figure, certainly had had "offers." Two at least were known to the villagers, but the banner of matrimony was never flung from the farm-house, along with the red, blue, white, and yellow signals with which they telegraphed to their friends below. It was wise for those maidens to refuse to be transplanted. They never could anywhere have been so happy or so charming as on their native soil. They were rooted in the mountain earth like those delicate growths, the arbutus, the harebell, the gentian, and the fragile lovely ferns.*—*From Augusta Larned's "Village Photographs."*

AUTUMN COLORINGS.

THERE was the dark, fine, bright red of some pepperidges showing behind the green of an unchanged maple; near by stood another maple, the leaves of which were all seemingly withered, a plain reddish-light wood-color; while below its withered foliage a thrifty poison sumach wreathing round its trunk and lower branches was in a beautiful confusion of fresh green and the orange and red changes, yet but just begun. Then another slight maple with the same dead-wood-colored leaves, into which to the very top a Virginia creeper had entwined itself, and that was now brilliantly scarlet, magnificent in the last degree. Another like it a few trees off, both reflected gorgeously in the still water. Rock-oaks were part green and part sear; at the

* New York: Henry Holt and Company.

edge of the shore below them a quantity of reddish low shrubbery; the *Cornus* dark crimson and brown, with its white berries showing underneath, and more pepperidgees in very bright red. One maple stood with its leaves part-colored reddish and green, another with beautiful orange-colored foliage. Ashes in superb very dark purple; they were all changed; then alders, oaks, and chestnuts still green.*—From Susan Warner's *"Hills of The Shalemuc."*

USELESS BRIC-À-BRAC.

OUR lives are clogged with bric-à-brac. Every separate article in a room may be pretty in itself, and yet the room may be hideous through overcrowding with objects which have no meaning.

The disease of bric-à-brac, I think, is due to two influences,—the desire of uncreative minds to create beauty, and the mania for giving Christmas presents. Both these influences have a noble source, and will probably reach more beautiful results at last. Any mind awake to beauty must try to create it, and if its power and originality are not very great, what can it do better than to apply itself to humble, every-day trifles and try to decorate them? This is certainly right, if the old principle of architecture is always remembered: "Decorate construction, do not construct decoration." A few illustrations of my meaning may be needed.

I am obliged to use blotting-paper when I write. I have always been grateful to a friend who sent me a beautiful blue blotting book, with a bunch of white clover charmingly painted on the first page. It gives me pleasure every time I write a letter. I am glad that one of my friends was artistic enough to embroider some fine handkerchiefs for me with a beautiful initial. One of my dearest possessions is the lining for a bureau drawer made of pale blue silk, with scented wadding tied in with knots of narrow white ribbon. This lies in the bottom of the drawer, and owing to the kindness of my friends shown at various times, I am able to lay upon the top of each pile of underclothing either a handkerchief case or a scent bag of blue silk or satin. Some of these trifles are corded with heavy silk, some are embroidered with rosebuds, some are ornamented with bows of ribbon, and altogether they make the drawer a "thing of beauty," which to me personally "is a joy forever," and they are never in anybody's way.

My friend has been less fortunate in the tributes of affection she has received. She has several elaborate and even pretty ties which she is

obliged to append to her sofas and easy-chairs. They are believed to add to the harmony of coloring in her sitting-room, but they are very likely to be askew when the sofas and easy-chairs are in use; and as they always have to be re-arranged during the process of dusting, they form an argument for delaying that duty as long as possible. She also has several head-rests and foot-rests, in which the embroidery is exquisite in itself, but which are so ill-contrived that they afford no rest to either head or foot. "They are worth having, though," she says, "because of their beauty, just as a picture is worth having though you cannot use it." "Yes," replied her husband, "they are worth having but are not worth having in the way. I do not want even the Sistine Madonna propped up in my easy-chair." Most of her friends are learning to paint, and many of them have chosen to give her at Christmas specimens of their progress mounted on pasteboard easels. These cover the tables and mantels and brackets of her sitting-room. "Ah," she says softly under her breath, "if they had only thought to paint book-marks instead. One can never have enough book-marks. It would be delightful to have one in every book in the library, and the more beautiful, the better; while the ugly ones, which perhaps come from our dearest friends, would be blessed for their usefulness besides being unobtrusive."*—*E. Chester.*

A SEPTEMBER ROBIN.

My eyes are full, my silent heart is stirred.

Amid these days so bright
Of ceaseless warmth and light;
Summer that will not die,
Autumn without one sigh
O'er sweet hours pouring by;
Cometh that tender note
Out of thy tiny throat

Like grief, or love, insisting to be heard,
O plaintive little bird!

No need of word;

Well know I all your tale,—forgotten bird!

Soon you and I together
Must face the winter weather,
Remembering how we sung
Our primrose fields among,
In days when life was young;
Now, all is growing old,
And the warm earth's a-cold,

Still with brave heart we'll sing on, little bird,
Sing only. Not one word.

—*Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.*

*Half Hours with the Best Authors. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

*Girls and Women. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Ibsen's Dramas. A very short time spent over

Ibsen's Dramas* readily explains the strong, strange fascination which they have exerted over the reading world. His remarkable pictures of life are not those of a painter who has skillfully sketched and worked out into colors the scenes around him, but those of a photographer whose camera has reflected exactly what has been presented to it. Subjected to the highest finishing processes, they represent the best that art can do when applied to such an end. In these books modern society sees itself not symbolized, not idealized, not caricatured, but in its own true colors; and society as an individual will eagerly scan its own image. Just as the dominant expressions of the features upon which the various traits of character have carved their impress show through, however dextrously the photograph may have been re-touched, so the motives guiding humanity are revealed to the reader, no matter how highly polished the society manners under which their concealment is sought. The scenes of the dramas are laid in Scandinavia, but, save for their local impress, they prove accurate representations of universal human nature. The power of heredity is made a strong point in several of the plays, notably so in "Ghosts." Selfishness and ambition as manifested in the desire of worldly position and advancement are traced in their rapid and offensive forms of development in "The League of Youth." In "An Enemy to the People" there are depicted the trickiness of designing men to deceive and rob the public; the criminal gullibility of the public; and the contumely and scorn often heaped upon noble would-be reformers in their efforts to right great wrongs. That cowardice may be the base upon which is founded a character remarkable for its apparent uprightness and honor, is shown in "A Doll's House." The wrongs done to women by the false ideas governing society are so strikingly illustrated in so many instances that the author seems to present himself as standing forth as their champion. Indeed, throughout the entire collection they appear to far better advantage than do the men. The influence of the book is depressing; a helpless, hopeless feeling is experienced by the reader; and any tendency to distrust his fellow-man is quickened. The marvelous power of the

author would have been much better directed had he not let the final curtain of each play close on a scene of such utter dreariness.

Biography. Rémusat's life of Thiers* is a strong character study, not always impartial but intensely interesting. To show what the man was, this leader "who ruled by the divine right of superior intelligence," as well as what he did, seems to be the object of the book. Touching briefly on the important points of contemporaneous history, the book is necessarily full of life and action. The translation preserves the bright, vivacious style of the original.—Mrs. Fawcett has collected into a neat little volume † a number of her compact and careful studies of women eminent for their good work in various fields. Much fresh information is brought to bear on many points and even well known facts are told in such a pleasant way that it is easier to read than to skip them. The author has the tact necessary for a successful biographer, and it is to be hoped that these sketches may be followed by others on the same line.—In marked contrast to the simple and unadorned English of the above, is the style of "Famous Women of the New Testament," ‡ but the author means well and his frequent lapses into the *bizarre* and bombastic can be tolerated if not forgiven.—The life of Pestalozzi || has been described as a series of enthusiastic experiments, each ending in failure of some sort. No one, perhaps, was better fitted to give an account of this series of experiments than Baron de Guimps, who occupied an exceeding favorable position for becoming acquainted with his master's ideas and those of his coadjutors. Nothing Pestalozzian seems alien to him. What he has to say does not always conform to the generally received ideas on the subject, and the book has a distinct individuality which contributes greatly to its interest. The present translation is from the second French edition.—Samuel Johnson's "Memoir of Roger Ascham" and Dean Stanley's "Life of Arnold"

*Thiers. By Paul de Rémusat. Translated by Melville B. Anderson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Price, \$1.00.

†Some Eminent Women of Our Times. By Mrs. Henry Fawcett. London and New York: Macmillan and Co.

‡Famous Women of the New Testament. By Morton Bryan Wharton, D. D. New York: E. B. Treat. Price, \$1.50.

|| Pestalozzi, His Life and Work. By Roger de Guimps. Translated from the French by J. Russell, B. A. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Henrik Ibsen's Prose Dramas. Edited by William Archer. Three Vols. New York: Scribner & Welford. Price per vol., \$1.25.

(condensed) appear under the title of "Two Great Teachers."* The spirit rather than the methods of the earlier school-master is what renders Ascham's Memoir valuable; but for both methods and spirit Arnold's work should be familiar to every progressive teacher. No one who reads aright can fail to be stimulated by the records of his noble success. Dr. Carlisle's introductions to the two divisions of the book are very happily written.—The history of a strong personality, an ardent and aggressive Methodist, and a thoroughly good man will be found in the "Autobiography of Granville Moody."†—The strange and dangerous scenes through which the great naturalist Audubon passed, the results of his loving, tireless observation, and the beautiful lessons of his life, have all been put into pleasing form for young readers by Dr. Peirce.‡ It cannot fail to open their eyes to the value of habits of close observation.—Another attractive book for young people is "Heroes and Martyrs of Invention."|| Eighteen biographical sketches are contained in the small volume and each is a model of the nutshell style of writing which youthful critics regard with favor.

Religious
Literature.

The abridged edition of Ederseim's "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah" § forms a most desirable book for popular reading. Those not acquainted with the original work will read it without a suspicion of the frequent omissions and reductions rendered necessary to condense it to its present size. The style of the writing is such as to present the whole life-history of Christ in clear, living pictures before the reader. There are full descriptions and explanations of Jewish life and customs, and plain expositions of Christ's words and works. The personal history of the author lends an added interest to his work,—a converted Jew, he united with the Church of England and became one of its renowned clergymen.—"Christian Theism"|| has for its aim the presentation in popular form of the tenable reasons for a belief in the exis-

tence of God. It seeks to do for the masses of the people what numerous profound works do for those of high intellectual training. In it broad views are taken; difficulties are noted; the foundation truths are sought, critically examined, and logically sustained. Arguments seeking to overthrow these truths are questioned, their fallacies discovered and vigorously overthrown. The work is strong, scholarly, and convincing.—A full account of the inception and growth of the Epworth League, a clear setting forth of its adaptation to meet a long standing demand in the church, and clear and practical suggestions as to the direction and conduct of the societies, form the contents of the volume, "Epworth League Workers."* To all interested in the formation and successful operation of these working clubs of young people, it will be of the highest value.—"The Philosophy of Preaching"† is a small volume comprising a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Behrends before the students of the Divinity School of Yale University. They were given after a ministerial experience of a quarter of a century and express the powerful personal convictions of the author. Earnest, practical, and full of common sense teachings, the book is an inspiring one for all readers.—The twelfth volume of the "People's Bible"‡ is devoted to the Psalms. The author's conception of this part of the Scriptures may be learned from his own words:

Not only are the saints gathered around the Book of Psalms, but sinners also congregate with tears and sighs, that they may seek the Lord and find words fit for the expression of broken-heartedness. . . . With the saints and sinners there come a whole multitude of sorrowful souls; each knowing its own bitterness and feeling the weight of its own burden; each feeling that the Psalms were written for his particular case, so exquisite is their thought, so tender their expression, so complete and soul-subduing their conception and their vision of God.

With this idea in his mind, and with his rare power of imparting helpful lessons, Dr. Parker has made this volume a true messenger of mercy.—The historic process of revelation as disclosed in the Scriptures is closely followed in Dr. Fisher's work, "Nature and Method of Revelation,"|| and emphasis is laid upon the

* Two Great Teachers. With Introductions by James H. Carlisle. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

† Autobiography of Rev. Granville Moody, D.D. Edited by Rev. Sylvester Weeks, A.M., D.D. ‡ Audubon's Adventures, or Life in the Woods. By B. K. Peirce, D.D. New York: Hunt and Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston and Stowe.

§ Heroes and Martyrs of Invention. By George Makepeace Towle. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.00.

|| Jesus the Messiah. By Alfred Ederseim, M. A. Oxon., D.D., Ph.D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co. Price, \$2.00.

|| Christian Theism. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M. A. Oxon. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price, \$1.75.

* Epworth League Workers. By Jacob Embury Price. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, 75 cents.

† The Philosophy of Preaching. By A. J. F. Behrends, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

‡ The People's Bible. By Joseph Parker, D.D. Vol. XII. The Psalter. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price, \$1.25.

|| The Nature and Method of Revelation. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

gradualness of its development. The transition period from Judaism to Christianity is studied thoroughly as the era giving rise to the Catholic character of Christianity. The whole argument is clear, logical, and convincing.—A consistent and practical study of the "processes of the Divine thought as they have manifested themselves in nature and revelation" is presented in "Christian Doctrine."* The author has succeeded in placing before his readers in a plain and practical way the principal doctrines contained in the Gospel. The work is searching, thorough, sound in argument, and looks to the Christian church as the great instrument in the work of elevating humanity, by carefully instructing its members in these doctrines.

The Influence
of Sea Power.

"The Influence of Sea Power Upon History"† is a work which involved great research and close study and an accurate working out of details. It covers a period from 1660 to 1783, or from the beginning of the "sailing ship era" to the close of the American Revolution; it embraces in its scope all European and American naval history. In the records of the past it is sought to discover valuable lessons for the present, and in order to impress these lessons more strongly, facts are used as vivid illustrations of deduced principles. It is quite a new departure in book making, as with historians in general maritime interests have always been treated as an incidental matter, while here they occupy the foreground. It is of chief interest to military men, though all readers will find it a good history.

Miscellaneous.

"Pure Saxon English"‡ is a book setting forth a new phase of reform in the English language. It advocates to a certain degree the principles involved in the Volapük system and also those of phonetic spelling; but its chief aim is to make the Anglo-Saxon a self-explaining tongue. The method proposed is to strike out of use all words which of themselves bear no meaning to the ear, such as *dentist*, *peduncle*, *botany*, *ornithology*, and to substitute for them the self-defining terms *tooth healer*, *flower stalk*, *plant lore*, and *bird lore*. Were the author content to limit himself to such changes as these, there might be a hope of

effecting such a reform; but when he goes to the length of instituting in part a new alphabet and of restoring all the old Saxon roots, he at once strangles his own work. Americans will never "come to the front" under that régime.

"American Farms"* is the subject of the sixty-second volume in the "Questions of the Day Series." In it searching inquiry is made into the cause of the decline of agriculture. The answers are found in the fact that capitalists are gaining possession of the land; that the farmers do not make of themselves a strong political force; and that the American system of protection is a deadly enemy to all agricultural pursuits. The book is bristling with statistics; all the arguments are strongly supported; and the reasoning is logical. It is claimed that it lies within the farmers' power to rectify these wrongs, and to re-instate the typical American farmer in the proud position he once held and which he should now hold.

A practical book for the use of teachers is the work on English literature called "English Authors."† In a concise, connected manner it covers an immense field of work for a book of its size. It was compiled from notes gathered during ten years' teaching of the subject, so has the advantage of having been thoroughly tested as a text-book. Its characteristic features are its simple arrangement, the plain language used, the close and skillful combining of history with literature, and the presenting of selections from each author in connection with the sketch of his career.

The difficulty of transmitting through words the influence or uplift a great soul has given to one, is strongly shown in Mr. Woodbury's "Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson."‡ He had unusual opportunities for intercourse with the philosopher, and has given a faithful record of his views of life, philosophy, and literature—but there is something lacking—the Emersonian spirit—it is the substance without the true flavor, yet it is an interesting book for lovers of Emerson, giving new information about him and his exhilarating personal influence.

Delightfully varied are the opinions upon authors in "Views and Reviews,"|| which the

*Christian Doctrine. By Bishop Jonathan Weaver, D.D. Dayton, Ohio: United Brethren Publishing House.

†The Influence of Sea Power Upon History. By Captain A. T. Mahan. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Price, \$3.20.

‡Pure Saxon English. By Elias Molee. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. Price, \$1.00.

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*American Farms. By J. R. Elliott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

†English Authors. By M. Rutherford. Atlanta, Ga.: The Constitution Book and Job Print.

‡Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson. By Charles J. Woodbury. New York: The Baker Taylor Co. Price, \$1.25.

||Views and Reviews. Essays in Appreciation. By W. E. Henley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

Preface says are "from the shot rubbish of fourteen years of journalism." These "for and against" decisions have been reconstructed and revised until they have all the freshness of new material. Such authors as Thackeray, Dumas, Meredith, Dobson, Longfellow, etc., are discussed in scholarly style.

A sensible and well illustrated book on the Voice * comes from the experience of Professor Warman, a teacher for many years. Part one

deals with the functions of the voice; part two shows the anatomy and physiology of the organs of the voice; part three considers the subject of breathing—the last is finely illustrated by diagrams. It is a book of excellent suggestions.

The original copies of "Poor Richard's Almanacs" being very few and the price beyond the ordinary purchaser, make "The Sayings of Poor Richard" * in their Knickerbocker dress valuable as well as attractive.

The Voice. How to Train it and How to Use it. By E. B. Warman, A. M. With illustrations by Marian Morgan Reynolds. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$2.00.

*The Prefaces, Proverbs, and Poems of Benjamin Franklin, originally printed in Poor Richard's Almanacs for 1733-1758. Collected and edited by Paul Leicester Ford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR JULY, 1890.

HOME NEWS.—July 1. The Senate passes the Idaho Admission bill.—The monument of Thomas A. Hendricks is unveiled at Indianapolis, Ind.

July 3. The President signs the bill admitting Idaho as a state.

July 4. The one hundred fourteenth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.—The corner stone of Colorado's new capitol is laid.

July 5. The new university of Chicago is incorporated.

July 7. The governor of Louisiana vetoes the Lottery bill.

July 8. The Louisiana House passes the Lottery bill over the governor's veto.—The National Educational Association opens its annual convention at St. Paul.

July 9. Death of General Clinton B. Fisk.

July 10. The Lottery bill passed in the Louisiana Legislature.—The President signs the bill admitting Wyoming as a state.

July 13. Summer resorts at Lakes Gervaise and Pepin, Minn., devastated by a cyclone occasioning great loss of life.—Death of Major General John C. Frémont.

July 14. The President signs the Silver bill.

July 17. National convention of instructors of the blind in session at Jacksonville, Ill.

July 18. Death of Eugene Schuyler, the American consul-general at Cairo.

July 19. Death of the astronomer, Dr. Christian Henry Peters.—The Senate passes the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill.

July 22. The House passes the substitute of the Senate Original Package bill.—Seven lives lost in a tornado in North Dakota.

July 24. The Senate passes the Indian Appropriation bill.—The House passes the Bankruptcy bill.

July 26. Lawrence, Mass., is swept by a tornado.

July 30. Dr. Merrill E. Gates is elected president of Amherst College.

FOREIGN NEWS.—July 1. The Anglo-German agreement is signed at Berlin.

July 3. Resignation of the Liberal Ministry of Spain.

July 5. A new Spanish Cabinet is formed with Senor de Castillo as Premier.—King Kalakaua appoints a new Hawaiian Ministry.

July 12. Marriage of Henry M. Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant.

July 14. Opening of the Universal Peace Congress in London.

July 19. The Porte signs the act of the Anti-Slavery Conference.

July 20. An encounter takes place between San Salvador troops and those of Guatemala.

July 22. Costa Rica and Nicaragua form an alliance with Guatemala.

July 23. England and France reach an agreement on African matters.

July 30. The revolutionary leaders in Buenos Ayres agree to the terms of the government.



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